



Reluctant Press

A Bust On The Way To The Altar

E. B. Stevenson



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

Copyright © 2002, Friendly Applications, Inc. - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Friendly Applications, Inc, DBA Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do *YOUR* part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

“A Bust On The Way To The Altar”

by E.B. Stevenson

One

It was the spring of 1999; the month of May, to be exact. I was thirty-seven years old at the time. My twin brother, Eric, had just moved to upstate New York after he married a genetic female fourteen years his junior. Being the oldest of two boys and two girls wasn't easy; both of my sisters lived in California, where one runs a modeling agency and the other is a freelance photographer. I was living in Chicago; my parents were just up the road in Milwaukee.

I had started an ecumenical ministry for the transgendered in the Chicago area two years earlier, after a successful career as a private investigator. I had hired Christy Wilson as my administrative assistant soon thereafter. Five-foot-ten with Brunette hair and twenty-six years old, she had just received a Bachelor's degree in business from a local university. She started working for me while she was still living as a man, but began to live, work and dress full-time as a woman just three months after she started. She was six months away from having a sex-change operation. Not only was she my assistant, she was also my girlfriend. While my main business was tending to the spiritual needs of the transgendered, my past life as a private investigator came calling from time to time.

It was three-thirty in the afternoon on the first of May at my Wrigleyville office. I had just finished praying with a preoperative transsexual who was getting ready to go for her sex-change operation. Christy walked into the reflection and prayer room, and told me that someone was in my office.

“Derek?” she asked me.

“What is it, Christy?”

“A tall, brown-haired girl is in to see you. She has a pressing problem,” she replied.

I took the short walk to my office and found a girl with long, medium brown hair, six-foot-three, wearing a blue dress with matching chapeau and pumps. “Derek Ballard?” she asked me.

"I'm Derek Ballard," I said to her.

"My name is Cristina Miller, but you can call me Tina," she said in a low-pitched, feminine tone.

"What's your problem?" I asked her.

"Derek, it's this. You probably heard of Loose Larry Hillard," she replied.

"I've heard of him. One of this city's top pimps," I added.

"Several of my friends have worked for Loose Larry for some time now. They're all saving up for sex-change operations. I worked for him for two years before I had my operation last month," Tina said rather sheepishly.

"What's Loose Larry done now?" I asked.

"He's started to treat his transgendered escorts like trash. He's been forcing them to go out with his friends instead of letting them seek out their own clients, like the genetic female escorts have always done. If they don't do as he pleases, they are chained up and abused. A few of my transgendered friends have escaped his clutches; one of them reported him to the police. He not only has transsexuals employed by his service, but also full-time transvestites, too," she explained.

"Are you afraid that something bad will happen to the remaining transgendered escorts?" Christy asked her.

"I'm afraid that he may even kill some of them if they report him to the police," Tina cried in anguish.

"I'll get on the phone to a detective friend of mine and see what I can find out. In the meantime, please make full use of the reflection and prayer room. Christy will take you there," I assured her. Christy then took Tina to the reflection and prayer room to talk, while I got on the phone to call my detective friend.

When my call was answered, I said to the operator; "Detective Roy Martinez, please." I paused for a moment while the operator asked who was calling. "Derek Ballard," I said.

Roy was at his desk, reading Loose Larry's rap sheet. "Derek, how are you, brother?" he said in his Hispanic accent.

"I've got a problem. A former employee of Loose Larry Hillard came into my office this afternoon. Her name is Cristina Miller; she was employed by him until she had her sex-change operation last month. She told me that his transgendered escorts were being treated badly by him," I explained.

