

Mini-Story: Boss' Squeeze (Detective to Mob Boss' Trophy Wife TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Former hot shot detective Malcolm Hayward reflects back on how the mob boss he was trying to bring down turned him into Maeve, the boss' devoted trophy wife.

Boss' Squeeze

The first thing you should know about me is that I didn't always used to be this way. Yeah, I know, that's what all the pretty dames say, right? They weren't always a fallen angel; they had to come from heaven at one point. They claim that before they were Jezebel they were the Virgin Mary herself, and ain't that a fact. And I know when men like you look at me cosying up to Don Seretti, serving him and all you wise guys there drinks and playing the part of the perfect mob wife, that the last thing on your mind is where I came from, especially with the outfits my husband dresses me in. And hell, even I've gotten used to looking glam and fine, all soft in all the right places, sequin dresses tight against my figure as if I were the fallen temptress herself. It's *who* I am now, and I imagine it's who I'll be for life.

Maeve Seretti, the gorgeous flame-haired darling of the pool room. The buxom dame on the arm of the most powerful man in the country's underworld, devoted to him in every way. The woman who sits on his lap and laughs at all his jokes, and does a damn fine job of showing off to the other guys just so they know who *really* owns her. Look, but don't touch, fellas, or you'll be wearing cement shoes for a deep river dive pretty soon. Yeah, I'm the woman who shares Enzo Seretti's bed, and pleases him in every way he wants. I've already promised him healthy sons and beautiful daughters, and to always look beautiful for him besides.

And here I am, telling you - you lowly little wise guy who keeps staring at my cleavage and my ass - that I wasn't always like this. Who was I then, I hear you ask? My name was Malcolm Hayward.

Yes, *that* Malcolm Hayward.

Detective Malcolm Hayward, as a matter of fact.

The very one and the same that nearly brought your boss, you, and this entire organisation down. Yeah, I was him alright, dashing and square-jawed and never without my hat, my trenchcoat, and my trusty six-shooter. I tangled with your boss's men - maybe you, who knows? - dozens of times. I was his archenemy, the man he couldn't beat, nor pay off. The incorruptible. The *untouchable*. And after a successful raid on Enzo Seretti's most secret safehouse, I finally had what I needed to take him down for good. Dozens of ledgers and black books detailing his money laundering, his ill-gotten gains. A web of conspiracy that

went all the way to the top. Finally, I was going to root out the infestation at the heart of this city. Except I was so overjoyed at what I'd found that I never noticed one of his vile henchmen sneaking right up behind me and clocking me across the head.

When I came to, I fully expected to get the cement boots treatment. Instead, what I got was far worse. You see, Enzo was smarter and crazier than I gave him credit for. He'd been hiring quack doctors and surgeons for quite a while, obsessed with having the perfect wife. He needed someone strong-willed but loyal, deeply intelligent yet loving, able to go toe-to-toe with his own mind but to his benefit. And, on some level, I think he wanted the power to transform his greatest enemy into his greatest ally, both to humiliate me, but also because after all the times we'd tangled, he couldn't stand the thought of not having his greatest rival around any more.

And so the surgeries began. I was unconscious for most of them, and it was all highly experimental stuff. Even his own people were getting twitchy to hear of it, wondering just what the hell the Don was up to. During those times of consciousness I would be allowed to see myself, and each time I would be horrified by how much I had changed: my voice, my height, my face, my limbs, my . . . my chest. God knows, it's my best feature now. Of course, the one that really made my brain *snap* was the surgery that took my manhood from me and replaced it with a woman's delicate flower. The guy who changed me was straight out of the madhouse, but he was a genius. With the transplants and everything, I had a functioning uterus and all. I *was* a woman. I *am* a woman.

But Don didn't just want a woman, he wanted a *wife*. So not long after I was able to walk again, I was held down and hypnotised. The sessions went for two whole months. God, did they do a number on my brain. By the end, I couldn't think of my Enzo without feeling all kinds of giddy love. The idea of bringing him down, or even hurting a hair on his neck, was all kinds of wrong to me. I was head over heels even though I knew it was the brainwashing. I simply needed to be his, and my body was so attracted to him that an emergency wedding needed to be organised not long after we were reunited. Who knew that Seretti, for all his foulness, was a real devoted Catholic, huh?

Yeah, I can see that you don't really believe me. I wouldn't, if I were in your shoes. Heh, shoes. That's a real funny one. See, I still got my grim detective gallow's humour. I just look a lot better while delivering the one liners, now. Anyway, I just figured you should know why your attempt to woo me away from the boss and get me to squeal on him didn't work. If I were still the man I was, I would have leapt at the chance, and to bust his skull in myself. But as it is, the only squealing I do now is when he takes me back to our bedroom and makes me know how much of a woman I've become. I'll know even more in seven or so months, too, when he gets his little heir. Oh, you didn't know that? Yeah, this once proud, quite womanising detective is going to be giving birth. I still can't get over it, but thanks to all

that conditioning, I just get so giddy at the thought of giving him a healthy little boy or girl. Hopefully a boy, but there's plenty of time to make more. Like I said, that doctor did a real good job.

I better go. My husband doesn't like it when I talk to those who failed him. He loves me, and I love him, but I've still got enough of my old spark to be just a little independent at times. Why do you think I still shoot so much pool, even knowing that all the guys are looking at my hanging melons or peachy backside when I lean over for a shot? Because I used to play with the boys at the precinct, that's why. You may not believe me, but I feel you deserved to know the whole story, and why I sympathise with you. Maybe in another life you could have gotten away with ratting out my husband, but the truth I've learned is, it's better to simply join him than beat him. God knows, it's changed my life. I won't claim it's all roses, but when you're on your back, spreading your legs for a powerful man and feeling him inside you, something just clicks in a way that it never would have for you before. Maybe it's just the brainwashing, or maybe I'm genuinely starting to like being Maeve, but I won't deny it has perks. Hell, I even get a kick out of wearing cute digs and letting all the men in the room struggle to meet me in the eyes. *That's* its own kind of power, kid. And I've managed to stay his hand against some of the worst impulses more often than you would think. A man can be as tough and authoritative before his men as much as he wants, but at the end of the day, it's the darling woman with the ample bust that has his ear, and he'll do anything to please her, especially when she's carrying his child. I may not be a made man, but he sure made me a *made* woman, one might say.

Oops, I've talked too long. His men are coming. It looks like those cement feet are set, so you'll be taking your dive real soon. Do you want my advice? His top man, Giani, he was *real* interested in the process that changed me. He'll be the one sending you down the river. If you want a chance to live, beg to be his wife. Mention what I told you. Enzo will forgive me, and it's your last chance. Trust me, it's not all bad, being a mob wife. I think you could even learn to enjoy it. It beats the big sleep, anyway.

Best of luck.

The End