

REMADE FEMALE

By Dee Dee Perri



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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REMADE FEMALE

BY DEE DEE PERRI

Chapter 1: —Harry—

I was a cop my whole adult life, twenty-eight years to be exact and the best of those years I spent as a detective. And I was GOOD! Captain Phillips used to say I had ‘the nose’. Well when I hit the big five-O, they tried to plant me behind a desk downtown. That’s when I knew it was time to move on. When one of those mega sized insurance companies offered me a position, I jumped at the chance. With my pension and all, I signed on as a consultant... hell the last thing I wanted was an assignment on a desk and a nine-to-five. Anyhow they gave me a token salary, a place to hang my hat and access to a mountain of insurance claims that might need looking at. I could pick and choose which claims I’d examine. It cost the mega company little enough, and if I saved then a bit of money, hell, I’d get eight percent of face value! I ignored claims under a quarter of a million on general principles and the one I was looking at this morning, life, said six million and some change... and my trusty nose was all a tingle.

A middle management type working for the Department of Power and Water had got himself eaten alive by a big fish off the south end of Catalina Island. Sure, things like this happen. Like one in a million... or billion. And other than an air tank and one of them plastic flippers, that’s all she wrote! Now there nothing like a missing corpse to stimulate my big, honking nose, ah- that and a recently augmented life insurance policy worth one point six million bucks! I pulled on to the Harbor Freeway and headed south toward Long Beach where the grieving widow resided.

By the time I got there - about three blocks from the beach - and pulled up in front of what had to be a condo, I’d had a chance to go over in my mind just about all the details there were in the folder. Garrett Adams, pushing sixty, was looking retirement in the face. He’d gone about as far as he was going at the Department of Water & Power, with his salary floating at about 90 k and with no hope of any substantial improvement over the next three to five years, he suddenly married a woman young enough to be his granddaughter in a drive-through wedding chapel in Vegas... Right! Bingo, the next day it was the honeymoon off the Island and munch-crunch-all-gone! The one and only eyewitness, hardly more than thirty hours after the knot was tied and less than a week after the insurance policy was implemented, a new millionaire widow!

Murder? For some reason I didn't think so. Old Garrett was probably in a hide-out somewhere waiting for his piece of the action and the girl. Maybe. I'd know soon enough.

She was slow coming to the door and not at all interested in opening it for me. Peering at me through the peephole, she asked me what I wanted. I told her the truth.

She yanked the door open just as fast as you please and I stood there slack jawed. She wasn't exactly what I expected: Young, skinny, like almost no hips and little titties that only slightly dented the old terry cloth bath robe. And the face of a child. A spray of freckles ran across the bridge of her nose just under a pair of startlingly green eyes. Now I've seen green before but never so brilliant, no nonsense, knock-you-down green. And innocent... I mean, sweet Virgin Mary had nothing over on this child. My stomach did a nervous flip. This was no Vegas trollop out to make a buck!

For a quick moment I debated with myself about pursuing this case further. I gave her my best smile, like my EX used to say, it was like a T-Rex smiling at his next dinner. But she stood her ground and then some. "I already know that it'll be years before..."

"Five." I said, interrupting her. "State regulations in matters such as these...it could be that long." I didn't want to say without a corpse that the state could move very slow.

"I could care less about the money... Mr....?"

"Martin. Harry Martin, ma'am.

She pulled her robe tighter and scrunched her shoulders together as if chilled. "I was just making coffee," she said, as if making an offer.

"That'd be fine ma'am." I eased myself across the threshold. My eyeballs swept the room, missing nothing as she pointed toward a sofa and then turned and headed into the kitchen at the back of the small unit. I couldn't help but notice that for a skinny young thing, she had a nice fanny and sweet pair of stems.

Rule number one, never leave a detective alone in your house, even in a living room - unless of course you have absolutely nothing to hide. My old trusty nose began to itch something awful almost as soon as I saw those pictures on that mantle. Mostly pictures of the deceased. The most recent one of a fat, bald man with... startlingly GREEN eyes. Towards the back of the clutter I found a group photo that had to be thirty years old. With hair and sans fat... I let out a low whistle. I slipped the photo and frame into my coat pocket and turned just in time to avoid being caught by the grieving widow.

