

# Mini-Story: In the Navy

By FoxFaceStories

So, I bet all you see when you look at me is a hot broad showing off for our brave sea boys, right? The girl with the delightful pinup style that looks ripped from a 1940s wartime recruitment poster? The one with the delightful smile and ample bosom that bounces with each exaggerated twirl of her dress? That dress that reveals a perfect set of legs?

I bet you're curious as to who that classic dame is, posing for the camera, lifting the spirits of the men around her, who probably want nothing more than to lift her skirt and give her a show in return. Well, her name is Carol Robinson, and she's loved and lusted after across every naval vessel in America and half her allies. A singer, dancer, model, and even comedian who loves to entertain the boys in the white hats and lift their spirits, with the side effect of lifting the masts between their legs too, especially when she gets up close or requests a dance. She's a vivacious vixen, full of life and so classically feminine it makes men weak in the knees around her, and each man on each vessel just hopes that they'll be the one she picks to pin her up against the wall in private and make her moan as they penetrate her.

No doubt you're taken in by her too. But perhaps you'd feel different knowing this beautiful broad was once a common sea man of the navy as well, and only became what she is today due to freak circumstances and desperate opportunity to avoid jailtime.

You see, *I* am Carol Robinson, and I am very aware of my situation and just how much my life has changed since just three years ago.

Back then, I was the lowest of the low; a Seaman who got all the jokes from the higher-ranks. I had taken the job to support my girlfriend, the one who ended up cheating on me with about five guys while I was away on my first tour of duty. I was desperate for money, and so when a strange man in port in a region of the world I can't talk about offered me thousands of dollars to make off with a strange device supposedly being stored on our ship after a raid on a terrorist base nearby, I was dumb enough to try to get away with it. Big mistake.

Turns out a genius scientist working for the terrorists had actually invented something that could not only genetically rewire a man into a woman, but actually *feminise* their personality as well. I thought all I had to do was sneak this strange box out of its secure housing – you'd be surprised how shit internal security can be sometimes – and no one would ever suspect me. Except as soon as I touched the thing with my bare hands, electricity arced out, and pain erupted all over my body. In a flash, the fat in my body shifted, my hair extended painfully from my scalp, while the hair on my body burned away. My chest ached with a burning pressure, and my nipples felt like they were on fire as two large breasts expanded against my uniform. I became shorter,

softer, my face shifting to become as pretty as a Hollywood actress's. I squealed as my hips popped out, restructuring, and I remember my shock as how girlish I suddenly sounded. It all happened in moments, but I'll never forget the feeling of my dick pulling up inside me, becoming a wet vagina. It was at that point that armed men – my own crew – burst in to find me; a beautiful and terrified woman in a seaman's uniform. I was taken away for questioning, and all I knew was my world had changed dramatically: for some reason, I was already sobbing like a woman.

I was suddenly a beautiful brunette with a distinct absence between my legs and two very distinct mounds on my chest. And in my hands a top-secret enemy device. Naturally, I was put in the brig and interrogated. All because I had been a complete idiot looking to sell my country out for money.

It took time, but I was able to prove that I was the man – well, *woman* – I claimed I was. The only problem was I had still committed treason, and was likely headed for some dark hole where no one would ever see me again. I pleaded for mercy. I probably looked quite pathetic; a beautiful but ruffled woman in a seaman's uniform begging an all-male team of superiors for clemency. I couldn't help but cry, and they were unmistakably a woman's sobs. And perhaps that was what allowed Captain Hughes to intercede on my behalf. He put forward a plan to keep me close, and work to the Navy's benefit.

By that point the research team had already figured out the device had feminised my brain as much as my body; I couldn't help but sway my hips as I walked, giggle at men's jokes, defer to their opinions, become emotional over little things, and – bizarrely – became quite fond of ensuring my new female body was covered in something 'fetching'. On my rare appearances on deck, my former crewman – who still had no idea of my real identity – would ogle me as I passed, and while it made my male mind self-conscious, my female mind was lit up by their prominent muscles, their handsome faces, and I felt a tingle between my legs that ached to be filled by a strong, masculine man.

And so, thanks to Captain Hughes and with approval from the Admiral, I was given a new job. Officially, I was given the title of Navy Recruiter. In practice, I'm a modern pinup girl; there to inspire the troops, lift their spirits, dance and sing for them while on they're on tour, and generally entertain the men. They take photos of me, grab videos of me blowing kisses, put me on posters and billboards, and I've somehow managed to drive up naval recruitment in the double-digit percentile. 'The Boys', as I call them, all love and worship me, especially the ones that get to *fuck* me. I can't help but be a 1940s ideal of a woman, seeing the men off with exaggerated waves and a tilt of my stunning hips. It took a team to train me for the professional acts, but the attitude and flirtation and all-around womanliness was all thanks to that terrorist device. It makes me utterly red-faced sometimes, how good I am at being a woman. My brain gets a dopamine rush just from their stares

Captain Hughes – now Rear-Admiral Hughes - has taken quite a liking to me. He claims that he's just ensuring I follow my job, attend the right functions, help shore up naval recruitment, etc., but I've been a woman long enough to know better. I've seen the way his eyes flick down to

my chest when he thinks I'm not looking. I've felt his hand around the small of my back as we attend military functions, and the subtle-yet-possessive pull of his arm when another man flirts with me or I with them. There's a reason I travel with him now, working as his sexy secretary when not doing shows. I can't resist him. He's relatively young for a Vice-Admiral – only 15 years my senior - good-looking, and authoritative. All things that the device makes my feminine mind go gaga for. And I know from personal experience that he knows how to please a woman, just as I like to blow him under the desk. I suspect a lot of my boys are going to quite saddened when Carol Robinson end up a Rear-Admiral's trophy wife. But they shouldn't worry. I'm a loyal patriot now; I'll always be there to raise their spirits, among other things.

**The End**