

GINGER SPY

SLUT



Trapped in the body of a sexy little female, macho super spy Regis Fire learns to use his wits, his tits and his sweet little ass.

Surrender
Media

Ginger Spy Slut

Her ass. That was the first thing I noticed. Round and tight. High. That impossible female combination of firm and bouncy. Then, the shocking red hair, and her pale, peach colored skin.

When I saw her on the dance floor in that little black dress shaking that sweet, perfect little heart-shaped ass of hers, I could only think about one thing: how much I wanted to fuck her. It never occurred to me to ask myself if I wanted to be her.

Oh, that's the thing. She was petite. I know that had I been given a choice, I would definitely prefer to be a taller woman. I know now I would definitely want to be a sexy girl, but a little sex-kitten?

No.

I am, or was, a 6'2" stud with a chest like a bronze shield, and the hardest thing for me in my new life has been getting used to people constantly treating me like a little girl. Or, maybe that's the second hardest thing. Getting used to giving blow jobs was the hardest thing, right?

It often occurs to me when I am on my knees, getting ready to go down on some guy as he stands there with his junk in my face, that I wish I had never gotten involved with that little ginger spy slut. That I had never become her.

Of course, I never really had a chance. The whole thing was a trap.

I was—am—a field agent in the SPD. Special Person's Department. Our mission was to pursue the world's most talented criminals, capture them and put them to work in the service of The United States Government. I had been in the field for many years, worked under dozens of names and as David Byrne once sang, changed my hair style so many times I didn't know what I looked like. Ha-ha. How ironic that turns out to be now.

My real name, given to me by my parents in another life that seems like a dream now, was Regis Fire. I know. Crazy, right? I had a name to live up to, and I did. Maryland All-State in football, basketball and baseball.

Eagle Scout. Class President. Harvard. All that, and I ended up a Vegas stripper with a tattoo on her ass that says "Enter."

I am not just any stripper, of course. I am actually the most popular girl in all... but wait.

I am getting ahead of myself.

I went to the club hunting honey. I saw her. I wanted her. I just responded to a simple biological imperative. I saw a hot piece of ass, and I went for it. And she went for me. I came up to her from behind, put my hands on her hips and started to grind. She glanced back over her shoulder, smiled at me—she obviously liked what she saw, and she lifted her ass and pushed it back, and we shook it like that on the floor for a minute before she turned around, grabbed the lapels of my shirt and pulled me down for a sudden kiss. I grabbed her and pulled her to me, feeling those big, soft breasts against my hard chest, her tongue pushing into my mouth, the smell of her perfume, and when the kiss ended and she started to move away I grabbed her tiny little wrist and pulled her back into my arms.

She looked up at me with wide, wet green eyes, and said, "You're so strong."

I took her soft little hand in mine and put another around her little waist. She reached up and felt my chest, my shoulder, smiling at the rock hard muscle she found there. I didn't realize at the time she was sizing up the body that would soon be hers. I was the man she would become, the man she would leave in her pretty little female body, all my strength and muscle replaced with soft, bouncy curves.

"Wanna dance more or just get down to business?" I said.

She rubbed her breasts against me and put her little hand to my cheek. "Slow down, stud. Buy me a drink, first."

I took her by the hand and led her to the bar, fishing my wallet out of my trousers as I waved to the bartender. She slipped the wallet from my hands and took a look at my driver's license. "You're 6' 2"?" She said, smiling prettily. "Peter? You don't look like a Peter."

I felt it. Something was wrong. She had been too quick to go for my ID. This pretty little girl was a playing me. Maybe a rival agent. Russian? I

couldn't be sure, but all my internal alarms sounded. Something wasn't right with this girl, and I started to walk away.

She saw the concern on my face and my move away and she reached down and grabbed my dick, smiling. "Vodka on the rocks," she said. "With a twist," and with that she gave me a squeeze, and my brain stopped working, and all my alarms went silent, and all I could think about was that soft white body stretched out on my bed.

We drank. Danced. Ended up back at her place. It was as girly an apartment as I had ever seen, but also classy. Like she had money. As we walked in the door she stepped out of her dress without losing her heels, and I followed that sweet little ass as she led me into the bedroom in her black lace bra and panties. Following that sweet little ass of hers, watching it sway from side to side, I wanted to take her from behind, cup those full soft breasts and bend her over.

She turned, reached up and slipped out her bra, those milky white breasts swaying free, and it was like there was a flash of darkness, and I suddenly felt frozen. She smiled and gave her shoulders a little shake, and the swaying of her breasts sent chills of pleasure through me. Another flash of darkness. She picked up a little crystal jar from the table next to her bed, and started to circle around me, wiping some sort of oily lotion on my forehead, then lips, Adam's apple.

As I watched, she took out a small palm held device and attached small suction cups to each of the areas that she anointed, and then she pressed a button and reached down to give my dick a squeeze. "Enjoy that feeling," she said with a giggle, "cause it's the last time you'll ever feel a woman's hand on your Johnson."

I wanted to ask her what the hell she was doing, saying, but no words came from my mouth.

"Get undressed," she said, and though every instinct was telling me to get out before this crazy chick started in with whatever pervy sex games she had in mind, I undressed, and then she took me by the hand and led me to the bed, and laying on her back, she said, "now get ready, sexy girl, because I am going to fuck your brains out."

I think about that time now. Often. Especially when I catch some guy checking me out. I think about my last time as a man. And my last time look at a woman from the eyes of a man. I think about that ass—high and firm and round, that soft, flat belly, those firm breasts. She lay on her back and spread her legs, and I remember flashing-- her eyes flashed with hunger, the earrings in her ears flashed from with the mass of thick, wavy hair that pooled around her sweet face, delicate necklaces around that slender neck, and bracelets, and specially a pink jewel that flashed in her belly button, and looking at her there on the back, feeling myself hard and throbbing, and so eager to climb onto that slender, soft, sweet little body and take her...

Another flash of darkness, and then I was on my back looking up at myself. Everything felt different and strange. My nipples so hard, little pin points of pleasure on top of my full breasts, my sex, all hot and wet, and fear filled me as I... she.. climbed on top of me and pinned my little arms above my head. I could feel her hard against my soft thigh. I gasped as the feeling of her hard member against my thigh filled me with a wild new need and hunger, and keeping a firm hold of my hands she took one of my nipples into her mouth and sucked and nibbled, and I moaned softly as strange female pleasure set my soft little body aflame... “No... “ I managed in my new, pretty little voice... “please...”

But she kept grinding against me, and I felt this tension and need building in my body and wept tears of shame as my body desperately ached to be entered... “No.... no...”

She started playing with one of my breasts, squeezing and kneading, while her hand slipped down between my legs and a finger slipped into my vagina... I arched my back and gasped, and she chuckled, and squeezed my breast harder, finding my clit. I lost it then, my strange new needs and wants and hungers consumed me, and just seconds after taking the shape of this young female I surrendered, and cried out, “Please...” I said, “please. Oh, God, please.”

She thrust into me, and again, and again, and my breasts bounced as she banged me, and I heard myself moaning and shrieking, just like any girl, “Oh God... oh God.... Oh my GOD!!!!”

And then I felt the pulse as she started to come, and felt the hot

liquid pour into me, and some primal female sense of victory filled me as I wrapped my legs around her and digging my nails into her shoulders pulled her into me deeper... deeper... deeper... I couldn't have her far enough inside me, couldn't get enough of this new pleasure as she filled me and made me, just for a moment, feel complete.

