

Deadly Makeover

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

1965. The cold war is at its peak. Both the United States and the Soviet Union are heavily engaged in a dangerous, high-stakes game of espionage for the future of mankind. A game with no clear rules and no fair play. A war in the shadows.

Moscow, 20:00 local time. In the vast, dark room of operations, around a huge, round table that emanates light from a smaller circle in its center, sit about a few select silent, shadowy figures. Four military leaders, with plenty of medals and honors on their chest and shoulders. Three black-suited heads of the KGB. A couple of high-ranked politicians, advisor's to the head secretary, and a couple of more department heads. Everyone's body language appears to be nervous, troubled.

"Any updates, gentlemen?" a middle-aged, chubby man, the head secretary of the communist party spoke in a serious tone, rubbing his greying temple. "The nuclear program is progressing as planned, sir" the lead general's heavy, raspy voice was heard from the shadows, his multiple medals catching some of the dim light. As soon as he spoke, the huge screen behind him flashed with a map of all of the nuclear bases of the regime and their level of power.

"Very well, and what about our espionage work?" the room's leader then turned to another figure, a skinny, old, bald man. "Things remain problematic mister secretary. As you already know, our most... useful agent in the States, Miss Vladimirovna, was compromised three months ago", the head of the KGB spoke, as the projection on the screen changed to reveal the face of a beautiful woman with a look in her eyes that could kill just as easily as her hands. She had pitch-black hair in a straight bob which reached just underneath her chin. Her bright, green eyes and seductive red lips which formed into a mischievous smile told only half the story of her "infiltrating" skills. The black-and-white photograph did not display them in their full glory, but it made little difference. A list of the woman's personal details and past accolades was displayed next to her photograph.

Her achievement looked already plentiful, despite her youth, which was betrayed on her info sheet. Her date of birth: April 12th, 1935. She had just turned 30 years old. "She managed to flee the U.S before

capture and reach us, but her identity has been made public and a warrant with a bounty of a million dollars has been placed on her person”, the shadowed man continued.

“This is troublesome. Our other agents have not infiltrated that deep into the CIA, and with her a wanted criminal, she’s as good as useless to us”, the secretary exclaimed what everyone already knew very well. Multiple nods were made all around the table.

Just then, the large telephone on the right side of the secretary rang with a loud, characteristic sound. The man answered it, a bit worried. Nobody calls in the middle of this high-priority meeting, unless something big has happened. “Sir, i request immediate audience in the room of operations. An infiltrating spy has been discovered!” the agent spoke urgently on the other side of the line. “Request granted...” the man was taken aback by the news as he closed the phone.

Moments later, the big double-sided doors of the room swung open, and two bulky agents burst inside, dragging a young woman by each arm. She was heavily restrained, her wrists cuffed behind her back and her ankles shackled. She was also gagged with a head harness that featured a leather panel gag. The beautiful 28-year-old woman wasn’t giving her captors too much trouble besides the occasional shoulder shake, probably because she knew her chances of escaping were slim.

She had long, slightly wavy, blonde hair which had a hue of red. They gracefully fell down to her chest. She had gorgeous blue eyes that could turn a mission from a bust to a success. She was wearing a white, collared shirt, buttoned up to the second-to-last button, the long sleeves rolled up half-way, along with a beige pair of skin-tight pants and brown, calf-high boots which slid across the floor as she was pulled along. Her clothes had a feisty, almost masculine air to them that contrasted hard with her very feminine, curvy and slender form.

The round table turned its attention to the woman everybody knew for years by the name Maria-Elena Vasileva. But her real name, as it had been discovered in the past hour, was Marilyn Hellingway. And she wasn’t from Stalingrad as her passport read, but from Massachusetts. She had been caught red-handed communicating with an American informant. Her house was raided to reveal all kinds of treasonous machinations. She was an American spy!

