The Forensic Accountant

Inspired by this Captioned Image

By Maryanne Peters

The first time that I tried I was not trying to look pretty. Book keepers are not always the prettiest girls. The most important thing is to look like a girl. I had a blunt shoulder length bob wig, with bangs, and glasses in my prescription that were heavy framed. I wore lipstick and eye makeup, a long-sleeved blouse up to the neck, and a skirt down below the knees, with pantyhose and sensible heels. The lady bookkeeper’s uniform.

I refined the look over time, with the purpose of eliminating suspicion. A good (undercover) forensic accountant must be able to join the staff of the target business but not make the criminal feel at all uncomfortable. I quickly understood that most men (and they were invariably men) believe that the prettier you are, the dumber you are. Or, at the very least the pretty ones can be manipulated by the force of masculine dominance.

Embezzlers are wary of plain bookkeepers. Perhaps they think that they are bitter about their lot in life and therefore cynical and skeptical, distrusting of those less withdrawn. Somehow if you are pretty and act trusting of these men, they not only accept you, but open up to you. If you are pretty.

Prettiness is an asset in my work. So, I decided to take some radical steps to make my disguise truly effective. I was quite small and of slight build, having always been more studious than athletic. I had fine features. Some unkind people had described my face as “mouse-like”.

But I needed to strip the hair from my face and body and grow the hair on my head. The wig could only go so far. It always looks like a wig at close quarter. Plain girls might wear wigs to hide plain hair, but pretty women need their own hair. Again, by happy chance I had plenty of that.

I decided to have some minor procedures to change the shape and appearance of my face. Just a very slight reduction of the nose and chin meant that I still looked like me, but more feminine when I made the effort to. Plumping of the lips is a purely temporary thing, but lips are important if you want to look pretty. I am not talking about those awful duck lips – just some subtle fullness that male victims of my pretended charms could find alluring.

And I needed to change the shape of my body. Much of that could be achieved by drugs – drugs that blocked the male hormones and simulated the female ones. Then, later, I decided on a more radical procedures to increase the size of my bust. This was reversible of course, but breasts, like lips, are an important projection of feminine sexuality, and sex gets results.

Strangely, when you are so well equipped, the skills that you need to use that equip, seem to quickly develop. I suppose that I had the time over progressive development of my disguise, to slowly go from dumpy bookkeeper to sexy female accounts clerk, coming of age and learning about her ability to influence men. It certainly helped that I had a clear objective in mind: How to use my disguise to illicit information from dishonest employees.

But my disguise could no longer be shed after my work was done. Sure, I could take the dress or skirt off when I got home, but I still had breasts so I still needed to wear a bra. If I went out at night between jobs, I suppose that I could be Gabe Watson, a guy with long hair and breasts? I don’t think so. It was just easier to be Gabrielle.

But the truth is that I did not go out that often between jobs, because there was really no time. I would barely have time to file my report before the next job, and when you are constatntly undercover any kind of life outside the work would just get in the way.

When I did go out it would either be to socialize with the accounting team and pick up leads, or to work on the mark – the target of my investigation.

Looking as I now did, I would get the invitation, and after a show of resistance I would agree to a dinner date, or any opportunities to get him relaxed and off his guard. Sometimes, I would go to the ultimate. I don’t mean that, because I keep myself safe by being fully prepared. I have a stash of a well known “date rape drug” which I can sneak into his drink if I am invited to second base. If I can’t get the juice that evening I would jack him off while he slept and I would spend most of the following day hinting at the great sex we had last night.

That is how far I go to do my job. That is how committed I am. If I have to stroke his cock and then stroke his ego to get the leads I need. Then the real work begins. Once you have the leads it is just old fashioned accounting that will bring in the hard evidence. Do the numbers, add and subtract, complete the renconcilations. It is not all glamor.

And then I was engaged by Masterton Industries. They knew things were not right, but they had a big accounting team and had no idea what was going on. So I was called in to meet Frank Masterton, President and CEO of the family business.

I introduced myself as Gabrielle, but it led to a question I get now and again: “So if the business is Gabe Watson, then who are you? His sister? Don’t tell me you are his wife? That would be very bad news.”

“I am Gabe Watson, or at least I used to be,” I explained. “This used to be my disguise when I went to work at a client’s business undercover. But I’ve become so comfortable as Gabrielle …”.

