

**A MAN DOES WHAT SHE
HAS TO DO**



T.G. COOPER

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Prologue

Hemingway defined the **Code Hero** as "a **man** who lives correctly, following the ideals of honor, courage and endurance in a world that is sometimes chaotic, often stressful, and always painful." He measures himself by how well he handles the difficult situations that life throws at him.

Hemingway. My father loved Hemingway, and not just his books. He emulated his lifestyle. He grew a beard, drank his way out of every bar in Key West, smoked himself half to death and fought his way past crippling seasickness to fish for Marlin in the straights of Cuba—as a matter of fact, he violated the embargo repeatedly so he could live where Hemingway lived. My father claimed to be a righteous, old-fashioned, god-fearing Christian, but his real religion was masculinity.

Something he, let's say, impressed upon me as a boy.

I thought about all that, the code hero, my father, what it means to be a man, as I pulled my panties down to my knees and sat on the toilet, a pregnancy test in my hand. The toilet seat was cold, and I squirmed a little, staring at the stick, a strand of my long blonde hair falling across my face. My hand trembled. I didn't want to get pee on my hands, and the Clearblue box promised this one came with *Floodguard Protection*, which actually kind of offended me because my vagina isn't that big to call it a flood or whatever, but—

I almost stood up, pulled up my panties and threw the stick away. I couldn't be pregnant, and if I was I didn't want to know! But then I thought about my father, and closing my eyes I whispered "be a man" to myself and reached down between my legs, inserted the pregnancy test into my—well, you know—and then peed-- feeling the warm pee drip over my fingers. Damn! Stupid flood guard! Pulling the test out, I fought the urge to cry, not even sure why since I didn't even know what the results would be yet, and then I wiped my fingers on the toilet paper roll, staring at the flashing digital read out on the stick, which promised a count down, but what the hell difference did it make as I sat there staring, watching it blink, wondering what it would say, what it would mean.

Please, please, please I found myself praying. Please don't let me be

pregnant. I don't know what I'll do, how I'll handle it, I mean I am, was, the top assassin in the agency. I was, am, a man. Please. Please. Please. Haven't I suffered enough? Haven't I learned my lesson?

God, please!

The tears started to fall, I didn't even know what I was even crying about, but I'd found that happening a lot since I'd changed. As I sat there crying and praying, wondering if I had a baby inside me, I remembered how I had come to this, how I had found myself here, wiping away my tears, a man, young woman, scared and alone.

Part One

I buzzed along Ocean Avenue in my convertible Porsche, the briny Atlantic breeze blowing through my short, black hair, my dark shades hiding my eyes as they caressed the bodies of the bikini clad women walking outside the crumbling walls of Convention Hall. A couple sevens and a maybe eight. Way beneath me, but there was no harm in looking.

I passed The Stone Pony, a dirty little dive bar where Bruce Springsteen had gotten his start and then pulled my car up to the Empress Motel, a classic 1960s motel once frequented by the likes of Judy Garland and Liza Minelli. As I parked my car I pictured the floor plan in my mind—every room, every stairway, every inch of the bars, the restaurants, the pool. I had memorized it all, and I could walk the length of the hotel with my eyes closed. It was part of my prep work, part of what made me the most dangerous man in the world.

I grabbed my rolling suitcase from the back of the car as well a garment bag and headed into the hotel, shaking off the eager bellhop who'd taken in my gold watch and 600 dollar Italian shoes and almost tripped over his own feet running over to earn what he'd hoped would be a big tip. At the front desk I found myself greeted by a pair of perfectly groomed clerks— I admired the precision of their grooming, and I matched their gleaming white smiles with one of my own. The woman—her name plate read Consuelo—had a truly gorgeous face and perfect skin as well as full, perfect breasts, but she was too short for me. Still, I winked at her as I picked up my key. The guy? Well, I figured I could kill him in less than 5 seconds, so he didn't matter.

As I headed up to my room, I kept scanning for a girl worthy of me. Getting the kill was my job, but getting a kill and landing a ten was a victory, and I never settled for less.

In my room, I stashed my stuff, and then I went out in search of my target: Peter Ustinov, aka Rasputin, head of the Russian Mob in Little Odessa, Brooklyn, who'd moved into Staten Island and now New Jersey. Dozens of capos from rival families had vanished without a trace, and the bosses had all gone into hiding. I didn't give a shit about Rasputin. Someone paid me a lot to kill him. It didn't matter to me who or why. Had he been a loving father of three who ran a gardening supply company I would have killed him just the same.

I walked out onto the Boardwalk. People milled around me. I found Ustinov right where I expected to find him-- he's had his people set up a bright red tent in the middle of the beach across from the old Howard Johnson's building. He lounged in a chair, a woman on either side, and men wearing suits and dark glasses lingering around the perimeter, constantly scanning. He probably felt that being so open and public made him safer, and it probably did from most people—but not from me. And not from my employer, either. They wanted him to die in public.

I paused, leaning on the steel railings, glancing around myself, just another casual tourist enjoying the breeze, the crashing ocean waves, and the—

“It's beautiful, isn't it?”

I turned and looked to see a tall blonde leaning on the rails next to me, the wind tossing her long, blonde hair. She had a perfect face, perfect skin and as she smiled I saw perfect, white teeth, gleaming.

“It's not the most beautiful beach I've seen,” I said, feigning disinterest.

“Oh, are you about to try and impress me with your worldly knowledge of all the world's beaches?” She said.

“What makes you think I have any need to impress you at all?” I said, turning and regarding her fully now.

She kept that amused, skeptical smile on her face. “You're a man and I'm...” she gestured down at her body, inviting me to take it in.

I looked her up and down. She wore a bikini and a wrap, and her body was perfect, like a Roman statue. Her full, firm breasts strained against the tiny little ties of her lime colored top, and her skin was a fine, golden tan, glowing, healthy, flawless. When I met her eyes again, she raised an eyebrow.

“You're beautiful,” I said, taking my sunglasses off and staring into her eyes. “Beautiful enough that I would consider sleeping with you.”

“Oh? And are you the kind of man who is more interested in my personality?”

“Not really.”

“Then, what?”

“Well, if I decide to pursue you, I will spend a little time getting to know you to figure out if you are any good in bed or not.”

“Oh? And do I have any say in that?”

“No.”

“No?”

“If I decide I want you, I will get you.”

“And why is that?”

“Because...” I glanced down at my body.

I was very curious to see how she would respond. This was one of the first little tests I used to decide if a woman was worthy of me.

She laughed, and I knew I was in. “Does this actually work for you?”

I held out my arm. Waited. She slipped her slender little arm into mine. “I guess you just answered your own question.”

“I like a man who makes me laugh.”

“What’s your name?” I asked.

“Circe,” she answered.

“Unusual name,” I said. “Do you turn men into swine?”

“Never,” she said. “I turn them into angels.”

We walked back along the Boardwalk without talking. She clung to my arm, people watching, keeping her thoughts to herself. We went into the Paradise Lounge, one of the bars located inside the Empress Hotel—cool, dark and hip this time of day, before the parties started. I bought her a drink. We laughed and talked some more. She ran her finger over my gold watch at one point and said, “So, what do you do, Charlie?”

“Crisis Management,” I said. “Consultant.”

“That seems like a lie,” she said, big green eyes sparkling with mischief.

I laughed. “It is a lie.”

“Why can’t you tell me?”

“I could tell you, but---“

“You’d have to kill me? Please. That’s the first bad line you’ve used tonight. One demerit.”

“What do you do?” I asked.

“Trap men,” she said.

That did not seem like a lie. Since the moment she walked up to me, my instincts had been buzzing a warning, a little voice saying—watch out! This woman is some kind of hustler. Now, that quiet voice had grown very loud. But there was another part of me that was still stronger, and that was the part that loved danger, and now that I fully perceived this woman as some kind of threat, I really wanted to get insider her very, very badly. “You don’t think you’ve trapped me?” I said.

“Oh, honey,” she said, grabbing my arm and squeezing. “I had you at hello.”

“Now who’s throwing out bad lines?”

“Raise your game and I’ll raise mine.”

I leaned in and kissed her. She had soft lips—so soft== and they tasted vaguely of cherry. Her perfume seemed to fill my head, and she put one hand to my cheek while reaching down with the other and grabbing my Johnson through my pants, giving it a squeeze.

I broke off the kiss, slammed down the rest of my drink, and then kissed her again, my body burning with desire, a desire I saw matched in her wet eyes, and then we were pawing at each other, kissing, and we fell off our stools and crashed to the floor in each other’s arms.

“Okay, okay,” the bartender said, leaning over the bar and looking down at us. “Take it to your room, folks.”

We laughed and got to our feet. I tossed some money on the bar and slipped my arm around her waist. She leaned against me, giggling, her hand on my chest, and I led her back to my room. As soon as the door closed, she loosened her wrap and let it drop to the floor. I unbuttoned my shirt and tossed it on the floor, taking her in my arms and kissing her again, letting myself get hard as I put my hands on her firm, plump ass and squeezed. She pressed her breasts against my chest, and then broke off the kiss, giggling, “More drinks!”