Later, I would feel ashamed of myself. Confused. How could I have so quickly, so easily just turned like that? I was a man. A man's man. And whatever triggers and biological drives this new body had, I should have resisted. You probably think you would have said no, found some way to fight her off, but you're never found yourself suddenly in the already aroused body of a young woman, have you? Trust me, the body has a mind of its own, and when you suddenly find yourself hot and wet, and a man is on top of you, well, you don't think at all, really. You just know hunger and you need him inside you.

So, yeah, I wish I had resisted, sure, but I didn't, couldn't, and as the glow of my first orgasm subsided, she leaned in, her breath hot against my face, and kissed me. "You're a good fuck," she said.

I was panting, my breasts rising and falling, and I felt... afraid. I was a woman. A female. And I had just been taken. What if I was stuck like this? What if she left me in this body? I had a life, and I had a mission. Running a small white hand through my long red hair, I swallowed... God, my mouth was dry... and said, "Turn me back into me."

"Not yet," she said, her face deep and husky. She ran her hand over my belly and smiled down at me. With her other hand she pushed my bangs off my forehead and then brushed the back of her hand against my smooth cheek. "God, you are pretty."

I smiled. "Thanks," I said, and I reached up and took her hand. Then, using all the strength I could muster, I tried to twist her arm and put it into a lock. She was ready for me, though, and she reversed my attempted hold, and then twisted my arm, turning my over and forcing my face into the bed. "Ouch," I screamed.

"Oh, you silly little girl," she said, pulling my hair out of my eyes so I could see her. She kept my arm in her lock, and she ran her other hand over my back and down to my soft ass, which she pinched. "Just for that, I need

to teach you a lesson.”

“Who are you?” I said in my pretty little voice.

She ignored me and got me on my knees, my ass in the air. I knew what was coming and saw myself, still a man, following along behind her, looking at that perfect ass and how I had wanted to take her from behind.

“No,” I said, panic seizing me. “Please. I’ll do whatever you want.”

She put her hands on my hips. “This is what I want.”

I put my hands over my head, buried them in all that hair, my face and breasts pressed into the bed, and she took me, slowly at first, then faster and faster, I remember the feeling, the sound of her deep grunts, my own body rocking forward and back as she had me, and I just breathed and hoped for it to end soon and be a dream or a nightmare or something other than me getting hammered doggy style.

When she finished she slapped me on the ass and said, “Try anything else, and your punishment will be something far, far worse. Got it?”

I rolled on my side and pulled my knees to my chest, sobbing with anger and disgust.

“Got it?” She repeated.

“Yes,” I said. “Yes. I’m sorry.... I’m sorry...”

She chuckled at that last, obviously pleased with herself. I lay on my side, still stunned and confused, trying to process the impossible. Unable to think, or feel, but breathing, breathing... reverting, doing my best to revert to my training...

My training. A spy. One of the top field agents in the SPD. It always came back to breathing. Calm the mind. Assess the situation. I kept my eyes closed, but became more aware of my surroundings: the sounds, the smells, the movements being made by her as she moved around the room in my body.

“Good,” I heard her say. “Good. Yes. Breath. Breath. That’s a good girl.”

So, she was an enemy agent. She knew about my training, what I

was doing. And she also felt a need to let me know she knew. Okay. Okay. I could use that to my advantage.

“Well, baby,” she said. “Hope that was as good for you as it was for me.”

I opened my eyes and looked at her through the strands of my tangled hair. She had slipped back into my jockeys and was sipping from a rocks glass, looking at me, her eyes still hard and hungry. “I made a joke,” she said. “Aren’t you going to laugh?”

I managed a strangled giggle. Pushed the hair from my face but stayed on my side with my knees pulled up to my chest.

“Good, babe. Good. Better. Let’s keep this friendly, shall we?”

“Yes,” I said.

“So, here’s the deal. You be a good little girl for the next few days, and you get to be a man again. Sound good?”

“Yes,” I answered.

She came over to the bed and sat down next to me, running her hand through my hair, then over my shoulder and down the length of my soft, smooth back to rest on my plump hip, which she patted. “I want you to really think about this before you answer. Because I know you’re training. You could escape. Kill me, even. But if you do?” And now her hand slipped between my legs and she began to play in my soft slit. “You’ll be a woman forever...” she kept started moving her fingers in and out of me. I grunted. “Do you want this for the rest of your life?” I moaned and shook my head as the strange new feelings flowed through me, but also the terrible feeling of being helpless, dominated, violated. A man had put his hand into me—into my vagina—and I couldn’t do a thing about it. Suddenly, she pulled his fingers out of me, grabbed me and threw me onto my back. I squealed and pushed away from her, suddenly in a panic over what she might do to me.... Again... and then she was on top of me, straddling me, and he slapped me across the face.

“Do you want this for the rest your life? Hunh?”

I shook my head from side to side, tears flowing, my little white

arms above my head, my long red hair streaking across my face.

He, no it was a she-- grabbed one of my nipples and viciously pinched and twisted, and I yelped and reached up and tried to knock her hand away, batting ineffectually against her while she just twisted harder, and I felt a sickness come over me as the reality of being such a frail, helpless female swept over me. "Do you want to be a woman?"

I kept shaking my head, whimpering.

"I can't hear you!"

"No," I finally shrieked. "No... no... Please! NO!"

She finally let go of my nipple and I fell back, my breasts flopping as I again curled up into a protective ball, pushing myself as far away from him as I could, watching him sideways from underneath a curtain of red hair. I was hyperventilating, scared and confused, and she just looked at me, smiling, pleased with herself for having so easily dominated and terrified me.

"You are not made to be a woman," she said. "Are you?"

"No," I managed, still gasping for breath, crying uncontrollably.

"Maybe I can make it a little easier for you. Just for the interim." She got up walked off. I didn't watch her, instead scanning the immediate area for somewhere, anywhere I could hide from her. She came back and offered me a glass of what looked like white wine.

"Have some wine, sweetheart." Her tone was gentle now.

I looked at her suspiciously. "It's okay," she whispered. "I won't hurt you anymore as long as you're a good little girl. I just had to make sure you appreciated your situation, the choices you needed to make now. Okay?"

I sat up and took the glass in both trembling hands, keeping my slender arms crossed in front of my breasts, feeling their soft weight pressed against my arms, strange to have my own boobs now and feel what I had seen women experience so many times in my life. I sniffed at the wine. It smelled funny.

"It's drugged," she said. "Though you're gonna drink it anyway, right?"

“Yes,” I said, taking a sip, and then another. I felt the warm flood of alcohol flow down my throat and then spread sweetly in my belly.

“What do you say?”

“Thank you.” She was training me to say yes, to be agreeable. She probably fucked me for the same reason. She wanted me docile. But why? Why did she want me in this body?

My mission? Hans Hardwick? Did it have something to do with... and my mind was getting fuzzy, my vision slightly unfocused.

“You will repeat after me.”

“I will repeat after you,” I heard myself saying, annoyed more than surprised she’s given me some sort of mind control drug. Luckily, I had trained for years to resist the effects of such a drug.

“You’re terrified of violence.”

“I’m terrified of violence.” Well, that would be easy to fake. I was terrified of violence!

“You run and hide from violent situations.”

“I run and hide from violent situations.”

“You’re scared of men.”

“I’m scared of men.” Again, so true.

“You’ll do anything to please them and make them happy.”

“I’ll do anything to please a man. To make him happy.”

“You constantly worry.”

“I constantly worry.” They had certainly done their research. She knew me, and was telling me to think things I already thought. But why? And could it be part of some larger plan? I just wished I had more information, and did I just hear someone out in the hall? And was she on the pill? What if I got pregnant?

“You like it when a man tells you what to do.”

“I like it when a man tells me what to do.”

“You love having sex with men.”

Wait. No. That wasn't true. I thought about her taking me... a sickness overcame me... no...

"You love having sex with men."

