



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Dream Thief

Sally Wild



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

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A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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# DREAM THIEF

**By Sally Wild**

## **Chapter 1**

Allan Bulmer chuckled as he looked at himself in the mirror. He was dressed completely in black as benefited a man of his profession, a thief or as he liked to think of himself a world-class cat burglar. He certainly had more than a few successful hits to his credit and so far the police hadn't even come close to catching up with him. A fact that he attributed to his almost compulsive adherence to always maintaining a strict regime of security in everything he did.

That and his ability to assume a variety of disguises guaranteed to confuse even the most perceptive eyewitness. There was no way that anyone would be able to recognize him once he had resumed his normal appearance after one of his burglaries. And it certainly didn't hurt that he was only slightly shorter than an average man's height, had a slim build and nondescript features. There was absolutely nothing to make him stand out in a crowd, nothing to draw undue attention once he had divested himself of his assumed identity.

And even his disguises were always understated, more subtle than flamboyant as he felt that it never paid to call undue attention to yourself at anytime. A prime example of this philosophy would be the clothes he was wearing for tonight's job.

The black outer garments consisted of a tight-fitting, but not restrictive, turtle neck sweater and pants while he wore lightweight, dark colored trainers on his feet. But in this case his undergarments provided his chosen disguise. A well-padded bra and control panties to give him a smooth groin, prominent breasts and a firm but fleshy looking backside combined with gently rounded hips.

A good quality shoulder-length, blonde wig covered his short brown hair and he had reinforced the feminine illusion by applying some eye shadow, blush and lipstick. His previous experience in the use of theatrical makeup in other disguises allowed him to do so quite convincingly. As a final step, he had even applied a few drops of a floral scented perfume to his throat and wrists. It was amazing how such a small detail as a lingering scent could convince someone that he was actually a female.

Allan had no intention of being seen by anyone during tonight's foray but if by some unfortunate circumstance this particular event occurred he wanted them to think that the thief was a woman. There would be no way that the police would be able to connect him with the suspected perpetrator.

Tying back the wig's tresses with a black ribbon and donning a pair of light gloves, Alan smiled at his feminized reflection. He certainly wasn't a raving beauty but the disguise was more than enough for the low-light environment that he intended to work in tonight. A fairly simple but lucrative target that he had heard about through his usual sources. *Yes, it was going to be a good night's work, no doubt about it!*

Picking up a large black purse, Alan checked its contents for a final time to ensure that he had not forgotten any of the tools of his profession. It was mind-boggling how easy it was to break into almost any building with the right equipment and the knowledge to use it well. And in many cases the occupants made it even easier by stupidly forgetting to take basic security measures to keep people like himself out.

Giving a final tug to his bra straps so that they settled more comfortably on his shoulders, he re-examined his image in the bedroom mirror before deciding that his chosen disguise was more than adequate. Slinging the purse's leather strap over his right shoulder, he picked up his car keys from the dresser and made his way down to the garage attached to his home.

Within minutes he was driving carefully towards his chosen destination. Living in a secluded house and being able to enter his car before driving outside made it easy to come and go as he pleased in his myriad of disguises without alerting any of his neighbors. Something he had thought about carefully before he purchased his present property three years ago.

In case the police stopped him, he even carried a driver's license showing that he was Alice Bulmer. Not that he felt that he would need it but he had used the female disguise a number of times and it seemed like a reasonable precaution to take and it was fairly easy documentation to obtain. He had decided to use the same last name as if any one was inquisitive enough to check the car registration he could claim that he was driving his brother's vehicle.

Less than thirty minutes later he was pulling into a quiet parking lot of a small city park. He always left his car at least five blocks away from one of his targets. If he happened to be interrupted during one of his jobs he would depend on his ability to move quickly and unobtrusively in the shadows to return to his vehicle. Once there he could rapidly strip off his disguise and return to his normal persona if he felt it necessary. Not as dramatic as peeling out with a squeal of rubber and roaring off into the night with police

cars in close pursuit but much more likely to succeed. Or at least he thought it would be, as he had never had to put the plan into effect as his break-ins had always been clean ones.