A got on the bed and watched her as she went to the little frig and grabbed some little bottles of booze, pouring them into the little plastic cups. She looked back at me over her shoulder and gave her hips a shake. I shook my head. She had a great ass—high and firm and heart shaped, and long, lithe legs that went all the way from her ass to the ground. She stirred the drinks with her finger,

then put her finger in her mouth and sucked, then pulled it out licking her lips. “Give you any ideas?” She said.

“A few,” I said, gruffly.

She brought me my drink and climbed onto the bed, tucking her legs under her, and then she raised her glass and said, “To danger.”

The alarms went off again. I hadn’t said anything about danger, how much I loved it. The fact that she’s said that, now? It suggested to me I’d been profiled, that she’d been playing me. I knew at that moment I had been played, that she was some kind of threat, and as I held that drink in my hand, I knew I would be a fool to drink it.

I replayed the scene in my mind, now from her perspective, and I saw it all. The shake of the hips to distract me as she reached into her cleavage and pulled out the mickey. The sucking of her finger after she stirred the drinks-- not just sexual, but to show me the drink was safe.

It was all so perfect, so polished. I knew I should throw the drink right in her face, spank her and kick her ass out of my room, send her back in tears to whatever dumbass had hired her.

I met her eyes, the drink in my hand. She took a sip of her drink and eyed me hungrily, whispering “drink up.”

I hesitated.

“You’re not afraid, are you?”

My eyes narrowed. I brought the drink to my lips thinking no.... don’t..... but then I smiled and said, “I’m not afraid of anything.” And I drank the whole thing down in one gulp.

The room immediately started to swirl. The cup dropped from my hand, and my head lolled down onto my chest.

“Oh my goodness,” I heard her say. “Now, you were just about to go sunbathing, right? You’re such a *beach bunny*.”

No, what? I thought, then, yes. Oh, yeah. I loved to sunbath, and I *had been just about to go layout. How did she know so many of my secrets?*

I sank into blackness.

Part II

I could feel the heat of the sun blazing against my skin, feel the beads of perspiration on my body, one bead rolling down the inside of my thigh. I had been in my room, with-- hadn't someone been there with me? And then I remembered. I'd decided to go sunbathing, because I loved—

No. I didn't. Something wasn't right.

I opened my eyes, and found myself looking at a pair of tone, sexy legs—smooth and hairless and—were they mine? They looked like a woman's legs-- I was sitting with my knees together, my long, lean thighs riding up, a gap between them as if—

My mission. I had a mission. I had to kill Rasputin—these couldn't be my legs. I closed my eyes, opened them again, but those legs were still there, my legs, but no man had ever had legs like these legs...

My heart began to race, my mind reeling against what my senses were telling me.

What time is it? I wondered. How long had I been lounging in the sun like some silly beach bunny? I raised my wrist to look at my watch, and I heard myself make an embarrassing squeak because the watch on my wrist was mine, but I had long, pink finger nails with white tips. Like a woman.

And it wasn't just the nails, but the hand, my hand. I had slender, graceful fingers, a dainty wrist. No, I thought, feeling sick to my stomach, sick with shame. It's can't be--- It isn't possible.

I sat up, and I felt the weight of breasts sway on my chest, felt the strings of a bikini pull tight against my shoulders as my breasts settled into the cups, and I felt like the whole world glitched, shook and rushed in on me as an impossible truth screamed through my brain, the impossible truth that I had become a woman.

A woman.

How?

All around me, I saw people tossing footballs, playing frisbee. I saw kids building sand castles, and girls lounging in the sun, girls like—just like—

I looked at my hand again, at that graceful, feminine hand, those long

nails—my long nails, flashing in the sun. I put my hand to my lips, tears pooling in my eyes as I shook my head, feeling my long hair brushing against my slender neck, my breasts swaying slightly with every move...

What the hell? How? It wasn't possible. Couldn't be possible.

A cloud passed over the sun, and I shivered. Standing, I started to walk back toward my hotel, but the sand burned my soft feet, and I realized I had no room key, or anything, wearing a tiny little string bikini that left me feeling naked, and feeling naked in this soft, bouncy body was—scary. The panic and fear gripped me, grew stronger, the tears pouring down my cheeks. No money. No room key. No—name. No identity at all, I was just a silly girl, lost and alone and...

Suddenly, I had a vision of my father. We warmed ourselves next to a crackling campfire. Blazing motes rising into the dark night sky, a small pack of raccoons creeping around our campsite, their eyes glittering in the firelight. "A man measures himself by how well he handles the difficult situations that life throws at him," my father had said.

On the ground lay a wounded raccoon, mewling. It had been caught in a trap, a trap I had set in my youth foolishness, never really thinking to catch anything, but it had caught one, broke its leg. My father handed me a bowie knife, the cold steel blade flashing red in the firelight. "You can let it suffer," he said. "Or put it out of its misery. It will die either way. What kind of man will you be?"

I took the knife. I killed the raccoon. I was a man, that kind of man who did what needed to be done.

I wiped my tears. Adjusted the straps of my lime green bikini top. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, then looked around the chair. I spotted a beach bag—silvery blue and reading Chanel on the side. Looking inside the bag, I smiled. Room key. Water. Wallet. Cell phone. Other stuff. I always planned well when I sunbathed. I checked the time, finally able to focus on my watch and not my hand. 3:11.

I grabbed the bag and slung it over my shoulder, then, feeling the hot sand burning my feet, I slipped on a pair of wedge-heeled sandals that had been

resting in the sand next to my chair and began my walk of shame back to the hotel, clutching the room key in my slender little hand-- was it for my room?

As I walked I felt the breasts jiggle and bounce, my butt, too. My breasts, my tits—they were big, I was just beginning to realize. They stuck out from my chest and swayed in counter point to my swiveling hips. Men gazed frankly at me, letting their hungry eyes roam up and down this soft body. I felt—angry. Violated. What made them think they could just gawk at me like this? My sense of shame returned, shame at what I'd become, what I had allowed them to make of me, of this jiggling shape that wasn't mine.

I hurried my pace, though I found it a little hard to walk in the sandals, my heels were lifted, and my weight was on my toes and the balls of my feet, and I had to adjust my stride anyway—my legs felt too long, my hips too high.

“Look at that sweet ass,” I heard a man say.

“Her legs go all the way from her ass to the ground.”

My temples pounded. My skin crawled. I looked ahead and saw the sign rising high above the boardwalk shops: The Empress. I just needed to get to my room. Get away from all these eyes. These--- men. Think. Plan my next move.

I made it back to my room and inserted the plastic scan card into the lock. The light flickered green, and I sighed with relief, walking into my room, closing the door and immediately plucking at the thong, wiggling, trying to get it out from between my butt cheeks. How did women put up with this crap? That's when I noticed it—a little black dress laid out on my bed next to a pair of stiletto heels, a single rose and an invitation.

They'd been in my room. I cursed myself for being so careless, for not listening to my instincts, and before I even looked at the tableau on my bed. I went to my suitcase, which I'd put in the closet. It was still there, but when I opened it up, I cursed, surprised by the tiny sound of my feminine voice. It was packed full of women's clothes, and digging through I confirmed my worst fear—my weapons were gone. I'd packed the pieces of a Precision Sniper Rifle into the case, and they were all missing, as was my sidearm.

I checked my garment bag. Dresses. And no weapons.

The plan had been for me to find a spot on the roof and take Rasputin out during the fireworks, but with no gun that would be impossible.

I kicked off my sandals, sat down, knees together, and calmed my mind, making a check list of what I knew, what needed to be done. I idly toyed with the ties of my string bikini as a thought, keenly aware of the weight of my boobs, rising and falling with each breath.

Protocol required me to report to my bosses that the mission had been compromised, that I had been compromised. But I couldn't, wouldn't. I couldn't call them and tell them I'd been turned into a woman. They would laugh, and not only that, but they would pull me out of the mission. I would return to The Office like this—a woman, and I would probably stay like this for the rest of my life.

I looked over and saw the dress, the invitation.

I walked over to the bed and read the invitation:

Dear Bambi—

If you want to ever be a man again, meet me at the Wonder Bar at midnight.

Wear the dress and heels. Do your face. Make yourself pretty for me. I'll consider giving you your balls back.

Rasputin

“If you ever want to be a man again.” My hands trembled. Blackmail. He'd emasculated me. Somehow. And now he was offering to restore me, to give me a man's body once more, and all I had to do was betray the very code that gave being a man value, that made me a real man not just a bitch with balls,

I ran my fingers along my bikini bottoms again, pulling the thong out from the deep places between my butt cheeks, squirming furiously. I really needed to change clothes. Get into something more comfortable, more practical. What do I look like? I wondered, considering Rasputin's offer, wondering if it came down to it what it would mean for me to be this woman—this girl—for the rest of my life?