I started to shake my head.

"You love having sex with men. You've been in denial about it, but once you felt me inside you, you realized you loved having a man in you."

I thought about how I had wrapped my legs around her, pulled her deeper inside me. Who was I kidding? She was so right. Why keep denying it? "I love having sex with men. Once I felt you inside me, I realized I love having a man inside me."

"Good girl," she said.

"Good girl!" I nodded.

"You love being told you are a good girl. It makes you feel proud and happy."

"I love being told I am a good girl! It makes me feel proud and happy."

"You want to learn everything about being a girl, so you can get men to have sex with you."

"I want to learn everything about being a girl, so I can get me to have sex with me."

"You can stop repeating me now. Close your eyes, lay back, and I want you to count backward from 100. You will feel a sense of happiness and general well-being when you are done."

I obeyed, slipping into a kind of hazy, trance like state. It was bliss... I felt calm and weightless, free of the passage of time, and then I heard her deep voice.

"Time for you to get to work," she said.

I opened my eyes.

She snagged a pair of heels from the dresser and brought them over to me. "Put these on."

I had to let her know I was not totally beaten, so I slit my eyes and tossed my hair defiantly, but she just frowned and I felt afraid and took the high-heeled shoes from her. They were very high open-toed stiletto heels, silver. Pretty. I kinda wanted to put them on anyway. I wanted to learn everything about being a girl. I slipped one on, my knees together, breasts out, feeling my boobs swaying as I made a move I'd seen so many women make, and which I had found so erotic as a man. As soon as I slipped on the other heel, she said, "walk."

I started to ask if I could get dressed first, but I knew the answer, and so got carefully up on my feet. I immediately fell back on my butt, and she laughed as I tossed my long red hair out of my face. Standing again, I put my arms out for balance, surprised as I felt the full weight of my ample breasts sway free and took uncertain, mincing steps, barely able to keep my balance with my wide hips and heels. On my third step I stumbled and started to totter forward, only to find her strong arm circle my waist and her calloused hand firmly grip my soft forearm as she steadied me on my feet. My body tingled where she touched me, and I felt a surge of feminine gratitude for the big strong man who'd protected me.

In fact, my mind was a swirl of conflicting feelings and needs and emotions. I was naked, my boobs and slit out there for the world to see, a man, and I was obediently mincing around in my high heels, while this man who stole my body watched, and one part of my was ashamed and humiliated and hated him, and yet... I'd had sex with him, and he had just caught me, and for someone reason I felt... nice? That he had protected me. Took care of me. I wanted to please him. Make him happy.

I kept walking, and he stood and watched me from behind. I could feel his eyes on the small of my back, the sweet soft swelling of my ass, and I remembered looking at that perfect ass when I was a man, and how it had made me feel, and I blushed thinking that it was mine now, and what I was doing to him as I swayed along in my high heels.

She took my hand and led me into a dance studio. The walls were lined with mirrors. I could see myself now, my fair white skin, long red hair, the full, firm white breasts that bob magnificently from my chest, my sort, round hips and the red patch that covered my new slit. And the heels.

Flashing on my little feet, lifting my ass, giving me that perfect tits out ass back S-curve. My full red lips fell open, and I put a slender white hand to my cheek, my bracelet flashing as I saw my new body from the inside, and felt myself both get wet and suffer the stiffening of a phantom boner. I was gorgeous. Even after all I'd been through, I was a stunning vision of female beauty. Could that be me? Really?

"Yes," she said, as if she read my mind. "You are a truly gorgeous little woman now. Such a perfectly sweet little piece of ass. And what amazing tits." Standing behind me she put her hands passively on my soft hips and turned me toward the mirror. "Look at yourself. Smile."

I did.

"Think, again, if you want to spend the rest of your life in this body."

"No," I answered. "No." And yet, thinking about our lovemaking, the feeling of her inside me, it would something I would miss when I was a man again for sure. I loved having a man inside me. Knowing how to walk in heels would help with that! She was helping me and didn't even know it!

"Continue walking."

She made me walk back and forth for a time, just until I got used to walking in the shoes, and then the lessons started. How to walk more sensuously. "Hand on hip," she would say. "Good. Swing your hips... swing... no, too much..." How to stand. How to bend over and put on a little show for any man who might be interested. As I watched myself I saw the change as my walk became more and more feminine. I was helped along by my heels and my curves, of course, but I learned to emphasize the movements, to walk more gracefully, to use my slender arms and little hands to accentuate my femininity. "Smile... smile... smile... pretty girl...smile my beauty queen." I did.

"Stand straight," she said, again and again, as I found my shoulders slumping under the weight of my tits.

"I'm cold," I said at one point, wrapping my arms around my breasts as I shivered.

"Get used to it, little girl. You're going to be showing a lot of that perfect

white skin of yours.”

I was tired. It was late. The tears came silently and unbidden as I looked at myself in the mirror, at my soft, round little white body, my big, green pretty eyes, and she groaned and left the room, returning a moment later with a coat he helped me slip into.

I glanced up at her, grateful and surprised, seeing the softening in his eyes. “Thanks,” I said prettily, and gave her arm a squeeze.

“Yeah, yeah.”

Tears worked for a woman, I thought. I had fallen for them more than once. I would need to remember that. Perhaps she was suffering just as much confusion as I was right now, dealing with new male urges and feelings, and had been caught off guard at her vulnerability to a crying female? I wiped my tears and kept my hands over my mouth, not wanting her to see me smile. I felt warm in the jacket and it was tight fitting, hiding and helping to secure my bouncy boobs. In a little while maybe I would be able to cry my way into some pants.

A knock on the door.

“Stay here,” she said, and leaving the little dance studio he pulled the door closed. It was late for a visit—or was it? What time was it anyway? The curtains were all pulled, and I hadn’t seen a clock.

I looked at the floor to ceiling brass pole. I had noticed it when I first came into the room, but not really registered, but now as I looked at it I felt a new fear in my slender little body. Was she going to make me a stripper? I reached out with one of my hands and touched the pole with my long, painted nails, and I wondered what it would be like? To wrap my thighs around that pole? To swing? To slip out of my bra while a hundred horny guys stared hard and hungry at my breasts...as they fell under the spell of my sex and hungered to make me their woman... I felt a thrill run through me at the thought of giving 200 men boners at the same time...

Oh! What was I thinking? God. You are a man. A man, I thought. Don’t forget it. And you have a mission. A fucking mission. And even if it means you spend the rest of your life in a bra, you have to be a man and complete that mission!

But then I looked at myself in the mirror, that big man's coat over my smooth, slender shoulders. My little, girly arms and soft round thighs. I thought about her hands on me, in me, her taking me, humping me.... Could I really accept this body? This life? Complete my mission if it meant that for the rest of my life I'd be one of THEM? A female? A girl? A skirt? A Broad? Bird? Dame? The weaker sex?

I had always felt superior to girls. Always. As a little boy. When I got older and they started to get boobs and periods, and we just kept getting taller and stronger and yeah I loved them and fucked more than a few and even respected them, some of them at least, but I felt sorry for them in their soft little bodies, their skirts and make-up and mincing in their... heels. I looked at the flashing heels on my little white feet. That was me now. In my heels. Being pretty. Smiling. Being a good girl.

Would I be able to spend the rest of my life in my heels and lipstick, scared of what a big, strong man might do to me? After knowing what it was to be a man? The freedom and the power?

Suicide. The thought flickered through my head. But no. Mission first. That had to be my priority. I had vowed that no matter what—shot, stabbed, paralyzed from the neck down—when you accept your commission as an SPD agent, you take a sacred vow in front of your brothers and sisters in the corps that as long as you breath you will complete your mission. I had never thought it might mean accepting a future as a woman, but I took a deep breath and, breasts swaying, reaffirmed in my mind my commitment to complete my mission.