“I see...” the head secretary spoke as the feisty-looking girl’s knees were kick-buckled and she was pushed down to kneel in front of him. She was eyeing everyone with an untamed, defiant look, despite her obviously helpless state. “Well, it’s a shame. Schedule her execution at the earliest convenience” the man ordered, while his eyes scanned through photos and documents with overwhelming evidence

found against the woman. This seemed like a pretty open-and-shut case. Who knows how much entailed out towards their enemies, but at last the leak had stopped.

“Wait...”, a rarely heard voice cut through the air, as the agents were pulling the blonde captive up, ready to depart. It was rather high-pitched and nasal, eccentric one could say. The man this voice belonged to stood up from his seat, the abundant darkness in the room still masking his face. Then, as he started walking towards the caught spy, his form slowly came to light. Unlike all the suited and medal-covered individuals in this room, he was wearing a white lab coat and long, black latex gloves up to the elbow. Some weird, round goggle-glasses obscured his eyes. The grey hairs on his balding head were flying all over the place. “Maybe this is a blessing in disguise” the man, appearing as kooky as he sounded, spoke with a slow, slithering, excited tone, as if an idea was blossoming in his head with each word he spoke.

Dr. Lunatof was the head of the party’s secret laboratory. Few knew what obscene experiments were taking place down there, and even fewer wanted to know.

“There could be a way to use Miss...Hellingway to our benefit, in a way that could also activate Miss Vladimironva”, the kooky scientist addressed the room. The bound and gagged woman furrowed an eyebrow, puzzled as the rest of the room. She had made peace with the fact she was heading for a backyard shooting practice. “Go on...” the secretary replied, hiding his increased intrigue.

It didn't take long for Miss Marilyn to find herself strapped down on the "operating chair", inside Dr. Lunatof's secret lab. Her clothes were all missing from her body, neatly folded on a desk; a result of an urgent request at gunpoint. Her seat looked like a typical dentist chair, discounting the many leather straps springing from its sides, which were currently earning their living by holding the furious spy down. The young woman's wrists, arms, ankles and thighs were rendered immobile by them, as were the woman's midriff, her perky chest and her neck. A final strap went over her forehead, keeping her head pinned on the headrest.

The woman's angry defiant struggles made the whole chair shake lightly in a metallic ruckus. Her moans were muffled not by the panel gag she was wearing earlier, but with a clear, thin strip of special tape, which had been fixed over her juicy, red lips. Despite the much subtler look, it was still preventing her from speaking, her protests treated like white noise. The apprehended American cursed and shouted her way into absolutely no response.

"I'm going to have to ask you to depart. Only medical personnel are allowed in my laboratory", the Dr. addressed the three Russian henchmen. "And you, too, Mister Secretary..." the man added to his surprised boss. "But...I have to oversee...the process" the definitely not medically trained man tried to make his very weak case. "I'm sorry sir, but you have to trust me. I've been working on this technology for quite some time. It'll make the great nation of Russia proud", the zany man replied with a really wide smile.

Dr. Lunatof's lab looked straight out of a horror movie. Fluorescent, liquids of green, purple and red colors were ominously bubbling inside glass vials. Other clear glass vases with various body parts of any imaginable species were in full display in the many shelves of the room. On his desk, a mess of disorganized papers, scattered all over. Many, many dusty, science books were covering the walls of this lab, some with visible rodent bite-marks.

Marilyn could not move her head at all, tightly strapped down on the chair. As she nervously scanned the room with her eyes, she found nothing that could be interpreted as a good sign. This place was giving her the chills.

Only the doctor and his two nurses, two light-blond women with identically cold, emotionless eyes, were left in the room to get to work. "Hm, what an exquisite human specimen...indeed!" Dr. Lunatof commented on the sight of the naked American laying on his medical chair, as he shifted his own wheeled chair to inspect closer. Marilyn felt his gaze "burn" on her exposed skin through his large, round goggles that obscured his eyes, even though his examining look was more akin to scientific wonder than lust.

