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**84** pages **16** illustrations

# **A BLESSING IN DISGUISE**

**Story by KK - Illustrations by Kannel**



**TRANSGENDER  
TALES OF**

**Transformation**



**K K**

# ***A BLESSING IN DISGUISE***

**Story by KK  
Illustrations by Kannel  
A Tales of Transformation Story**



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## A BLESSING IN DISGUISE

Jay Turner's heart was about to burst out of his shirt as he huddled behind his car, his mind reduced to thoughts of survival, listening to the altercation happening on the other side in the otherwise empty parking garage. He wished, he prayed, that he hadn't stayed late to work on the story... That he hadn't caught the elevator at the last second... That his son Randy wasn't sleeping over at a friend's house... Basically, even the slightest change in his day that would have prevented him from being here in this abandoned parking garage at this exact moment. Jay clutched his keys tightly as the voices grew louder.

All he was trying to do was get in his car after another long day at the paper and leave. As he had been fumbling for his keys, he dropped them on the cold concrete. Bending over to grab them, a long, shiny black limousine had just pulled in. Momentarily hidden from sight, that was when he'd heard the sound, unmistakable from years of television cop shows, of a gun being cocked. That was promptly followed by a door swinging open, and someone being thrown out onto their knees to beg for their life.

"Is there someone else, you little prick?" boomed a powerful voice, trembling with rage. "Is there? Tell me!" Jay had squeezed his eyes shut, but the voice made him open them. It was familiar. He was sure he'd heard that voice before... but where? The same curiosity that had led him through the twists and turns of journalism school before landing a job at one of NYC's biggest papers was now gripping him. He had to look with his own eyes. *Don't do it, Jay, think about your boy. Think about Randy,* he told himself. But if the booming voice was who he thought it was, he was witnessing something bigger than every story he'd ever penned put together. If only he hadn't let his phone battery die this afternoon...

"I swear, Dominic, he doesn't mean anything to me!" wailed the other voice. That was the deciding factor. Jay wiped his sweating palms on his knees, pulled out his cellular phone, and inched his nose around the edge of his bumper to see the scene unfolding. It was all he could do not to gasp. "You're the only man for me!" The young man wailed.

The man stumbling from his limousine, handgun in one hand and an all-but-empty bottle of expensive whiskey in the other, was over six feet tall and well-built, with thick dark hair and chiseled features. Jay Turner would know that face anywhere: it was none other than Dominic Stone, the richest, most powerful man in New York and possibly the country, head of the world's shadiest pharmaceutical conglomerate and eternal target of most national intelligence agencies. Corrupt, ruthless, and egomaniacal – those words described Dominic Stone in a nutshell. Not to mention macho, manly, and lady-killer. He was al-

ways surrounded by beautiful girls and bounced from one supermodel trophy wife to the next.

Which was why this scene was particularly shocking: the man begging for his life, on his knees on the tarmac, was a handsome young man Jay recognized as Jason McKeevey. Jason was the son of Senator Bryce McKeevey, a crusading anti-crime politician who was being tipped for a presidential run. Almost unable to believe what he was seeing, Jay's hands shook as he took in the scene. Stone was waving his gun around, railing about infidelity, and tears were running down the young man's face. Then, before Jay could even blink, the handgun was suddenly pressed up against the young man's forehead.

"Cheaters never prosper, you little bastard," Stone snarled. "And to think how hard I worked to keep us hush-hush. I can't trust you anymore, and that means goodbye. God knows I'll miss that beautiful ass of yours in bed."

"No, Dominic! Please!"

The garage echoed the loud, sharp sound of a gunshot, bouncing off the grey concrete walls seemingly forever.

Jay's mouth fell open as he watched the young man keel over backward, blood gushing. He wanted to shout, to run for help, but... *What can I do against an angry drunk billionaire with a gun?* Jay wondered. *He would cut me down on the spot!* Jay stared helplessly as Stone staggered back into the limousine and it pulled away, out of the parking garage, leaving a corpse in a pool of blood. Jay felt sick to his stomach – the kid couldn't be more than eighteen, only four years older than his son Randy. He hadn't been able to save the poor guy's life, but at least he would be able to make sure Stone went away for it. As soon as the limousine was gone, Jay searched out the nearest pay phone, and, his fingers trembling in nerve-shattering fear, began to dial 9-1-1.

## **Six Months Later**

Jay Turner's legs were as unsteady as a sailboat in a stormy ocean as he took to the witness stand. It was the way Stone kept smirking at him from his seat, sitting there casually in his designer suit and Italian leather shoes as if he was at a restaurant waiting for his supper rather than in a court-room waiting to discover if he was going away for murder. It gave Jay the unshakeable feeling that Stone knew something he didn't.