"I've got his rap sheet in front of me. Loose Larry's prostitution activities were brought to my attention by Michele Lang, a former transvestite escort. He has a long criminal history, starting with an arrest for shoplifting in 1978. Two years later, he was arrested for attempting to rape a sixteen-year-old girl. He was convicted in 1981 and spent six years in Joliet. He was arrested for cocaine possession six months after leaving Joliet and spent six months in federal prison. Upon his release in the summer of 1988, he laid low for a while. Then, in 1990, he was arrested for indecent exposure and lewd conduct; that earned him a ninety-day sentence in the Cook County slam-

mer. In 1993, he was arrested again; this time, for public drunkenness, attempted rape and assault. He had walked into a bridal shop and tried to rape a woman trying a gown on. In addition, he also brutally beat up her fiancé, who was being measured for a tuxedo. He spent four years in Joliet for this crime. Since he has been out, he's been working as a pimp for an escort service run by the notorious Shifty Sheldon LaFlamme. They work out of a storefront office on Maxwell Street. I'm asking my boss to have the place staked out and possibly organize a sting operation," Roy explained.

"With that kind of record, I hope we can put him away for a long time," I added.

After I got off the phone with Roy, I walked into the reflection and prayer room, and found Christy still talking with Tina. "No matter what happens, let me remind you that God will be with you always," Christy said reassuringly to Tina, before asking her, "Who would you like to call?"

"Call my boyfriend, Eddie," Tina replied.

Christy got Eddie's cell phone number and called him, while I received Loose Larry's rap sheet via fax from Roy.

"What exactly is the story on this guy," Christy asked me. "According to the rap sheet on him, Loose Larry was hired by Shifty Sheldon in 1997," I replied before the phone rang.

It was Roy, calling me about setting up a meeting. "Would twelve noon at Harry's work for you?" I asked him.

"Yes, that would work just fine. Feel free to bring Christy with you, Derek," he replied.

After I got off the phone, Christy asked; "What is it, honey?"

"Darling, Roy has agreed to meet us at Harry's at noon tomorrow. Later, we'll be able to talk to the girl that reported Loose Larry to the police," I replied.

"Will she be dressed as a woman?" she asked me.

"Of course. She's been dressing as a woman full-time since she was sixteen; she has just started hormone treatments. She'll be in a red dress and high heels," I replied.

"Babe, would you like to take your mind off your work and turn it to me?" she asked rather seductively.

"Of course, I will, sweetheart. Just for you, my love," I whispered before giving her a long, tender kiss. After we finished kissing, she whispered; "I love you very much, Derek."

"I love you, too, Christy," I whispered before kissing her again. We got so passionate, that we knocked over the wedding picture of my twin brother, Eric and his young bride, Rebecca.

"Did we knock anything over, honey baby?" Christy cooed.

"Just the wedding photo of my twin brother and my sister-in-law," I replied.

Around ten o'clock, Christy realized that she had to be back at her apartment. She was tired, so she needed some sleep. "Would you put a copy of Shifty Sheldon's rap sheet in my 'in' box in the morning?" she asked me.

"Sure, I will. Good night, my love," I replied.

"Good night, sweetie," she whispered before we exchanged a smooch.

Two

It was eleven o'clock the next morning. Christy, dressed in a red jumpsuit and matching high heels, was looking over her copy of Shifty Sheldon's rap sheet. Since I was also licensed as a justice of the peace, I had a wedding to perform in the reflection and prayer room. One of Loose Larry's former call girls, Laura Yancey, was tying the knot with photographer Ian McMillan. Laura was in a full-length informal wedding dress and a bridal tiara with an elbow-length veil; Ian was in a navy blue suit and tie. Laura had a sex-change operation three years before and became a business student. One of Laura's genetic female friends and Ian's youngest brother witnessed the union.

"Laura Amanda Yancey, do you take this man, Ian Thomas McMillan, to be your lawful wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do you part?"

"I do," Laura replied with commitment.

"Ian Thomas McMillan, do you take this woman, Laura Amanda Yancey, to be your lawful wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do you part?"

"I do," Ian replied with the same level of commitment.

"With the power vested in me by the state of Illinois and the City of Chicago, I now pronounce you husband and wife. What God hath put together, let no man put aside," I informed them before pausing for a moment.

"Ian, you may now kiss your bride," I added.

After they kissed, they affixed their signatures to the marriage license, along with their witnesses and myself. After they left the office, Christy came in.