Just then, the laboratory's door swung open, and in walked a breath-taking woman, in more ways than one. She had the air of a thousand cardinals, dressed in a white and light-brown, lynx fur coat. The colors seamlessly blended together along with the faintest dark spots of the animal's hide. It looked soooo puffy and warm and soft to the touch, swaying back and forth with every step. On the woman's dark, straight, bob-cut hair was a large, fur hat of matching print as her coat. Who knows? It might even belong to the same animal. The tall heels of her black, knee-high boots clicked with raw confidence, a smile was painted on her blood-red lips.

"Hm, not that bad...I can live with that face", she said as she laid eyes at her distressed, former co-worker. Marilyn returned the woman's gaze with one full of hatred, her blue eyes speaking volumes, working overtime for her lips, which were forced pursed and sealed by the clear tape. The two women had interacted scarcely in the agency. They never really got along, almost as if the KGB had room for only one hottie spy.

"Welcome, Miss Natasha! What a pleasure to see you again, my love", the scientist greeted Miss Vladimirovna. The woman took off her furry hat and tossed it with grace at a nearby table. She unbuttoned her coat to reveal a gorgeous bodycon dress of a dark-green color underneath. The Russian woman proceeded to take a comfy seat in a similar chair to the one Marilyn was restrained on, though no straps would be needed for her. This would be a double operation, but one subject was much more willing to participate than the other. Natasha seductively crossed her legs, which were covered by some seductive, thigh-high, black stockings. The motion caused her skimpy dress, which normally ended at the middle of her juicy thighs, to ride up just a tad, revealing a bit more. She still kept her fur-coat on, though. She loved the caressing feeling it offered her body.

This was not the spy's favorite turn of events, but ever since her cover was blown in the states, her spying career, as well as her life, was very much at stake. The Russian Agency would rather "dispose" of a liability than let her roam around free. So, this was very much a pleasant turn of events for the pretty, Russian spy.

Dr. Lunatof's plan sounded crazy at first, but with his rigorous research in chemistry and biology, it was more than plausible. The two women would undergo a face-transformation, with one taking over the identity of the other. But they have to act fast; the CIA must not be alarmed to their agent's capture. Any prolonged radio silence would be suspicious.

Both nurses, clad in their white outfits, with skirts arguably a little too short and heels a tad too tall, move on either side of the American and Russian spies. Their faces were covered with surgical masks, and white, cute nurse caps with the classic red cross were on their heads. They wore red, latex gloves that, just like the doctor's, reached above their elbows.

Marilyn started shifting in the minimum free space available to her, nervously pulling at the straps that kept her wrapped in the operating chair, while Natasha simply tilted her head back and relaxed, with her long, beautiful legs crossed and her hands nesting on her lap, her fingers, with perfectly red, manicured nails, interlocked.

“Hold still, please”, both nurses politely asked, as they started methodically plastering a thick, grey and brown paste on the two women’s faces. The concoction glistened under the overhead, operating lights attached to the chair. “MMMMMMMMmmmmgggg!” Marilyn screamed into her clear tape-gag and thrashed desperately in place, though none of these attempts were an obstacle to the nurse’s work. Half the Caucasian girl’s face was already covered with this plaster-like mud, her mouth and her nose following. With her hands trapped to her sides, the young woman’s rage-trembling, balled up fists were totally ineffectual.

Next to her, Natasha appeared to be enjoying a beauty spa, relaxing patiently as the nurse worked on her. Seconds later, the women’s ears were plugged with earplugs, so that their ears could also be perfectly covered in this shiny mud.

“Close your eyes, please”, the nurses said in a deadpan unison, though only one “patient” was cooperative. Marilyn saw two perfectly transparent, square pieces of tape approach her widened eyes. They looked just like the tape strip currently making her keep her protests to herself. They were thinner than paper, but durable like the real thing. “NNNNgggh!!!” she pleaded, but the nurse softly pressed them over each eyelid. Just like with the shape of her lips, her eyelids also needed to be replicated perfectly. The mold wouldn’t harden well on fidgeting body parts.