Now you've probably seen your share of '007' movies and such, well the technology out today could do all that and then some. And I knew I just had to get me a picture or three of this young woman. As she sat the tray down onto the coffee table and asked the usual questions... "Cream? Sugar?"

"No ma'am, just black is fine," I said as I pulled at my lapel and pointed the nickel sized camera to get a good profile shot. Silently it operated, once twice and then catching her face full on- again.

She must have known I was doing something, her one eyebrow arched as her smile vanished and the first serious sign of hostility flared in her face. "You took my picture!" she spat.

"Huh?" I replied as she reached across and snatched the micro-camera off it's Velcro nest behind my lapel and held it to her face to examine it closely before placing the camera in the pocket of her robe. "Ma'am?" I said, holding out my hand.

Her features were no longer innocent or even friendly, "I think... Mr...."

"Martin."

"I think, Mr. Martin, you've just worn out your welcome here." She pointed toward the door. "If your company wishes to send someone else over here, that's their business but you sir, OUT!"

I didn't go back to the office but headed right over to a friend of mine who ran a computer graphics business. I handed him the photo I had stolen from the widow's mantle and pointed out the image I wanted digitized and then a current photo of the deceased. "Com'on Max, can you fit these two into a morphing program and give me a read out." Old Max didn't say anything as he walked over to the equipment. He owed me big time. Besides, it should be easy and it was.

Ten minutes later he announced, "Yeah. Probably of a match... 92 percent. Doesn't get much better than that."

I shrugged. "Can you run the sequence back to say... age 18?"

He shrugged in reply.

I stared at the monitor as the image formed. "Bingo! Max, make the subject, you know, female. Same age, just, you know longer hair and maybe slightly fuller lips?"

Again he shrugged as he clicked some options on the window. "Tell me when I get it right, OK?"

Ah the magic of computers, a few minor adjustments and... "That's her!" I exclaimed. Thanks Max!" I turned and fled out of the office leaving a curious artist in my wake.

When I got back to the office I was so excited that I hadn't really noticed the less than friendly look that sat upon my nominal boss's face. "Don't write any checks to that Adams' account," I said lightly. "There's something smelly there and I aim to nail..."

"Harry." He growled. "Your supposed to be some kind of professional!"

"Huh?"

"I'd expect some kind of dumb ass behavior by a rookie but..."

"Huh?"

“Grace Adams, the deceased’s wife...”

“Yeah? So?”

“Said you talked your way into her house and...”

“Yeah. That’s what investigating is all about.”

“Not exactly. Harry, did you... ah- “

“What?”

“Grope her! Jesus, Harry! I tried to...”

“What?!”

“She said you grabbed her and... and...”

“NO WAY! She made that up, to get me out of her hair. She knows that I can smell a rat and...”

“You’re only a consultant with us, Harry. Right or wrong, innocent or guilty it makes no never mind to the organization. You’re off the case this instant, and if Mrs. Adams wishes to file charges...”

“You got to believe me!” In spite of myself, I sputtered and threw up my hands in self defense. “She’s dirty... the whole thing is dirty and...”

As I started to turn away he grabbed my arm, “So what do you have, Harry? Give me something so I can believe you.”

“Still just a hunch. She and the deceased are... related. My guess she’s his granddaughter or something.” I knew that was inadequate but I still had nothing concrete to support my case other than a strong family resemblance.

“So how does that constitute a motive, hmm?”

Well, he had me there. A daughter, granddaughter, whatever would have as much right... “Adams was never married.”

“So?” The boss held out his hands. “The folder, Harry - and your keys.”

Just like that I was gone. In full bay, a hunting dog cut down as the scent of the quarry had bloomed into full rich flavor. “I’m not done with this.”

“Yes you are, Harry, least wise as far as the company is concerned. And let me give you a bit of advice: Back off, Harry. Find something else to do just.”

I just glared at him. I felt soiled by the false witness and my boss’s willingness to believe this Grace Adams. I handed him the folder and my keys, realizing that I might never be back. Even worse, my career - such as it was - might never recover. Hell, it’d be difficult to even get a Private Investigator’s license under the circumstances. It didn’t matter that it was just her word against mine. No, that girl had messed with the wrong man. Now I knew I couldn’t let go, not until I cleared my name and nailed her ass.