"Derek, isn't it time we started out for Harry's?" she asked me.

"Just as soon as I take off my cassock and put my suit jacket back on," I replied.

We took a taxi to Harry's, a restaurant near O'Hare International Airport. I noticed Roy right away. Five-foot-nine, built like a marathon runner and in his early forties, he was wearing a white shirt, black tie, and a pair of black leather pants with black shoes. Michele was with him. She was five-foot-six, wearing a red chiffon dress and matching high heels. "Derek, how are you today?", Roy asked me.

"I'm doing fine, thank you," I replied.

"And how are you, Christy?", Roy asked.

"I'm doing fine, Roy," Christy replied.

"Derek, this is the girl I was telling you and Christy about. Michele Lang, this is Derek Ballard and Christy Wilson. They run an outreach mission for the transgendered in Chicago; he also works part-time as a private eye," Roy said.

"A pleasure to meet you two," Michele added in a low-pitched feminine tone.

Once we got inside the restaurant, the four of us were shown to a private dining room, accompanied by guards from the Illinois State Police. We sat down at a table with fully-lit candles, while the state troopers stood guard outside.

After we ordered steaks and salads for the four of us, Michele began to tell her story. "It all started four months ago, after I arrived in Chicago from a small town in Iowa. My parents disapproved of my dressing in women's clothing, so I left my hometown and came here to Chicago, hoping to be a female impersonator. I was at a club called Monica's, which featured a female impersonator revue three nights a week. I went to watch Brittany Shores, a visiting female impersonator from Fort Wayne. She and I became very good friends. Loose Larry was there that night, recruiting new girls for Shifty Sheldon's escort service, LaFlamme's Girls. He complimented me on my looks and sex appeal and he told me I could make a lot of money, escorting male clients. Within a week, I was in tight dresses, miniskirts and stilettos. Anyway, two weeks ago, he began to force his transgendered escorts to satisfy his friends, or else he would threaten them with severe beatings, even death. He had me handcuffed to a bedpost and forced me to take off my panties. The next thing I knew, one of his friends was performing sex acts on me. Then, he forced me to stuff his fully-erect manhood into my mouth. I was humiliated beyond belief. Instead of staying in that situation one more night, I left LaFlamme's Girls, and took up residence with Melissa Zeller, a genetic female friend of mine. Melissa comforted me, and advised me to report his actions to the police," Michele explained.

"Tina Miller stopped by my office yesterday; she was saying basically the same thing. She was employed by LaFlamme's Girls until she had her sex-change operation last month. She has since taken a boyfriend, who has kept her on the straight and narrow. I married one of his ex-call girls and her new husband this morning," I added.

"Tina was very brave in contacting you. I have received several phone calls from other transgendered girls this morning, all saying the same thing. So, I think we may have enough evidence to start a sting operation. One of my fellow vice officers is Shifty Sheldon's younger brother, Chuck Lawrence. He is a virtual master of disguise. For example, in 1990, he infiltrated a white supremacist hate group on the North Side by posing as Josef Goebbels, the late Nazi Propaganda Minister. That resulted in forty arrests. Three years ago, he helped us bust a drug ring by posing as a Colombian drug lord; that sting netted thirty-two arrests. He also helped us bust two prostitution rings in the 1980s; one in 1982 by disguising himself as a bigwig executive, and another in 1989 by disguising himself as a hooker. The 1980 bust put twenty people behind bars; the 1982 bust netted fourteen arrests. His wife, Lauren, helps him with his disguises. She's a seamstress by trade," Roy explained.

"Will you try to get him assigned to a potential sting operation?" I asked.

"I definitely will try to get him assigned. We have another detective who is a master of disguise. Robert Mortimer is his name. He's primarily done his infiltrating dressed as a woman. Two years ago, he helped bust a ring of dress thieves while undercover as a bride-to-be. He has done some busts in male attire, too, including a pot bust where he posed as a hippie. I may need your help, and Christy's," he added.

"This might just be an adventure," Christy added.