Inch by inch, Marilyn’s face was covered from ear to ear and from chin to forehead with the bizarre plaster, with only two small nostril holes ensuring she didn’t suffocate. “How’s everything coming along?” Dr. Lunatof stepped in with his characteristic ear to ear smile, fully excited to check in the proceedings. “Very well, sir”, both nurses replied in a duet. “Good...wait 30 minutes for the mold to set, then proceed”, he ordered them as he stepped over to his beloved Natasha. “Everything alright, my love?” he asked, receiving two thumbs up from the currently faceless, cross-legged woman.

“And here?” he turned over to his other subject. The blonde American renewed her struggling once she sensed the man’s presence close to her. “Don’t fret, my dear”, he creepily caressed her neck with his latex-gloved fingers. The blinded spy-girl flinched as much as her forehead strap allowed and let out a scared whimper. “You’ll be part of a groundbreaking scientific achievement, all in service to Mother Russia” he concluded, talking to himself more than anyone around him.

30 minutes later, the nurses carefully removed the paste from their captive's face, which had hardened into a solid mold of the women's face. This would be used not only to trace even the subtlest features of the two spies, but also to craft the inner surface of the masks. Any slight marks that the hair-thin tape left in the mold, would be shaved off with ease.

Marilyn's eyes were freed from the clear tape, though the one on her mouth remained, primarily to preserve everyone's peace in the lab. "Tsk, tsk, and I just got a haircut last week..." Natasha joked as she saw the nurses approach both spies holding some chunky electric hair trimmers. The sight caused the blonde American spy to renew her struggling, but with her forehead strapped down tightly, the nurse had no problem plugging the things' large cord into the socket and flicking the switch on. It started buzzing with a wiring, brain-penetrating sound. "NNNgg....nggg...nnnnnnnnnn!" the young woman protested, but the nurse did not seize her work, placing the trimmer on the tip of her sunny-red hairline and combing it through the spy's goldilocks. With each swiping motion, big chunks of hair fell to the floor, until Marilyn was as bald as an American eagle.

Marilyn did not like her new head-shaved look, but she had no say in the matter. After sulking in her bonds for a little while, she saw the eccentric doctor approach her again. He was holding a metal placeholder with what looked like a mask on the top. As the man took a seat next to his chair-ridden patient, Marilyn could see clearer that the mask had perfectly obtained her features: From the straight bridge of her nose and the shapes of her eyes and eyebrows, to the round angles of her head, her full lips and her soft jawline. Save from the color, which was the same dull, brown/grey from earlier, everything looked identical like a mirror.

"I know that this white coat and these mean scalpels and medical drills around me give the impression of a scientist..." the doctor addressed his American captive. "But I prefer to consider myself first and foremost, an artist..." he said as he took a hold of a metallic, pointy device, appearing oddly like a dentist's drill, though it had some color-filled vial attached to the bottom, much like a tattoo gun.

"I think I nailed it first try, right Natasha?" the doctor spoke, as his device started spraying a light, skin-toned color on the mask. "It's pretty spot on" the Russian came and stood right next to the mask of Marilyn's face. It was a good thing Natasha and Marilyn shared similar shades of skin tone. But in order to nullify any differences in color between the women's mask and bodies, the doctor opted to paint each mask the same skin hue as the wearer's body tone. That way no one would be able to discern the difference.

The gagged girl watched with a worrying amazement, as her face continued to be replicated with more and more accuracy, right before her eyes. Dr. Lunatof was using her likeness as a reference, to get just the right shade of pink for her alluring lips, and to fill in the tiniest moles and the slightest imperfections of her face. Everyone has these, after all, even a belle like Marilyn.