Taking a few minutes to absorb the patterns of activity in the local area, Alan checked his watch. Almost midnight, time to start his final approach to his objective. Not so late that he would elicit unwanted attention but not so early that anyone would be awake in the household he would be breaking into in the next half-hour.

Drawing in a deep breath to help calm his usual pre-job jitters, he quickly opened the car of his door and stepped out into the quiet darkness of the parking lot. There had been very little traffic in the few minutes that he had been sitting there and he anticipated that there would be even less as he went about his business.

Locking the car door, he strode off in a confident manner in a way to indicate that he belonged in the neighborhood and didn't welcome any intrusions on his evening walk. There was no doubt that projecting that message made him much less obvious than someone skulking around in a suspicious manner.

From his previous check on the area he knew that the houses and properties in this well-to-do area were large and well spaced out. Street lighting was almost non-existent; a sure sign that everyone out here thought they were well protected from the less desirable elements of society by the distance they lived from the inner city - a delusion that he would be more than happy to exploit.

Keeping a keen lookout as he maintained his brisk pace, Alan was pleased to see that no one else was out at this hour of the night. Certainly there were no other pedestrians; not an entirely surprising fact but he was also fortunate enough not to even see anyone drive by while he made his way toward his target.

And the late spring weather was co-operating as well, staying mild with only a light breeze and enough cloud cover to ensure that the full moon didn't add any illumination to the feeble light of the sparse street lighting. As a result there were many areas of dark shadow along his route that he could take advantage of as he walked confidently along feeling entirely comfortable in what many would consider an unwelcoming environment.

Most of the houses were set well back from the street with long driveways leading up to their imposing front entrances so that in many respects he began to feel as if he was walking along a straight country road although the concrete sidewalk detracted from that image. Still, he enjoyed the fact that very little light, other than the well-spaced streetlights, spilled onto the road he was walking along. It would be easy to avoid inquisitive eyes if anyone happened to be out.

Minutes later he approached the dark driveway leading to the large house that was his target for tonight. Not checking his pace he slipped quietly into the darkness of the trees and bushes that bordered the massive front yard. As soon as he was well shielded by the shrubbery he paused for the first time since leaving his car and took a few minutes to acclimatize himself to his surroundings. He had been able to obtain detailed blueprints of the property and house but he knew that it never hurt to take the time to gain some sense of the actual location.

As he slowly scanned the surrounding area he couldn't detect anything out of place or any movement of any kind. Even so, he felt a small prickle of anxiety about the whole

situation. Something didn't seem quite right but he couldn't put his finger on what was causing this mild case of concern. As far as he could see everything was as it should be. An easy target with only an older woman living alone in the sprawling house that he intended to enter very shortly and some very nice jewelry as the reward for doing so if his information was correct.

Shaking his head to help dispel the sudden case of nerves he cautiously started to advance across the large lawn stretching out in front of him like a small lake surrounding the two-storey structure holding the promised treasure he so eagerly sought. There were enough trees and shrubs scattered about the expanse of grass that he was able to do so while remaining completely in shadowed areas. His rubber soled shoes making no noise whatsoever as he glided over the lush grass.

Coming to a halt less than thirty feet from the house, he paused in the shelter of a large tree and once again took stock of the situation as his latest bout of jangled nerves still rang a low-grade alarm in his racing mind. Nothing seemed out of place, he could only hear the nocturnal sounds of insects and the gentle swish of branches in the light breeze. There were no lights on in the ground floor of his target and no noise issued from inside its silent interior.

Taking a deep breath to focus his attention on the job at hand, he stealthily moved forward until he reached the window just to the right of the double-door entrance. Assuming that even the most naïve of people wouldn't overlook the importance of locking the main entryway into their home he began checking the windows and secondary doors as he slowly circled the house. He could easily break in but from past experience he knew that this wasn't necessary in many cases.

