

The Candidate's Son



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An "Adult Tv" Novel



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The Candidate's Son

By Susan Hulbert

"What did you get out of the meeting, boss?" Susan Haggerty asked. "I hear the difficult jobs were parcelled out."

"Yes and we won the first prize," Alex King tossed a sheaf of papers onto his desk, and reached for the coffee percolator. "We have to work out how to protect Luke Carter."

"What?" Susan was horrified at the thought. "He's impossible to protect, even from himself."

"Maybe, but we can't say that in public. We live in an inclusive age and if the next Chief has a stepson who's not only gay, but has a boyfriend who dresses and acts like a

woman half the time, then we have to come up with a plan."

"Someone has to come up with a plan, but why us?" Susan replied.

"It's probably because we're the part of this department that's always regarded as off the wall." Alex scrolled down his screen. "Our brief is to protect him, keep him out of trouble, away from scandal, and as if we could do everything, we've not to interfere with his private life."

"How are we supposed to do all that? It's not possible."

"We don't have a choice." Alex turned to his computer. "Here we are - Luke Carter, the man himself. I have his website profile here online."

Susan stared at the screen. "He has two sets of photos, one is male, and the other is female. Hot ding! If you scroll down, he's got a girlfriend in the first set and a boyfriend in the other."

"Are you sure they aren't one and the same person?" Alex asked. "Did you know he dresses as a girl as well?"

"I think he's only done that once or twice according to the papers I read." Susan flicked between pages. "One's much taller and thinner, and I don't think it's the photography playing tricks. One of these must be our boy, or boys."

"Sure is a fine looking woman?" Alex looked over her shoulder. "If I didn't know better, I'd be asking that baby out myself."

"And you'd get a surprise package when you tried anything on." Susan laughed. "Is it likely that anyone

would threaten him, even if Samuel Dexter was to be elected?"

"The assessment gives it a high probability," Alex replied. "And even if it didn't, we always have a duty to offer some surveillance of the immediate families of our leaders."

"I don't give our usual operatives much chance of being unobtrusive on this one," Susan said. "They're all too conventional and ordinary. They fit in well in the universities and at business gatherings, but for this lifestyle we'd need a completely different style of operator."

"Agreed, and don't forget ideally we would have to have two if not more to share the duties and give some rotation. It would be too heavy duty for one guy alone," Alex added. "Of course, it would be easier if we had someone to start with, but as of now, we don't even have a clue where to find one."

"If we can find one, we'll be lucky," Susan said.

"I know, but we usually have a team do this sort of thing," Alex agreed. "I think this is an occasion for thinking outside the box."

"I can't understand how Samuel Dexter has managed to become such a high profile candidate. You'd think that Luke would cut across voter sensibilities and turn them off voting for him."

"That's not what the polls say," Alex reminded her. "Dexter has two sons and a daughter by his first wife who was killed in a terrorist explosion when he was our ambassador in Turkey. He remarried his late wife's cousin, a widow herself, who already had Luke. I think he was two at the time. Then they had another two girls. It's a very conventional family, all high achievers. The voters like that. The fact that one of their family isn't in the stereo-

type goes down well, too. They're supportive, and include him in their publicity. Its good inclusive stuff when it's handled right by his press office, and probably right for the time."

"They haven't managed to rattle him yet?" She asked.

"Not really," Alex replied. "Political correctness on the one hand and the boy hasn't really done anything wrong on the other. He has a business; he works hard, and plays hard, sometimes at boy's games, sometimes at girls' games."

"It sounds like a risky business."

"True, but if there's any criminal activity, the papers would have found it by now," Alex speculated. "The boy's clean, just a bit tricky to think what we can do with this assignment."

"Are you sure we can't get out of this one?" Susan wrinkled her nose. "It sounds like the poisoned chalice to me."

"We're stuck with it." Alex handed her a sheaf of papers. "More to the point, you're stuck with it. Find me a team we can put close to him. I want them to be able to monitor him seven days a week. I want them to blend into the background and let us know what happening without him knowing."