Most detective work is a lot of dead ends, followed by more dead ends. The Vegas marriage license was one of them and it didn't take a trip to Las Vegas to find out: No blood test, a paid witness who was probably some falling down drunk who had never see the two of them before. Odds were you'd never locate the witness either, not that it would help all that much. Strike One.

Strike Two: Some well-placed calls to the Department of Power and Water under the guise of various nonexistent agencies revealed nothing regarding a romantic life, let alone any kind of common law marriage. So where did the daughter come from?

I knew I'd just about reached my rope's end when I broke into Garrett Adams' automobile. There was little more left than returning to the condo and giving the place a careful toss - a dangerous step under even better circumstances. The trip yielded little except a couple of packs of matches from a nearby bar.

A few minutes later I parked behind the building. It was early and the parking lot was nearly empty. Maybe it'd better to wait awhile until the place fills up a bit more. Nothing worse than being a stranger in an empty local bar, you stand out like a neon sign. I eased back in the car seat and waited and waited and... shit! A couple of homosexuals pulled up and parked beside me. As they started to go at each other, steam fogging up their window, my stomach churned. With clenched teeth I got out of the car and headed to the rear door of the tavern.

A young man with a tight T-shirt that showed off his well defined muscles stopped me at the door. He looked down at my belly and then up at my bald dome, grimaced and then said, "Com'on in, Pops."

As I pushed past him to the main room, the screaming music threatened to destroy what remained of my middle aged hearing. Couples danced, others gathered in intimate conversation while others openly made out here in the back were I was standing. They were all men.

"Shit!" I swore under my breath. So Garrett never married 'cause that wasn't his speed. I realized that I'd come full circle but was no closer to discovering the nature of the scam that Garrett was trying to run than before... on the other hand... I whipped out the photo I had of Garrett and showed it to the bartender.

He shrugged massively. "You a cop, or something?"

"Hardly." I hollered over the din. "Work for a law firm." The bartender pulled back as if stung.

"Inheritance," I called out before he found something else to do. "There's a finder's fee if we locate Mr. Adams' daughter."

"That's a laugh, Mister."

"Martin," I smiled my best smile which probably didn't help much and shrugged.

"HEY, TONY!" The bartender yelled over the noise. Pointing to me he said, "Show this bum the door."

I started working the neighborhood around the Adams' place the next morning. I got next to nothing on old man Garrett and even less on the new wife. Garrett pretty much kept to himself and the young woman, hell, they just looked at me like I'd come from Mars or something. "Thanks." I said, tipping my non-existent cap, a carry over from my years on the beat. As I worked my way down the back stairwell who should I see coming up the stairs. "Howdy." I said to a startled young woman with brilliant green eyes.

She looked as if she were going to puke and then as if she were going to scream and then she squared her shoulders and just stood there blocking my way. "What's it going to take to get you to mind your own business?" She said with only a trace of malice.

"The truth!" I quipped.

She tossed back her head and laughed. "Your pea brain couldn't handle it." She said, the malice now dripped from her voice and features. "You dope I could care less about the insurance. It's... this insurance thing has turned into a pain-in-the-ass."

"Fine," I said. "Tell them they can keep their money and tell them I didn't try to jump your bones and... the judge will let you off easy, maybe less than a year- hum?"

She cut me off with a kiss. One of those long, wet, tongue to the back of your mouth jobs. She pressed her slender, young body against me and pulled my hand over her breast as she arched her back, her groin against mine. Stunned I didn't resist, in fact, I felt myself beginning to respond. The seconds unraveled into a minute and then a second minute. My right hand squeezing and twisting the small breast until the nipple arose like a pointed stick. And then she jerked away and pushed past me. At the top of the stairs she called back, "Now tell them you haven't groped me, hum?" Son-a-bitch, I'd been had.

"Grace?"

She stopped and looked down, "Yeah?"

"The truth?"

She pointed a finger at me. "One more peep out of you, Martin, one more phone call, one more... anything and you'll wish you hadn't. Got it?"

I laughed. "Are you threatening me, bitch?" And then she was gone. I just stood there with my hard-on and tried to understand. Go figure, she had to be crazy or something. One thing for sure, that kiss. She sure wasn't no sweet virgin.

Whatever Grace's threat meant, to me it was the very essence of encouragement. She'd as much said that there was a sting of some sort on and as to the "I don't care about the money!" Give me a break, one point six million, that's more than most of us would see in a life time and certainly more than she'd ever receive on the property or Garrett's survivor benefits. I grinned when the computer finally coughed up the latter.