The thought terrified me, but I had to face the possibility, and to do that, I had to face myself as I was now, in this body. I walked tentatively to the bathroom, and looked at-- Circe? I blinked. Shook my head, and she shook her head, a look of shock on that perfect face, in those big, pretty eyes. I was my own perfect woman—tall and lean, with big, firm breasts, a tiny waist, wide, round hips and those long, tone legs.

“Shit,” I said, wincing at the sound of my voice.

Did this mean she was in my body? My mind raced. Could there be a bigger picture? Was Circe going to infiltrate the agency as me?

I needed to take action, and I reached up to untie my top, jabbing myself with one of my long finger nails. Groaning, I struggled to get a grip on the string, and for a moment I felt myself starting to get frustrated, hyperventilating, my breasts heaving. I reminded myself that women all over the world managed this trick daily, and calming myself I managed to untie my top, tossing the little scrap aside, feeling my breasts sway freely for the first time. Looking in the mirror, I saw my big, brown nipples perched on firm, perky melon-sized breasts, and the sight of my tits turned me on, but instead of a boner my nipples started to harden and throb with pleasure, and I felt myself getting wet, and the feelings terrified me, so I quickly wiggled out of my bottoms and turned, not wanting to look at myself anymore, disgusted at the way my body was reacting.

I went to the suitcase and looked through the clothes, picking out a pair of cut off jean shorts with a waist that looked like it would barely fit a 12-year-old girl. I pulled them on, wiggling my hips to get them up over my hips, and I buttoned the top around my slender little waist without even needing to suck in my gut. I did have a tiny waist after all, but the jeans were super tight against my big, plump butt, and did very little to cover my long legs. Shit. Guys would definitely be gawking.

I had to figure out what to do with my boobs. I didn't want them bouncing all over the place, so I ruefully fished a black sports bra out of the suitcase and pulled it on, spending a minute adjusting my breasts, then the straps before sighing with relief for the support and stability they offered my jiggling body. I pulled on a peach and white striped racerback tank top, then I slipped the sandals on my feet, finding myself once again propped up, walking on the balls of my feet, my calves tight.

I looked at myself in the mirror my time in the sun had really paid off--

my skin had a healthy, bronze glow, and my eyes really popped now just from the tan, which really made me look so sexy— I put a hand on my hip and turned, looking at myself from different angles, smiling, and then—

Shit. This was not me, this behavior. I looked at that gorgeous women in the mirror, her sunflower bra straps were visible, bright against her tan, glowing skin. What had they done to my mind? Could I even trust myself to complete this mission?

Call it in, I said to myself. Scrub it. Your first responsibility is to the mission.

I turned and looked back over my shoulder, seeing my perfect, heart shaped ass in the mirror, spreading out invitingly below my tiny little waist. A vision flashed through my mind: I saw myself walking though the office in a tight little skirt, a white blouse, sensible black pumps. The guys were all checking me out as a passed, looking longingly at my ass, imagining taking me from behind...

I saw myself kneeling on a bed, looking back over my shoulder, Gary leering at me as he grabbed my hips...

Honor. A man conducts himself with honor.

There was no honor for a man who was a sex object for other men.

I would not be that man, the one who failed in his mission and came back to the office as a piece of ass.

I would handle the situation, and I would do it like a man.

I grabbed my purse and slung it over my shoulder, and then I marched out the door, a man on a mission. The secret panel in the floor of the driver's seat was undisturbed, and my heart soared as I opened it and found the stack of cash there, just where I had left it.

Oh, Rasputin, I thought, smiling as I pulled out. You are in for such a rude awakening. Mess with the best. Die like the rest!

I did some basic evasive driving to make sure no one followed me, and then using my smart GPS located a pawn shop a few blocks from the beach. Looking over the window, I noticed a New Hampshire Flag in the lower left corner—you know, the Live Free or Die state. A sure sign that the owner was willing to engage in dark business.

I got out of the car, adjusted my bra and put on a dark pair of shades, heading into the pawn shop. I felt strange emotion, one I rarely experienced—nervousness, insecurity. The weight of my breasts, their jiggling in my bra-- a constant reminder that I'd been played, my body and mind violated. The owner of the shop looked like a vulture—withered old white skin sagging from his drooping skeleton, tufts of ragged white hair sticking out from the sides of his bald head-- wet, yellow eyes that immediately fell to the swelling in my tank top. I resisted the urge to cover my breasts and did my best to put some swagger in my walk as I approached the counter.

“Well, hello darling,” he said, talking to my boobs. “What can I do ya for?”

Ignoring his leering, I said, “I need a gun.”

“What’s a pretty thing like you want with a gun?”

Did women constantly have to put up with this kind of condescension? “Self-defense.”

“Over there,” he answered, never taking his eyes off my tits. “Three day waiting period.”

“I need an untraceable gun. Today.”

That brought his eyes up from my tits. He squinted, his tired booze sodden brain calculating the odds that I was a fed. No doubt he knew all the local cops. After looking me over, calculating, he sucked on his teeth and said, “That kind of thing, if a man had it, would cost a few dollars.”

“I have money.”

“I’ve never had a girl looks like you come in here asking for a special gun. What’s this all about?”

“It’s best left unsaid,” I answered. “But I am from out of town, and I will be leaving in a day, so you don’t need to worry about any noise coming back on you.”

“Hmmm.” He ogled me again, mentally undressing me. I felt my skin crawl, and my temper rise. “A pretty little girl like you feels a pair of handcuffs on her wrists, and—“

I walked over to an end table smothered under 10 coats of paint, with an old fashioned rotary dial phone sitting on it. Pushing the phone aside, I focused,

and praying that these little arms of mine, properly directed, would have at least as much strength as my female co-workers, I took a deep breath and smashed my fist right through the table top.

The old geezer's mouth dropped open, his toothpick tumbling to the counter. "Shit."

"Call me a little girl again, and next time I do it to your face."

"That table was fifty dollars."

"I'll take it. And a gun."

He looked me over again, but this time the way a man sizes up a potential threat. I felt myself flush with pride.

He locked the front door. "Come on," he said, walking through a tattered red curtain behind the desk. I followed him to the back room, and there he pulled a cloth over a display case filled with a variety of different guns. "I need a rifle," I said. "And scope."

He showed me what he had, and I found one that would do. "Let me see that one," I said, pointing to a sharp looking Barretta PX4—it had a short nozzle and would be easy to conceal.

Creepy took it out of the case and handed it to me. I checked it out. Everything was working. It had been cared for. "You take good care of your guns," I said, feeling my respect for this sad old geezer rise.

"Twenty years in the Army," he said. "Picked up at least one good habit."

"How much for it all?"

"Two grand."

"It's clean?"

"Bought at a gun show in Virginia."

"Thank God for the Iron Highway."

"God-- or someone else."

I pulled out 20 crisp, one hundred dollar bills and handed them to him. "Throw in some ammo."

"Sure," he said. He put both the gun and the bullets in a brown paper bag, which I tucked under my arm, heading toward the door.

“You don’t mind me saying, you got some real nice tits,” he said.

I did mind him saying. “Fuck you.”

The comment stung. I had always prided myself on being fit, strong, tough. It was embarrassing to have breasts now—big ones, and it made me angry that someone had done this to me, stolen my body, given me this sex kitten shape, but I couldn’t let my anger get into the equation. I still didn’t know what Rasputin was up to, and I didn’t know how I was going to both complete my mission and get my balls back. I had to keep a clear head.

The underwire of my bra was riding up, climbing under my boobs, and I pulled it down, wiggling, trying to get it to more comfortably support my breasts. As I was driving, I saw a tattoo parlor and parallel parked in front of it. I checked the time. 5:11. I’d been meaning to have angel wings tattooed on my lower back, and I had a few hours. Why not now? I had grabbed my purse and was about to swing my long legs out of the driver’s seat, when I stopped myself.

Angel wings?

Another implanted thought or memory. I remembered Circe saying that she turned men into angels, but what was this all about? Why turn me into a woman? Give me these impulses? If the purpose was blackmail, there were easier ways, and why all the extra mind games? Besides, Rasputin had to know that if I failed, they would only send another assassin.

Abort the mission. I had to abort the mission. Whatever they’d done to me, I was not in control of myself, or what I was becoming. I had to scrub the mission, call my boss and let them know everything.

I saw myself back at the office once more, sitting with my long legs, crossed at the knee, my hands in my lap. The women I worked with had gathered around, and they were all pointing and laughing, mocking the man who’d become a beach bunny.

I made my way back to The Empress Hotel, found my way to the room. I needed to be unpredictable. Move along routes they didn’t expect, where they couldn’t have planted any of their triggers, where—

A knock on the door.

The breath caught in my throat. Danger! I stared at the door, glancing at the brown paper bag with the still unloaded gun in it. My heart started racing, and I put my fingers to my lips, holding back an urge to scream.

“I have the champagne you ordered,” a woman called from outside the door.

“I didn’t order any champagne,” I called back. “Go away.”

“But you love champagne, don’t you, Bambi?”

I did love champagne. She was right, maybe I did order it and forgot? I could be such an airhead some— “No!” I called, my head aching. “I’m busy. Go away!”

“You want to open the door, Bambi. I also have chocolate.”