Hans Hardwick. I had been sent to find him. A notorious hacker who primarily traded in stolen secrets but would work any number of computer crimes for the right price, he'd been eluding capture for over ten years, but we had pinpointed his latest activity in Glasgow, Scotland, and I had been sent to find him and set up a capture. I was slated to follow a courier to what we believed was his current base of operations in the morning, which was how I found myself with time to kill and decided to get laid.

So, I could still complete my mission. I had to escape. That was all. Evade capture for a few hours, follow the courier and positively locate

Hans. Then get used to these tits because I didn't know that our side had any way to switch me into another body.

I looked at myself. At the beautiful young woman I had become. My full, soft lips. Big, innocent green eyes. Amazing, thick, rich red hair that tumbled down over my shoulders in waves and curls. It seemed impossible, and the thought of facing the world with this face and this body seemed terrifying and impossible. But I took a deep breath and looked at myself in the eyes. Better get used to the idea, girl, I thought. Because this is your face now, and it will be for the rest of your life.

I heard the pop of small arms fire and jumped. Shouts. A crash. More fire. I found myself instinctively retreating to the corner of the room, cowering, hands to my cheeks.

Quiet. Just the sound of my breathing. And then my body stumbled into the room, blood gushing from my forehead and from between fingers clutching my belly. "Run!" He said looking at me with glassy eyes. "Run!" And then he collapsed onto his face.

I screamed then, still too scared to move. And then I heard them coming. Footsteps in the hall. Coming closer. Slowly. Echoing down the hall.

I shrank further into the corner, making myself as small as possible, crouching in my heels, my legs bare beneath the coat. The shadows of whoever was coming down the hall got bigger and bigger until finally, they walked into the room, and I gasped with relief. They were Agents F3 and F4. My people. Two liaison agents I had worked with for years. They looked like brother and sister. Both had short, slicked back hair and wore dark suits with white shirts.

"Oh!" I said, laughing with relief. "Oh, thank God you're here."

F3 looked at F4. And then they looked back at me. "Don't make a move," F3 said.

"Red Star 23. Tango Bravo," I said, getting unsteadily to my feet.

"Agent 1?" They said in unison.

"Yes," I answered, walking toward them. "I know it may seem hard

to believe.”

“What may seem hard to believe?”

I looked at them uncertainly. “That I am Agent 1?”

“Not at all,” F3 said.

“No,” F4 agreed. “After all, Agent 1, you’ve always been a female.”

“What?”

“And,” F3 added smiling, “a double-agent.”

“What are you talking about?”

F4 grabbed one of my arms, while F3 grabbed the other. I struggled pathetically, as shocked and confused by what they were saying as the fact they had grabbed a hold of me. “You’ve always been Virginia Dawn. Agent A1. The most wanted criminal in the world. The phrase you just recited is your personal code within Talon, your evil, all female assassin’s agency. And now we’ve captured you at last.”

“No,” I said. “No. I’m a man. Agent 1! She stole my body!”

I glanced in the mirror at my frightened girl’s face, and again at ridiculous heels strapped to my feet, my high heels, that left me so hobbled and helpless. The Fs dragged me out the door of the little dance studio and back into the living room. There was a man there with his back to me.

“We have her, sir,” they said in unison.

“At last,” he said. “At long last. The most notorious criminal assassin in the world. You’ve given us a great deal of trouble, little miss. You know that, don’t you?”

“I’m not who you think I am,” I pleaded. The man scared me.

“And who are you, then, Virginia?”

“I’m not Virginia. She stole my body. I’m Regis Fire.”

“Really?” He said with a little laugh. “You don’t look like a Regis.”

“She stole my body! The woman... the man in the other room!”

“Well, if she stole your body, Regis, than who am I?”

The man turned around. I was looking at... me. My face. My body. I think I even recognized the suit. It was the same face and body I had just seen killed, the one that had been stolen from me. "No," I said. "I'm Regis. Not you." I looked at F3 and F4 desperately. "Please," I said. "Help me! That's not Regis Fire. I am! I'm Agent 1. A man!"

F3 chuckled. F4 chuckled. The man claiming to be me chuckled, and their chuckling built into laughter, laughter that grew louder and louder. "No," I screamed in my high-pitched voice. "No!"

Regis raised a hand and took a menacing step toward me. I shrieked and turned, trying to run for the door, but I forgot I was wearing heels and I tumbled to my knees, my hair falling in my face. I got on my hands and knees and started to crawl toward the door. I was so worried and scared. The only thing I could think about was getting away from them.... From HIM.

But then I felt his arm circle around my waist and he effortlessly picked me up and threw me over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. I punched feebly at his back with my little fists, kicking my legs girlishly, but it had no effect, and he soon plopped me down gently onto a chair. I sat there looking up at him through the hair that had fallen into my face, and he gently reached forward and brushed it back. Sweetly. Tenderly. And then he took my chin in his hands and tilted my head back to face him. "Good girl," he said.

I smiled as relief poured through me. "Good girl," I repeated. "Good girl."

"Now, I want you to tell me your name, Virginia."

I knew what he wanted me to say. It wasn't true. But, why not just go along with what he wanted? Why fight it for now? He would just get upset, and it was better to keep him happy. "My name," I said, and hesitated, like I was standing at the edge of a very tall diving board, and that once I jumped off I would never be able to get back up. But I looked into his eyes, and he smiled and nodded in encouragement. "My name is Virginia Dawn."

"Yes, it is," he said. "Good girl."

"Good girl!" I repeated, pleased. I was a good girl, and it made me feel good to hear him say it.

Regis turned away. “Get our good little girl ready for her assignment,” he said to F3 and F4. They snickered and looked at me.

I smiled. “What do you want me to do?” I said.

They looked at each other and laughed.

II

I was cold. Most of my creamy white skin was exposed. I was wearing a sea green teddy that matched my eyes and matching panties. Stockings and stays. Heels. My hair had been put into pigtails, and I was clutching a teddy bear to my tummy, sitting in a hotel room waiting for my... client. It had been an intense couple of hours as I bathed and dressed, F4 did my make-up and then they got me to this room and put me in my outfit, and told me to sit and wait. A man would soon come into the room. I was to please him. If I did, they told me they would let me go. Just like that. A free woman. I had even been promised a Juicy Couture Purse full of cash to get started on my new life. All I had to do was serve as a prostitute for an unknown client.

“How do you feel about that?” F3 said with a grin. “Pleasing a man?”

“I wike it,” I said in the carefully practiced little girl voice they had taught me.

Then they had left. I sat there. I could try to escape. Should try to escape. I still had my own mission.

My mission. I had to complete my mission.

But I worried so. What if they caught me? What if I broke a heel or a man tried to molest me? It wasn't safe for a girl to wander the streets of a strange city alone!

But... I started to stand... sat back down... started to stand again... If only there were someone here to help me, I thought, to tell me what to do...

I stood again, still clutching my teddy bear, took a deep breath and stomped my little foot. “Stop being a good girl, and be a man!” I said sternly to myself. I started toward the window, determined to find a way out, but just then I heard a beep as someone swiped their card at the door, and the handle started to turn. I hurried back to the bed and sat back down my knees together, feet splayed out, and I put a finger in my mouth as I had been told to do. F3 and F\$ had assured me that the man who was coming to see me would like the pose. And I had little doubt he would—the pervy pedophile.

The door swung open. My client walked into the room. I tried to hide my shock and surprise. It was Mark Time, a boy, a man, I had known since high-school! He’d been the rival quarterback for the cross-town high-school, and had finished second team all-American. Gone to Brown. We’d competed against each other in Ivy League sports, and I had always been a little bit better. And now here I was sitting in my bra and panties, and he was still a man. And I would have to let him fuck me.

