

A comic book illustration showing a woman with long, wavy brown hair lying on a bed with a blue blanket. Her eyes are closed, and she has a serene expression. A man's hand is resting on her right shoulder. The background features a green palm frond and a dark doorway. The text is overlaid on the top and bottom of the image.

MOLL
Girl Friend To The Mob

Part III

Eleanor Darby Wright



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MOLL 3

by Eleanor Darby Wright

The finish to *Girl Friend to the Mob and Moll*

*****25. More Nancy*****

Carlo rescued me at the end of a harrowing day. I'd had nothing to eat or drink but far worse than that was the numbness I felt after the long session with Phil Grundman. He'd known all about the schemes I, Jeremy Fulton, had pulled on Ernie, Cecilia's brother. The only thing that saved me was that he knew I wasn't a real woman, named Nancy or Trudi, Jeremy's wife.

After showing off about all he knew of Cecilia's lies, how she'd discussed how she'd changed me into a

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woman with him, a policeman, Phil still wanted me to re-dress as a woman, first in a bikini, and then in my women's underwear, making love to me, insatiably, with each change, me having to take on the role of being his woman.

Carloo thought that Cecilia had lost all the money I'd returned to her. She didn't know it but she'd lost it again. I was going to steal it again from Madden-Strauss, where I had made access for myself into all Ceece's accounts. She probably thought that I was now a kept woman. She thought I'd nothing left of the millions I'd stolen and brought, eventually to Cecilia, from her brother. I'd be Cecilia's little pet to the end of my days, if I was lucky, she was probably thinking. 'Don Carloo' had made that clear. Yes, he knew I was supposed to be a penniless dike of some sort, though really I was a penniless man.

Carloo's hand closed over mine. "She did get everything?" he asked.

I remembered suddenly that he knew, or guessed, what I could be doing for Cecilia. He knew who I was, Jeremy Fulton. He'd been there on St Paul's when I'd absconded with Ernie's money in my so simple disguise as a woman. He knew me, I thought, realizing how much girlish leg I was showing and trying to cover up by clutching at my tight skirt.

"You gave her everything," Carlo sighed, squeezing my hand. "Does the Grunge know? Does he know about you, what you are?"

I shook my head frantically, tongue-tied. I was just unable to talk to a man about the fact that I was male as well.

"He'll put Madonna away," Carlo said lightly as his car came to a stop in front of the town house.

I had figured that Ceece was 'put away' already. Quietly, I got out of the car and let Carlo direct me up the path to the familiar front door. Paulie opened it

from the inside and stepped out, passing the keys to Carlo, I noted.

I have to get away, I thought again. I have to get away from all this crazy situation. I have to be me again. But my chest wobbled as the handsome man beside me smiled as he took my coat and steered me into the kitchen area.

The dinner for two was from Emilio. Cannelloni was one of Cecilia's favorites. As usual, everything was piping hot and delicious. I hadn't realized how hungry I was.

It was a quiet meal. I didn't want to talk about my betrayal of myself, or Cecilia's of me,, while Carlo seemed content to let me recover.

Carlo was tidy. He cleared the table while I went to my bathroom to freshen up. I was taking off my makeup when I recalled that he liked me without heavy makeup. I wondered if I should make up more glamorously. But then I'd be saying that I wanted to go out. Carlo would take me out. I would be out with a man for an evening. I would be out on a date with a man.

I couldn't take that. Would Carlo be a gentleman again and leave me alone? He'd squeezed my hand and called me a pretty girl, a beautiful woman, and such. He hadn't been blatant as he was most of the time Ceece was away. But, but did he think, that, that just because I wore women's clothes, well, what did he think of me? I shivered at the cold chills running up and down my spine. All his loving of me had been at her direction of him hadn't it? Now, he was free to do to me what he really wanted. I didn't need this, not now. All I needed was a clear path out of here.

There was nothing mannish in my closet. But there was Cecilia's closet, of course. I was tempted to try on the blue-sequinned gown that Ceece liked so much but, when I realized what I was thinking, I put it back hastily. The closest I could get to mannishness was a

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dark, tailored, grey and black pinstripe suit with a tight skirt. I could wear a mannish shirt over my bra, I supposed.

I pulled my blonde mane back severely into a ponytail, tying it with a black ribbon, all I could find. With my earrings, I was still very feminine. Without my huge earrings, I was just as feminine. It must be the paint on my fingernails or perhaps my rings. I took them off and began to clear the lacquer from my nails. It made no difference. I still looked like a girl.

Carlo looked at me as I entered the television room, and did a double take, smiling openly. He'd never looked so handsome.