"Surely he must know that he's being watched," Susan replied. "It's common knowledge that we provide that protection."

"Oh, we'll do the visible stuff," Alex winked. "He'll spot them and no doubt try and give them the slip. We need someone closer that he won't ever suspect, who can call in the troops if they're needed, and do nothing whatever for the rest of the time."

“What, like those Cold War secret agents, the sleepers, who stayed and did nothing until they were called on?” Susan asked.

“Something like that, you’ve got the right idea,” Alex agreed. “Now get on to it, and give me some proposals by Friday. We’ll meet at eight and thrash out the details.”

“Luke, would you pass my car keys?” Dean called from the bedroom.

“Here you are, dear.” Luke held them out. “Wait a minute. Why do you want car keys in the bedroom?”

“I don’t, I only wanted you to come back.”

“There’s not time,” Luke laughed. “Although it might be more fun.”

“You’re right. I can’t come to bed now. If I don’t finish my make up, we’ll be late for the premier. It’s a big charity function and you promised your Daddy that we’d be there.” Dean pouted and blew a kiss.

“I’m surprised my Daddy lets you anywhere near,” Luke laughed. “You must be the biggest electoral liability ever invented.”

“That’s not the way they explained it to me.” Dean returned to his make up table, and continued shadowing his eyes. “They say I represent the diversity of modern life, and he’s gaining votes by supporting you, even though you’re with me.”

“I suppose that could be true.” Luke ran his finger down Dean’s bra strap and his hand found its way to cup the tiny bulge there. “If they hid you away, the press

would spend forever digging up any dirt they could find."

"It's better to hide in the light is the way they put it." Dean removed Luke's hand and slapped the wrist. "Not now, wait until I get ready. You'll get a better handful when I put my falsies in."

"I'm not sure I like being you being known as the candidate's stepson's boyfriend." Luke flicked the bra strap again.

"You're one of my boyfriends," Luke said. "Just like Andrea is one of my girlfriends, and I'm taking her next time I go somewhere special."

"If it's a smokescreen you want to put up, make sure your make up is more subtle than Andréa's." Dean replied.

"Bitch!" Luke teased.

Dean pulled a face. "Let me finish dressing and we must be ready."

You look fabulous." Luke said. "I love it when your eyes are really dark and the make up looks like it's a little worn. It goes well with your new hairstyle."

"I'm so glad you like it. My stylist said the new dusky blonde shades were perfect for me, and I think she's right. This fingered finish is so easy to keep looking good. No one expects every hair to be in place. I do wish it was longer though."

An hour later, the limousine dropped them at the entrance to the Paramount Hotel. The cameras flashed. Luke in his leather jacket and tight trousers contrasted with Dean in black knee boots with four-inch heels, denim mini skirt and a dark yellow top with a cartoon cat on the front.

“Look this way!” A cameraman called out, as they stood.

Luke turned obligingly. His short leather jacket hardly reached his waist, and the cleavage suggested by the padding in his bra made sure the cameras kept on flashing, as they turned and waved. The video cameras weren't only from the news media.

Dean curtsied to Luke's stepfather and mother, and watched as Luke turned to hug his younger sisters as the cameras flashed continuously.

Next day, the papers carried his picture far more prominently than his father was shown; yet their media representatives were pleased. It wasn't bad publicity at all, and the name was spelled right and on the front pages.

“That's the problem.” Susan was briefing her team after the video had played in the office. “Luke is an occasional crossdresser with a boyfriend called Dean, who spends most of his time dressed as a girl, and we've got to get a team close to him.”

“But I thought he was a boy who had a crossdresser for a girlfriend, you didn't say he dressed as well.” Dan Kane chewed on a pencil as he pondered. “The papers were full of them last week. They'd been to some disco, and then he'd taken her home and stayed the night. This is too confusing.”