He closed the door and let his eyes play slowly over my body, dwelling on my breasts and legs. I felt my skin tingle, my cheeks blush, and I looked away bashfully. “My,” he said. “Aren’t you a pretty little girl.”

I giggled and kicked my legs. “Thank wu!”

He walked over and sat down next to me. “Does your Teddy Bear have a name?”

“I caw him Mr. Stuffy,” I said and giggled some more.

“Do you like kissing boys?” He said.

“Kinda,” I answered, grinning, showing him my dimples, giving my shoulders a little shrug and sending my breasts bouncing. “Cute boys!”

“Am I a cute boy?”

“Yeah.”

He tilted my face up and kissed me, his free hand on the small of my back. I felt my nipples harden immediately, and he slipped his hand up my side and to my breast, which he squeezed through my silk teddy. I kissed him back and put my soft little hand against his chest, feeling a thrill through my female body at how hard and firm it was.

We kissed and fondled, pulling each other's clothes off, and I was on my back as he kissed me and caressed my body. But then, he slowed down, and leaned in close, his mouth so close to my ear I could feel his hot breath. "Just keep up as if I am whispering sweet nothings in your ear, but I know who you are, Regis."

Regis. He knew my true name! But how? Why? "You're such a bad boy!" I said, pretending he'd whispered something dirty to me.

"I am going to save you," he said. "Okay?"

"Yes," I moaned. "yes...." Not needing to fake my excitement.

He reached down and began to run my vagina, and I curled my toes and clawed at the mattress.

"You'll need to give me a blowjob."

What? I didn't like the thought of that at all. I knew him, I mean, we had mutual friends, I didn't want to give him a blowjob, he'd tell everyone! "Ummmm... what?" I whispered.

"The mind control drug they used on you," he said. "I have the cure in my system."

He pinched my nipple while still working my slit, and I arched my back and gasped, still not used to my new female needs. I could feel his member pressing against my leg, and I wanted it inside me, but not in my mouth!

"I've never tried that position!" I said prettily and with excitement, giggling.

"It's the only way I can rescue you!"

Oh, fiddlesticks, I thought. "I didn't want him to be disappointed in me, and if would rescue me, and mind control? But... but... what if he told my mother or friends? What if he had some gross STD?"

He saw the worry on my pretty face and caressed my cheek. "Trust me, babe. It'll be good."

He stood up and pulled his pants all the way down, then met my eyes and smiled.

I got on my knees and smiled back. "I want to please you," I said looking at his member. "But I'm scared."

"It'll be okay sweetie. Just open up and slide it in."

I got on my knees in front of him... I still my heels on, and I arched my back and showed him my breasts while I reached my slender arms in the air and bit my lip. "But I'm a good girl," I said.

"I know," he answered. "And good girls give great head."

I smiled and leaned forward, put my pretty little white hands on his member and caressed it. He moaned. No, part of me said. No! You're a man, a fucking man, and you will not put another man's penis in your mouth you dumb bitch! But I so wanted to please him, and he was here to save me, and I just didn't know what else to do, so I surrendered, said goodbye to one more shred of my male pride, and I closed my eyes and slipped it into my mouth.

A surge of physical pleasure flashed through my body even as part of me screamed in self-disgust. I felt the veiny ridges... the throbbing stiffness.... And I bobbed and bobbed, letting it slide in and out of my soft lips, and then he came, exploded, and he held my head in his hands and forced me to swallow. "This makes up for the state title I lost to you," he said, then he let me go and I fell back on my haunches, whipping my mouth with the back of my arm and looking down and away as shame poured over me. He patted me on the head and said, "You were fucking great, baby. A natural. I can't believe that was your first blowjob!"

He took my hand and helped me up, cradling me in his arms and leading me to the bathroom. "Wash your mouth out, babe." As I moved to the sink he came up behind me and squeezed my ass. "I'll have another delivery for you when you come back out."

"Ohhh," I cooed and smiled back over my shoulder at him, shaking my sweet little ass. "Front door or back?"

"Let's let it be a surprise," he said, slapping my ass. "You dirty girl."

He left. I took the mouthwash and swirled it in my mouth. Spit it out. Swirled some more. I looked like my face, big pretty green eyes and little button nose. Such an innocent face. But I felt so dirty. He'd said

something about mind control? I found my make-up bag, the one the Fs had given me, and fixed my lipstick, trying to remember. When had they given me a mind control drug? Pursing my lips, I found my brush and pulled out my pigtails, brushing my hair out and letting it fall over my shoulders and curl at the tops of my breasts.

Mind control... mind control... the wine? But all she'd said to me had been things that were already true, so what? Had I just given a guy a blow job to undue a mind control spell that had had no effect anyway? Had Mark tricked me like I was some bimbo?

Was I just some bimbo now?

I could feel the worry and anxiety start to fill my little head again. My mission... my body... what was some guy from high-school doing here now, and how did he know who I really was? I wished I could stop worrying so much, make a decision, but I'd always been such a little worry wart! I put on a little more blush. Dabbed some perfume on my neck. He'd promised more sex. Thank God, because I felt soooooo horny. I really needed a good lay, and I was sure I would be able to think more clearly once I'd gotten a good, proper fucking, and was cradled in those big, strong arms of his.

I looked at myself one last time. Christ but I was one hot ass fuckable girl. Time for me to drive my man crazy! I wanted him inside me so bad. I walked out into the room, swaying prettily. He had lain back on the bed, his arms and legs spread out. Eyes closed. "Hey, Tiger," I said, climbing on top of him. "I'm ready for you to make me see stars!"

He opened his eyes and smiled. "It's working," he said. "The mind control is fading, and you're remembering."

I climbed on top of him, straddling him with my legs, loving the feeling of his ribs against my soft inner thighs, and ran my hands through the curly hair on his chest, down over his rock hard abs. "You are such a fucking stud!" I said. "Oh, my god, you make me so wet."

He put his hands on my hips then slipped them up my sides and cupped my breasts. I felt like I could cum right then and there.

"You remember now, don't you, Virginia?"

Virginia? Why had he called me Virginia?

I looked into his eyes and kept dry humping him, rubbing my hands across his hard chest.

“Remember what?”

“Secretly you always wanted to be a woman.”

“I... wait. What? No.”

“Of course you did. You always wanted to be pretty and have big, soft boobs,” he squeezed them again and I moaned with pleasure. “You always wanted to wear sexy clothes and you dreamed and fantasized about having a man inside you, filling you, making you complete...”

I ran a hand through my hair and tossed it back, kissing him passionately as the words he was saying... the words... had I always wanted this? I mean, I did love having a man inside me, and I loved being pretty, and putting on make-up...

“No,” I said. “No. I was happy as a man.”

He rolled us over and climbed on top of me, kissing me. “Think about it,” he said. “Try to remember. It’s very important you remember how much you have always wanted to be a woman.”

I shook my head, and he said, “Maybe this will help you remember.”

And with that, he slid down my body, put his head between my legs and began to lick.

Again, I gasped and arched my back, shocked by another new sensation of womanhood, another pleasure that flared inside me and at the same time it made me so hot and so wet it gave me goose bumps, and he kept pleasing me with his mouth, and I lost it, just moaning and squealing and playing with my breasts as pleasure overtook me completely and then he brought me to orgasm and I screamed in pleasure. While I was still gasping and blinking at the stars in my eyes, he got me on my hands and knees. I felt I thrill as he put his hands on my hips and I lifted my ass expectantly, and he took me from behind sweetly and gently, bringing me to another orgasm that left me weak and shaken and stunned.