After a few minutes of delicate work, the spy's mask was ready. Marilyn saw the nurses bring out something that intensified her worry. It was a human scalp, essentially what was missing from turning the woman's face mask into a full-on encasing hood. The eerie, still uncolored item had some very real – albeit colorless- human hair on it, which had been shaped to much the spy's exact haircut. "I'm not so handy with the scissors as I'd like to, so my nurses took care of the hairstyling portion of your mask", Dr. Lunatof casually explained to his strapped down patient, who only watched him with a deathly look.

The man sprayed the thin exterior of the scalp with the same color as the face-mask, then took out a precise blonde-color and painted Marilyn's hair to a perfect match. The semblance in both parts of this creation was uncanny.

The doctor then moved over to his Russian friend, to perfect the replica of her own face. They were chatting throughout this as if there was nothing abnormal in what was taking place, leaving Marilyn to ponder her dubious fate. A few minutes later, Natasha could also marvel at a mask indistinguishable from her own face. It had everything that characterized her appearance. Her face was slim like her body, her skin-tone naturally lighter than the Caucasian bound next to her. There was a slightly wide distance between her eyes. Natasha had pronounced angles, a strong (for a girl) chin, and lovely cheek-bones. Her lips, equally mouthwatering, had a naturally red shade to them. Her pretty ear lobes were another defining feature, slightly larger than one might expect.

Everything had been perfectly mapped! Right next to that hollow mask, her straight, dark locks of hair were waiting on the skull, perfectly cut in the woman's favorite bob cut. "Great job!" Natasha congratulated the doctor with a dainty applause, the man responding with a small, courteous bow in his seat.

"Please, disrobe" the nurse asked of Natasha, holding her hands out to pick the spy's clothing. "Well, buy me a drink first" the dark-haired woman winked at the emotionless nurse, while standing up and letting her gorgeous fur coat slip down her shoulders. Her dress and heels were next, followed by her nylon stockings and her matching dark underwear.

"Would you come over, my love", the scientist then affectionately called the naked woman, who happily obliged him. He inspected her exposed body. "And what vile creature did this to you?" he said as his

hand, covered with black latex gloves that run all the way above his elbows, traced a pretty mean scar on the girl's ribs, a few inches long. "Stab wound, China, 1962" was the woman's simple reply. She was no stranger to hand-to-hand combat. That slip-up could have cost her life. She was lucky.

"And this?" he pointed rather platonically to a little discoloration on the woman's right breast. It was whiter than the rest of her body, shaped like a half-moon. "Birthmark, Moscow, 1935" she replied with a tease. "Well we need to replicate these, if you'd be so kind to model them for me", the older man said as he started painting Natasha's scar onto Marilyn's ribs. He was an artist now, alright!

When the procedure was done, Marilyn had a new scar on her ribs and a cute, half-moon shape mole on her right breast. The doctor then "wiped off" any off Marilyn's characteristic marks, like a couple of cute moles and an actual bullet wound next to her belly-button. All were convincingly painted over with skin-colored, irremovable paint.

Some similarities worked in the doctor's favor, like the fact that the two spies had only a centimeter of height difference between them, or that they had similarly shaped, beautiful B-cups.

Natasha followed next, the doctor replicating Marilyn's body marks on the Russian's naked body, while removing her stabbing scar and birthmark. Both women had now exchanged some rather apparent identifiers on their bodies.

The most crucial part of the procedure was underway as the two nurses undid the strap on Marilyn's forehead. It was in the way for what would take place next. The ginger-blond spy then saw the nurses begin to apply a weird, transparent glue-like liquid, all over her pretty face and bald head, slathering it meticulously with paint-brushes. "MMMMGGnnn!" the hairless girl moaned once again at this indignity. The solution slightly burned, though this was the least of the young spy's worries.