“Wait a minute,” Clay Lincoln interrupted. “Wasn't he on that sex tape that got leaked to the Internet last year? He was in full drag with his girlfriend and they were doing it all ways.”

“The girlfriend was a boyfriend.”

“Was that the one where the cell phone goes off half way through, and he answered it with gasping voice?” Dan asked.

“That’s the one!” Clay replied. “I have it as a ring tone on my cell. Want to hear it again?”

“Boys, don’t be childish,” Susan chided them. “We’re supposed to be coming up with sensible ideas, not having a session of smutty jokes. We need a serious angle, here.”

“It so happens that I may have one,” Clay said.

“Have we found any bi-sexual cross dressers on our staff?” Susan asked.

“We may have some, but since the policy of don’t ask, don’t tell came in, it’s a question we can’t ask. What I do have are two operatives who are probably small enough and young enough to work this scene undercover.”

“Have they finished basic training?”

“Not yet.”

“And they have the right lifestyle choices to fit in there as well?” Susan asked.

“No they don’t, but with a bit of training and practice, I’m sure we could get them up to speed.” Clay waited for comment, and saw their frowns. “It’s better than nothing, and has a chance of success.”

“Okay, say we go along with your plans, would our operatives fit in?” Susan asked. “Alex isn’t going to go with this unless it’s risk free for the department.”

“There’s always a risk,” Clay admitted. “But if we don’t try this, what other ideas do we have. Our operatives, suitably trained and dressed, should be able to

blend in with Luke's friends, maybe even get real close to him, and become valuable assets in place if father gets elected."

"I'll believe it when I see it."

"Come in!" Alex waved to two seats in front of his desk then shuffled through some papers. He looked up. "Agents Watson and Wheeler. I'm pleased to meet you both. This organisation has been given many tasks in the past but the one I'm going to ask you to volunteer to do is more difficult and exacting than any I have known in thirty years service."

Watson looked at Wheeler, then at Alex. "We're proud to have been selected sir, and we shall do our best to uphold the traditions of the service."

"Does that mean you're volunteering for undercover work?" He looked earnestly at them.

"I am," said Wheeler.

"Me too," said Watson.

"Sometimes it's better to know what you're volunteering for. Do you understand the mission?"

"We have to be undercover protection for one of the candidate's families," Wheeler replied. "That's what we understood. Close surveillance."

"And what do you understand by that concept?"

"Fitting in to the household, becoming anonymous, doing whatever we have to do, but being the eyes and ears of the service at the same time."

“That about sums it up,” Alex said. “But there’s a lot more to it. You have to get into character, and stay in character. You have to be prepared to live and breathe as the person you will become, yet remember your primary purpose in being there is to protect your principal, and feed back information to Headquarters. You need to be beyond suspicion at all times, yet close enough to be able to act independently when circumstances demand. Your contact with your old friends, family, and colleagues has to be severed almost completely for the duration.”

Alex looked from one to the other as he spoke, and then lifted two pictures from his desk, one of a blonde girl in a sundress, the second of a young man in tight black jeans and a leather jacket. “This is your assignment.”

“Holy shit.” Watson said. “That’s Luke Carter, and the girl is that guy who acts like his girlfriend.”

“From our research, Luke Carter has a number of girlfriends like that, and always has one somewhere near him wherever he goes.”

“Are they prostitutes?” Wheeler asked.

“Apparently not,” Alex replied. “This is a lifestyle choice, and unfortunately whilst Luke has a decent sort of boyfriend come girlfriend this time, there are a lot of unscrupulous people out there. The opposition would like to find an embarrassing link. Organised crime would like to get them hooked into something lucrative, and it’s our job to keep them out of harm’s way.”

“Sir, I don’t understand where we come in.” Watson looked puzzled. “How could anyone infiltrate their friends and remain undetected?”

“There is a way.” Alex looked at one to the other, waiting for them to think it through.