He looked a little shocked, or maybe dissappointed, but he was also intrigued. He told me that he was aware that I had a serious record of success. After our discussion on my methods he commended me on my approach. He signed the engagement letter and I agreed to start the following Monday.

It did not escape my attention that Frank had taken the time to have a close look at my body. I think most women would be conscious of it, but because I am not a woman, I definitely was. In some way it can be treated as a compliment on my disguise, but it can still be unsettling.

I started on Monday as the new junior accountant Jenna Kelly. Like most juniors I was put on bank reconciliation, which is always a good place to start looking for skimming. The problem was that too many people had the access to records needed to conceal theft. Way too many people, even considering a business on this scale.

The two most likely targets were both typical in their way. Gareth was a quiet bookish type, but was easy prey to my charms when I used the “little-girl-lost” approach. His hunger to impress me made me think that he might be the kind of man who would have appetites that might need money to satisfy.

Manuel was far more self-assured and fell for my “vamp-behind-the-glasses” line. There was no doubt that he was the kind of status-driven macho guy who could easily draw from the business. He was harder for me to control, so I needed to take care not to be too close to the stationery room when he was on the prowl.

But neither had any direct links to the money that appeared to be disappearing. What was needed was a meticulous approach to payment of regular invoices at a figure that was small enough not to draw attention but large enough to accumulate to a number wort stealing. It would take time.

Even I need the opportunity to relax a little, and it would not be with either Gareth or Manuel.

Frank surprised me by inviting me out to dinner. He knew who, or rather what, I was, but he said that I should treat it as a date. We would not be talking business. It would be a true release from the pressures of work for both of us.

I decided to go all out. I went to a salon after work and had my hair put up with curls on top. I bought a new dress with plenty of cleavage on view. I wore contacts. I have to say it – I looked spectacular. Frank thought so too.

We talked and we ate, and we drank and we laughed. And I realized that this was what was missing in my life. For the sake of my work I had sacrificed any meaningful social life. I was stuck in a disguise that I had carefully constructed to be a successful forensic accountant, but at the cost of being a man who could lead the life of a man. Somewhere along the way I would need to make a decision as to when this would end.

But in the meantime, Frank took me out again, and again. Not just to restaurants in town, but weekends away.

“I am almost ready to say that I don’t want you to find the embezzler,” he said. “I just like having you around, looking for him.”

But I am too good not to produce a result. I got to the bottom of it eventually. Rather than file a full report, I decided to tell Frank over dinner.

To my surprise he took what I told him very calmly. He even smiled as I stared at him.

“It’s a family business but most of the family do not care about it,” he said. “Only I care and I do not get rewarded for it. What goes missing has no impact on the business but might allow the person taking it to live a slightly better life, and provide comfort and pleasure to those that he cares about.”

“So you are admitting it?” I said. “You are the embezzler.”

“Well,” said Frank, “Do you really care if I am going to share it with you?”

“What do you mean?”

Frank dropped to one knee. He took my hand and looked up at me. He said: “Gabrielle Wilson, putting to one side for a moment what I would regard as a surgical imperative, but based upon my genuine and total love for you, and in the hope that you might feel just a fraction of what I feel for you, would you consent to be my wife?”

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| It is not the kind of proposal that any man expects to receive. But the accountant in me persuaded me to at the very least, consider a cost benefit analysis.  Benefit number one: Well, provided that he desists from criminal behavior here is a man of ability as well as his obvious wealth. If he was to resign his unpaid position the independent board would need to pay three times as much for somebody at the same level, I had seen that by now. He could be hired back or live of the handsome dividends like the rest of his family.  Benefit number two: Here is a person who shares much of the same interests as me. We both love the cut and thrust of commerce, but also the finer things in life – food, wine, music and travel. It was hard to think of anyone that I had ever met who was such a match. | https://i.ebayimg.com/images/g/6W0AAOSwo4pYXY45/s-l300.jpg |

Benefit number three: Love. Here he was on one knee. And what was going on in my body did not seem to be coming from my cerebrum at all. Whether it was the heart or the belly, I was all aflutter. What is that if it is not love? Whatever I was before, I was now in love with a man.

Cost number one: Those male organs will need to go, and be replaced with something more aposite to the rest of my body. Was that really such a high price? Are there any other costs? None I could think of.

“Mr. Masterton,” I said, “you have yourself a bride.”

The End

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