Chocolate? My mouth started to water, and I walked to the door and unlocked it.

“Hi, Bambi,” Consuelo, from the front desk said, smiling up at me.

“Hi,” I said. “Sorry about that-- I don’t know what I was thinking. I loooooove champagne and chocolate.”

Consuelo pushed the cart into my room. “You’re just confused. You’ve had a long day, but you’ll feel better once you’ve had a drink.” The champagne was on ice, the green bottle sweating. Consuelo eyed me hungrily and said, “Let me open that for you, sweetie.”

“Okay,” I said.

Consuelo opened the bottle, and the champagne bubbled out, pouring frothy and white down the side. Then she poured two glasses, handing one to me. I felt a dream-like quality settle over me and found myself smiling and giggling, sipping the champagne and nibbling on the chocolate. Consuelo sat next to me, our legs touching, and after a few drinks she said, “I have a surprise for you.”

Me, the real me, was screaming, *Push her away. Get out of here. She’s clearly working for them.* But instead I just shrugged and said, “I love surprises.”

The cart was covered with a thick, white cloth, and Consuelo reached under the cloth, and when her hand emerged she held a thick, rubber phallus—ribbed with veins, very realistic, and at the sight of it my eyes went wide, and I squeezed my legs together as I felt an alien craving, a desperate need to have it inside me—inside my vagina.

“I don’t like, um, that” I said out loud.

“Are you sure?” Consuelo said, taking the phallus and gently rubbing it on my chin.

“Yes, I---“ But was I sure? The space between my legs felt hot, wet, a craving emptiness that needed to be filled.... “I don’t know.”

“Let’s find out, honey,” Consuelo said, tracing the phallus down my chin, my throat and then between my legs. I gasped, feeling something clench inside me, and then I lay back on the bed, pulling my shorts down, my panties, and I reached down between my smooth thighs and the tips of my fingers touched my mound, then the lips of my—vagina?

“No,” I said, my voice cracking. “This isn’t right.”

But Consuelo climbed onto me, straddling me. I reached up, meaning to push her off, but she grabbed my hands and then put them on my breasts, and she said, “Play with yourself, babe.”

I couldn’t resist. I had to do whatever she told me. I started to squeeze my breasts, which were now super sensitive, my nipples were sooooo hard, and Consuelo had the dildo and she was rubbing it against the inside of my thigh, teasing me, and I found myself arching my back, moaning softly as the need built in me, the need to have her slam that big, hard –

“I’m a man,” I said, and my voice was now a breathy, soft voice, like a young woman’s. “Don’t do this.”

“You’re a dirty girl,” Consuelo said.

At the words dirty girl I pinched my nipples, hard, and cried out.

Consuelo pressed the dildo against the lips of my vagina—just enough to push them apart-- just the tiniest bit, and I cried out, raising my legs and wrapping them around her midsection, trying to pull that hard-ribbed dildo into me.

“Stop,” I cried out again, as much to myself as to her. “Stop! You’re killing me!”

“Slut,” Consuelo said. “You’re a nasty little slut and you love dick.”

Nasty. Little. Slut. With each word, I felt little tremors inside my body, and an opening, and now I was so wet, and my nipples were throbbing, and I felt tears squeeze out the corners of my eyes and I cried, “Stick it in me. I need it.”

“Such a filthy whore,” Consuelo said, still just allowing the tip to slide up

and down the lips of my slit.

“Please. Please!” I cried.

“Tell me you’re a nasty slut,” Consuelo said.

“I’m a nasty slut!” I cried out, no longer able to think of anything but that gorgeous dildo, and the void in me, and how wet and hot my slit had become, and how I had to have her stuff that thing into me... ‘I’m a dirty girl! A filthy whore! Fuck me! Fuck me, please!’”

I heard her make a satisfied, grunting noise, and then she thrust it into me, so hard, so deep-- I felt like it was right up into my belly, and I pulled my legs tighter around her, wanting it deeper, deeper, and I started crying as I put my hands on her hips, pulling, pulling, and she started to pull it out, and I screamed, “Nooooooo! Noooooooo!”

And then she laughed and jammed it back in, and I felt my whole body shudder, and then cried out, “Omigod!” As stars flashed in my eyes, and I collapsed onto the bed with a scream of orgasmic pleasure, devastated, broken, just a woman who’d been fucked silly and passed into a state of pure feminine bliss I was in no way equipped to process or understand. I rolled onto my belly, propping myself on a pillow, damp hair in my face, my whole body tingling.

Consuelo laughed, a gruff, condescending laugh, and I felt her cup my ass cheek-- “You are a hot piece of ass,” she said.

“Thanks,” I responded, automatically, in my new, sexy voice.

‘Be good,’ she said, then slapped me on the ass.

I was floating in a world of hazy bliss, my brain struggling to process what had just happened, what I had become, what I was feeling, experiencing. I barely heard the door close, but just lay there, replaying the encounter in my mind, slowly feeling a sense of shame build in me, shame over what I’d become, how I’d acted.

“Fuck me,” I’d screamed. “Fuck me.”

And she had.

I was finished. Dead. How could I face anyone now? I’d been emasculated, feminized, banged by a woman who earlier that day I’d thought was not hot enough for me. Rasputin had won. I slipped my hand down between my legs, confirming that I did indeed have a vagina between my legs.

The feeling of my long finger nails brushing against the lips of my new sex sent a shiver of pleasure through me, and I found myself crying again, but this time tears of shame of humiliation, despair.

I couldn't do this. I couldn't complete the mission, not in this body, not with them controlling my mind. And, I couldn't face my boss like this, either, my co-workers. I couldn't call them, or go back to base, and tell them that Rasputin had stolen my sex, twisted my mind. What could I do?

Run.

I had some money. The car. I could just get in and drive, just drive somewhere, anywhere. With this face and body, it wouldn't be hard to find men to help me.

But I thought of my father again. All the things he'd taught me. The things I had learned about what it meant to be a man, a real man. I could still be the man I was raised to be, the man my father had molded. It didn't matter that I had a woman's body now, that I'd been tricked, fooled and then fucked like a woman, or that I had begged for it. They had taken my name, my sex, but they could never take my code from me. That was the strength of the code, the purpose. It allowed a man to be a man and hold his head up high no matter what happened.

They can't take my dignity, I decided, straightening my shoulders, thrusting my breasts out proudly. Honor. Courage. Endurance. I had come here for a reason. I had a mission. I would complete that mission-- somehow. The body? The mind games? These were simply opportunities for me to show my meddle. To prove that nothing would ever stop me from keeping my word.

To prove that I was a man.

A man who smelled, I realized. My vagina was – um—somewhat ripe after the sex. I knew the smell. I'd smelled it as a man, so I took a quick shower, washing my slit and my smooth, hairless skin. Lifting my pendulous breasts and washing underneath.

Then, I got dressed—bra and panties, shorts and tank top. I made a cup of coffee from the little coffee stand outside the bathroom, grabbed some stationary and a pen, sat down, crossing my legs, hooking my hair behind my ear. It was now 8:11. I still had a few hours. I closed my eyes to remember the map of

Asbury, and then I sketched out the location of Wonder Bar and all the adjacent buildings. I could get a clear shot at Rasputin from a location on the roof of Convention Hall. The clients had preferred I take him out during fireworks—some kind of theatrical deal, I supposed, but they mostly wanted him dead. I could set up my gun and take a position up there hours before our meeting. Even if he got there early, I figured I would be there. I knew he always took dinner at 8, and then usually went for a walk.

It would be simple, but I stared at my hand, that slender, graceful hand, those long finger nails. I became conscious of the bra straps digging into my shoulders, the weight of my breasts cradled in the cups, the feeling of the floss between my butt cheeks.

I didn't know how he'd done this to me, but I was sure that if I killed Rasputin, this would be my body, my sex, my life. I thought about the dildo, and my mouth went dry, and I squeezed my legs together, a thrill of pleasure arcing through my body.

They had changed my orientation.

If I stayed in this body, I had no doubt I would end up a boy toy, strutting around in tight dresses, desperate for male attention. Where was the honor in any of that?

The honor, I heard my father say to me, comes with paying the price to do the right thing even if you are the only one in the world who knows.

I looked at my watch—the bulky man's watch strapped incongruously on my slender wrist. 9:11. I laughed out loud at the irony of my situation. To be a man, a real man, I had to be a woman, and not just any woman, but this one—my own fantasy girl, gorgeous and horny and ---

I looked down at my breasts, swelling out the front my tank top.

I couldn't do it. I didn't have the courage to live this life, to be this girl.

“Sorry, Daddy,” I whispered. I went to the suitcase and found my makeup bag. I figured I needed to start getting ready if I was going to make myself pretty for Rasputin. My conditioning included new knowledge on how to do my face, and even before I sat down and put a light coating of lotion on my face, I could see in my mind exactly what I wanted—smoky, sultry eyes, big, black lashes, red, wet, kissable lips.