The nurses then brought in front of their bound patient the finished product of her transformation. One nurse holding a mask of a spotlessly accurate depiction of Miss Vladimirovna's face, the other holding the back-end of the same woman's head, with a lovely set of dark, bob-cut, straight hair down to chin-length. Both halves of the mask were very delicate and thin, as to not mess with the head's proportions.

With a zip, the woman's mouth was freed from the tape. "GET OFF ME YOU TWISTED COMMIE SCUMoooooooooh..." the woman's long-awaited, angry rat was undercut by a needle that pierced her neck, injecting her with a menacing, green liquid. It contained a muscle relaxant that traveled through the inner workings of her face, paralyzing them, as well as another mysterious ingredient. The woman's mouth was left to slightly droop open, her cheeks unable to nor smile neither frown, her brows unable

to fur, her jaw ineffectual. Marilyn thought she was asphyxiating, feeling as if her throat was closing by the drug injected to it. But with the muscle relaxant quickly going to work, she could only widen her eyes and let out labored rattles.

Marilyn's eyes darted all around her surroundings, watching the nurses work on her. The emotions these eyes expressed heavily contrasted her dead-faced expression. She saw the mask being brought right in front of her face, its holes the only window to the nurse holding it. Then the mask was pressed against the helpless woman's face, made to fit perfectly over her real one. Simultaneously, the second nurse was fitting the other half to seamlessly meet the face-mask at its edges, along the woman's hair-line and behind the ears.

All Marilyn could do throughout this was utter a faint purr, as the cold-hearted nurses softly patted the mask to perfectly "sit" on the woman's face, fixing the tiniest flaws with delicate, red latex-covered fingers. Her lips were covered with a pair of redder ones, the two nostril holes of her new nose were aligned with her own, even a new set of eyelids came to replace her own. Ears, chin, cheeks, forehead followed suit. The mask's artificial skin looked incredibly convincing, indistinguishable from the real thing. The glue/catalyst applied on the spy's face would merge the two faces together, the artificial one overwriting the real. As far as prosthetics went, there would be nothing to remove.

The nurse then opened a small case, with two contact lenses, a recent technological advance. These lenses were colored to match Natasha's alluring green eyes. Marilyn tried to shut her eyes, the only part of her body she had control over, but this was also taken from her, with a pair of metal eye-openers, which spread those pesky eyes open, long enough for the nurse to pop the lenses into the girl's eyes.

Miss Hellingway was now a spitting image of Natasha Vladimirovna. Her face, her hair, her eyes. Nothing reminded of Marilyn Hellingway, anymore. The transformed, chair-strapped spy watched through her new eyes at Dr. Lunatof looking down at her with the same hideous smile of accomplished bliss. As the living mask slowly took the place of Marilyn's face, the medical crew prepared the last part of the procedure.

30 minutes later, Miss Hellingway's voice coming back, although not as she remembered it. The woman wanted to make up for the lost time, to vocalize her displeasure with her treatment, but her voice came out deeper, different. As soon as Marilyn finished her words, her eyes widened with shock, realizing how off her voice sounded. "Oh my god", Natasha exclaimed, hearing her voice coming from the bound woman's lips. "It worked! I'm so elated!" the doctor rubbed his gloved hands. The sound that came out had a clearly different timbre to Marilyn's. "Come on honey, you can't be that upset when you

look that gorgeous..." Natasha teased her espionage colleague, who now not only shared her face, but also her voice. It was trippy, seeing her reflection on another's person.

"What did you inject me with?..." the angry spy asked her captor. "This drug has been especially designed alter your voice" Dr. Lunatof stepped into frame, thrilled with the positive results of his creation. "The drug has adheres to your vocal chords, coating them to match Miss Vladimirovna's tone and affliction of speech" the doctor explained.

The American spy was too creeped out to utter any words, now. Her voice appeared to have been substituted with that of her Russian adversary, as well as her appearance.