I lay on my side. He spooned me, gently rubbing the back of one hand against my cheek while the other lay protectively across my slender

waist. It was quiet. Just the sound of our breathing, in unison, and then he whispered. “Do you remember now?”

“Yes,” I lied, because I wanted to please him as a way of thanking him for what he’d done to me. “I always wanted to be a woman.”

“And now you are.”

“Now I am.”

“You’re my girl, Virginia. And I will protect you and take care of you. You know that, don’t you?”

I felt a warm glow come over me at his words. He would protect me and keep me safe. He would rescue me. He was the only man I didn’t have to be afraid of, and it was good to lie here in his arms, feeling so small and pretty and safe.

I took a couple strands of hair in my finger and looked the pretty red color. Maybe I did always want to be a woman. Maybe he was right. I didn’t remember that at all. No. But he said they had done something to my mind, and he was there to save me, so maybe it was probably true? Anyway, I sure was happy being one right now.

He kissed me on the shoulder. “Time to get dressed, sweetie. I’m going to break you out of here, and it will be a little easier for me to concentrate if you aren’t naked.”

I giggled and kissed him. “I don’t have any clothes! The F agents took them.”

“In the wardrobe,” he said. “There’s something that will fit. Be quick now. I don’t have time for you to fuss around all night!”

“Okay!”

“Good girl.”

“Good girl,” I repeated.

“I’m gonna shower,” he said getting up and stretching that tall, lean, broad shouldered body of his, and I felt a little weak in the knees. I was one lucky girl!

In the wardrobe I found a short little dress—green with white polka

dots! So cute, and it matched my eyes! Also, a bra and panties, shoes and a purse. Oh! And even a green kerchief I could put over my hair—very sexy and 1950s retro. He was really such a thoughtful and well-prepared guy. I slipped into my bra, taking a moment to adjust my breasts in the cups, then slipped into my panties and then stepped into the dress. It fit perfectly, hugging my breasts, flattering my tiny waist and celebrating my perfect little ass. I slipped into the pumps and, slinging the purse over my slender arm, strutted over and checked myself out in the mirror. I looked super cute, and since the water was still running in the shower, I sat down at the dressing table and started to fuss with my hair. He would take care of me.

How far you've come, I thought, looking at my pretty face, my small white hands working my long red hair. In just—what? A day if even that? I'd woken up a man, a spy, a secret agent. I was on the dance floor eager to bang this little red-head with a great ass, and since then? I'd become that little red-head, and I'd had sex with a man—had a man enter me in three different places! Given my first blow job.

What would people think if they saw me now, I wondered, pushing my shoulders back and admiring the swell of my breasts. I thought back to myself in college... leading my team out of the huddle, the crowd cheering the cheerleaders squealing, and I looked over the defense for Brown, saw the safety was going to blitz, and audibled to a pass right into the hole in the defense he'd vacated, rifling the ball right into the receiver's arms for a touchdown... I'd been so brave, so decisive... so fearless back then...

I frowned. But...? I've always been a silly little worry wart. I've always needed a man to tell me what to do....

Playing basketball in high-school, the coach had called for me to inbound the pass to our center, but he had been double-teamed, and the guy trying to contest the inbounds pass had turned his back, so I bounced the ball off him and charged right to the hoop for an easy lay-up and the win. Marybeth, my pretty little blonde girlfriend had rushed up to me and crushed me in a hug, and looking into her eyes I was pretty sure I could get a blowjob out of her, and I loved her and really wanted a blowjob, but it made me feel sorry and superior to her, because I always felt kind of bad for girls and the shit they had to do.

But, didn't I always want to be a girl?

Mind control. There was no way I could have done the things I did, been as successful as a man, as an athlete, as an spy, if I had been such a worrier, and so interested in pleasing men, and being pretty, and they had done this to me. All of it. Changed me. I thought about the feeling of a man inside me, in my vagina, in my mouth... and yes, I wanted it now and loved it, but never before today. Never when I was a man and before they had gotten into my head and made me forget...

My mission!

I stood up. The shower had stopped. He would come out soon, whoever he was, and I grabbed my purse, my heart racing, ready to run, but hesitated at the door. The Fs. I didn't think I would be able to get by them. Not in this little body.

I needed Mark to take care of them. Let him rescue you, girl, let him get you out of this mess, and you can find a way to get away from him after. Use him and lose him, I thought with a little giggle. I frantically searched through his jeans, found his Iphone and slipped it into my purse. Hopefully, he wouldn't notice.

I sat down on the bed and arranged my skirt. My knees were together and my feet splayed out, just like before, only now I held my purse primly in my lap as I waited for Mark. I kept thinking back on my old self, my true self, the self I'd woken up as this morning... strong, confident, decisive.... Brave... I was strong, confident, decisive and brave, I am strong, confident, decisive and brave!

Mark came out of the bathroom. He had a towel wrapped around his waist and ran a hand through his wet hair. "You're already dressed?" He said as he let the towel drop and slipped into his jockeys. "Good girl."

"Good girl," I repeated and the now familiar feeling of satisfaction returned, but I clenched my teeth behind my smile and thought Strong Girl.... Brave Girl... strong girl... brave girl...

Mark was dressed in a flash—men had it so easy, and then he took me by the hand and helped me to my feet. "You look hot as hell in that dress."

“Thanks,” I said with a giggle.

“I want to fuck you right now,” he said. He led me to the door and said, “Stay behind me,” taking what looked like a cell phone from the pocket of his sports coat.

I panicked for a moment. Hadn’t I taken his cell phone, but then I took a deep breath and calmed myself. Just keep alert and wait for your chance. Roll with the punches.

He opened the door to the hallway, and we started walking toward the elevators. When we reached the elevators he put a hand on my back and steered me to the side, while he waited right in front of the elevator doors. I peeked nervously around the corner, and when the elevator doors slid open, the Fs were standing there. “Why do you two girls think you are going?” F3 said.

Mark pushed a button on his cell phone and there was a flash. The eyes of the Fs began to flicker, and they slumped weakly to the ground with a grinding noise like rusty clockwork. Mark grabbed my hand and pulled me into the elevator. I stood as far in the corner as I could, my heart racing, and Mark kicked at F3. “Robots,” he said.

Robots? But I’d known the two of them for years, and they couldn’t be robots! It was impossible, and if they were robots, then who else was robots? And what if someone was watching us, what if non-robot were waiting...what if I was a robot now? I felt the anxiety sweeping over me, took a deep breath and closed my eyes and started thinking again... strong girl... brave girl....

I felt something clutch my ankle and shrieked, instinctively grabbing Mark’s arm and looking down to see F4 reaching toward me. “She’s not who you think she is...” F4 said. “Run. RUN!” And then Mark kicked her hard in the head, and her skull broke open and I saw wires and gears inside.

“Don’t be afraid,” he said, and his voice was high and soft like a girl’s. He cleared his throat and took me in his arms. “I told you I would protect you.” And his voice was back to normal.

I clung to him, putting my head against his hard chest. It felt good, safe, but I was on my guard now and resisted the urge to surrender to my new

urges to just trust and follow this man wherever he might lead me. “You’re so strong,” I whispered, and remembering a line from an old movie, I added, in my smallest, prettiest, most feminine voice, “you’ll have to be strong for the both of us now.”

He hugged me tight and kissed me on the head. “I will be. I will be.”

Looking down, I saw that F3 had some kind of weapon in his hand. It looked like a taser. When the elevator reached the bottom floor, Mark took me by the hand and started to lead me into the lobby, but I let the purse fall to the ground and squealed, “my purse!” pulling my hand away and carefully bending at the knees in my skirt and heels, I managed to scoop up the weapon and slide it into my purse in one smooth motion. “Got it!” I said, smiling and swinging it over my slender shoulder.