He quickly saw the game for Stone's legal team: they were presenting Jay as a hack journalist desperate for a story, desperate enough to inject Dominic Stone's presence into a tragic murder probably committed by gang members angry about the senator's proposed crackdown on drug trafficking. However, Jay was no slouch when it came to telling his side of the story. It certainly

helped things that Jay didn't look like a shady guy. He looked quite a bit younger than his thirty years, with an innocent fresh-faced appearance that played well for the cameras and for any female members of the jury. He was short and slight but quite good-looking in his own right, and he knew that would help his case. What's more, Randy, the son who he'd been raising on his own since his high school sweet-heart skipped out on him, was just as photogenic as he attentively watched his father take the stand.

The jury was more than ready to like Jay and believe Jay. So when he told his story, all about how he ended up in the wrong place at the wrong time and witnessed Dominic Stone shooting the senator's son at point-blank range, they were 'oohing' and 'aahing' in all the right places. Stone's smile, however, was still fixed in place and it sent shivers down Jay's spine. That man was a lunatic. Or, maybe even worse, he wasn't a lunatic. He was just that cold.

"And do you have any clues as to why this murder took place?" the lawyer prodded. Jay steeled his nerves. Now was the time. Stone was staring daggers at him, just daring him to come clean. Well, Jay was a journalist, and the truth was always his first priority.

"It was a crime of passion," Jay said, clearing his throat, and he began to explain exactly what he had heard. The look on Stone's face when Jay explained that it seemed the corrupt mogul was secretly a fairy, or homosexual, made his life flash before his eyes, but there was no turning back now. When he finished his testimony with the damning quote that Stone would 'miss his lover in bed,' the mogul snapped.

"I'll fucking kill you!" Stone howled, spittle flying from his mouth. He had crossed the courtroom in an instant, hands ready to throttle Jay's throat. "You're dead, you hear me? I'm going to make sure of it, your worthless little shit!"

The guards managed to restrain the enraged magnate, but only just. Jay's heart was beating like a drum, but he held it in as he was marched out of the courtroom. He found his son Randy waiting for him. Randy was fourteen years old and took after his dad, slender and dark-haired with fine facial features. Jay had done his best to raise him on his own, but of the several long-term girlfriends Jay had had, none had been much of a mother figure for Randy.

"See? Nothing to it," Jay said, slapping his son on the back. "He'll be behind bars in no time."

"You're not worried about what he said?" Randy demanded, fear in his eyes. "He said he's going to kill you!"

"He's a psycho," Jay admitted. "But we're going to have protection, Randy, don't worry."

"That's right, Jay," came a voice from the door. He turned his head and saw a professional-looking woman in dark sunglasses and pants suit. No doubt she'd be very attractive behind the severe pulled-back hair and deep frown. "Agent

Dee,” she said, offering her hand. “Pleasure to finally meet you. Testifying in there was a brave thing to do.”

“Jay Turner, but I guess you already know that,” Jay said, shaking hands and noticing a much taller male agent entering the room behind her. “And this is my son, Randy. What happened to the guy who was with us before?”

“That ‘guy’ was a police officer,” Agent Dee laughed. “I’m a little higher up the food chain. We’re in charge of your security from now on. I’m going to be in charge of witness protection for you and the boy. Let’s get moving. I guarantee Stone already has a hit out on you, and possibly on your son.”

Jay Turner stuck his hand protectively on his son’s shoulder. “Whoever it is would have to go through me first,” he said emphatically.

“And they would, quite easily,” Agent Dee said. She turned and started walking down the hallway, and Jay and Randy followed. She was looking left and right, scanning the way for any threats. “Which is why I’m afraid you’ll be taking separate paths, for now.”

“What?” Jay objected. “I’m not letting my son out of my sight!”

“We’ll reunite you later,” Agent Dee said, “but at the moment, Jay, you’re a much bigger target than your son is and having you together would only jeopardize his life. Understand?” Jay gulped. The last thing he wanted was to leave his son, but they couldn’t stay together if it was going to endanger him.

“I understand,” Jay said. “When will we be reunited?”

“At a safe and secure location,” Agent Dee said. “Within a few weeks’ time. I’m afraid I can’t give you any specifics.”

“A few weeks?” Jay demanded. He rubbed at his hair. “Okay,” he said, reluctantly. “Fine. Think of it as summer camp, okay, Randy? You go with the agent and do whatever she says, and I’ll see you before you know it.”

“Oh, he’s not coming with me,” Agent Dee interjected. “He’ll be with my partner, Agent Zed. I’m the top field agent we have, so I’ve been assigned to protect you.” On cue, another agent joined them, appearing from a connecting hallway.