I flushed. I couldn't keep the sway from my mincing walk as I eased into an armchair. I crossed my legs and kept my arms in, naturally, as Ceece had insisted so often. I'd never felt more womanly, as Carlo smiled at me.

"You really didn't have to dress like that for me," he said, using the remote to lower the tone of the television. "Besides, it's a nice skirt but I much prefer you in dresses."

I shifted awkwardly. "So do I," I thought, surprising myself with the intensity of my agreement.

Carlo kept the television tuned to an all-news channel while he drank two beers and got me an iced Diet Coke.

Just as it dawned on me he was waiting for something to show on the news, the phone rang.

"It's for me," Carlo said, jumping to his feet and heading to the hallway.

As he was talking, monosyllabic grunts in response to someone else, the screen on the television suddenly flashed with the words, "Mob War Erupts?" I got up and turned up the sound. I would not have recognized Don Vito but for the announcer giving out his name and reading his notes about the deadly shooting of

Don Vito Luciano, his associate, Roberto Caranza, and Caranza's son, Roberto, junior, Don Vito's dinner guests, at a restaurant where Don Vito had been a patron for over twenty years.

"It's on now," I heard Carlo say into the phone before he came striding in. He ignored me as he watched the pictures of the scene. There was speculation that the Rostano family had struck back in revenge for the killing of Eduardo, a killing Cecilia Luciano had just been charged with.

Carlo still had the remote. He changed channels quickly. Each station had similar reports. Two shooters, with Uzi machineguns, had done the job. "Not a typical Mob hit at all," was the comment from one station. "This showed little respect for the Don of a large crime family. It should mean, in the next few months, we'll find the streets of the city littered with bodies."

I was shaking when Carlo finally turned off the television. I was white-faced in the mirror when I looked at myself, yes, a cute woman, a moll. I was numb inside, scared by what I'd seen on TV. I'd been talking to those men, days ago.

"Cecilia has a longer reach than Don Vito expected," said Carlo softly. "When I told her he was hassling you, she said to do it quickly, not wait. She told me to look out for you."

Tears welled in my eyes. I couldn't stop them. I'd barely thought of Cecilia with the terror on this last day. All I could think of was of myself and what it would be like if I was discovered.

"Cecilia?" I gasped at the man who'd just admitted three murders to me.

Carlo put his hands over mine. "Cecilia said I should use my own imagination to help you, in any way I could," he said softly, looking searchingly into my face.

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I tried to free my hands but Carlo wouldn't let go. He pushed my arms behind me, my body swaying into his, my breasts pushing into him, my nipples hardening and very sensitive.

"No," I said, seeing the look in Carlo's eyes, the downward bob of his head. His lips touched my cheek as I twisted away but he held me tightly. I couldn't get free.

His lips reached my neck and I shuddered, twisting again, our bodies touching even more. It was like a fire alarm going off inside me. I was flooded with strange, awful, enervating sensations. I held my neck rigidly but that didn't stop him at all. He kissed my ear lobes. Oh, I trembled, wanting him to go on, the tightness at my groin and hips so familiar as he pressed his hard, masculine body against me. My lips felt so hot.

"Don't," I whispered hoarsely as his lips crossed my cheek and sought my mouth. It was an incredible feeling, his mouth covering mine. It was like kissing Cecilia and it wasn't. I felt his light beard, his after-shave filled my nostrils, so male. I almost collapsed as my lips stuck to his, yes, as I became his submissive female.

I knew I was his female by the way he held and kissed me. I couldn't let go. I wanted to be kissed, kissed hard, by Carlo. I tried not to think of kissing Phil as I had in just the way I was kissing Carlo-i-o, as I was now calling him. I struggled to free my hands but he clasped them even tighter behind my back, pressing me to him, touching thighs, stomachs, chest and lips together. Oh, his lips were glorious, hard, demanding, working and parting. His hands caressed my back and then my hair. He released my hands to let me put them on his elbows, his shoulders and finally around his neck.

I clung to Carlo as his tongue licked my lips and caressed my mouth. I shuddered but didn't want him to stop. I wanted to bury myself in him. I was ecstatic as

he forced his tongue into me and took possession of my mouth. Carlo squeezed me tighter and tighter. Ooo, I felt his maleness pressing into me as I wriggled my womanly body back against him.

I knew very well what I was doing, trembling in his arms. I knew what I was and what I was doing with another male like me. I felt myself quiver even more as the tears were starting. I had to stop kissing this other man but I couldn't. I wouldn't. I knew I wanted him to do more than kiss me. So, I clung to Carlo and kissed him, harder and harder, extracting every ounce of feminine glory I could from him, the second man that day to kiss me with intense affection.