"You don't mean you want us to go undercover as drag queens?" Wheeler asked.

"Wait a minute!" Watson stood up, and then sat down again when Alex glared at him.

"Not exactly," Alex continued. "But you could be close. These people aren't drag queens; they're better than that. They look and act the part almost perfectly. First we have to do some tests, but we'd like you to become female impersonators like Dean there, and get as close as possible to Luke Carter, and stick with him as long as you can."

"By getting close, you mean as close as that boy Dean is close." Watson exclaimed. "No, Dean has sex with him. It's too much."

"Couldn't you get some girls to do it?" Wheeler asked.

"They'd never get past first base," Alex explained. "All the girls round Luke Carter are boys underneath. If you've got the wrong plumbing, you're not going to get there."

"So why us." Wheeler looked across at Watson.

"Our consultants identified you two as having the physical properties most likely to be successful."

"But I'm not gay!" Wheeler spluttered.

"Me neither," said Watson.

"That's not a requirement." Alex smiled sardonically at them. "It's the physical thing that's important. You don't have to be gay. You do have to be willing to impersonate someone who may be gay. I don't think I have to spell out all the implications, do I?"

"And long term?" Wheeler looked at Watson.

"At least until we can find more people who might fit the criteria," Alex replied. "And we're looking as hard as we can, but there's no one trained, in training, or even in the recruitment stage who comes as close as you two right now. We need you, Agents Wheeler and Watson. Your pay and benefits will be suitably enhanced to take account of your being under cover. Are you willing to take the assignment?"

"Yes sir." Wheeler said at once.

"I'm sorry, sir," Watson said. "I think it's an assignment too far."

"Wheeler, go to my office and wait there." Alex paused as Wheeler left the room. "Watson, I understand your reluctance, and this will not damage your future here. It is after all, an unusual request."

"Sir..." Watson gulped.

"If a word of this conversation gets anywhere out of this room, you're on the next plane to Afghanistan for five years, minimum."

"You must be Agent Wheeler." The girl greeted him as soon as he walked into the office.

"How did you know?" Carl Wheeler blushed, wondering if she already knew about his assignment. Butterflies were circling in his stomach as he began to fear what he had allowed himself to volunteer for.

"No secret," she laughed. "I saw your file when Alex was selecting potentials. The photograph is on the cover."

"So you don't know the details?" Carl asked.

“Hey, I’m just the secretary. I don’t know anything until I’m told to know it. That’s how my security clearance stays high. Alex says you’re to wait in the inner office.”

Carl walked through. A huge desk with a computer and faced him, while to the side there was a more informal seating area. He walked across, taking in the subdued décor, and then the view across the city from the windows. He turned, feeling more nervous, and then decided to sit in one of the easy chairs and try to make himself calmer. He took a few deep breaths, but it didn’t help.

“Wheeler!” Alex strode into the room. “It seems that the whole of this project is going to fall on you, at least until we can find someone to share the burden.”

“Yes sir,” Carl stuttered, starting to stand until he was waved back down.

“I don’t need to tell you how important it is that we keep control of the situation. We have to know about any potential threat, or embarrassment before it happens.” Alex continued. “We’ve never had to do anything quite like this before. I’ve had our psychologist prepare a few sessions to brief you.” He shuffled through his papers.

“May I ask a question, sir?” Carl stuttered.

“Of course.” Alex looked up and smiled.

“Am I to understand that I have to become a drag queen, because I don’t have the slightest idea how I could do that?” Carl asked.

“No, you’re not going to become a drag queen at all.” Alex looked him up and down. “You’re going to become the next best thing to a fully functional girl for Luke Carter, and that means you’ll have to be exactly his type. That means feminine and whatever goes with it.”

"Is this really that important?" Carl blushed. "I'm not sure how I could do... well, whatever it is they do together. I don't know how they do..."