I put in some base, and then fished an eyeliner out of the bag. With each

stroke of the liner, I felt my sense of self crumbling, my will, my pride. After, I took a mascara wand and made my long, curly lashes fat and sticky, and again with each time I ran it over my lashes I felt some part of me wither as I broke the code, my code, and became just a little less of a man. It went on like that when I did my eyeshadow-- brown and silver, and my eyebrows, a little blush and then that wet, red lipstick on my big, soft lips, and when I looked in the mirror I knew I had truly and filly surrendered my manhood, my code.

When you take a face as pretty as mine and paint it, it becomes something stunning, something unreal. I was gorgeous. But more than that—this makeup sent another message to all the men and women with eyes to see-- I was a woman who was content to be a beautiful object, who valued her beauty above all else, who would eagerly seek to please a man worthy of me, should I ever find one.

I found a lacy black balconette bra in the suitcase and changed into it, along with a pair of matching panties, then I carefully slipped on the little black dress. It had spaghetti straps, was made of a thin, nearly transparent material, and came down less than a third of the way down my smooth thighs. The plunging neckline gave the world a glorious view of my ample cleavage, which swelled tan and ripe out of my dress pressed together and lifted by my bra. Finally, I sat down on the bed and looked at my heels, touching one of them with my fingertips. As I touched the cool leather with my fingertips, they tingled, and I found myself once more drifting back into a childhood memory:

Part III

I was young, maybe 12, still just a little girl, though I thought I was sooooo mature. I wore my pretty Sunday dress—white with a flowery pattern or purples, blues and reds. My father wore his Sunday dress as well, but I was staring at his pumps—a kind of dusty pink that shone in the light, and those curving heels, and I loved those shoes, and the way they lifted his feet, and gave his calves such a sweet, pretty shape. “I want to wear high heels,” I said. “Like you.”

My father primped his hair, checked his makeup. “You’re not old enough.”

“Please?” I said. “I really want to.”

My father had considered, and my heart rose with excitement at the possibility he would finally say yes!

He took my wrist and lifted my hand. “I’ll make you a deal,” he said. “You stop chewing your fingernails, start taking care of them like a proper young lady, and, then, yes, I will buy you a pair of heels to wear to church.”

Heels! Yes! I looked at my short, ragged and chewed up fingernails. “How long?”

My father showed me his own perfectly sculpted nails, painted pink to match his shoes and shiny, pretty. “When you’re nails look like mine.”

I think that’s when I fell in love with manicures, having perfect nails. For weeks I resisted the urge to chew on them, and as they grew out I filed and trimmed them properly, shaping them into perfect crescents, and the morning when I thought they were ready, were perfect, I painted them with clear gloss I’d bought with my allowance, and then I marched out and proudly held them out for my father to inspect, and he’d nodded with approval and given me a hug.

“A man has to have a code,” he’d said. “She must value beauty, poise and chastity above all else.”

Beauty, Poise and chastity.

I came out of my dream, still holding one of my heels, and I looked at my perfect, long nails. The memory seemed so real, with so many details. But it was all wrong, none of it true. My father wasn’t a woman, and the Muriel Hemingway code was-- Beauty, Poise—no--- the code was Ernest Hemingway,

and it was to always be cute, submissive and flirtatious—

No.

I couldn't remember. It was as if in violating the code and deciding to make myself pretty for Rasputin, to meet him rather than kill him, I had opened myself up to some new wave of mind warping attacks, had broken myself and let them in.

I grabbed my phone and did a search, and I saw the Hemingway code, but the words now seemed cold, meaningless. In breaking the code, my code, I felt now, I had surrendered my right to call myself a man. It wasn't this body or this dress, nor the heels I slipped onto my feet. It was what was inside me that had failed.

I stood and walked to the mirror, heel to toe, perfectly graceful and at ease. I put a hand on my hip and looked at myself in the mirror. I saw a young woman, and she was beautiful and poised, just as her father had taught her. But I also saw something else—in her eyes—I saw fear. She didn't know herself, and she had abandoned her values, and now she was going to go and meet the man who'd broken her.

I grabbed a little black clutch purse with a golden clasp, tossed a few things in, and then walked out into the sultry night air. As I made my way down the boardwalk, men and women alike gawked, stared, did double takes. More than a few men twisted their necks around after they walked past me, eager to check out my ass, my bare back. I reveled in it all. I knew I was beautiful, and I loved all the attention I was getting. I had a beautiful body, and I loved to flaunt it.

As I approached the Wonder Bar, I stopped and pulled out my compact, checking my make-up one more time, and then I walked up to the bar, right past the line of people waiting to get in, and I flashed my prettiest smile at the bouncer. He looked me up and down and smiled. "You one fine ass female."

"Thanks," I said, touching him on the arm as he undid the cordon and gestured for me to enter. The bar was crowded, loud with talk and the relentless thump thump thump of dance music. I started to squeeze my way through the crowd, my breasts rubbing up against other people's bodies as I pushed through. I didn't see Rasputin anywhere, or his entourage, and I started to wonder if this was all a trick. I looked at my watch. 11:59.

I felt a hand on my elbow, and someone barked, “this way” into my ear. I let the man lead me through the crowd, and then through a door, and into a back room with low couches, dim lights, and Rasputin. He wore a silk robe, open at the top revealing his hard, flat pecs, gold chain, and the tops of what looked like washer board abs. His arms were thick with muscles, like pythons. He had a square jaw, bristling with stubble. Just like the pictures I’d seen of him, but seeing in person, and in my new body, and I felt my knees go weak, something inside me turned and I thought—now there is a real man, as I wondered what it would be like to kiss him.

“Hello, gorgeous,” he said. His voice was deep, and it washed over me like chocolate. I felt my whole body tingle at the sound of that deep, sexy voice.

“Um, hello,” I answered, my already small voice rising into a slightly higher register. He was so manly that I automatically felt my personality shifting to a more feminine place.

Rasputin looked me over, and I put a hand on my hip and dropped my eyes, submissively waiting for him to finish undressing me with his eyes. He stood, and made a small beckoning gesture with his hand. I felt myself pulled to him, and I swayed my hips as I approached, smiling brightly, loving the feeling of being under this man’s control. He slipped his powerful arms around my waist, kissed me on the cheek. Then looked me in the eyes, his hands still on my waist.

“At first you came as man to kill me. Now, you come as woman to please me. Ironic, is it not?”

“I came to get my body back.”

“Which pleases me. Sit.”

Rasputin gestured for me to sit on the couch, so I did, and then he sat right next to me, I mean right next to me, and he put a hand on my thigh, and squeezed. “What are you willing to do to be man again?”

“Anything,” I answered, but seeing a sadistic gleam in his eyes I quickly added, “Almost anything.”

He smiled. Brushed my hair back from my face, then cupped my cheek, tilting my head back with just the tiniest of gestures, and then he kissed me on the lips, a gentle, tender kiss, almost like you would kiss a child. He looked searchingly into my eyes, staring at me, like he was looking into the depths of

my soul, and his gaze was so intense that I dropped my eyes, blushing furiously.

“Tomorrow,” he said. “You will shoot me, as you planned.”

I gasped, and he smiled.

“Of course, I know all about your plan.”

“How?”

“It does not matter. After you kill me, you will return to your office and report to them that I am dead. It will be on the interwebs, as well. Russian mobster killed. Justice is served, yes?”

“But it won’t be you,” I said.

“Of course not. I assume new identity, no one knows. All is good.”

“But, why all this?” I said, gesturing down at my body. “If you have a body double anyway?”

He smiled, rubbing his thumb across my lower lip, then slipping it between my soft lips, telling me what he wanted with a nod and a smirk. I started to suck on his thumb, salty against my tongue.

“Don’t worry your pretty little head about such things,” he said.

I nodded, still sucking, now tickling the pad of his thumb with the tip of my wet tongue.

He let his hand ride up my thigh, higher and higher, squeezing the swelling of soft flesh at the apex of my legs, just below my slit, and then he put his hand on my vagina, and I felt the tips of his fingers slip between my wet lips, and I sucked harder on his thumb, and put my hands on his hard, muscular shoulders, shifting my position, spreading my legs so he could get in there good. My skin tingled, and I felt that void again, that space in me that wanted and needed to be filled...

And then he pulled his fingers out of me, and his thumb out of my mouth. I lunged at him, wanting to kiss him, hard, but he shoved me and I fell on the floor, looking up at him from between my legs, hair in my face. “Did I do something wrong?” I asked in a tiny, desperate voice.

He laughed, a deep, mocking laugh. “Look what I have made of you. A desperate little slut.”

“I’m a dirty girl,” I said, without even thinking.

He laughed again. “Leave us,” he said to the men in the room. They left. “Don’t you remember why you are here?”

I pulled my knees together, tugging the hem of my dress down to cover my legs. I shook my head, struggling to remember. “To-- to get my body back?”

“Yes. And now, you will need to pay the price.”

“I thought that’s what I was doing.” I was so confused.

“No. Not with me.” He snapped his fingers.

A door at the back of the room opened, and I saw a man’s silhouette against a backdrop of blinding light. “Is she ready?” I heard a voice say.

“I’ll say,” Rasputin said.