It was the police who broke us up a little later. First, Carlo was as reluctant as I was to let go. I was shaking all over, feeling bruised everywhere, as he kissed me forcefully as Phil had done, earlier

Unbelievably, with both of us in heat, as my farmer father would have said, Carlo and I couldn't consummate the desire that had built up between us. I was so aroused, in womanly heaven, recalling the lovemaking I'd done all day long with Phil,

Carlo, however, only smiled and took my arms from about his neck, whispering that we couldn't do 'it' right then as the door was hammered on. We'd do it later when the Feds, here to question us, weren't hassling me. The house seemed to be bouncing, I couldn't believe it, with the terrible hammering on the front door. Sirens, along with our doorbell, screamed everywhere. Oh, yes, just like the Feds when they'd invaded Ceece and me, once before. Only this time, I wasn't in a low-cut nightie, exposing all of my feminine virtues.

The police broke us up, Carlo as reluctant to let me go as I was to uncouple from him. We had to answer the door. I was shaking all over, even before Carlo's public, extremely passionate kiss as Phil Grundman and his team were let in..

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Naturally, I could alibi Carlo, the first of the shouted questions at me. The way Carlo looked at me, took my hand, and my overall nervous tension, my mussed lipstick, all showed Phil exactly what we'd been up to, together. Phil glared at me so hard that I blushed, certain he could see the marks of Carlo's lips on my neck. A glance at the mirror was embarrassing, showing me how badly my lipstick was smeared, something Carlo hadn't warned me about.

"We're taking you both in for questioning," said Phil Grundman curtly, making me tremble femininely. "What will Madonna Cecilia say about your alibi, Carlo? Taking your masculine duties a little too literally, are we?"

I stiffened as Carlo's arm affectionately squeezed my shoulder. He actually gave me a light kiss, which I responded to, as any woman would have. Ooo, I loved his lips on mine. I loved Phil's as well. Oh, what had the Grungeman said. I was going to be taken to a police station somewhere. Would I be searched? It was all that came to my shaking mind. I can't be searched, I thought wildly, not even with my artificial vagina pressing into me. My fear must have shown on my face for Grundman relented in his manner.

"You'll only have to give us a statement," the Grunge said with a frown. "I'll bet Joe Christie's there, waiting for us, as soon as we arrive."

"He'd better be," put in Carlo, frowning. Perhaps he suddenly realized how vulnerable I was. "This is totally uncalled for, Grunge. There're two of your own guys outside. They know I haven't moved since I brought Nancy home for supper."

We were all unprepared, the Feds as well as Carlo and me, for the vicious, right hook that caught him to the stomach. It left him on his knees, retching onto Cecilia's white carpet.

"Don't!" I cried, going to help Carlo. Oh, yes, I was a maiden, squealing and sobbing as I tried to protect my

man, my lover, from the big, bad monster, attacking him.

Standing over Carlo, Grundman gave me a most furious look. "Downtown," he said savagely, over his shoulder. Impassive men behind him looked at me, my skirt clinging most sensually about me. Carlo looked up and grinned. Yes, he let me hold him. Shivering, I kissed him. Carlo kissed me back, most satisfactorily. Oh, I really felt like a woman, like my sweetheart's girl friend. I must remind him of that, later. When Phil wasn't staring at me, looking as if he was going to take over kissing me at any moment.

There was a gauntlet of media cameras to run, at the federal building. Cecilia wasn't there, as she had been in the past, to steer a smartly dressed girl like me through, this time. No, it was Phil Grundman, his arm about my waist, as one or two reporters noted with a laugh – "what's that all about, a new way of escorting suspects into questioning?"

The media people were screaming at me to answer their questions, which I wouldn't at all. They were using epithets about my love life with Cecilia. Head down, cheeks flushed, I teetered through the main entrance, past the mob, in the glass doors.

The glass reflected back the image of the slim, blonde woman I'd become. I looked small, female and glamorous, beside the well-dressed policeman who held my arm. How much like a girl I was, I thought, in my dark, female suit and frilled, pink blouse, so different to the guy beside me. Despite my lack of makeup, my hair held back with a black ribbon in a long ponytail, I did look so female. Ooo, and the way all the men were looking at me. I still wasn't used to that.

Joseph Christie was right there, inside, to free me from Grundman's grip, no protest from me. Joe accompanied me into the interview room. We were joined, not only by Grundman, but by several, other, stone-faced Feds, who listened to Grundman's inter-

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rogation and studied me, from blonde head, to pink, painted toes

"Don Vito Luciano," said The Grunge, taking the easier interview with me, leaving Carlo to some younger guy. "What were you talking about so intensely at Madden-Strauss's the morning he was killed?"