"Don't worry; we're working on that right now." Alex interrupted. "You are on leave for the next four days. Put all your affairs in order; tell everyone you're going abroad. Tell them it's somewhere in the Middle East, and that you'll be out of contact for a few months. Report back here on Tuesday morning. Don't bring anything with you because the assignment starts then and you won't be going back."

"Sir."

"And Wheeler," Alex shook his hand. "Good luck. You'll report to Susan Haggerty, she's in charge of this mission. We shall not meet again for a while, and of course, this meeting never happened. Welcome to our world."

"Thank you, Sir," Carl stuttered, turning to leave.

"Oh and don't shave before you come back." He added.

Carl walked out in a daze.

"So you're going away, Carl?" Cindy asked when they were finally alone together.

"Yes, I have an assignment, and it's going to keep me away for some time. I can't tell you where it is." Carl took her hand. "We knew this might happen when I joined the department. I didn't expect it to be this soon."

"Your dad said it was in the Middle East. That's a dangerous place. I thought you'd get posted to somewhere, and I'd be able to come with you." Cindy withdrew her hand. "I thought you'd spend your time at a computer analysing things, making projections, all that kind of clever stuff. We'd have a house in the suburbs and you'd be home each night. You're not cut out to be a spy."

"Cindy, you know I love you more than anything, and I wouldn't be doing this unless the department really needed me to." Carl reached for her hand again but she drew it away. "It won't be forever. Maybe that house in the suburbs isn't too far away."

"Carl, it seems like forever." Cindy turned cold. "I don't want to be alone, and I don't want to be left behind, never knowing if you're alive or dead."

"Cindy, I have to do this." Carl said quietly.

"Well don't expect me to be waiting, Carl." She turned and left the room. A few moments later he heard the door slam, and then the sound of her tyres squealing as she drove away.

Carl reported for work Tuesday, and as soon as he signed in at reception, he was directed to an anonymous office over a nearby shopping mall. It was a room with a desk.

"Come." A woman's voice called as he knocked on the door.

"I'm Carl...." He started.

"Okay, I'm Susan; I believe you were told to report to me."

"Yes, Madam." Carl replied.

"None of the formality, Carl." Susan walked round the desk and sat on the edge opposite him. "This is all off site, off limits, and none of it ever happened."

"I think I understand." Carl replied. "It's a lot to get used to."

"Don't worry, the details will fit, just remember who you really work for, and enjoy your life."

"That's a funny thing to say."

"It may be, but I know how difficult it can be for a sleeper." Susan replied. "You'll get some psychological back up, but mostly, it's your own strength and personality that has to see you through."

"Am I a sleeper?" Carl asked. "I never really put that word to it. I understand the concept; I didn't think we did it any more."

"We do in this case. Our target's father may be important on the national scene for some years. We have a duty to be up to speed whatever happens."

"I'll do my best." Carl replied. "I'm not backing out; I think I burned my bridges back home already."

"I guess we'd better get moving," Susan said. "There's a lot to get through and we don't have much time. Right now the priority is to get you in place as fast as we can."

She ushered Carl to a waiting car. "Remember, we're making some of this up as we go along." She told him. "We're trying to pay for the best, so don't panic, and we'll get you ready. Here's your briefing note for today. Read it and give it back."

* * * * *

Within the hour, he was entering a plush health spa. He seemed to be the only customer. "Mr Wheeler, we've been expecting you." A perky blonde carrying a clipboard came to him.

"Right." Carl stammered, more in question than answer. "And you were expecting me for what exactly?"

"It's the spa experience package; we do all the beauty stuff." She said. "It's all paid for and all you have to do is lie back and enjoy."

"Okay." Carl said cautiously. "What do I have to look forward to?"

She laughed. "Clearly your partner hasn't told you everything."

"Partner?" Carl asked. This was work not pleasure. Then he remembered the briefing notes.

"Sure, she booked you in for the laser, to get rid of your body hair, and she asked us to try and eliminate your beard as well."