He was at the rear of the premises before his persistence paid off. A small window was open a few inches. Recalling the layout of the house that he had painstakingly memorized he knew it would provide entry into a small office or den just beside the living room. In minutes he had silently removed the screen and slid through the tight opening. Tight but not as much of a challenge as a few others he had to contend with in the past.

Once inside he took thirty or forty seconds to allow his eyes to adjust to the deeper gloom in the small room and to make sure that his entry had not been detected. Straining to hear the slightest out of place sound he finally concluded that he had been successful in not causing any type of alarm. *Then why do I still feel as if there is something not quite right,* he wondered. *Maybe I should call this whole thing off. But that would mean a lot of work down the drain for nothing. No, I think I'll stick in there for a bit longer but if anything looks suspicious I'm out of here. I'm a runner not a fighter!*

Several more minutes crept by, Alan listening intently the whole time, before he began to move silently through the dark office. There was just enough light for him to be able to avoid the desk, filing cabinets and chair cluttering up its small interior. Approaching the closed door, he hesitated yet again before carefully turning the knob so that it would open without making any noise.

After it had swung open soundlessly he cautiously listened for several more minutes before satisfying himself that nothing was amiss. Shaking off the feeling that he was letting

too much time pass before he finished the job he focused on the fact that being careful had been the main reason he had been so successful in the past.

Slowly he edged out of the office and into the living room. All was quiet in this much larger room and he began to breathe a little easier after his earlier bout of nerves. *The jewels are upstairs* he reminded himself. *That means I'll have to cut across the living room, back into the main entrance and up the stairs. I think I'll move to the bottom of the stairs and then take a short break there to see if I can detect anything unusual.*

Sliding quietly through the furniture scattered about the living room, Alan was soon entering the large foyer that lay behind the house's main doors and gave access to the rather grand set of curved stairs leading to the upper story. The location of the bedrooms and, if his information was correct, the jewels that he wanted to appropriate tonight.

Taking a few more minutes, Alan listened intently before he even set one foot on the stairs leading up the second floor. Yet again his caution was rewarded by not being able to hear any noise from anywhere in the house.

His breathing became a little ragged as he began to think about the bounty that awaited his tender loving care. It would certainly be a nice monetary bonus for all the hard work that had led up to this moment.

Subduing his growing excitement, he slowly moved up the stairs, keeping to the side in an attempt to ensure no squeaking wood would give away his presence. Not that the massive stairs looked like they would move even if an elephant trampled on them. But it was always better to be safe than sorry as he always told himself before, during and after a job.

Coming to the top of the stairs, he stopped to listen one more time. It was still as quiet as a grave. Almost too quiet he mused as he stood there. Most houses would make some sort of noise during the night. But then again the owners had probably paid good money to make sure that this structure wasn't like that.

After a long moment of listening to nothing but silence, he tentatively started forward again making his way to the master bedroom and more particularly the walk-in closet of that room. He had been assured that a small safe containing the jewels would be found built into the floor of that closet.

Moving silently as a wraith, he approached the master bedroom's door and eased it open. Peering into the dark interior he detected a slight mound in the bedding of the king-sized bed that dominated the room. The faint sound of light breathing drifted towards his receptive ears. From the information he had received earlier he knew this would be the old woman who owned the house and the jewelry he was after. Well into her late seventies or early eighties she still lived alone in spite of being extremely hard of hearing.

It was this last fact that Alan was counting on when he planned the theft. There was little doubt in his mind that he could get by her sleeping form, retrieve the jewels and leave again without wakening the dear wee thing. And if she did wake up, then she shouldn't be too hard to deal with before he got away.

Closing the door softly behind him after he entered the bedroom, Alan made his way quietly to the large closet. He knew which door to open as the blueprints of the house

showed the master bedroom and bath layout quite clearly. Once again he eased the door open and shut it gently behind him.