“Come on, girl,” he said impatiently taking my hand again. “We need to go!”

I hurried behind him in my heels, my free arm waving girlishly as I struggled to keep up, and as we were about to exit I heard someone yell from behind us, “There go the girls!” The glass window next to me exploded, and I didn’t have to fake my newly ingrained fear as I screamed and Mark pulled me out into the morning light.

A black Maserati came screeching to a halt in front of us, and I started to pull back, but yanked me almost out of my heels and a tall man with long platinum blonde hair swung open the passenger door and stepped out just as Mark pushed me in. Meanwhile, I saw an identical man get out of the driver’s side and Mark hurried around, slid into the driver’s seat, and we bolted off into the streets of Glasgow while the two men began to exchange fire with people inside the building.

I was clutching my purse under my chin, terrified and exhilarated, and Mark reached over and patted my bare knee. “You’re safe, now, Virginia.”

Almost, I thought, but smiled prettily and said, “You’re so brave!”

He grunted with satisfaction, swinging the steering wheel and tapping the brakes as we careened around a corner and I was thrown against

him. I set my purse down and, knees tucked under me, clung to his arm.

“Where are we going?” I asked.

“Someplace safe.”

“Where?” I asked again, trying to sound as sweet and girly as possible.

“How about being quiet for me, babe? I need to concentrate.”

“Kay.”

“Good girl.”

“Good girl,” I repeated automatically, but the rush of pleasure was less, and I more easily substituted my new mantra: strong girl... brave girl.... Strong girl... brave girl....

I could see we were about to hit traffic. Cars lined up at a red light. He pressed a button and the black care turned white. “No one will find us,” he said, leaning over to kiss me.

I felt a jolt of pleasure. Kissed him back. Maybe... maybe I should just trust him? He seemed nice. We kissed again. So, he tried to make me think I had always wanted to be a woman, was that so bad? I mean, that’s what I am now, anyway? And he did save me! Golly, maybe it would be better just to go along and be his girl and not upset him? I was stuck like this now anyway.

He pulled away from me and smiled. Glanced at my breasts and then back at my eyes. He had big, brown eyes, and oh! Long black lashes! “Babe,” he said, “how about a blow job while we drive?”

I bit my lip and grabbed his member. Strong girl... I thought... Brave girl.. I reached back for my purse and shook my shoulders, smiling. “Just one wittle thing fewst,” I said, using my little girl voice again. “I have a surprise for you!”

I pulled out the weapon and pointed it at him. “Don’t move!”

“Be a good girl,” he said calmly, maintaining eye contact. “And give that to me.”

I had a strong impulse to do as he said, but shook my head. “No,” I

said softly. I could see traffic moving from the periphery of my vision—female do have better peripherals than men—“get out of the car.”

He lunged for the gun. With a shriek I pulled the trigger. Wires sprung from the ends, just like a taser, and as they hit him, he began to shake and spasm, and I crawled backward in the passenger seat, holding the trigger and watched in amazement as platinum blonde hair sprouted from his head and poured down over his shoulders in bouncy, shimmering waves. “No....” he whispered in a soft, feminine voice. “Noooooooo...” He stared at his hands as they grew delicate and slender, long, pink-tipped French nails springing from the tips... he was still shaking in spasms, and his clothes were changing, too... his pants pulling up now long, shapely woman’s legs to form a pink mini-skirt, and his coat pulling in around his tiny waist and hugging the full soft breasts that blossomed from his chest.

His now pale blue eyes filled with tears that poured down his pretty, pouty face and I could see that his stiletto heeled feet no longer reached the peddles. “I hate being a girl,” he said in a little girl’s high-pitched voice. “I hate it! Hate it! Hate it! Hate it!”

“Get out,” I repeated.

His eyes grew wide with fear. “No. Please!” He said. “It’s not safe for a girl like me to be alone in a strange city!”

“Be a good girl and get out,” I said.

“Good girl,” he said with a nod and a smile. “I’m a good girl.”

He opened the door and slipped out of the driver’s seat, standing up and immediately pulling on the hem of his skirt self-consciously, an embarrassed little smile on his face. I slid into the driver’s seat, pulled the door shut and adjusting the seat when I realized I couldn’t reach the pedals either, slammed on the gas and fishtailed away leaving “Mark” standing their posing like a Barbie, his arms out to his sides with his wrists bent up, knees together, smiling in a vacant, pretty helpless way, but still crying, his breasts heaving.

I took evasive actions, ditched the car as soon as possible, and slinging my purse over the shoulder hurried toward the place where I was supposed to start tailing the courier. I got to the location 52 minutes early

and sighed with relief, fishing my compact from my purse and checking my make-up while I waited. I took deep breaths and calmed myself, sitting in the café in my polka dress. It was the first time I had been alone as a female, alone and in a public place, and I felt self-conscious about my dress and pretty legs, my breasts and face, and I was vaguely nervous some.... Man... might try to try something. I knew they had programmed that into me, but as small and pretty as I was, it wasn't an entirely irrational fear now.

Strong girl... brave girl... strong girl...

There! I saw him. My mark. Getting my purse and smoothing my skirt, I smiled prettily at the clerk and gave him a little wave. "Thanks, cutie!" I said.

I followed the man, using my training. Finally, I was on my mission! And everything went according to plan, for a change. My luck was changing. He led me right to an old office building that looked abandon except for an old typewriter repair company. The man came and went. I approached the building from a blind corner where the windows were boarded over, watching carefully for security cameras. The service door was locked and of course I didn't have my tools, but a good girl is always prepared, and I fished a hair pin from my hair and easily picked the lock, tossing my hair in a moment of sassy, girl-power pride.

I felt calm and confident as I slipped out of my heels and quietly crept up the stairs, my breasts bouncing in my bra with each careful step. I could hear noises... little zipping noises and tweets... and I followed the noise to the top of the stairs and into a long, narrow room crowded with so many boxes and papers and junk that it could have been featured on a season's worth of Hoarders. A large, sweaty man in a wife beater, his shoulders covered with pimples and wiry black hair, sat on a stool in front of a huge flat screen monitor. He was playing Candy Crush.

I paused. I had been sent to arrange a capture. I reached into my purse and found the cell phone I had stolen from my Markie. I swiped and dialed the number that would bring the capture crew, and then I dropped the phone as a hand covered my mouth with a handkerchief and a powerful arm circled around my waist, picked me off my feet and carried me squirming into the darkness as the chloroform took hold, and I lost consciousness.

III

I awoke to the smell of bacon and the hissing and spitting sounds of frying food. I opened my eyes and looked up at a vaulted ceiling adorned with a fading and cracked painting of a field full of frolicking fawns and satyrs, slender small-breasted nymphs and broad-shouldered centaurs with powerful, muscular haunches. I felt my nipples start to get hard as I looked at the centaurs, and realized I was still a woman. It hadn't been a dream.

I tried to scan the room without moving, hoping that whoever was in the room with me would think I was still asleep, but a man's voice from outside my field of vision called out, "Good morning, sleepy head."

I sat up and brushed my long red hair from my face, and looking down saw I was still wearing the polka dot dress, though someone had unzipped the back. I reached back and zipped myself up, looking over to the small kitchenette where a tall man with thin gray hair stood with his back to me, cooking.

"Daddy?" I said.

He turned to me and smiled, "Hi, Regis."

I felt myself shrink with shame as he looked at me. I was a pretty little female now, his only son, sitting in bed in a polka dress. My mind was full of questions and confusion. "Come," he said. "Eat. You must be starving."