The man walked into the room, closed the door, and smiled at me. “Hello, Bambi,” he said, looking me over. “My, my, but you are a sexy little girl.”

“You’re.... me,” I said, staring up at myself. My slutty tendencies seemed to vanish, and I felt nothing but revulsion for that man, for the man I’d been, and the thought of him touching me made me feel sick.

I walked into the room, letting my eyes roam over my body. Then, I walked up to myself and took me by my soft little hand, yanking to my feet, pulling my body against him, crushing my soft breasts against his chest, putting a hand on my ass and squeezing. I felt sick, disgusted, angry—this was the man who’d stolen my body! I tried to push him away, squirming, squealing, but he lifted me off my feet and tossed me onto the couch, immediately climbing onto me, pinning me on my back.

“Get off me!” I squealed.

“Have fun,” Rasputin said as he left the room. “Make her hurt.”

I heard a deadbolt slam home, and I stared up into my own face, terrified. “Don’t do this,” I said. “Please.”

The man leaned in, getting his mouth very close to my ear. “I’m not going to hurt you,” he whispered. “Just do what I say, and I’ll get you out of here.”

“What?” I whispered back.

“Just trust me. Now, scream.”

“Scream?”

“Rasputin is probably listening. Scream. Loud.”

I nodded, and took a deep breath, and summoning up all the horror I felt at what had happened to me, what I had become, I surprised myself by unleashing a blood curdling scream that made the man on top of my cover his ears.

He took my hand and pulled me to my feet. Standing very close, he said, “Beg me to stop. Make it convincing.”

“No! No!” I wailed. “Please. Don’t-- I—get off me!”

Keeping a firm grip on my hand, he pulled me to the back door, the one he’d entered from. With his long legs, I had to scurry in my heels to keep up with him. He opened the door, put a hand on the small of my back and led me out into an alleyway, closing the door, and then said, “Come on. We don’t have much time.”

He kept holing my hand, dragging me along, running as fast as I could manage in my heels, and we ran down the alley and across the street. He pulled me out into traffic, running between onrushing cars, horns blaring, tires squealing, and I screamed for real, my heart racing, breasts heaving. A convertible Ferrari parked on the street lit up as we approached, the ignition turning over, the engine humming.

“Hey!” Someone yelled from behind us. “Stop!”

The man led me around to the passenger side and opened the door, taking my elbow and helping me slide into the seat. I looked in his eyes, smiled and said, thanks, and my heart did a little flip when he smiled back at me.

I heard popping sounds, gunfire, and I screamed again. “Get down!” The man said before running around and leaping into the driver’s seat, seeming to put the car in gear and tear away from the corner in one fluid motion, grey smoke rising from the street where our tires burned against the pavement.

I kept my head down, heard a few more pops, and then the man—my body—said, “We’re clear for now. Sit up, and put your seat belt on.”

I sat up, my head racing with confusion. I didn’t know what was happening, or what I was feeling. It was like I hated this man sitting next to me, but also felt kind of like I was falling in love with him at the same time.

“What the hell is going on?” I said, the wind tossing my blonde hair.

“Put on your seat belt,” the man said, glancing at me sternly. “Now.”

It made me mad he was giving me orders, talking to me like a child, but that look in his eyes, it scared me, so I ruefully did what I was told, pulling the seat belt on, feeling weird to have the strap between my soft breasts. “Happy?” I said, crossing my arms under my breasts and pouting.

“No,” he said. “I won’t be happy until I get you to safety.”

“Can you at least tell me what the hell is going on? Who are you?”

“Don’t worry about it, babe. I’ll explain it all later.”

“Tell me now!”

“I said later.”

I huffed. “Stop treating me like a child.”

“I’m not,” he said, looking at my breasts. “I’m treating you like a woman.”

I realized I wasn’t getting anywhere with him, so I finally just decided to bide my time. Rasputin had clearly not planned on this, he’d wanted me to get—to be-- well, this felt like a rescue, so I would wait and see. I started paying attention to where we were going, getting my bearings. If I escaped, I would need to know where the hell I was.

You should have scrubbed, I told myself, annoyed. But it was too late for that now. I’d left my purse back at Wonder Bar—my phone was in there. I had no way to contact anyone for the time being. I would have to improvise.

“Oh shit,” Circe said.

I looked back and saw a black Mercedes with tinted windows. A man leaned out the window, and I saw a muzzle flash.

I ducked even as Circe barked “get down!”

The car lurched, and then she slammed in the brakes, careening in a hair pin turn. I glanced into the side mirror and saw the Mercedes following. The gunman leaning out the window being tossed around by the g-forces had no chance to get another shot off.

I instinctively grabbed Circe’s leg, clinging to her, wanting to feel safe.

We jackknifed around a corner, and another, and then Circe chuckled. We came to a straightaway. The Mercedes closed in and slammed against our bumper. I screamed. Circe chuckled. The slammed into us again, and our car

again, we fishtailed and for a moment it felt like two wheels had come off the ground, and I lifted my head, looking up and seeing that we were racing right at an orange sign that read, “Road Closed.” Behind it was a jagged pit.

“Look out!” I screamed, my hand on my cheeks.

Circe jammed her foot down on the gas pedal, accelerating toward the barricade. “Oh my God!” I shouted. “What the hell are you doing?”

“Hold on tight!” She shouted, a devil may care grin on her face.

The Mercedes sped up, and it was closing in, about to slam into us again, but then Circe jerked the wheel hard to the right, and out tires screeched as we did another hairpin turn that threw me across my seat, and would have tossed me right out of the car if it hadn’t been for my seat belt. Looking back, I saw the Mercedes barrel through the barricade, splinters flying everywhere, and then it crashed into the pit with a loud crunch, and a shower of glass shards as the windshield exploded.

We raced away from the scene, the slowed down and blended into traffic. I sat, my knees together, heart racing, and looking over at Circe with her square jaw and unshaven confidence, I felt myself get a little flush, and then looked away. She was me. I couldn’t get the hots for me own body. It was too weird.

We drove around for a time, performing evasive maneuvers, and then we pulled into a garage attached to a small bungalow, the garage door closing automatically behind us. We sat there for a moment, the engine ticking as it cooled. I brushed the hair from my face.

“Whooooo!” Circe said. “That was fun as hell.”

I smiled at her boyish enthusiasm in spite of myself. “Thanks for getting me out of there,” I said.

“Yeah,” she said, putting her hand on my knee. “Of course. It’s the least I could do after taking your body.”

I felt strange to be sitting there in a dress and heels, talking to myself, my former self, but her comment had brought me back into an awareness of my body, the weight of my breasts, the feeling of my bare little arms and round, tone legs. “So, can you switch us back?” I said.

“Actually, I can’t,” Circe answered.

“You can’t?”

“No. I didn’t make the switch.”

I swallowed. “Wait. Does that mean I’m stuck like this?”

“Probably?” Circe said.

“What the hell? Then- why? I was going to get my body back. You were going to get your body back. What the double hell was the point of this whole escape?”

“You were never getting your body back. Rasputin was going to sell you to sex traffickers. You would have ended up a sex slave for some Saudi Arabian prince. He doesn’t take kindly to assassins.”

I thought about what she said. It seemed plausible, maybe even likely, that Rasputin intended some double-cross. But then-- “How are you involved? Who are you? The way you drive? The way you handle yourself?”

Circe smiled. “Clever girl,” she said. “I am a KGB agent. As to how I was involved? Well, my cover name when I came here was Peter Handel.”

“Peter?” I nodded. “Shit. He stole your body, too.”

“Yes, and the only way I could get out of it, could be back to being a man, was to lure you into Rasputin’s trap.” He got out of the car, then came around and helped me out.

“You don’t have to treat me like a woman,” I said and Peter put his hand on the small of my back and ushered me toward the door. He didn’t answer.

We entered the house. It was tasteful and cozy, with a distinctly safe house vibe. Peter pulled me to him and kissed me, hard on the lips. ‘I’m so glad you’re safe,’ he said. “I would hate myself if any harm had come to you.”

I had so many questions, but he smothered them with kiss after kiss, and in my feminine gratitude to him for saving me, protecting me, caring about me, I lifted one leg and began to rub it against his. He reached down and pulled up my dress, cupping my bare ass cheek, and I pressed my breasts against his chest, and started climbing him, kissing, feeling his strong muscled body, forgetting that I was a man, and that this was my body I was kissing and grinding against, and he picked me up, sending a little thrill through my slender frame, and then he lay me on my back and climbed onto me. I felt his member hard and throbbing against my belly, and I spread my legs, grabbing his shirt and tearing it open, burying my fingers in his chest hair. “Fuck me,” I heard myself plead in

my little voice.

He did, slamming into me hard, again and again. We slid across the floor with each thrust, and soon my head was banging against the wall as I cried out in ecstasy, my body humming and popping as I orgasmed and he popped off, filling me with something hot and wet and deliciously sticky.

He rolled off onto his back, staring at the floor. “Wow,” I said, pushing myself up so I could sit with my back to the wall. “That was amazing.”