“Not bad.” I muttered as I mentally compared his benefits to my pension. His whole estate, principally the condo, would bring her about half a million. All in all, enough if one wanted to live modestly but not enough to ignore one point six million. I found myself pulling at the little bit of hair I had.

‘Grace Williams,’ I wrote on a legal sized note pad. ‘Age nineteen, born and raised in...’ What caught my eye, an orphan! No living relatives. Dropped off at the door, so to speak, some seventeen years ago. A quick call back to Nebraska and a strong dose of phone music while I fumed on hold — then bingo! She’d been gone five years? “A bit young?” I said. “Oh, ran away? At fourteen? Just one more question ma’am. Yes, a donation. The check’s in the mail.” I lied. “The question, ...yes ma’am, what color of eyes does she have?” The old woman on the other end didn’t answer for a few seconds. I could hear papers rustling.

“Brown, of course.” her reply finally came.

Surprise flavored my voice. “Why do you say ‘of course?’”

“Mr. Martin, are we talking about the same girl? She’s African-American. Yes, I’m sure her eyes were brown, I’d remember otherwise.”

“Bingo!” I responded as I dropped the phone on to its cradle. “So Grace Williams, now Grace Adams, isn’t her real identity! Bingo! There’s the scam!” Having said that, I was not much further than I was before. It didn’t really matter who Grace Williams really was, assuming that she’d married Garrett. This was driving me crazy! I picked up the phone again.

“Hello?” I heard Grace answer.

“Martin here,” I said.

“You...” She growled.

“Why steal a young black woman’s identity, hmm?” I smiled grimly as I realized she was speechless. “I just wanted you to know I’m still working on this case.” I hung up before she could reply. *Damn that felt good!*

A knock on the door in the middle of the night wasn’t exactly my cup of tea. Actually it was more like a frantic banging to wake me up. I peered with a bleary eye at the clock. *Three something.* I muttered as I shuffled toward the door. “Hold on!” I muttered even more loudly; I yanked the door open and stood there stupefied.

Standing there in a dark green satin dress that in better light might have matched her fantastic eyes, stood Grace. It was a high collar, long sleeved affair with a long skirt that went well below her knees. In spite of the fact that there was little naked skin to be seen, she was still a pretty swell image appearing thus on the door step of a middle aged man in the middle of the night. Her youthful, slender body molded the soft fabric rather well. I grabbed and pulled my bathrobe shut to cover my belly, ran my tongue over my filmy teeth and said, “Peace offering?”

“Don’t you wish!” She said as she brushed past me and held out a bottle of good Scotch. “We got to talk.”

Now normally I would have pointed out the time or some such but given the sweet, woman smell that lingered there in the door way, her fetching appearance, all sweet and virginal and, damn it all, Johnny Walker Black Label, hell... "The truth?" I said.

That comment caused her face to pinch up, her lip to curl a tad and one eye brow to arc high on her forehead. "The truth?" She nodded her head slowly, "And then you'll leave me alone?"

I shrugged as I turned and closed the door. She had already snagged a pair of glasses, God only knew where they had been, and was in the process of pouring two whopping shots of booze. One of these she handed to me.

"OK! Start talking." I eased myself down on to the nearest chair and took a long pull.

"What I told you earlier was true. I never really thought through this insurance thing. The money would be nice, I'll grant you but..." Her voice trailed off as her hand played with the hem of her skirt. "It really isn't important. Greed, I guess. Suddenly I had everything I ever wanted in life and... and a little nest egg was just, well a nice little plus."

I couldn't help but laugh. "One point six million and change is a bit more than..."

"What ever!" She snorted as she threw down the Scotch. Head back she drained the whole glass, bit her lip and poured herself another. "Look, Mr. Martin, I doubt that you can handle the 'truth'." She wiped her hand across her mouth and then took another large hit. The booze was getting to her. The eyes were not quite in focus now as she poured yet a third slug. She stared right at me for a few seconds. "Fact is..." she slurred. "Aww fuck it!"

"What?" I said in a bored voice.