Christie cut in and objected. I had to say nothing. There were many more loaded questions. Why did Grundman want to know about the tea we'd drunk? Did he want to know what we'd said about every brand we'd talked about? Since we'd done nothing but drink tea, I could have made up quite a conversation.

It was absurd that I was there, according to Christie, obviously prepped by someone else, Carlo I'd have thought. No, it couldn't be him. Were they going to charge me with anything, my lawyer wanted to know? Just let them. He, Joseph Christie, would blow them out of the water.

After Grundman had said for the fourth time they were going to charge me, but not saying with what, I had a premonition that they were going to find anything to hold me. And 'holding' meant examining me.

"Stop," I said nervously as Christie again answered for me that I wouldn't answer. "I can answer all these questions easily."

Christie shook his head furiously. He muttered something about Cecilia not liking this. I shook as I remembered he didn't know that I wasn't a girl. Well, it wouldn't have been worse if he had, would it? My feminized hand rested on his arm. I shuddered inwardly at the way I was acting, using feminine wiles to get my own way. My girlish smile was artificial as I spoke to Phil Grundman.

"Don Vito talked about money with me. He wanted to know where Cecilia's money was, and how to get his hands on her bank accounts," I told him, looking down at my hands. "I told him everything I knew. The

reason we talked so long was that he didn't believe me. It's as simple as that. He thinks Cecilia has millions of dollars stashed and I ought to know where. I told him what I knew, which is that Cecilia didn't trust me with money or computers, but Don Vito didn't believe me."

"Ah, come on now, Nancy," growled Grundman as I looked up into his dark eyes, screwed up in obvious scorn at me. "Two hundred millions isn't small change, is it? And your late husband's the one who stashed it, isn't he? Don't you think it's odd that the guys figuring it out for Vito also got rubbed out with him? Why did he want a private talk with only you, after the capos were let out?"

"Funny, isn't it, how anyone involved with that money, Jeremy Fulton, Ernesto, Don Vito, Rostano, all get wiped out? Yes, Cecilia winds up in jail. And still no-one has the two hundred millions but you sit here, cool, calm and collected, Fulton's wife, blowing smoke rings at us."

I felt a cold hand of fear inside me. They all knew too much! Too many people were talking, being bugged and listened to. I sat, numb, trying not to think of strip searches and what I'd be charged with. I could see myself in bra and panties, undulating for some police matron.

They asked me about Jeremy Fulton. Was he dead? Was I in communication with him? The three of them were firing questions at me which Joe Christie desperately tried to deflect.

"I don't smoke," was all I could think of to say to them, which made Phil, in particular, grin at me. It reassured me a little. I crossed my legs and sat properly, as girlishly as I knew how, for Phil and his friends. Well, for Phil, really, liking the way he was studying my pretty, shapely, female legs. Oh, if Casl only knew

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"I don't know if Jeremy is alive or dead," I told the panel of interrogators, more to stop me thinking about being little girlie, as Ceece's voice in my ear seemed to be telling me to be. My words stunned them all for a few moments. "The body I saw had been in the water for a long time. They, the people who work for you, pathologists, let me look at the remains. But they identified him from dental records, if you remember.

"He could have faked his death, on a computer. He was very good," I said, praising myself. "But the corner's office sent someone to find records in his doctor's and dentist's offices that identified him. They weren't on computer. You figure it out."

Then Grundman wanted to know about when I'd married Jeremy Fulton. That wasn't on record anywhere, was it? Had it happened? Had I married a man, named Jeremy? I gave him the prepared story Cecilia had cooked up to cover what she was saying to everyone about me. Phil shook his head as I told him about the Reverend Henderson.

"Unfortunately," said the Special Agent coolly. "That whole story is untrue."

"I was there," I protested, re-crossing my legs in my tight skirt. "I have a marriage certificate, wedding photos."

"Oh, yes," growled Grundman. "You have those. We've looked them over. But there's no record of the Reverend Bernard Henderson in any of fifty states. Jeremy Fulton scammed you, Nancy, my darling, with a phoney marriage."

"Why would he do that?" I asked stupidly, shuddering. I tried to be the dumbest of dumb blondes. Grundman looked me up and down, as did the men with him. They all smiled at me. I felt heat in my face. "He wouldn't have done that," I protested, while the men looked me over, a raised eyebrow showing me what they thought of a 'dish' like me. "I have my wed-

ding ring, and his, that th-they gave me back, in, in M-Miami."