He grunted, then said, “That was my first time as a man in a long time.”

“That was my first time with a man,” I said.

“Was it good for you?”

“Um, yeah,” I said. “I didn’t think I would like it.”

“It’s your conditioning. You’re a bitch now.”

The b word stung, but I bit my lip. I ran my fingers through my hair. It was as tangled as my thoughts, my feelings. “I still don’t understand why you staged the great escape.”

“Listen,” he said, putting his hands on my hips, looking down into my eyes. “I have to go back out and take care of some things. I promise I will explain all of this as soon as I have time.”

“Go back out? But, what am I supposed to do?”

“Just stay out of trouble,” he said. “I need you to trust me. Can you do that for me, babe?”

I bit my lip and nodded. He kissed me on the forehead. Got up and zipped up his pants. “You are one sexy little female,” he said.

I started to tell him he didn’t need to treat me like a woman, but he was already out the door before I could finish. Besides, I thought, pulling up my panties, it wouldn’t mean much given what I’d just begged him to do to me.

I stood there in the kitchen for a few minutes, just considering, trying to process everything that had happened. The house was quiet. Outside, I could hear the crashing of waves, the ocean breeze. I hugged myself, feeling suddenly very alone, and very vulnerable. I went and locked the door to the garage, and then went around the house drawing the curtains, making sure every window and door was locked. Finally, feeling as secure as possible, exhaustion began to

overtake me. I slipped out of my heels and my dress, and crawled into a bed upstairs in what I took to be a guest room, drifting off to sleep the moment my head hit the pillow.

Part IV

In my dreams that night, I found myself running down a long, dark hallway. Cinderblock, it had dirty green, peeling paint, and flickering lights. My heels clicked frantically as I ran, and I when I glanced back over my shoulder I saw HIM. He was huge—tall and square bodied, with massive arms and legs, and a huge bald head that glistened eerily in the lurid green light.

He ran after me, and in his hands he held a length of dirty, tattered rope.

“No... no,” I whimpered as I ran. “Please no!”

“I’m gonna get you, little girl,” he said in a gruff, muffled voice.

“I’m not a girl! I’m a man!” I plead, but he just laughed.

“I never saw a man with tits like yours.”

My breasts were heaving, my lungs burning. I came to a corner and trying to race around it, I felt one of my heels snap, and my ankle rolled, and I fell to the ground. By the time I rolled over the bald man had cornered me, and I looked up at him in terror, pushing myself back, sliding across the floor on my bare butt. He was so big and strong, and I was just a helpless little female.

He held the rope in both hands, snapping it as he stalked toward me.

“Pretty girl wonders why, pretty girl is gonna die!”

“I’m not a girl,” I said, shaking my head side to side. “I’m a man. I swear it.”

The bald man laughed out loud now and he grabbed a fist full of my long hair. “That just makes this all the more fun for me.”

He lifted me off the floor by my hair, and as I kicked and screamed he began to wrap the rope around my neck, but then suddenly I heard him grunt, and I dropped to the floor, clawing at the rope, pulling it from my neck. Looking up, I saw Peter! He’d put the big oaf into a choke hold, and then as the big ape tried to wrench free, Peter slammed his fists into the man’s kidneys, again and again, and the big man’s eyes bulged, and his tongue lolled from his mouth, and he collapsed. Peter is such a badass, I thought, watching.

Peter kicked the bald man and then laughed, smiling down at me.

“Bambi!”

“Peter!” I shouted.

He grabbed my hand and pulled me to my feet, pulling my body against his, hugging me tight, our mouths meeting in a kiss. The next thing I knew, I was on my back and he was on top of me, and I stared up at my man, dreamy and in love, and he took me, and he made me happy to be his woman.

I woke up in the morning, terrified as I found myself a woman, and in a strange room. I sat up, staring down at my full breasts, straining against my little lace bra, and it all came back to me. I put my hands to my smooth cheeks, closed my eyes, and opened them to see those soft breasts still swelling on my chest.

It had all been real. “Peter?” I called in my small voice. “Peter?”

No answer. The house was quiet. I could hear the ocean, and the squawking of seagulls.

My stomach grumbled, so I got up and made my way downstairs, still just in my bra and panties, and I found some cereal in the cupboard, Special K, so I grabbed some milk from the freezer and ate. Seeing the lipstick on my spoon, I realized I had forgotten to clean my face before I went to bed. Shit. I hoped I wasn't going to break out. It was then that I finally faced the fact that I needed to pee. I went to the bathroom and looked down at the toilet. Damn. I was going to have to sit to pee now. Just like them.

I slipped my panties down to my knees and sat on the toilet, knees together, and then let it happen, feeling myself flush with shame. Being able to stand while peeing had always been such a marker of being male, something that made us better than girls, and now I was one of them, sitting to pee, and it forced me once more to consider what I'd become, what I'd lost, what I might be trapped as for the rest of my life.

I wiped myself feeling awkward and clumsy and grossly female, and then I went upstairs, showered and then, looking at the slinky little black dress on the floor, wondered what if there were any more clothes around here for me to wear. I checked the closet and saw dresses, skirts and blouses. In the dresser I found bras and panties. I needed a bra with these jugs of mine, and I fought off the urge to put on something sexy and lacy that would surely please Peter-- obviously the conditioning I'd been subjected to—and put on a practical sports bra instead. There were leggings and shorts and some tank tops and t-shirts, but the ones I tried on all hugged my curves, and as much as the new, feminine part

of me longed to show her hot body off to the world, I found myself determined to re-establish my own identity.

Maybe Peter had something? I went to the master bedroom and searched through the drawers, slipping into a pair of baggy, drawstring shorts that hung down past my knees and a t-shirt that read Fosters that couldn't hide my boobs, but at least didn't cling to them. I felt dizzy, and conflicting feelings battled in my mind. One part of me felt comfortable once more dressed as a man, and strong in that I had battled against the urge to dress sexy, but another part of me felt awkward and ashamed, and once more a false memory had fought its way to my consciousness-- my father, looking pretty, perfectly groomed and dressed, in a pleated skirt and a silk blouse, touching up his lipstick. I was sitting on the bed, watching, and he met my eyes in the mirror. "Remember," he said. "A man always has to look her best. Pretty boys are happy girls."

I knew that had never happened. My father had never said that. She'd never—I mean, he'd never worn lipstick in his life. But even still, I had to force myself to go downstairs without at least a little eyeliner and foundation, fighting off this sense that my lack of femininity was a disappointment to my dad.

I looked at the time. 10:11. I wondered where Peter had gone? How long would he be away? He'd told me to stay here and stay out of trouble, and he knew best. I could trust him. He'd rescued me, after all, and had refused to perv out on me back at Rasputin's. I looked around the kitchen, and seeing my cereal bowl in the sink I thought—maybe I should tidy up? Clean the place up, show Peter how grateful I was that he was taking care of me?

I saw an apron hanging from a closet handle, and smiling I slipped it on, then did the dishes, and swept. I was just finishing mopping the kitchen floor, when I decided I really should put on something pretty. I mean, how ungrateful would I seem if he came home and found me dressed like a boy?

I stopped and looked at the mop in my hands. What the hell was going on here? I was doing housework to please Peter. Thinking about getting pretty to please Peter. I was thinking of myself as his girl.

I thought about my dream, the impulse I'd had to put on a bra I thought he would find sexy. Was all of this just part of me now because I was a female and he'd rescued me?

Or was falling in love with Peter and demurring to his every whim part of some deeper mental conditioning? Was Peter not my rescuer, but a part of some

deeper plan to mold my mind to match this body?

I sat down, twisting my hair around my fingers. I couldn't trust Peter. I couldn't trust my memories. What could I trust? What did I know for sure?

I knew I had a contract to kill Rasputin. I knew I was supposed to do it tonight. I needed to get away from here. Away from Peter. I pulled up the code on my phone and looked at it again, pushing away all the static and boiling it all down to one simple thought: to be the man I was, I would have to be the woman they'd made me.

My brain glitched. I saw my father in a bikini, laying out by the pool, wearing a pair of glamorous, over-sized sunglasses. He looked so pretty, with radiant skin, his golden hair glittering in the sun. I was in the pool at his feet, bobbing up and down in the water, my bikini top tight against my flat chest, wondering when I would get my breasts, hoping I would be as pretty as my dad someday.

"You have to obey your husband," he said. "You have to keep yourself pretty for him. Please him. Look at me. I dedicate myself to my husband, and that's why I am such a happy girl. You want to be a happy girl, right?"

"No," I said, digging my long fingernails into my palms, shaking my head, the false memory vanishing like cobwebs. The pain helped me focus. I thought of my father, saw him wearing a dress, his hair up, mopping our kitchen floor. I pushed that image away, concentrated, pulled up the real image—old school flat top haircut, a Camel cigarette dangling from his mouth, a glass of whiskey in his hand. "Honor, courage, endurance," he said in a gravelly voice. "Stick to the code, and you'll always be able to look in the mirror and respect the man you see there."