Before she could comprehend the true horror of this existential dread, Dr. Lunatof stood right in front of her, setting a weird camera device on a wooden tripod. It had a huge, round flash lens on the top. "Smile..." said Dr. Lunatof and before the girl could realize what was going on, a terribly bright flash engulfed her field of vision with a popping sound. Just like that, the events of the last 24 hours were wiped clean from her memory.

"Come on my love, let's finish you up" the doctor escorted Natasha back to her chair, leaving Marilyn – or rather, Natasha's clone - with a completely blank, mindless look, her irises looking foggy as she stared into nothing.

A small plane is flying over the Pacific. Its destination is not apparent, because it doesn't have one. It appears like your run-of-the-mill private airplane, which are getting very popular with millionaires around the world. But that is only a cover, for this flying vehicle actually belongs to the U.S.'s highest intelligence bureau, the CIA.

Inside the plane's passenger cabin, the attendance is small. Circumstances like these require discretion. Three men and one woman in dark suits, along with two more colorfully dressed women, both in vastly different states of mind. One, a red-blond stunner, fighting to contain a victorious smirk. The other, a femme-fatale with straight, short, black hair, currently being pinned onto one of the seats. She looked really worried about her future.

"Nooo, you don't understand, I'M Marilyn Hellingway!" the woman implored for her innocence yet again. "Oh, really?" the black, bald, sunglasses-wearing leader of this impromptu interrogation asked mockingly, while another male agent was handcuffing the woman's wrists behind the seat. "And who is that then?" he pointed with his shades towards the blond woman, standing a couple of feet from them, watching with folded arms. She was wearing a white, buttoned up, collared shirt and a pair of tight beige pants with black, calf-high boots over them. It was a classic look for Miss Hellingway.

"It has to be Vladimirovna, since i look like her she must be looking like me! Pleaaaase! You have to believe me!" the young woman searched for any set of eyes that would elicit some sympathy, Natasha's deeper voice coming out of her lips betraying her even more. All of them were cold, distrusting. This captured woman, that agent Hellingway had captured and brought to agency's authority, could not be anyone other than wanted Russian spy Natasha Vladimirovna. Everything screamed it was her; from the woman's obvious likeness to her favorite lynx-fur coat that she was apparently wearing when arrested. If this was the route of defense the spy had chosen for herself, she had a steep hill to climb.

The woman that, to the naked eye, was obviously the real Marilyn Hellingway rolled her eyes while shaking her head. "I mean... do I need to say anything?" she asked her native colleagues, in a voice that everyone recognized as Marilyn's. "Do you know when she started these claims?" another agent asked the woman he had no doubt was Marilyn. "She just started with this nonsense..." Natasha shrugged.

"This oughta jostle her memory" the female American agent, a no-bullshit redhead in her forties, placed a large battery on the floor in front of their Russian prisoner. A third agent cut through "Natasha's" dark green skin-tight dress, to reveal her chest. Another slice at her black bra and her breasts breathed a lot more freely, though the rest of her body was still dressed. The agents then took out a pair of mean-looking metal clamps that looked more like pliers. They were connected to the

battery via cables. These pliers were snapped over the woman's nipples, pinching them viciously and not letting go.

"AAAAaaaaaaaaaaaaaw, you're making a mistake! I Swear!" Marilyn squealed in pain, but continued pushing her story. It didn't look like she was selling it.

"What intel did you acquire from us?" The black, glasses-wearing agent asked in a neutral tone. He knew he'd probably have to repeat that question many times. "Please... I don't know anything about this...i...I was in Russia for the past 4 years...PLEASE!" the dark-haired, green-eyed woman told the truth, her tone more urgent as she watched the female agent's hand reach for a large round knob, which was currently at zero. The real culprit simply watched from up close.

The woman then let a long, shrieking yelp, as current streamed from the battery to her poor breasts with a turn of the dial around 1/3rd of the way. Her puffy fur coat jerked up and down along with her whole body, an instinctive reaction to the constant unbearable shock. The battery elicited a wiry, electrical sound, the sound of Marilyn's tits being cooked. The dial was lowered after a few seconds.