“The pickup is secure,” he said. Jay looked to Agent Zed, a hulking African-American man, and back to Agent Dee, comparatively tiny.

“But you’re...”

“A woman?” Agent Dee suggested wryly. “I know. Now, you two better say your goodbyes, because there are cars waiting outside.” Jay nodded and turned to his son.

Jay wasn’t sure at all he was doing the right thing, but he couldn’t let his son see any doubt. Randy had to believe everything was going to be okay. “You’ve



got nothing to worry about,” he said to Randy. “Stone will come after me, not you, and I’ve got the best FBI agent in the business watching my back.”

“Okay, dad,” Randy said, slightly pale. “Good luck!” Jay put a hand on his son’s shoulder, and a moment later he was gone, following Agent Zed out the door. Agent Dee had them wait five minutes, then he followed her outside into a black car and they whisked away from the court-house through a back exit, far from the crowd of reporters and bystanders curious about the case.

As the car sped along at twice the legal limit, Agent Zed briefed Jay. “A surveillance team has been watching your house, and so far there’s nothing suspicious,” she said, as the car pulled up to his house. “I’ve got some people in there doing clean-up right now, making sure there’s nothing that could lead to any family members. Come on.” She got out of the car and marched up the lawn. Jay followed, and despite the situation he couldn’t help but notice that it was a hell of a rear view.

When they got inside, they were greeted by yet another federal agent. “I’m afraid this is probably the last time you’ll set foot in this house,” Agent Dee said, hurrying up the stairs. “Stone’s men will be tearing this place to shreds in a matter of hours, believe me. I have someone on your computer making it appear as though you bought plane tickets to the other side of the country, which may buy us some time, but if there’s anything of sentimental value to you, you have five minutes to pack a suitcase.”

Jay gritted his teeth. Five minutes? How was he supposed to prepare for a life on the run in only five minutes? He started pulling open his closet and throwing random clothes together, along with a watch given to him by his grandfather and a small photo album. As he was moving it all into the suitcase, a small stack of photos slipped free and floated to the floor. Agent Dee snatched one up as Jay lunged to grab it. “Don’t!” He said, without any explanation. The photo showed an attractive – if nervous-looking – woman, dressed in a rather skimpy nurse costume for a Halloween party.

“Who is this?” Agent Dee asked. “Anyone who might... Wait. Is this...?”

“Yeah, it’s me,” Jay said, blushing a deep red. “So what? It was some stupid costume competition and my girlfriend at the time, well, I let her talk me into it.”

“And are there any other pictures of this around the house?” Agent Dee asked, still staring at the photograph.

“Of course not,” Jay said. “What are you implying? That’s the only picture I let her take, and I would have tossed it out if I had known it was still in there. Besides, I really don’t think this is the time to start reminiscing about Halloween parties!” He held his hand out for the picture, but Agent Dee had already slipped it inside her briefcase and was now giving him a long, hard, scrutinizing up-and-down gaze.

“Good,” she said, in her clipped, professional tone. “Then I think we may have just found our angle.”

“Our angle?” Jay echoed, zipping the suitcase shut.

“Don’t worry about it,” Agent Dee smiled mysteriously. “Time to get back in the car, Jay. Take Agent Johnson with you. I’m going to make a few phone calls.”



Once she had finished her call to headquarters, Agent Dee hurried back to the black car and got into the backseat. Jay was almost relieved to see her. She clearly knew what she was doing, and that was comforting when his life was suddenly being threatened by the mob. She barked instructions to the driver and the car pulled away, Jay staring despondently out the window at the house he had worked so hard to keep.

“I’m going to lay out the facts for you, Jay,” Agent Dee said. “You didn’t just witness some mugging in an alley or something. You’re a witness to a huge crime committed by an extremely dangerous individual. The FBI has been looking for a way to nail Stone for years, and if this is our chance, we’ll take it. Stone’s guys are going to be searching for you high and low to prevent you from

testifying further, and, of course, for revenge – you can't just drag a man like that out of the closet in front of the world and expect him to shake it off. You've not just framed Stone for murder, you've exposed him as a gay man. He'll spare no expense to get back at you."

"If you're trying to make me feel better, it's not working," Jay said, trying to get at least a grin out of the agent. Her sour expression didn't change. "Well, uh, where can we go where he can't find me?"

"It's not a question of where he'll look. It's a question of who he's looking for." She reached into her jacket. "Want to know who they won't be searching for?"

"Who?" Jay asked dully. He didn't exactly feel like playing guessing games as his life fell to pieces around him.