"She didn't tell me that." Carl admitted, pretending that he knew all along. "It's not that heavy, but they could have warned me."

"Don't worry; we get a lot of guys coming in for beard removal. Some of their girlfriends don't like being scratched."

"Okay, are there any other secrets?" Carl asked.

"No, only they asked us to give you a gentle sedative because you're having so much done at once."

“Is that usual?” Carl was careful with drugs of any kind.

“Not unusual.” She held out a couple of white tablets and he took them. “It makes the day less stressful, and boring. We work hard, but the client often gets bored.”

“Client or victim?” Carl responded to her smile, and walked over the water cooler and swallowed the tablets with some water. “Let’s get started. How long will all this take?”

“It could take a while, but we have the latest equipment. It’s quite fast and kinder to the skin, so that we can do a lot quickly.” She took his arm and propelled him towards a changing room. “You’ll find a robe through there, and the treatment room is out the other door.”

Carl walked through and undressed. The notice on the wall told him to remove everything, and he complied. As he pulled on the robe, he could feel everything becoming just that little bit disconnected. He sat, and waited for the moment to pass, understanding that it was probably the sedative working. He stood and walked out of the changing room.

“I’m sorry.” Carl said shaking his head. “It’s all a little spacey.”

The girl was speaking to him, but her words were unclear. He let her lead her through and help to disrobe and lie down. Everything was drifting now. It felt cool and clear, the air was swirling colours and he disconnected completely.

“Relax, and let it all happen.” She told him. “You won’t feel anything.”

Carl mumbled a reply, and then seemed to doze away. Seeing that he was in such a co-operative state, she called in another girl and they went to work on him.

“Give him the headphones.”

With headphones playing soothing music, and gentle touches as the operatives worked on him, it was altogether relaxing.

“That pill sure calmed him.” The girl said to her colleague. “I don’t know where his girlfriend got it from, but she said she’d knock him out for us to do everything.”

“He’s probably not going to be too pleased when he sees the results.” Her colleague replied. “It’s a bit radical.”

“Maybe he loves her and he’ll forgive her.” She speculated.

Carl didn’t feel anything, and made no sign of realising what was happening as he became surrounded by sets of equipment and more operatives came in. There was no sign of discomfort as his eyes were covered by protecting goggles and they removed most of his eyebrows, leaving an arch that was as feminine as his own brows allowed.

“He’s still out cold.” She said. “And we’re all done. The instructions said to leave him and someone would collect him later.”

* * * * *

Slowly, he became aware of his surroundings. He was robed and alone in a lounge area, half slumped across the couch.

“Ouch, my head.” He tried to sit up and lay back.

He rubbed his forehead and vaguely remembered being helped there and sipping some water. He had no idea of the time. Once he realised that he was awake, memories remained elusive, but the shakiness in his limbs reduced and feeling came back.

“Oh my goodness.” The robe fell open and he saw his hairless legs for the first time.

“It sure feels different.” He said to himself. “I didn’t realise my skin was as smooth as Cindy’s. Just shows what these girls go through for beauty.”

He stood and the robe fell open. He looked down, and saw no hairs at all, where there used to be quite a thick thatch. His hand went down to explore. He felt round and then under, cupping his sack and feeling himself grow.

“And I could get to like that feeling.” He thought, then remembered why all this had been done. He pushed the thought to the back of his mind and walked to the door.

The mirror at the side caught his attention. He remembered his beard and stepped close up to it. His hand explored his chin as he looked. It felt smooth, and as he stared, there was no discernible trace of the whiskers he had before. He looked closer then thought it wasn’t really his face.

It hit him then. His eyebrows had been a little unruly before, but they were gone. In their place remained a thin trace of hairs, too fine to be real, he thought until he rubbed them. A tingling sensation and some lingering redness told him that they had been worked on. He stroked them again, instinctively smoothing them down, then stood back to get the overall effect.

“Hot ding!” He exclaimed. “I look like Cindy in the morning without her makeup.”