

THE HIT

By Noua & Elaine



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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by Noua and Elaine

Chapter 1 - The Contract

Luigi Taveri was a professional hit man. He took human life on a contract basis. Often the lives he took were drug barons, pimps, Mafia bosses and even sometimes political leaders. The main thing they had in common was that they were either middle-aged or grey haired men who had caused some serious problems for other people.

That was the way Luigi rationalized his actions and his job. If it was a drug baron who caused suffering to the youth of the country then it was easy to do. It was justifiable in Luigi's eyes.

The usual method was for his clients to send him an information package on his target and then to study and plan his method. Sometimes it would be easy to organize and plan; at other times it would be difficult.

All that seemed very different as he sat and stared at his latest target, a beautiful woman in her late twenties. He felt uneasy, as he had already agreed to take the job not knowing who the target would be. He was just told it was a drug baron, and the idea of a bald greying male came into mind, not a beautiful woman like Gloria Feldman. His cock stirred inside his slacks at the thought of having sex with her, but he realized that it wouldn't be easy.

He studied her picture closely, her oriental green eyes framed with long dark lashes, her shapely eyebrows and her long dark hair. She was incredibly beautiful, and he hated to destroy beauty. His apartment was littered with expensive objets d'art, paintings and sculptures: the result of his labors over the last five years as a professional hit man.

This hit would be painful for him, but he had accepted it. He knew he had no choice but go through with it or he would end up being a target himself. Failure under any circumstances would not and could not be tolerated, or he would end up like many of his hits — propping up a road bridge somewhere buried under tons of concrete.

He studied the file on Gloria. He learned where she lived, what her hobbies and pursuits were, and most importantly her photographs told him just how attractive she was.

The file told him how she had reached her position and how she had become a target. She had been a fashion model who had married a mobster. When he died last

year, rather than just being a pretty face, she took over the whole organization of smuggling cocaine from South America.

Of course, Mario Feldman had known he was dying of cancer and had trained Gloria well in all aspects of his business. Now she was in charge. All the workers in Mario's organization liked her, and she treated them well. But now her drug trafficking efforts were obviously treading on other people's toes. Her security was good, and Luigi was going to need an excellent disguise to penetrate that security. The file said that she was also interestingly into BDSM activities.

Luigi had a small frame and long neck; at 25 years old his baby face features had always suggested that he could easily dress up and pass as a woman. That though had never occurred to him. There had always been this macho thing to prove himself, and he had never desired or wanted to be considered in any other way than a full-blooded man. He had never wanted or desired to express his feminine side. It just wasn't him, and perhaps that was why he was the way he was: a ruthless and professional cold-blooded assassin and killer!

Luigi studied the plan of Gloria's property. The main difficulty would be getting close enough to carry out the hit. She lived in a secure walled mansion with loyal bodyguards and intense security measures. The plain fact was that he could hardly hope to turn up at the door and ask to be admitted without someone suspecting his mission.

He also knew that she rarely if ever ventured outside, and when she did it was in a high security operation with an armored limousine and her bodyguards all around her.

Luigi felt that her one weakness might be shopping, and he thought that her favorite pastime presented him with his best chance of attack. After a week of observation, he noted that she made trips to a local high-class fashion house late at night, when no one else was around. The store was run by a couple of gay men who were obviously able to cater for her expensive tastes in clothes. Her clothes budget seemed unlimited, and she would always leave with several boxes and packages.

He did think about taking her out on the sidewalk, but the presence of her bodyguards stopped that. The local police station was just a few doors away, which didn't help. Luigi was rapidly coming to the conclusion that she was the most difficult target he had ever encountered. Killing her was going to take a lot of planning, and he knew his employers would begin to get impatient.

He reported back on the contact telephone number he had been given and was not surprised to hear a prerecorded message that told him to go to an address in downtown Orlando. The message also gave him a password.

The address turned out to be a flower shop. Quoting the password, he was ushered into the back of the shop, down some steps and into a huge basement area.

"My name is Luigi Taveri, I would like to see Dom Bertoli," said Luigi in his toughest voice.

"Step this way," said the henchman after taking Luigi's piece. He was ushered into a sauna and the door was closed behind him.

“Leave your clothes on so this will be short and sweet,” said Bertoli to Luigi, who had started to undo his tie and take off his jacket. “What's the problem, why can't you bump her off?”

“I have looked at it from every angle, but she is definitely not easy to hit. You know my track record, I'm one of the best in the business. I'll get her, but it'll take some more time.” Luigi talked with sweat pouring down his face.

“How much more time?” Bertoli asked simply, and then added, “She is really hurting my operations in the Carolinas.”

“Well, to get into her mansion I am going to need a good disguise. That is going to take a few months to organize, possibly six.”

“Six months?” Bertoli screamed, his lungs unaffected by the searing heat.

“My idea is to get a job as a maid or servant to get past the security. Then it should be a simple matter, so obviously I will need to be convincing,” Luigi talked slowly, trying to calm the old man down.

“A maid? Are you out of your mind?”

“Well, she has the best laser security system, she has armed bodyguards and thermal imaging sensors, closed circuit television and trip wires. I can't see how else I'll get near enough to her. She rarely goes outside, and when she does it's all very carefully planned. Even when she shops for clothes it's right next to the local police station,” explained Luigi to the sweating Bertoli.

“Okay, I get the picture. The fact that she's a pretty broad hasn't got anything to do with it, has it? The alternative is that we hire a female to do the hit,” said Bertoli.

“Yes, but I can't think of anyone who could pull it off. Besides, it would insult me if you decided not to use me after all this time.”

“All right then, you do what you have to do. You sure you want to dress as a piece of skirt to do this?” asked Bertoli.