"A woman," Agent Dee said, holding the Halloween picture under his nose. "How does 'Julia' strike you?"

"Wait." Jay's head started spinning. "Are you suggesting...?"

"I think it's our best bet for the time being, until we get you to a safe house, yes," Agent Dee said, sitting back. "If I didn't believe it was in your best interests to disguise you as a woman, I would never suggest it. But as I said, I'm working with the facts. You're short. You're very slim. You look young for your age. And, if this picture is to be believed, you make a perfectly passable, and, dare I say it, attractive young woman. This is a one-in-a-thousand type situation, Jay. We don't do this all the time, but I think you're the perfect candidate for it. So, what do you say?"

"You want me to decide now?" Jay gasped.

"We're currently on our way to a pit stop where your disguise is being prepared as we speak," Agent Dee said. "So, yes."

"Look, I did it once for Halloween, but I'm not some kind of transvestite, okay?" Jay protested.

"It's only for a couple week's time, and I wouldn't suggest it if I didn't think it was our best option," Agent Dee said flatly. "What's more important? Pride or survival?"

"I can't just... Just *become* a woman, nobody would ever..." Jay trailed off helplessly.

"You'd be surprised how much we can do for you," Agent Dee said. "We're the very best in the business, after all. But I need your full cooperation, and I need it now. If it doesn't work, we scrap it and try something else. But I think this is our best shot."

"Alright," Jay said, taking a deep breath. "If this is what it takes, I don't really have a choice."

“No,” Agent Dee agreed sadly. “When something like this happens, you don’t.” The car continued on in silence, but Jay’s head was full of thoughts. Where was Randy right now? Were they cooking up some disguise of his own? Jay leaned back and shook his head. The whole situation was so crazy that he didn’t know if Agent Dee’s idea was a brilliant one or a terrible one. He had seen films about guys disguising themselves as girls, and they always looked ridiculous. Then again, every girl Jay had ever dated had remarked on how pretty his eyelashes were, and how he wasn’t like “most men.” He assumed that was because he had never been a particularly manly-looking guy. But could he pull off a convincing disguise? He decided he would have to just wait and see.



The “pit stop” was in a run-down apartment building, and as Agent Dee escorted him inside he noticed that she had a pistol strapped to her thigh. The seriousness of the situation, contrasted against the fact that he was to soon be trying on a dress or something, made the whole thing feel like a bizarre dream to Jay.

“Good, they’ve dropped everything off for us,” Agent Dee said briskly, after entering a code on the number pad and letting them into the last room on the right. There were no real furnishings aside from a large black sports bag sitting on the counter. Agent Dee immediately unzipped it and began pulling out various bottles.

“What are those?” Jay asked suspiciously.

“Remember,” she said, “Full cooperation. Take these with you into the shower. This one is for your hair, this one is for everywhere else. Understand?”

“I guess I could use a shower,” Jay muttered. “I was sweating like crazy in the courtroom, and it’s not every day a guy goes on the lam, right? A little nerve-racking.”

“We don’t have much time, Jay, so I’d appreciate it if you cut the chatter,” Agent Dee said severely. Jay shrugged and went into the bathroom. He talked when he was nervous, and he was definitely nervous at the moment. Jay was slightly surprised that the place even had running water, but before long the shower was nice and warm and he climbed in. It was relaxing, and considering the day he was having, he didn’t want to ever get out.

“Keep it together, Jay,” he muttered. “Don’t think about running from Stone’s goons in a dress. Just take things one step at a time.” The first step, he decided, was the shampoo. He rubbed it in, rinsed it out, and didn’t have any unpleasant surprises. The other bottle was a whole other story. Once he had slathered it all over his body, it started itching and burning in the worst way. The bottle instructed him to wait a full five minutes before he rinsed it off, and Jay didn’t

know if he had ever itched so bad in his life. Finally, at four minutes and fifty-nine seconds, he turned the nozzle all the way up. Along with the foam, a heap of thick dark hair was collecting on the bottom of the drain and... *Oh, jeez.* He ran his hands over his legs, his chest, his chin, under his arms, and finally his groin. His grimace could have cracked a mirror. All of his hair, apart from his eyebrows and the stuff on his head, was gone. He was smoother than a baby's bottom!

"Is this really necessary?" Jay demanded, coming out in a towel. "Come on, Dee, I've seen some hairy chicks in my time!"

"It is necessary," Agent Dee said sternly, "Precisely because you are a man trying to pass as a woman. Our only hope is to give you as feminine an appearance as possible, and that means certain female liberties of the 21<sup>st</sup> century are going to be revoked. In short, Jay, you are going to be the girliest girl possible."