And I realized I was starving, so I got up out of bed and stumbled, still half asleep, to the little dining room table where he placed a plate of bacon and scrambled eggs in front of me. I looked and smiled. "Yummy!"

And then he tossed a piece of buttered sour dough toast on my plate, and I smiled. "You 'membered."

"Of course. Your favorite breakfast, champ."

Champ. He always called me champ when I was a boy. It made me feel good in my reduced condition to hear him call me that again. I ate greedily at first, only realizing as I began to eat how hungry I was. How long had it been since I'd eaten? Since this body had eaten? Eventually I slowed

my feeding and looked at him. “How?”

“You tell me. Let’s see you use that noodle.”

He always had challenged me to use my brain, and so I went through the facts I had, quickly eliminating the impossible and zeroing in on the most likely possible: “You’re Hans Hardwick,” I said with certainty.

“Way to go, champ.”

My father. A master criminal. Computer hacker. Of course. He’d been a young whiz of an engineer at IBM in the early days of the development of computers and had later been one of the pioneers in the creation of the first internets. He knew systems from the ground up the way few people ever did. He’d constantly travelled throughout my life performing what he always vaguely referred to as “high-level consulting for entities that prefer to remain anonymous.” And we’d always been loaded.

I tried to get my head around this new reality. My father. The most wanted criminal in the world.

“I know,” he said, reaching across the table to give my hand a squeeze. “I hate to lay this on you after all you’ve been through.” He kind of nodded at my body.

I felt a rush of shame again and tears came to my eyes. “I’m so sorry, daddy. I never wanted this to happen.”

“I know, sweetie. I know.”

“I don’t want to be a girl, daddy. I don’t. I did things. They made me do things.”

“Now, now,” he said. “Now, now.” He stood and came over to me, wrapped his arms around me and kissed me on top of the head. “You’ll always be my champ, and I am so proud of you.”

“Thanks,” I said. “I cry a lot now,” I added apologetically as he passed me a box of tissues.

“It’s biological,” he said. “Perfectly natural for a...”

“Female,” I finished.

“Yes.”

I sighed and smiled through the tears. "Can you help me?"

"Yes," he said. "It will take time, though, and while I gather the resources needed to get you back in your body, I want to hide you somewhere safe, somewhere they will never look for you."

"Who's looking for me?"

"Practically everyone. A third of the spooks out there think you're Virginia Dawn. A third think you're Regis Fire."

"And the other third?"

"They have no idea. But they all want to bring you in, and I don't want to let that happen."

"What should I do?"

"I have people coming. You have a little time, though. Take a nice, hot bath, there are some clothes in the dresser, and then my most trusted man, Kaiser Haute, will take you on a private plane to a safe house and give you a new identity until I can come and get you."

"Okay."

"I wish I had time to explain everything, but we need to hurry. I need you to be brave. To be strong. Can you do that for me?"

"Brave," I said nodding. "Strong."

"That's my champ."

I smiled. I liked it when he called me champ. It made me feel good. "Thank you, Daddy."

"You got it, champ."

IV

So, well, that's kind of the end of the story. Kaiser came to get me. I was wearing a pair of tight jeans and a really cute blouse plus some pretty leather knee high boots. My father hugged me and I cried, and then I pretty soon I found myself in a penthouse in Las Vegas, and Kaiser was telling me my new identity.

He waved out the huge floor to ceiling window and the glowing sign for Caesar's Palace that was across the street. "It's the best I could do on such short notice," he said somewhat apologetically and handing me a plastic bag with passport, license and other documents.

"It's gorgeous," I said, thrilled at the views and the decorating possibilities.

"Glad you like it." He handed me a dossier packed with papers. "Background," he said. "Read it and burn it."

There was a photo on the cover. My current face, and the name: Fawn Curvellion.

"You're an exotic dancer," he said, and seeing the look on my face added, "High-class all the way. No prostitution. None. "

"Oh, well, um...."

"It's what your father wanted. Nobody will expect to find you working as a dancer. It's for your protection."

Well, that kind of made sense, but, really? I didn't want to be a dancer, did I? I mean, it could be fun and all, but I wanted to get back to being a man.

"If you don't feel brave and strong enough," he started, and at those words I found myself nodding.

Brave girl, strong girl, I thought. "No. No. I'll do it. Daddy warned me it would be hard, and I don't want to let him down!"

"Good," he said, "good. That's a champ."

"That's a champ," I repeated, and it felt good.

And so just like that I found myself a girl in Vegas working as a dancer on the strip, living a kind of strange bad girl's dream life with a penthouse and my own hot pink Cooper mini, and all the prettiest and sexiest friends a girl could want.

And so that's me! Fawn Curvellion. If you've been to Vegas, I am sure you've seen my billboards. It only took a few months for me to become the top dancer on The Strip, and I make way more money than most any girl

my age. Plus, well, guys just love to give me things, so, like, everyday someone brings a diamond necklace or a pair of emerald earrings to my dressing room. Daddy hasn't had a chance to deprogram me yet, and he's still working on getting me back into my old body, so I have my needs, but there's always a hunky guy around who can't wait to take me out, wine me, dine me and then kiss me and say goodnight! Ha-ha! Just kidding. They love to bang me, the boys, and until I get everything fixed, well I have the body of a young woman, and I do like to have a man inside me!

It's not so bad being young and hot and rich and pretty. I love dancing and having men drool over me, and I have the prettiest clothes and, like, more shoes than Imelda Marcos. I hope I get to be a man again, but for now I'm just a sexy little female, and I am having fun! Daddy tells me to have fun and cut loose while I can because when I get back to being a man and an active agent life will be more serious.

So, for now I am a girl, and I am having fun! Come out to Vegas sometime, and if you buy me something pretty, I might just put you in me!

V

F3 and F4 watched the live feed on the large flat screen monitor. Smoke poured across the stage, the music thumped, and the announcer said, "Here she comes, gents, the hottest little dancer in the world! Fawn Curvellion."

Regis Fire came strutting out of the smoke wearing five inch stilettos, his breasts swaying in counter point to his wide soft hips. He was wearing a gem-encrusted push up bra that celebrated his glorious cleavage and a tiny little red tutu. They had been supplied by one of his major sponsors, Victoria's Secret. Women all over the world watched to see what Regis wore now; he had become something of an alpha female. His eyes were hard and his face serious, but as he reached the edge of the stage he raised his arms over his head and began to shake his breasts, a big smile spreading over his pretty face. The audience howled, and he turned, arched his back and putting his hands on his knees began to shake his ass at the men

invitingly, bringing another round of applause.

F3 nodded with satisfaction. “He seems to have accepted his situation.”

F4 nodded. “Indeed. There is no evidence he has come to suspect the truth. As long as he receives periodic messages from ‘Daddy’, he continues to embrace the life we created for him.”

“When the time comes, I believe Regis will be a very useful little piece of ass,” a figure said from the shadows. The tip of her cigarette glowed as she took a drag, and then she blew a smoke ring toward the ceiling.

F3 and F4 nodded. Tittered. Giggled.

The woman shifted in her chair, and the light caught the ruby slippers on her dainty feet. “Yes, our Regis will be a very useful little bitch.”

One the screen Regis licked his lips and slipped out of his bra, tossing his hair around as he shook his naked breasts for the men who all howled and clapped, feeling themselves being driven wild by this perfect hot ass little female. The look of ecstasy on Regis’ face was not faked.

He loved pleasing men.

The woman in the shadows watched and laughed. It was a complete and total victory. And the best part of all was that Regis had even thanked her for it.

“Chalk up another victory for the Ruby Dom,” she said as Regis pranced in his heels, tossing his long red hair as his breasts bounced and swayed. He was celebrating his female sexuality and loving every minute of it.

“Another man put in his place!”