Complete darkness enveloped him as soon as he had done so as the spacious room had no windows. Flicking on his small flashlight that he carried for just such eventualities, Alan was impressed by the sheer number of clothes and shoes crammed into the area. Big as it was, it was still almost filled to overflowing. Shaking his head at all the money tied up in such frivolities, he refocused his attention on the job at hand and shone the pencil thin beam of light downward. Almost immediately he detected the outline of the small trap-door built into the floor.

The thought of the treasures contained in the hidden safe made his hand tremble slightly and his heart rate to accelerate in lustful anticipation of what would soon be his. Chuckling quietly to himself he allowed his concentration to waver for almost a minute as he fixated on the large sum of money he would make from this night's work. *Not that I don't deserve it* he thought. *People just don't understand how much work and effort goes into carrying out this sort of job. Learning the skills required, gathering the information, carrying out the burglary itself; it all takes dedication, time and meticulous planning.*

Forcing himself to refocus on the task at hand, he slowly brought his breathing under control and knelt down on the floor so that he could pop open the trapdoor. A wide smile broke across his face as he immediately recognized the small safe that his actions revealed. It was an older model that he had dealt with before and there was no doubt in his mind that he would have it open in less than three minutes.

A slight sheen of perspiration broke out on his brow as he fumbled for almost four minutes before he managed to open the infernal device. He cursed himself for being over anxious as he struggled for longer than necessary to break into the safe.

A long sigh of relief escaped his lips as he finally succeeded. He scooped out the contents with trembling hands and quickly opened the small velvet bags containing the gleaming jewelry. A shock of growing excitement shot through him as he greedily examined each shining piece. *I've hit it big here! The information about this stuff was dead on. I'll make a packet from this little haul.*

Pulling himself out of his internal celebration, Alan hurriedly shoved the jewels into his large purse before closing the safe and trapdoor. A large grin flitted across his face as he slowly regained his feet and approached the closet door before flicking off his flashlight.

Taking a deep breath he forced himself to wait several minutes after cracking the door open slightly to allow his night vision to return and to listen for any unusual noises.

Nothing seemed to be out of place so he quietly pulled the door open even further and stood for several more agonizingly long minutes before he decided it was safe enough to leave the relative safety of the walk-in closet. His senses tingled with a nervous energy as he prepared himself to leave the house. He knew from bitter experience that this was often the time that something unexpected could happen and the sense of uneasiness he had experienced earlier in the garden returned stronger than ever.

Finally he could stand there no longer and Alan forced himself to start moving cautiously towards the bedroom door. The slight form on the bed still hadn't stirred and the



reassuring sounds of a sleeper's deep breathing still emanated from the unmoving occupant.

In less than a minute, Alan was standing by the door and slowly turning the knob so that he could slide out of the room without a sound. Taking his time, he quietly closed the door and moved carefully down the hall toward the top of the stairs. *Almost there*, he cautioned himself. *Stay focused. There isn't much further to go now and the worst of it is behind me.*

Remaining close to the side of the stairs he began his silent descent to the ground floor. It was starting to look as if this hit was going to be a most successful one and he allowed his mind to relax slightly as he reached the bottom stair. It was now only a matter of retracing his steps to the small office, climbing out the window, pulling it back down into place and making his way back to his car. With any luck, the loss of the jewels wouldn't even be noticed for days if not weeks and by that time he would have moved them on through his usual reliable sources.

His temporary lapse in alertness made what happened next all the more terrifying. He suddenly became aware of a small movement in the foyer but before he could even begin to react a bright flash of light and a loud crack flared in his senses before a massive blow to his chest sent him crashing to the floor cracking his head hard on the unyielding stairs. He hardly felt the impact as a cold numbness swept over him. *I've been shot* his mind screamed at him and then mercifully he fell into a bottomless pit of endless silence.