Jay gulped. "Come on, now," he said. "I'll just end up looking ridiculous if you try to make me wear a miniskirt or something..."

"I will be the judge of that, Jay," Agent Dee said sharply. "Now. Undies." She pointed to what was laid out on the counter and Jay blanched. He would have loved to see the lacy black get-up on some hot chick, but now he was expected to wear the stuff? Thank God Randy wasn't here. He would never live down the experience of his only son seeing his dad wearing nylons. But if it was either this or getting murdered by Stone's thugs... lingerie it was. Jay turned away and quickly stepped into the panties. They rode higher up his butt crack than he would have liked, and the silky material was a little off-putting, but they weren't really that different from briefs.

The nylon stockings were finicky things, but with Agent Dee's help he managed to slip them all the way up his smooth legs without any tears. He had to admit it: with the nylons on and his hair gone, he had a nice pair of legs. If they had been on a girl, he might have even wolf-whistled.

"Uh, Dee..." Jay began, holding up the matching black bra.

"Agent Dee," the federal agent corrected him quickly.

"Agent Dee, I don't have breasts," Jay said. "What am I supposed to do with this?"

"Of course. I almost forgot." Agent Dee had a mischievous smile on her lips that made Jay gulp. She went back to the sports bag and came back with a box. Jay looked inside and nearly lost it. Two incredibly realistic disembodied knockers, and nice ones at that, were sitting there in the plastic molding.

"I'm going to wear these?" Jay asked, turning bright red.

"36 C-cup was all I could find," Agent Dee said. "But I think you can handle being a busty young woman for a little while. You've no doubt enjoyed them on other girls, maybe this way you'll be able to sympathize a little with having men

stare at your chest all day.” She shook a little bottle of adhesive and went to work on Jay’s bare chest.

He gritted his teeth and reminded himself that he had given her free reign, and if she thought he needed tits, it was a matter of survival. “This is the part where I have to trust you, right?”

“Hold those in place,” Agent Dee instructed.

“My pleasure,” Jay said weakly, trying to make light of the situation. These gorgeous knockers were going to be his own in a matter of minutes! While the adhesive set, Agent Dee opened up a huge makeup kit and set to work. Tweezers for his eyebrows, which hurt much more than he’d expected, and then what felt like a whole cosmetic store’s worth of products on his face. Agent Dee’s face was set in concentration, speaking only to tell him to look this way or that or close his eyes or purse his lips. She had a sort of focused and peculiar glee in her eyes that made Jay extremely nervous.

By the time the adhesive was set, Agent Dee had finished with the makeup and was rummaging around for a wig. Jay groaned when he saw that the one she had settled on was a bimbo bottle-blonde color. Of course. She expertly pinned it and brushed it and hair-sprayed it to perfection, leaving loose blonde tendrils tickling Jay’s bare shoulders, then had him stand up. The change in equilibrium was immediate. With the large, firm breasts on his chest, Jay had to completely change his posture. His cheeks were brilliant pink as Agent Dee helped him fasten the matching bra. That helped a little, but he was still stunned by the weight and the way the breasts bobbed up and down with his breathing. This was the kind of rack he’d used to drool over – but now it was all his!

“How do I look?” Jay asked, fearing the answer. To his surprise, Agent Dee smiled a rare smile.

“I think you’ll be surprised,” she said. “We don’t have time to do your nails, that will have to come later. Now, let’s get you dressed.” Jay walked awkwardly over to the counter, trying to adjust to the new sensation of his sizable breasts cradled in the lacy cups of his black bra. He thought the little lace bow in the middle was a bit much, but had to admit that his new ‘acquisitions’ looked truly spectacular in those itty-bitty demi-cups.

The first item of clothing was not so much a garment as a torture device, a tiny waist-cincher that felt like it was cutting him in half as Agent Dee tightened the loops. Jay’s vision swam for a moment and he had to gasp for breath. By the time it was fully tightened, his waist was considerably smaller and he was taking quick, shallow breaths from his upper chest.

“Come on, what’s the point of hiding me from Stone’s guys if you’re going to kill me anyways?” Jay demanded, panting.

“You need a more feminine shape,” Agent Dee said, shrugging her shoulders. “This is the best way to achieve that in the short term. Together with the falsies, you look quite realistic. However, you’ll certainly never pass as a girl with your current voice and mannerisms. Have you ever acted, Jay?” Jay rolled his eyes, thinking back to his childhood.

“Well, yeah,” he said. “I liked drama back in high school, I did a couple of musicals. But if you tell anyone that I’ll have to...”