“Yes, it's the only way,” said Luigi, wiping his head with his handkerchief. “Getting into her mansion will be easier if I appear as a woman or at least appeared to be female. She won't employ bodyguards to use a vacuum cleaner.”

Luigi knew what he must do as he sat discreetly outside the mansion gates, watching and waiting. He watched her movements and the cleaning ladies she employed for a few days. He noted the agency number and address of the agency. He knew then how he would start his feminization, and that he would have to do it quickly. Bertoli was not a man to be kept waiting.

Besides his native Italian and English, Luigi could also speak Spanish fluently. He decided, looking in the rear view mirror, that he would try and pass as a Hispanic woman — not too attractive, plain and just feminine enough to convince anyone that he was a real woman.

He returned back to his apartment and telephoned an old friend. She owned a special kind of brothel in a neighboring town. Her name was Sulee, and she was originally from South Vietnam, where she had been evacuated as a child. Sulee was also very different from those days, in that she had once been a boy. A sex change operation had given her the body she always craved, and she was now quite attractive.

When he took out Ray Mason, a previous hit, Luigi had discovered his target frequented this bordello. He had been astounded to learn that this beautiful oriental woman had been born a boy. There was no evidence to suggest otherwise now, and indeed his sexual exploits with her had been fantastic. He remembered with a smile how tight her vagina had been. She knew exactly how to please a man with all the parts of her beautiful body.

Taking the plunge, he decided that she might be able to quickly help him look more feminine. He rang her number.

“Hi, it's Luigi Taveri, remember me?” he asked, sounding happy.

“Oh, yes I do. How have you been?” she asked, her accent sounding delightfully oriental and sexy. “Have you bumped off any more of my clients?” she asked before he could answer.

“No, Sulee. Mason was a loser anyway,” he replied. Then getting straight to the point, he said, “I need a favor.”

“I'm not sure I owe you any favors after what happened,” she replied seriously. She had been hysterical, with Mason's body slumped on top of her, and she had cried for days at the thought of all that blood on her bed.

“Ever since I met you I can't seem to get what you did to yourself out of my mind. I have come to the conclusion that I might be a transsexual myself,” he replied, ignoring her last remark.

“Really? Well, you never seemed that way before. You just seemed the stereotypical macho male jerk,” she replied, sounding slightly more interested.

“I have had enough of this he-man bullshit. That's why I was the way I was, trying to keep my feminine side down and putting on a tough guy face. Will you help me?” He hoped that he had convinced her.

At that, Sulee squealed down the phone with girlish delight. “With your height and face you will make a great looking girl. Of course I will help. Come on over now, we are quiet at the moment. We can talk.”

“Do you really think I could look okay?” he asked, sounding unsure.

“Yes, you are petite and you are young enough. Once you start taking hormones and your facial hair is removed, you will love the changes to your body. Come over and we can start planning,” she said, laughing.

“Okay, I will be over in an hour or so,” he said, realizing there was no turning back. He sighed when he put the telephone back on the hook. Luigi sat back and knew that if he could suffer this for a short while then it would be worth it. He just hoped that his manhood wouldn't be destroyed or damaged by the drugs and the other surgical changes that might be needed.

As he drove over to Sulee's villa in his BMW convertible, he thought, 'I will have to be careful, this could get too serious.' There was no other way, it seemed.

At first, Sulee seemed suspicious; but Luigi thought the visit went very well. After all, she had agreed to help with his feminization process. A few days later, she organized his first visit to her own sympathetic doctor, and he started his hormone replacement therapy. She also pointed him in the right direction regarding his body hair removal and booked him onto a laser treatment course.

“You have to do it, you can't allow your beard to show through,” she told him, as he realized that he was never going to shave or grow a beard again.

The female hormones took a few weeks to hit their target, but he continued to take them when he felt the first sign of breasts forming. They became tender and enlarged, but he was really surprised when Sulee suddenly phoned him one night a month after they had first met.

“You have an option of surgery tomorrow. A plastic surgeon friend of mine just called to say that she has had a cancellation. She can do your Adam's apple and voice tomorrow and at half price,” she enthused. “So get your beauty sleep I will pick you up at 8:30 sharp. Bring your credit card too.”

Luigi went to bed in turmoil. This was getting serious! The laser treatment had removed most of his body and facial hair and now his voice was going to be raised. The loss of his Adam's apple he reckoned would be no problem, it would probably make his shirt collars fit better. His voice though would be hard to get back. If it weren't for the tremendous fee he was getting for this hit, he would never have considered all of this. He could almost retire off this one job alone.

He woke early the next morning after a fitful sleep. He had dreamed (or was it a nightmare) that he had huge breasts and nothing between his legs. The dream frightened him because he dreamt that a man had just penetrated him for the first time. He shivered and he felt something shake on his chest. He was growing breasts, and they were definite. He would need a bra soon, as his normally well-defined pectoral muscles were losing their definition. He had always kept himself in shape, and it saddened him to see his body become softer and rounder. He looked at his thigh and calf muscles; they too had lost their strength. It also felt odd and worried him that his penis never seemed to get erect easily.

He drove to the hospital with his growing dark shoulder length hair blowing in the warm Florida breeze. He parked up and bounded up the steps in the most unladylike fashion. He was going to remain a man as long as possible.

A few hours later, he woke to the most painful sore throat and he could hardly make a sound. His neck was swathed in bandages. In the run up to the operation, the doctor had scheduled him for some saline breast implants a week later. Of course he reluctantly agreed to it when he was assured that they could be removed later.

“My dear, you will be much better with slightly larger breasts. And then your real life test can begin,” he said, grinning at him. “I think you're going to look great when your transition is complete. For some small favors I could give you some of the surgery on dispensation.”