She didn't reply. Instead her fingers began to work at the button on the back of her dress and then, quickly following, the sound of the zipper whispered in the night air. I watched her, almost hypnotized, as she struggled with the dress. Removing one arm and then the other. Pushing the dress down exposing a small black bra and then stepping completely out of the dress. Black panties to match, I noted. Her ass and legs were every bit as nice as I'd expected. She kicked off her heels, unsnapped her bra and tossed it to the floor. The little titties, about the size of apples and capped with dark pink nipples that were almost as big as her boobs, bounced freely. I could feel my cock harden but I said and did nothing. Finally she pulled down the panties and stepped out of them. Hands on her hips, legs spread apart, she turned her pussy toward me. "Check it out if you want." She said as her hand stroked her cunt, slipping her fingers in and out of the cleft between her legs.

Frozen in my chair I just stared and, I must admit it, enjoyed this little striptease. "Truth?" I said.

"I'm Garrett Adams."

You could have cut the air with a banana. "Say what?"

"Garrett Adams. There! Now you have your 'truth'. I'm not dead, that's the mystery that's been driving you crazy. I made up Gloria Williams, least wise, it seemed like a

safe identity. I married myself with the help of a local call girl and then... Garrett died and Gloria Adams was born. There! Enough truth?"

Maybe it was the hour or perhaps the booze but I open my mouth and bayed like a donkey. "That's... that's the truth!" I laughed. You couldn't get a sex change and drop forty years, not in *this* world. This was impossible. I don't know, maybe laughing at her was not the smartest thing to do. Maybe if I had played my cards right I could've gotten laid... whatever. She pulled on the dress without putting on her panties or bra, grabbed her shoes and underwear and shot for the door. "Hey!" I yelled at her even as I leaped from the chair but she was already outside and five paces down the hall. "HEY!" I yelled again when I got to the door.

She turned and glared at me from the exit. "I told you... you got a pea brain and couldn't understand."

"Com'on." I said trying to decoy her back. The memory of those little tits bouncing and that beaver calling and...

"Enough said," she murmured as she held up one hand and made a fist. "I did everything to get you to back off but no, you wouldn't listen. Truth, Harry Martin, back off or you'll vanish just as Garrett Adams did." And then she was gone.

"What a twit!" I muttered as I watched the exit door close. What a frigg'in weird ass story. No this little show wasn't going to put me off my feed at all.

Chapter 2: —Harry?—

I got a perfect thumb print off the whisky glass she used last night and ran it down to the lab the next morning. Mace gave me the- you're a civilian now -number but I didn't have to remind him how he'd gotten his tag- Mace, in the end he came through. My mouth was dry and my heart fluttered a bit more than I liked as I turned my lumbering Ford-CrownVic-tank south towards Long Beach. Garrett Adams' prints had been on file- what wasn't any more. A set from his Nam days as a GI and a second set taken when he'd taken the job at DWP. Both matched the print off the whiskey glass! Unless someone had change the rules of the universe that meant that Grace Williams Adams was Garrett Adams! No way!

I was still trying to resolve that conundrum when I arrived at the condo in Long Beach. Either a fifty-nine year old Vietnam vet had become a nineteen year old female version of Garrett Adams or Grace and Garrett shared the same swirls on their respective thumbs. I was a lot more comfortable going with the latter then the former but- that was exactly what the twit had said last night- she was he- impossible! I was still sitting there debating with myself when the front door opened and 'she' came out.

"Well?" She said as she cocked her head and then gestured with her hand, "You coming in or not?"

I grunted as I pulled the slab of meat that was my body out of the car. "Garrett Adams." I said in a flat voice.

She nodded yes and then turned and went back into the condo. I followed.

“What convinced you?”

“Your prints off the whisky glass.”

She said nothing, just shrugged and headed down the hallway. I followed. There was a smell of ozone in the air and the crackle of high voltage nearby which abruptly swelled to an uncomfortable level when ‘she’ opened a door at the end of the hall and entered the room at the rear of the condo. I hesitated for a moment before following her. The few hairs I had felt like they were standing on end, which perhaps they were considering...the oddest looking contraption that I’d ever seen- like something out of a sci-fi flick was setting there against the opposite wall of what had been the master bedroom. It looked like one of those nineteen-fifties mainframe computers but all kind-of melted into flowing, half dissolved lines. The base formed a puddle on the floor. A puddle! It wasn’t exactly a solid. A shiny, greasy surface that actually flowed a bit here and there and... I started to back away. The door slammed shut behind me with a heavy metallic thud like the closing of a bank vault- that sound just didn’t belong in a cheap condo- no way. “Huh!” I yelped as I stumbled back and started clawing at the door.