“Kill me?” Agent Dee snorted, but she seemed to appreciate the joke at least a little bit. “I’d like to see you try. Anyways, I want you to keep that in mind for later. This is acting. That’s all. You need to act this part because it might just save your life, so forget about being Jay and concentrate on being... Julia. Now, clothes.”

“I’ll try,” Jay promised. “Not making any promises.” He was given a sheer white blouse with slightly puffy sleeves and buttons on the wrong side, followed by, of course, a tight black miniskirt. Jay felt himself blush furiously as he wiggled the feminine garment up his smooth legs and settled it on his hips. It was tight enough to restrict him to small, mincing steps, and the feel of his nylon-clad thighs rubbing together made his whole body tingle in a strange and, if he was being honest, not entirely unpleasant way. Agent Dee rummaged around in the sports bag again and produced a pair of sensible women’s flats.

“What, no high heels?” Jay quipped.

“That will come later,” Agent Dee said. “For now, I think it would do more harm than help. The skirt should help you adopt a more feminine gait, and hopefully stop you from clomping around like a sailor. You’re not some nonsense hard-hitting journalist anymore. You’re a delicate, feminine, refined young lady. Understand?”

“You got it,” Jay muttered. To his credit he tried to use a slightly softer, higher voice as she had suggested. He slipped the shoes on and stood up to allow Agent Dee a final inspection. She adjusted his blouse and skirt here and there, then produced a pair of clip-on earrings that pinched far too much for Jay’s taste. He was still grumbling and trying to brush the blonde hair out of his face as Agent Dee finally led him over to the mirror.

When Jay saw his reflection, he couldn’t speak for a good minute. When he finally did, his first words were decidedly un-ladylike. To say the least, he did not look like a man dressed up as a woman or some exaggerated drag queen. Instead, he looked like one hot number. Even wearing flats, Jay’s silky smooth legs looked about a mile long, slender, sexy, and all but naked under the tight, clingy miniskirt. The feminine blouse offered an enticing peek at the outline of the lacy black bra underneath, followed the now-girlish curves of his tiny waist, and was cut low enough to show off a truly gorgeous rack, where some kind of underwire trickery in the bra pushed the breasts – his breasts, Jay reminded



himself – up and together to form centerfold-grade cleavage. Blonde hair cascaded down onto his bare shoulders in tickly waves, and as for his face? Unrecognizable.

Whatever Agent Dee had done, she'd done away with any trace of masculinity Jay might have once held dear. Her brushes and powders had somehow narrowed his slightly-too-masculine nose to a delicate little ski-slope and softened his slightly-too-broad jaw, but the real magic was in what she'd accentuated. Jay's brows had been plucked into feminine arches and that, combined with layered eye shadow, coal-black liquid liner, and voluminous false lashes slathered in mascara, gave him the sort of eyes that could flutter once and stop a heart. As for his lips, well, they were the pouty pink pillows every guy fantasized about kissing – or getting a BJ from. Jay raised one finger and toyed with one of the large silver hoops in his ears, still slightly disbelieving. He was gorgeous.

*FLASH!*

The sound of Agent Dee snapping a picture distracted him momentarily from his reflection. He couldn't help but think, vaguely, that it wasn't a great idea to be taking a picture of someone in hiding, but he was still too stunned by his transformation to point that out.

"That's me?" Jay managed, in a high pitch that had nothing to do with trying to sound female.

"That's you, Julia," Agent Dee said. "Here, hold still." She leaned forward and fussed with his blouse again, unbuttoning the top button and pulling at it so it exposed an even more generous view of his cleavage and a hint of lacy black bra.

"Hey, come on," Jay complained, going bright red. "A lady shouldn't put it all out there right away, Agent Dee."

"Funny how many ideas men have about what ladies should and shouldn't do," Agent Dee remarked dryly. "To be frank, Julia, your breasts are one of your most eye-catching features. Putting them on display is the best way to avoid even a hint of suspicion. Most people know in theory that there are such things as false breasts, but no red-blooded man is going to be thinking about that when he gets a look at you. So, for now at least, Julia is going to be a bit of a tease. I think you'll finally get to experience what it feels like to have men talk to your chest instead of your face, as well."

"Don't make me out to be some kind of chauvinist," Jay frowned. "I respect girls, even after everything Randy's mother put me through. Heck, I love girls."

"And now you get to be one," Agent Dee smirked. "How fitting." Jay took as deep a breath as was possible with the waist cincher cutting him practically in half and readied himself to face the world – as a woman. Agent Dee spent the next hour drilling him on the specifics of how to walk, sit, and move like a girl.

Jay felt completely stupid letting his hips sway girlishly from side to side as he walked from one end of the room to the other, but the federal agent insisted it was necessary for his disguise and would become even more so when he was in heels.