## Chapter 2

Christine Slater cautiously approached the motionless body with the pistol held firmly in one hand. She was sure that she had hit the intruder with her one shot but one could never be too careful. It might be a ruse to throw her off her guard. Still the rag doll look of the body was fairly convincing.

Finally with a sigh of exasperation she decided to back away slowly and turn on the lights before she got too close. Better safe than sorry as her brother George was always saying and for once she had to agree with him.

The glare of the lights revealed the still body lying in a small pool of blood. Damn, don't tell me it's a woman she thought. The cryptic phone call earlier this evening only said someone would try and steal mother's jewelry sometime tonight. There was nothing said about it being a woman. I didn't even take it seriously enough to call the police and if mother hadn't taken a turn for the worse I might not have even bothered to come and spend the night with her. Thank goodness I did.

Even as these thoughts ran through Christine's adrenaline flooded brain she couldn't really come to grips with the fact that she had just shot someone. Normally she wouldn't even have a gun in her own home but the earlier phone call had worried her enough that she had gone out of her way to retrieve the handgun she knew her mother kept locked up in her study.

Then it had been a matter of waiting up and worrying once she had her mother tucked in for the night. The caller had mentioned an approximate time that the robbery would

probably be attempted but even so she had missed the thief's entrance into the house and had only seen a vague form disappear into her mother's bedroom.

Not wanting to confront the burglar in front of her sick and heavily sedated mother, Christine had decided to wait for the intruder at the bottom of the stairs. Although she was convinced the thief wouldn't be interested in anything but the jewels it was still an agonizingly long time before anyone had appeared at the top of the stairs.

By that time Christine was almost in a state of panic although she was still convinced that she was doing the right thing by not calling in the police. They would probably have been so heavy handed that her mother would end up being taken hostage – if they bothered to turn up at all.

And when the ghostly form of the burglar had drifted silently down the dark stairs, she almost fainted from the fear of it suddenly appearing and coming towards her. Almost without conscious thought she had pulled the trigger on the pistol and now she had a body lying in front of her.

Christine almost dropped the weapon from nerveless fingers with the thought that she had just killed someone, another woman by the looks of it, without even calling out a warning or trying to contact the police. In belated hindsight she wondered how it would look to the authorities. Could she be found guilty of manslaughter especially if the female intruder proved to be unarmed? *Hell, why couldn't it have been a big man, somebody who I could have justified killing before he raped me? What am I going to do now, she wondered. I'd better get to a phone and call George. I'm sure he'll know how to handle this situation.*

Christine's increasingly agitated thoughts were brought to a sudden end when the body lying at the bottom of the stairs gave a soft moan. *My god, she's not dead but still alive. Maybe I should call 911. But I don't want to get the police involved in this. I know that they'll pin something on me. No, I'll call George. He should have been over here helping protect mother anyway. Oh why didn't I tell him about that phone call earlier?*

Never taking her eyes of the still motionless woman, Christine pulled out her cell phone and hit the speed dial for her brother's home. Thankfully he didn't live more than twenty minutes away.

"Hello," came the groggy answer of someone reluctantly woken from a sound sleep.

Serves you right for not being here to help me thought Christine as she replied, "George, it's me Christine and I need your help."

"Christine, what the hell are you doing calling me at this time of the night. Don't you know I've got to be in surgery in a few hours? This had better be good," George grumbled angrily in reply.

"Oh, can it, brother," Christine snapped. "I'm at mother's and have just shot an intruder. I need your help right now."

"What did you say? You've shot someone at mother's? Damn, I'll be right over. Contact the authorities while I'm on my way."

"I don't think that's a very good idea. I'll explain everything when you get here," Christine retorted and hung up before her brother could reply. He might be a great plastic surgeon but he could be an overbearing fool sometimes – a fact that could explain his ear-

lier two divorces she thought. *Thank goodness he is between wives at the moment. It will be a lot simpler to deal with him without any other distractions.*

Christine kept a wary eye on the body but other than an occasional pitiful moan there was no movement or sound from the shot burglar. It seemed like hours but was in fact only twenty or minutes or so before she heard a car coming to a screeching halt outside the front door. As she had already backed up to the main door in anticipation of George's arrival, not to mention to keep a good distance from the thief, it was only a matter of unlocking the door to allow her brother to enter.