Above the electrical noise she yelled at me, “I told you to back off but no!”

Someone started screaming, I guess it was me. My feet had gone numb the moment the goop slopped over my shoes. An electrical shock traveled up my legs and they too went numb. I tried to turn but I could only move from my waist up and the screams grew both louder and yet more remote as I looked down where my feet HAD BEEN! It was like I was the witch in The Wizard of Oz- I was dissolving! The goop was now up to my knees or rather I was more than a foot shorted than I had been this morning. Still screaming I turned my eyes toward Grace/Gar-



rett. No help there. Her eyes were as big a saucers as if she where nearly as afraid as I was. Just then my upper torso went numb. I heard her- Grace say, "Boss?" And from behind me, a male voice replied, "You owe us big time Garrett. Next time...there's no next time... understand?" I didn't hear Grace reply. In fact, I lost interest in the continuing dialogue for some reason. The goop appeared to leap into the air but it was only me starting to fall face forward into it as I began losing all muscle control. Consciousness squished out of me like I'd been stepped on by a mammoth wearing iron booties! Oblivion!

I woke up with a start, jerked my eyes open and looked down. Naked! Thank God it had only been a nightmare! The familiar hairy sphere of my middle aged belly just below the equally hairy chest that rose and fell with each breath. Cautiously I sat up and looked around. Setting in a chair beside the bed was Grace/Garrett- Ok not *exactly* a nightmare- I was still at her pad. She just blinked and continued to stare at me. I growled, "What...?"

She shrugged. "I told you to back off but noooo."

"What...?" The memory of those last moment in the room flooded back. My eyes flicked over my lower torso as I wiggled a familiar set of toes. I was relieved to discover that all of me was still here. "That... thing and... and you were talking to someone..."

She stopped and nodded her head slowly before spaying her hands out, palms up and shrugging again, "Damned if I know why you're still alive. For a moment you were just a slimy pool of orange-red gunk." She paused as if re-living the scene. "I kind'a hoped they'd make you into a cute little kitten or something."

"Kitten?"

"Trust me. Whatever they want to do with you, they... did. I gave them access to the L.A. power grid- big time and they gave me what I wanted... Making you into a cute little kitty couldn't have been so hard."

"Let me get this straight, you... gave them access to the LA grid and they made you a... woman."

"Right. Female and young. Look. Why shouldn't I? They made me an offer I couldn't refuse. A new life. Actually 'the life' I always dreamed of..."

"And that machine?"

"Oh, still there." She jerked a thumb over her shoulder toward the adjacent wall.

"Who are *they*?" I looked down at my body to make sure it was still all there, which it was.

She shook her head. She didn't know, and I believed her. Assuming of course what I had experienced had *really* happened. People like that, if they were people... no, that was nuts! No one had technology like that! It had taken me a few minutes but my analytical sense was coming back on line. I bayed like an ass. "Hee! Hee! Haw! I had ALMOST begun to believe all this horse shit!" I fell back still laughing. "A bunch of aliens

from another world, super-technology!” I stood up. “What was it? LSD, a psychoactive gas? What?”

“Jesus, you really *are* a pea brain.”

“Ha! Nice try,” I said as I looked around for my clothes. “Where in the fuck did you put my clothes?” I had decided that I’d bring some backup before going into that room again.

She went into the hallway and, after a minute, returned with a suit- not *my* suit. It looked as if it had just come from the dumpster in the alley but if you ignored the wrinkles the material said ‘quality’. “Look, asshole...” She snapped.

“Martin, Harry Martin.”

“Ok Mr. Harry Asshole Martin, you better take this seriously.” She threw the suit at me. “For you the world has changed...forever. They own your ass, every hairy inch of it.”

I interrupted her with my baying laugh again, “Save it kid for... duh, someone really stupid. I’ll be back.” I gave her a wink. “Nice rags.” And then I hurried out of that condo. Nobody but nobody makes a fool of Harry Martin. Not her, no one! Aliens my ass. Christ, what does she think I am anyway- duh?

“Trust me, pea brain.” She yelled toward my retreating back. “You have absolutely no idea of what they have in store for you.”