“Body language,” she said. “It’s essential. You are a flirtatious, desirable young woman, and you have to move like one.” The agent checked her watch. “Unfortunately, we’re out of time. Here’s your purse.” She handed him a bag and showed him how to hold it properly, and then, before Jay knew what was happening, they were out of the apartment and into the sunlight. Jay thought he would freeze up immediately, but something deep within him kept him from panicking completely, even assaulted as he was by a dozen feminine sensations. The whisper of nylons as his smooth legs rubbed together, the constriction of his skirt, the jiggling of his breasts in their silky bra cups, the pressure of the waist cincher, the hair tickling his neck and the taste of lip gloss on his mouth... All combined, it was enough to make a guy seriously uncomfortable.

“Where’s the car?” Jay asked, barely raising his voice above a whisper.

“Better to keep quiet until we can work on your voice,” Agent Dee said. “We’re swapping it out for something a little less conspicuous. Here we are.” She arrived at the door of a small four-seater car and opened it. Jay stared dubiously at his own door, then opened it and practically toppled inside. He had never gotten into a vehicle while wearing a short, tight miniskirt before, and it showed. Agent Dee winced.

“Something else that we’ll have to work on,” she muttered. “Try again. Slide in like this.” She demonstrated on her side, keeping her knees together, and Jay, blushing furiously, did his best to imitate her. He felt like a damn fool.

“Better?” he grumbled, smoothing his skirt.

“Much,” she said. She started the car and they drove out of the apartment parking lot. Jay took another deep breath, as deep as he could manage with the darned waist cincher squeezing him in two, and tried to focus on the positives. They were getting further away from Stone, and closer to the safe house where he would be meeting up with his son. That was the positive. And the more he looked like a chick, the more likely he was to remain undiscovered.

The car stopped at a red light, and Jay got the creeping sensation that he was being stared at. He looked over through his window and saw a car full of college kids leering at him. His heart beat quickened. Why was he attracting so much attention? Did they somehow see through the clothes and the makeup and the fake boobs? Could they tell he was really a guy?

Just as he was about to turn to Agent Dee with his misgivings, the male driver wolf-whistled loudly and sped off just as the light turned green. Jay blushed furiously. The guys hadn’t been suspicious in the slightest – they had been checking him out!

“I see you’re already making fans,” Agent Dee said dryly.

“With a pair like this, who wouldn’t be staring?” Jay reasoned, knowing full well that it wasn’t just the breast forms that had attracted their attention. He looked like a foxy young lady from head to foot, and it was seriously messing with his mind! Agent Dee chose not to reply, and they drove in complete silence until the gas gauge began dinging loudly.

“Damn!” Agent Dee swore. “Of course they didn’t fill up the tank beforehand. Idiots. We’re going to have to make a stop, Julia.” She immediately changed lanes and pulled into a small gas station.

“I thought a federal agent would be a little more prepared,” Jay quipped, despite his nerves.

“Very funny,” Agent Dee snapped. She got out of the car and went to the pump, just as her phone began to go off. She marched back to the window and poked her head in.

“Julia, can you watch the pump?” she asked. “Headquarters.”

“Right,” Jay said. “Sure.” He got out of the car in a slightly-less-exhibitionist fashion and walked, hesitantly, to the pump. Agent Dee had disappeared inside the store, and now Jay was standing out in the open for the whole world to see dressed in a blouse and miniskirt. He kept his eye on the meter and nearly didn’t notice when another car pulled up behind them and two very large men got out.

“Looks like he booked a flight out of here,” one of them was saying. “Hell, I know I would have!”

“Could be a trick,” the other one said. “Either way, he can’t hide forever. That Turner is a dead man walking.”

“Got that right... Hey, check out that ass!”

Jay froze to the spot. They were talking about him, and in more ways than one! He chanced a look over his shoulder and saw two pieces of hired muscle staring intently at a photograph – of him! Terrified, Jay yanked the pump free from the car, intent on screwing the cap back on and getting back inside the car as quickly as possible, but in haste he dropped the cap on the pavement. It rolled backward and, chuckling, one of Stone’s goons picked it up. Jay’s heart leapt into his throat.

“Having some trouble, darlin’?” the man asked smugly. “Here, let me help.” Before Jay could say anything, he took the pump from Jay’s hand and resettled it on the hook, then screwed the cap back on the gas intake and closed it firmly.

“Th-thank you,” Jay whispered, still uncertain of his voice. If the man noticed anything amiss, he didn’t show it. Instead, he casually put his beefy arm around Jay’s constricted waist!