I'd told Cecilia that you couldn't just make up things on the computer and insert them in official records without groundwork to match. She'd done that over Jeremy's supposed death but had skimmed over the marriage details.

The other Feds had lots of questions, which I answered as best as I could, the back story of my 'wedding' in Las Vegas clear in my mind. Only it was a friend's I'd attended in Reno. I changed all the details to fit the so-called marriage certificate I'd been issued.

I went round the questions once more, no hard questions on finance, about where I'd put the millions I'd stolen, until, at last, they let me go. I guess they agreed with me. I was a dumb blonde, wasn't I? At least, I wasn't under arrest, but they'd probably be talking to me again soon, said Phil Grundman, with what I thought was an oily sort of smile.

"They're sweating Carlo, the bastards," Lenny Thumb said to me as he escorted me to the limo. There was a new driver, a guy I hadn't seen before.

"Where's Ricardo?" I asked Lenny uneasily. Carlo's silent brother was usually our driver now.

"He's on a little road trip for a while," said Lenny easily. I felt my blood run cold. "And speaking of road trips, get a good night's sleep, Miss Mitchell." He always called me that. "Tomorrow, we got the word that you're going to Atlanta."

*****26.Cecilia*****

"Let me look at you," I said to my little, blonde femme as she came tripping into my hospital ward. Well, where else is the best place for a conjugal visit. It does have a bed, after all. It hadn't been a week but already she was a delicious sight for sore eyes. Nancy

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looked gorgeous in the little black dress she wore. Her blonde hair was pinned behind her head in a stylish wave while her makeup was flawless.

I couldn't wait to get my little girl in my arms. She seemed glad to see me as well, Nancy's crimson lips glueing themselves to me. Like me, she was oblivious of the leers of the screws behind her, checking out her lovely dress, her shapely legs, rounded tush and feminine figure. I'd paid the screws enough for this visit. So, I waved them good-bye and hauled her down on the bed beside me.

Nancy responded eagerly to my caresses, her mouth as soft and yielding as ever, her breasts firming under my touch. I guessed that I'd been wrong about Carlo-io and her. Maybe my replacement wasn't banging her as hard or as often as I thought he would be, by now. Maybe he'd taken her the wrong way and made her appreciate ol' Ceecie after all.

The screws down here were having a fine time with my name. I was 'Sissy' to most of them and who was I to object? But I had marked the most objectionable among them. I knew which ones, if I ever had to break out of this place, were going to meet the stray bullet, be the collateral damage, in any shoot-out.

But that was for the future. No need to act hastily when things were going relatively well. I had my little frail with me again, if only for one night; and Nancy was coming on to me as if she was really glad to see me.

Nancy shivered as I undid her dress. Ah, it was so nice to see such pretty underclothes. I had to wear prison issue which was both clunky and drab. It was so nice to touch a soft breast again and feel a woman squirm, with pleasure, under me. She'd remembered to wear stockings, a garter belt and tuck into her artificial vagina just the way I liked her to.

Nancy was eager to make love. She wanted my hands around her pretty tush. I just wished I had my

dildo to make her writhe with more than pleasure when I took her from the rear. Next time, I thought. Next time, I'll get the stupes to have my cell provided with every amenity I needed to make love to my little woman, Nancy.

Oh, how she kissed and hugged me and pressed her lovely legs about me. I diddled her with my fingers in the slit and into the surprise behind the realistic surface of the vagina she wore. Nancy loved me doing that to her. I kept her going until she could stand it no longer. I felt her come, her body wriggling and clinging to mine, her breasts caressing mine ferociously.

I hadn't forgotten what a good lay my little woman could be. But now I realized that Nancy was indeed worth every penny I'd paid to grease the wheels to get her into my bed, for one night at least.

I helped her get out of her bindings. She groaned and moaned and threshed as her little penis came free from the taping and constricting. I held her and played with her lovely breasts beneath the sheets I'd covered us with. Who knew? Maybe there were some eyes on us somewhere, watching us.

I was pretty sure we couldn't be overheard. But again, who knew what was a ruse, and what wasn't. There might be something buried in the wall. Or, something might be captured from the echo off the windows or the bars. I'd heard of both being used in high-tech surveillance.

I took away her pins, letting her golden hair float about us. It made her shiver as I stroked it over her shoulders. "Grundman fancies you," I told her, her lovely, femininely madeup eyes going large in fright. "That's why he's going to keep taking you in to talk about me and Jeremy Fulton. Don't pay him any mind. I've never told you anything about what I do, save for legit stuff; and The Grunge knows it. You must know by now that he's a breast man. He even looks down the front of my dress. So, I'm sure he does it to you."