"What the hell is going on," he demanded as he rushed in looking completely disheveled and hastily dressed although he was carrying his doctor's bag.

Quickly locking the door she quickly explained everything that had happened and the reasons she had not called 911. As she spoke her brother's angry look turned to one of concern. He had always been quite protective of his younger sister and tonight was no exception.

"Hell, I don't know, sis," he exclaimed in frustration. "I'm not sure that the police are going to pin anything on you. After all you did shot someone trying to burgle the house by the sounds of it. But we don't have time to discuss this right now. I'd better have a look at this woman before she does die on you!"

While George was quickly but skillfully examining the thief, Christine took the opportunity to examine the large purse that she had dropped. Her eyes widened in grateful vindication when she uncovered not only her mother's jewelry but the set of professional burglary tools that Alan carried as well.

"Hum, it's not too bad by the look of things," George muttered. "Luckily you were using a fairly small caliber weapon and it looks as if the bullet has gone straight through without hitting anything vital. I've stopped the bleeding. I don't think there is too much damage to her head although it's obvious she took a hard knock on the back of her skull when she went down. It's probably why she has been unconscious for so long. I'll give her a sedative to make sure she stays that way for the next hour or so. A quick operation and this person should be ready to go to jail in a week. What do you have there?"

His question was directed to his sister as he saw her rummaging through the purse. It was obvious from the pleased smile on her face that she had found something of great importance.

"Nothing much, brother dear," Christine said with a wide grin. "Just mother's jewels and a most complete set of burglary tools. There is no doubt that this person is a thief. I just hope that mother is all right."

"You mean you haven't checked," George snapped.

"Don't get angry with me," Christine retorted. "I'm fairly sure that she is all right and I couldn't very well go upstairs to check on her could I? Why don't you do that while I keep an eye on this creature?"

"Damn, all right but then we must really get her to a hospital so she can be patched up properly. Be right back!"

Christine watched her brother bound up the stairs with an amused look on her face before turning her attention back to the still supine body at the bottom of the stairs. Staring at the victim of her shooting she suddenly had a most marvelous idea. An idea that blossomed into full fruition in less than a second as a malicious smile broke out over her normally pretty features.

It seemed like the answer to a problem that had been bothering her ever since she had learned that her mother had taken a turn for the worse. There was no doubt that someone would have to spend a lot of time looking after her and Christine knew from experience it wouldn't be George that would be doing it. He was a very successful doctor while she worked from home as a graphic artist. Unfortunately there would be no rational reason to expect her brother to give up his lucrative practice when she could move in with her mother and still keep up her business. It would be very demanding but she could do it by slowing down the number of contracts she took on. Something she was most loath to do as business was just beginning to pick up after a few years of hard work to get herself established.

But what if there was someone else that could be a companion to nurse and look after her mother? To hire a woman to do the job would be prohibitively expensive but what if a certain thief could be put to work carrying out those very duties with room and board as their only remuneration? There would have to be strict supervision of that individual but she would be more than willing to provide that if it meant someone else was carrying out the required menial, time consuming tasks.

The more she thought about the possibilities involved the more that Christine began to warm to the idea of turning the sad specimen of humanity lying at her feet into an honest, hardworking citizen. Albeit, one who would do exactly as she was told unless she wanted to find herself turned over to the police or worse although the former option would be far down Christine's priority list as what she was planning was certainly illegal. But the thief didn't have to know that, did she?

Emptying the large purse's contents onto the floor, Christine began to search for further clues to the burglar's identity. Aside from her mother's jewelry and the housebreaking tools there was only a set of car keys and a driver's license.