“Why don’t you thank me with a little peck on the cheek?” the goon suggested, grinning. Jay pulled away reflexively but the man only tightened his grip, and as far as strength was concerned Jay was hopelessly outmatched. He looked around for some kind of escape route and found himself looking right into the eyes of Agent Dee, who had stopped in the doorway of the gas station. From the expression on her face, it was clear she knew whose men the two meatheads were. The goon leaned right in close, breath stinking of tobacco, and Jay’s nose wrinkled. Slowly, Agent Dee nodded her head, and Jay realized with revulsion that she expected him to kiss this man! Feeling more emasculated than he ever had in his life, Jay delicately brushed his lips against the goon’s stubbly cheek, grimacing.

“Wasn’t so bad, was it, sugar?” the man leered. “If someone’s polite to you, you need to be polite back.” He gave Jay one last obvious up-and-down, lingering on his impressive cleavage, then smiled and swaggered after his companion into the store. Agent Dee was in the driver’s seat in a flash, and Jay quickly followed, still shocked by the confrontation. Both of those men had been staring at a photo of him only seconds before the encounter, and neither had so much as blinked an eye! They had been completely fooled. Instead of feeling encouraged, Jay felt utterly ashamed. He had passed as a girl and kissed another man!

“Incredible,” Agent Dee said. “Those two had absolutely no idea.”

“I guess I should be grateful,” Jay muttered.

“Grateful he didn’t ask you on a date,” Agent Dee said. Jay had the feeling she was kidding around, but he just glared at her and leaned back in the seat. After a few hours’ driving, Jay had calmed down considerably from the trauma of his first kiss with a man. He was even starting to see the humor of the situation, though that could have been the giddy exhaustion from his first day on the run. His eyelids felt like 50-pound weights, and he was grateful when Agent Dee handed him a thermos of hot cocoa and a sleeping pill.

“We’ll be driving through the night,” she explained. “So you might want to get a few winks. Don’t worry about me, I’m wired.”

“Sounds good,” Jay mumbled, trying to get comfortable in a miniskirt and nylons. He couldn’t help but wonder what his son was doing right at this very moment. He took the pill and started sipping from the thermos, noticing the pink smudges left by his lip gloss on the brim. Before long, he was drifting in and out of consciousness.

“Well, what did I tell you?” came Agent Dee’s voice, as if from far away. “He’s gorgeous. You saw the picture, right? And he passed the eye test with flying colors, those two lumps had no idea.” Jay realized she was on the phone again, probably with headquarters. He briefly considered telling her that he thought she was really something, but that was probably the pill talking and she proba-

bly wasn't going to have reciprocating feelings. "Time for phase two, then," Agent Dee's voice said hazily. "Tell them to start snapping on the gloves..."

Jay was too far gone to hear anything else, and the last thing he remembered was the bright lights of an oncoming semi truck...



Jay's head felt fuzzy and his mouth was parched dry when he came to with Agent Dee standing over him. His body ached all over, and for a moment he had no idea what was going on. Then everything came rushing back to him: the trial, the escape with Agent Dee of the FBI, the insane plan to disguise him as a woman...

"Can you hear me, Jay?" Agent Dee asked. Jay slowly nodded his head, as he did so realizing he was lying in some sort of hospital bed. "I'm not going to mince words," the FBI agent said. "Things have not gone according to plan. There was a car accident. Do you remember?" Jay racked his memory. He remembered the gas station, his ridiculous feminine get-up, driving at night... and then, those bright lights...

"In any case, it was a serious collision," Agent Dee continued. "I was fortunate enough to get away with only a concussion and some contusions, but you, on the other hand... Your injuries were more substantial. I was only partly-conscious when we were pulled from the wreckage, and I was forced to improvise a story on the fly to explain your lack of any identifying information and, um, your particular attire. I know that Stone has his fingers in the emergency services sector; traditional hospitals included, so I managed to have you taken to a much safer location. This is a private hospital that caters exclusively to transsexual clientele."

Jay's head was still all a muddle. Nothing Agent Dee was saying was quite making sense...

"You've been out for three days," Agent Dee said. "The injuries you sustained in the crash included damage to your pectorals, the fracturing of a floating rib..." A sudden cold fear went through Jay's spine. Hospital for transsexuals... Injuries sustained in the crash... He groped down towards his crotch with a weak hand, and to his relief Agent Dee laughed. "No, that's fully intact," she said. "But in order to maintain the believability of our story, you have had some... Reconstructive surgeries. The doctor's coming in now, so remember: you go by Julia, and you are a closeted transsexual woman. All you've ever wanted is to be a real woman, and this man has done work *pro bono* to help you achieve that dream following a tragic accident. Act grateful. I know this is overwhelming, but just... act grateful. Okay?"