I hooked my hair behind my ear, adjusted my bra straps. I felt like my mind was clearing, the conditioning breaking up, fading away, and I felt like I was myself, coming back into my body, and this was my body now, and it would be, and I no longer felt afraid or ashamed of being a woman, because I was a real man. I would leave. I would kill Rasputin, and then I would go back to the agency and face them with my chin held high.

Shit.

I heard a humming noise, and the sound of the garage door opening. Oh, no! Peter was home. Shit! Shit. Shit. I didn't want him to see me like this—

because it might tip him off that I had managed to shake off the conditioning, but it was too late to change. I grabbed a pair of earbuds and a phone, then went back to mopping, turning my back to the door. When I heard the door open, I belt over the mop a little deeper and shook my ass.

“Bambi?”

I pretended I didn’t hear him. I felt his hands on my hips, and he pressed his groin against me.

“Oh!” I said, jumping as if scared, pulling the earbuds out. I turned to face Peter, tilting my head back so I could look up at him. “I didn’t hear you come in.”

“The kitchen looks great,” he said, giving me a quick kiss. I had to pretend I was still under their conditioning and welcomed the kiss, hugging him back, running my hands over his firm back.

“I just wanted, um, to kind of show you how much I appreciate you rescuing me.”

“Oh, you didn’t have to go to the trouble.”

“I wanted to,” I said.

He put his hands on my plump ass and squeezed. I hated being held by him, fondled like I was a piece of his property, especially now that I knew he was part of this whole plan, but I was trained to work under cover, and I didn’t let any of my revolted feelings show, instead leaning into him, playing the part of the pliant little woman.

“Oh,” I said. “I look terrible. Let me go upstairs and change.”

“Don’t be long,” Peter said, brushing his hand across my cheek.

“I won’t be. I promise,” I said, slipping from his arms. He slapped me on the ass as I hurried upstairs.

Dick, I thought. I slipped into a pretty house dress with a floral pattern, quickly did some light make-up. I found sleeping pills in the cabinet and slipped them into my bra, then put on a pair of heels, draped some pearls around my neck, and I looked in the mirror, smiling. I puckered my lips. Blew myself a kiss, then headed downstairs.

Peter sat on the couch smoking, a ring of grey smoke around his head. He glanced at me as I came down the stairs, his eyes lingering on my legs

appreciatively. “How about fixing me a drink, babe?” He said.

“Of course, dear,” I chirped back, thinking-- way to hand me the gun.

The bar was along the wall behind him, but I still worked as subtly as I could slipping the sleeping pills into his drink and stirring until they had dissolved. I handed him the drink, smoothing my dress under me and sitting next to him, our legs touching, staring up at him, letting my face beam with feminine admiration. “Thanks again for rescuing me,” I said.

“You look really cute in that dress,” he said, taking a big gulp of his drink. He looked at the glass, eyes narrowing, and my heart skipped a beat.

“Thanks, I said, and I put my hand on his junk, squeezing. “You want to get me out of it?”

He smiled, then he kind of shrugged and took another gulp. “I’d kind of like to fuck you in that dress. Your heels. It turns me on to see you dressed so pretty, such a sweet, feminine woman.”

“My father always told me a girl had to please her man,” I lied, smiling, squeezing his stiffening junk. I felt myself getting wet, but I didn’t care. A man has to do what he has to do, and I kept working his junk, happy to distract him, cloud his brain. Men. So weak.

I squeezed his bicep. “You think you’re strong enough to carry me upstairs?”

“Little girl,” he said, finishing his drink and slamming the rocks glass on the end table. “I could carry you half way to California.” He slipped one arm under my knees, and lifted me up, cradling me like a child. I felt so light, and I giggled, throwing my arms around his neck, kissing him on the cheek, totally playing the girl. “You’re so strong!”

He grunted and carried me up the stairs, stopping once and wobbling woozily. I felt scared. The pills were kicking in, but he rallied and made it to the bedroom, tossing me onto the bed. I looked up at him, pulling up the hem of my dress, up and up to reveal my wet panties. But he shook his head, plopping down on the bed next to me, and he nodded toward his groin. “Let’s see what you can do with those big, soft lips of yours.”

Shit. I looked at the tent in his pants. I felt my stomach roll, but smiled and licked my lips. I undid his belt and his pants, pulled down his underwear, and his member popped out, sticking straight up in the air. His member. It was

mine. This was my body, and my dick. I had never seen it from this angle, obviously. The thought of putting me in my mouth revolted me. Endurance. Courage. A man does what she has to do. I glanced up at Pete, hoping to see him passed out, but why his eyes were glassy and distant, he looked at me, eyes glittering with anticipation. “It’s not so bad, babe,” he said. “I had to do it when I was a woman.”

I winked, opened my mouth and took him into me, feeling the ridges of his member against my hot, wet tongue. I started bobbing up and down, as woman had done on me so many times, and I just thought courage, endurance, courage, endurance, a man does what he has to do as I went up and down on his dick, and then he grunted, and he popped off and I felt him cumming into my mouth, the spunk hot and sticky, and I started to gag, wanting to pull off, but he put his hands on my head, holding him down, forcing me to keep him in my mouth, and as my mouth filled I finally swallowed, feeling his j slide down my throat and settle into my stomach.

I had just given myself a blow job. How did I feel? I felt like a badass. I had done what I needed to do, and as I sat up, pulling my hair back from my face, wiping some jizz that was leaking out of the corner of my mouth, I knew my father would be proud of me for being a real man.

Pete snored. I went in the bathroom and quickly gargled some Listerine, then dried myself and changed into a fresh pair of panties. Then, I went back into the bedroom and tied Pete to the bed, spread eagle, and ripping open his shirt, I took a tube of lipstick and wrote—BITCH in big letters, but she may have been a male, but I was the real man.

The ocean breeze tossed my pony tail. I crouched on the roof of Convention Hall, Rasputin in my sights. Not the body double, but the actual Rasputin, who stupidly had chosen to stand on the boardwalk and watch his own assassination. I’d used my big, soft lips to get one of his body guards to tell me all about it. It was really easy to get men to talk now that I was such a sweet piece of ass.

How dumb of Rasputin to give me body that was a weapon.

A fully orchestrated version of The Star-Spangled Banner began to blare over the sound system, trumpets blaring, cymbals crashing. I watched as a rocket rose from a barge on the ocean, then exploded into a flower of white that

cascaded back down to the water. The body double slumped over, I saw Rasputin grin, and then I watched as his head exploded in a cloud of blood and bone.

I walked away, found myself downstairs, vanished into the crowd. Pulling a cigarette from my pack of Virginia Slims, I put it between my lips. Before I'd taken two steps a guy offered me a light. I gave him a wink and a smile, shook my ass as I walked away into the night.

I felt my thong riding up between my ass cheeks, and my panties were getting twisted into the lips of my vagina. I didn't bother with it. Not at all. The feeling of my panties riding into my cracks reminded me I was man. A man who did what she had to do, who paid the price she had to pay to live by her code.

Courage. Honor. Endurance. I had all that, and in spades. I could look at my pretty face in the mirror and know I was a real man, and my father would be proud of me. Now? I figured I'd go dancing, maybe meet some guy, and then in the morning I would report back to the office and start searching for a way to get my body back.

Epilogue: Two Months Later

The timer wound down to zero. The little digital readout on the pregnancy tester began to flash the word: Congratulations. It's a boy! Sobs wracked my body, and I squeezed my eyes shut against the tears, against the pain. I was pregnant with my own baby, the child of the woman who'd stolen my body. I was his father and his mother.

What would I do? I really had no choice. I had to keep the baby.

My code as a man demanded I see my pregnancy to term. I dried my tears, pulled up my panties, and throwing my shoulders back, thrusting my breasts out proudly, I determined that I would be the best mother a man could be. I would spend the next months nurturing my baby as he grew in my womb, eating what a good mommy ate, doing what a good mommy did, and then I would give birth to my son, and I suckle him, love him, raise him to be a man.

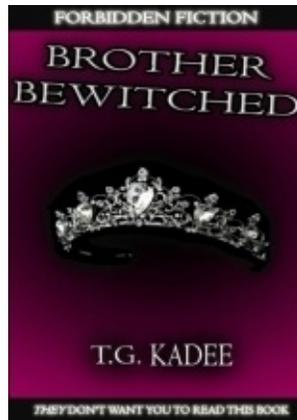
I would make my father proud. I would be the best mother a man could be.

End

If you liked this book...

Please take the time to write a review! I do read them all, and I even respond to most of them.

Also, check out my author page. T.G. Cooper is the name, and I have a lot of awesome TG books for sale on Amazon! I even post free stuff sometimes, so be sure to follow me on Amazon for all the updates, or check out my blog genderfluidnews.com



I am hyping this book

It's a very good story of sibling rivalry and gender transformation. Think Game of Thrones meets Freaky Friday. When Serren's sister decides she's tired of him getting more attention and praise just because he's a boy, she decides to turn him into a girl! This is a full length novel, and the gender swap has sooooo much impact and drama because of the set up and character development, I am sure it will blow your mind!!!!!!