Hum, Alice Bulmer is her name, Christine thought as she gave the license a quick glance. Strange that she doesn't carry any cosmetics or any other feminine articles in that purse but then again she isn't your normal female out on a shopping trip. Still, there is an address on the license. That and a name should give me a chance to get some more information on this wench.

Christine's scheming was brought to an abrupt end as George clattered back down the stairs and announced that their mother was fine. The sedatives she had been given earlier had kept her in a deep slumber even with all the noise and activity that had been going on in the last hour.

"Come on, we'll get this crook to a hospital so that she can be treated and then we'll get this whole matter sorted out with the police," he continued.

Christine knew that she had to get him on side if there was any hope of making her plan work. He was a bit of a stickler for following protocol but she also knew that he

thought the present government was much too soft on criminals and he did love a challenge. Deciding to play on both of those elements she began to present her case as convincingly as possible.

"George, I don't think that is the best idea. Do you think that you could treat this person perfectly well at your own clinic?"

"Well, of course I could. It's a fairly simple operation and I've had a lot of experience in operations other than those normally done by a plastic surgeon," her brother retorted, "but that's not how we should handle this. She should go to a hospital and then be turned over to the authorities."

"So you can safely treat this patient," Christine continued as if George hadn't stated that the injured woman should go to a hospital. "Or are you just saying that because you intend to take her to a hospital?"

"Don't be stupid, of course I can operate on her without any problems," George rumbled with some indignation.

Following up quickly before he could return to his argument about getting the police involved Christine carried on, "Could you operate with only my assistance so that no one else knew about this person?"

"Yes," George replied in an exasperated voice, "but what has that got to do with anything?"

"Well, I've had a most marvelous thought," Christine explained with a mischievous grin as she could see that her brother was becoming intrigued with her line of questioning in spite of his rather abrupt manner. "What will happen if we turn this individual over to the police, other than them taking a rather dim view of me shooting an unarmed female?"

"I'm not sure," George replied with a thoughtful look on his face. "If history is any indication the justice system will probably give her a slap on the wrist and then some lawyer will probably convince her to sue you for damages."

"Exactly my point," Christine said triumphantly. "The victim always seems to come out on the pointy end of the stick in these cases. Look at what happened to that burglar who shot and killed our father ten years ago. Five years in jail and then the wretch was free to walk. But what if we could turn this person into someone who could earn an honest living, someone who could be convinced of the error of their ways, and someone who could be most useful to us in our present situation with mother needing nearly constant care?"

George was a quick study and he could see where his younger sister was going. In many ways it appealed to him as a very elegant solution to the problem of dealing with both the criminal and their mother's growing needs. However, he could also see that it was a solution that was fraught with potential problems including breaking the law in a major way. Still, it could be a challenge worthy of both himself and Christine who he knew was an extremely resourceful individual and one not to bring up such an idea lightly.

His conflicting thoughts were easy for Christine to read as she watched him intently. Suddenly it seemed extremely important to her that they managed to carry this rather

audacious plan off so she plunged on with her rationale for undertaking such a strange venture.

"You know how much we need to get some help to look after mother if I'm going to carry on with my business from this house. You will be fine with your practice so it's not such a major consideration for you. I know that there are dangers involved but I propose that we operate on this person, keep her sedated for a few days and find out what we can about her. If at anytime it looks as if there are going to be any problems, I'll drop her off at her home – I already have an address. She won't even have to know about you at all so there will be no come back if anything goes wrong, which it won't. Please, George, do this for me. I know we can make it work."

George regarded his younger sister with a stern gaze. "You know that I wouldn't hide behind you if anything goes wrong, sis. And there is no doubt that what you are proposing is definitely against the law and fraught with potential problems. But I must admit that I do like the idea of putting this criminal wench to some useful purpose. Therefore I agree that we go so far as sedating her for a few days while you find out more about the type of person that we are dealing with before we go any further. We'll take her to my clinic now and get the operation done before normal business hours. Then she is going to have to recuperate here at the house but that shouldn't be a problem as she will be heavily sedated."