“Nice show, sweetheart?” I laughed as I slammed the door behind me. RIGHT! As I stomped down the walkway a little voice inside me whined- yeah big guy, but Grace still has Garrett’s prints... it couldn’t be all done with smoke and mirrors unless the prints on file had been switched... “Fucking-A!” I muttered. There is always an explanation that makes sense if you look for it.

I spent the better part of the afternoon looking for my old partner. He’d left the station about noon for ‘home’ but given the status of his relationship with his old woman, I wasn’t surprised to find that ‘home’ was some honky tonk over in Hollywood. I got lucky after four blanks, a cheap dance bar just off Sunset. “Hi, babe,” I said to the floozy working the window.

“Officer,” she said in a flat, dead voice.

I recognized her. How many times had me and Tim had pulled her in, mostly for prostitution- it’d be a big number. I didn’t bother to correct her as to my current employment. I gave her my best T. Rex grin, “Tim here?”

She nodded as she hit the button that operated the electric lock. She wasn’t dumb enough to ask for the seven dollar and fifty cent head fee. “Probably in the back dipping his wick.”

I stepped inside. It was darker than my asshole in the entryway which was probably fortunate in a shit hole like this. I gave my eyes a few moments to adjust before pushing back the curtain. A not so young thing was bumping and grinding on a post-

age stamp sized stage to the heavy, dull thud of base heavy music. The other stages were empty. Man-made tits jiggled to the beat. A few glassy-eyed patrons were setting with their face all but in her cunt and that was all that I could see, the place was dead. "How's tricks?" I asked an elderly hooker that was pouring watered down drinks at the bar. She didn't respond. "Tell Tim." I said, jerking my thumb over my shoulder toward the booth in the corner. "Thanks." I mumbled as I snagged the drink she'd just poured for someone else. I could feel her hostile eyes on my back as I sauntered into the gloom that hung over the booth and then descended into the darkness.

Normally I could enjoy watching the naked form on stage as well as any man. Indeed, when the number was over, the replacement that appeared on the runway was every bit as fine as one could ever hope to find in a dump like this. Perhaps too good. As the 'music' erupted and she began to dance I felt almost hypnotized by the sweet, lush tush that wiggled underneath the strip of nylon that passed for panties and the pointy, high thrusting tits that swayed under the sheer, nylon baby doll nightgown. I mean almost enjoyed because something odd was happening to me. It was like I was being captured by the music. With each bump and grind I could feel my body wanting to bump and grind along with it... and her! I tried get out of the booth but all I managed to do was twist and jerk silently to the music. In my head I could hear my voice screaming but nothing came out of my mouth as my hands began to fondle nonexistent breasts and my legs scissored like a hot cunt in heat.

My all but naked ass slithered over and across the red leather seat... naked! My head was back swaying to the music as my hands cupped empty air at my chest. This was crazy. I could feel smooth hairless thighs brushing against one another to the beat of the music but I couldn't pull my hands down from my chest to check this impossibility out, nor could I see, for a mass of long, sweaty hair cascaded down across my face and on to... *breasts!* Pointed, heavy, swaying jugs now squirmed in my hands. Sharp nails dug into the wrinkled ridges of the nipples that seemed to be the very center of my sensual consciousness. My crotch was leaking a pungent fluid that was caught and spread across my thighs in cool, wet bands. I moaned in time with the music as my tongue explored swollen, greasy lips. I could feel a growing sexual tension building inside; inside a cunt that wasn't there and reflected in the breasts that also weren't there. The tension grew and grew but wouldn't resolve. Helplessly I just hung there teetering on an eruption that hadn't happened... wouldn't happen. The music ended and I slumped, exhausted against the back wall of the booth. Nerves frayed and ready to explode and then Tim appeared.

"Yeah?" he said squinting into the gloom. "Nessy said you wanted to talk to me."

He just stood there looking down at me. What did he see? A wisp of air slid across my naked torso. The nipples hummed in anticipation, need resurged between my legs. This was impossible; some kind of nightmare, an illusion! "Tim." A high, wispy voice slipped out from my full lips. I was still breathing hard from the 'dance'.

"Alright, already. What?" He sat down. Not across from me but right beside me. His hand went directly to my breast. The nipple knotted immediately; my cunt screamed and began to twitch.