"Huuuuh...huuuuh...huuuuuuh..." the chair-ridden woman caught her breath, her head slumped forwards. "I'm gonna ask again, what did you find from the CIA?" the man asked again. "I said I DON'T....KNOW. I'm on your side, dammit!!!" the agents all saw the known, wanted Russian spy claim to be on their side. Another electric shock followed, paired with another convulsion from the topless woman in fur.

20 minutes have passed and nothing is different, except maybe the color on the trapped Marilyn's nipples, going from a light pink to a deep red. The shocks have definitely put the bound woman on edge, as she's fidgeting and shifting in her seat nervously, anticipating the next round. "You don't have to die for your country, Natasha. Give us the details and we might spare your life" the black man said. "I am NOT Vladimironva, I'm Hellingway!" she urged them again.

"What does that mean? Did you swap bodies or something?" the third agent, entertained the idea just to see where it leads. "I don't...know how. Last thing I remember i was in my home in Moscow, then all of a sudden I'm being tossed in a plane for the States by a woman who looks just like me!" Marilyn turned her gaze at her living reflection, who smiled sarcastically.

"Either that oooooor..." the accused, Caucasian blonde took the floor. "...I found you hiding in Moscow and arrested you" she replied. "Which is more likely?" she asked the audience. She seemed to be the voice of reason.

"Well, here we go again..." the older woman agent turned the dial again, this time half-way. The seat-tied woman's body shook uncontrollably as waves of current passed through her nipples.

An hour later, captured spy Natasha Vladimirovna is a sweaty mess and it's not because of the majestic fur hugging her arms and shoulders. Whichever movements the handcuffs allow her are slow and weak. Smoke rises from the pliers on her fried nipples. The CIA agents shake their head with every subsequent series of shocks. This fortune cookie will probably break without any messages inside.

"Check my abdomen! You'll find a bullet wound! It's from a shootout in Berlin, in 1959!" the bob-cut haired, fur wearing Russian woman addressed her interrogators. The bald, black man tore with his switchblade at her dress further, since the previous cut ended just underneath her breasts. This time his cut went all the way down, exposing the whole of the girl's midriff, as well as her black panties and the ends of her thigh-high black stocking.

"No...it can't be..." the woman looking like Natasha Vladimirovna widened her eyes in shock. There was no bullet scar in her abdomen, only a long scar from a knife attack, but that was way off to the side, at her left rib. "You mean this wound?" the double agent lifted her shirt to reveal a small, round scar, just shy of her belly-button. The bound woman was lost for words, her jaw quivering but no sound coming out.

"I think the Russians somehow meddled with this, to erase her memory and not compromise themselves" the leader of the group speculated. His partners nodded, the "real" Marilyn Hellingway included. This was a waste of time.

"NOOOOOO! THIS IS A MISTAKE! I'VE BEEN SET UP!" the topless, fur-wearing woman protested desperately as she was pulled up and off the seat and, still handcuffed was manhandled by the two male agents and brought towards the side of the plane, where "Marilyn" opened the slide door. The tall heels of the woman's knee-high, dark boots screeched on the plane floor as she kicked and flailed them in vain to pull away from the edge, the wind now fiercely blowing on her hair straight, dark hair.

"Cheerio, you commie scum..." the black agent said and the woman was pushed off the moving plane, her yelps only reaching their ears for a split second, before being lost in the whirl of the wind and the plane's engine. Her fur flattered as she traveled through the air, her stocking-covered legs kick at the sky. Her flailing, handcuffed form becoming smaller and smaller to the plane's passengers. A pretty standard incognito way to close a case.

Natasha gave out a satisfied smirk. She was finally in the clear, ready to infiltrate the CIA once again. For Mother Russia.