"Oh, George, you are the greatest," Christine squealed as she gave him a quick hug. "You won't be sorry about this, I promise you!"

George couldn't help grinning at her excitement. As always he felt carried along with her enthusiasm but he couldn't help adding a cautionary condition, "Just be aware that if there are any problems with the operation, not that I expect any, this whole thing is off and we will have to get her to a hospital immediately."

"Of course, George," Christine purred happily. "Let's get her to your clinic so we can get on with it."

In less than half an hour, George and Christine had their patient prepared for surgery in the clinic and were staring in amazement at each other. It was obvious that their thief was definitely not a female.

"Hum, seems to me that we have already run into a problem," George muttered as he viewed the naked and obviously male body of the criminal lying on the operating table.

"Not really," Christine retorted hotly. "It's obvious that we have a little sissy who likes to masquerade as a woman. Well, he or she will get their wish as they will be an effeminate, feminized nurse's aide by the time I get finished with them. Let's face it, they will be even more in our power if they don't want their dirty secret to get out. No, this will be more work but it definitely isn't a showstopper as far as I'm concerned. And with your surgical skills and medical expertise to help I don't see how I can fail."

George couldn't remember ever having seen her so adamant about something. There was no doubt in his mind that she was a serious threat to the masculinity of the poor slob lying in front of them.

Pushing his growing doubts aside he replied, "Ok, tiger. I get your drift but be aware that I can't just jump into this feminization thing. First, we will have to operate for the bullet wound and then I will have to give some thought on how to proceed once it's obvious

the patient is going to be up for it. In other words we will have to bring this creature back here more than once. Are you prepared to do that?"

"I don't see it as a big problem," Christine flatly stated as she gave the body lying on the operating table a hungry look. The more she thought about it, having an unwilling male participant in her little venture was more of a turn on for her than anything else. Her brain began to pulsate with new and exciting ideas as she considered the possibilities in molding this sissy into her version of the perfect female companion and nursing aide for her ailing mother. She even knew the woman who could help her carry out such a transformation.

"Very well," George stated. "Then let's get started. As I said this should be a fairly standard operation. Quite frankly some of the follow-up procedures will probably be more demanding of my surgical skills - that and moving this poor sod back and forth from the house to my clinic over the next few weeks."

"Now don't go getting all soft and sentimental on me, George," Christine murmured affectionately now that she had gotten her way. "Surely you don't feel any compassion for this miserable wretch, do you?"

"I've seen that glint in your eyes before, girl," her brother answered with a large grin. "I just feel pity for this poor fellow's masculinity or what will be left of it by the time you women get finished with him. I hope he enjoys wearing skirts and makeup."

"He's nothing but a dream thief," Christine replied curtly. "What he is going to get is nothing that he doesn't deserve."

### Chapter 3

Christine leaned forward in her chair to more closely examine the recumbent figure lying on the small bed in the basement bedroom. It was beginning to slowly stir and she wanted to see the dawning light of recognition when those baby-blue eyes finally fluttered open. It had been almost four weeks since the night of the shooting and her little sissy had been sedated that whole time.

She had found it a demanding time with all the work that had to be done during those long weeks. Not only did she have to move into her mother's house so that her increasingly frail parent could be looked after but she had to nurse this wretched thief as well. Not that she had spent all that much time on that particular chore but the three trips back to her brother's clinic for further operations and doing the research needed to properly transform the wench had also proved time consuming.

Christine considered herself truly fortunate that Diane Walters had been willing to help her. Not only did Diane provide an invaluable service by coming in three times a week to clean the house but she also knew how to take a creepy, little thief and turn him into an effeminate sissy willing to do exactly what she was told. Even before the process had actually began, Christine felt as if she had learned a lot and Diane had been instrumental in making sure that all the necessary preparations had been made.