

FIRST TIME FEMINIZATION

A woman with long, wavy red hair is shown from the waist up, turned slightly to her left. She is wearing a black, backless, floor-length gown. A colorful tattoo is visible on her left shoulder. Her right hand is raised, holding a small object. The background is dark and textured.

seducing the dictator

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Seducing the Dictator

Femme Undercover

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SEDUCING THE DICTATOR

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After the dictator of South Ministran takes American reporters captive, its up to a special operations unit to extract them. Ron is used to going undercover, its just part of the job, but this time his boss has something else in mind. For the team to breach the palace and rescue the reports, he needs to not only distract the dictator, but seduce him, using all his newly acquired feminine wiles.

Seducing the Dictator is a first-time feminization short story about a man needing to be transformed into a woman so he can go deep undercover.

CHAPTER ONE

“YOU’RE OUT OF YOUR mind,” I seethed. “There’s no way. You can’t force me to do this.”

Bill shook his head, his dark grey locks falling over his eyes as he slid the photo across the desk to me.

Heat rose in my chest as I stared down at the man in the photo. When Bill told me I needed to go undercover to seduce President Vasquez, the ruling dictator of South Ministran—a small South American province now seceded from Venezuela—I’d pictured an old, battle-scarred soldier in my head. Not this...

“So,” said Bill, interrupting my thoughts. “You in or not?”

I swallowed heavily, a heavy lump seeming to constrict my throat. I coughed, trying again to speak. “Do I have a choice?” I asked, looking up from the hauntingly handsome man in the photo.

“Good man,” Bill said. “I knew you’d see it my way.” He shuffled through his desk drawer, pulling out a fat envelope. He slapped it down in front of me. “In here you’ll find everything you need. Passport, cash, identity.”

I slid the envelope over to me, tentatively opening its seal. Every time I received a new identity, it was a shock. I set the money aside, slowly sliding my new identity out of the pile. My heart seemed to fall to my feet. “Anastasia?” I croaked.

Bill nodded, seemingly unconcerned that I was going to be forced to turn into a woman for this mission, and then seduce the dictator so the rest of the team could extract the American reporters he held hostage in his basement prison.

“Where’s my photo?” I asked, looking down at the empty space on my ID and the passport.

“Not so easy this time,” said Bill. “I’ve got you set up here,” he said, tossing a small business card in my direction. “They’ll transform you into Anastasia and then we’ll get the necessary photos.”

My cheeks heated. “We—” I stammered as I got to my feet. “We can’t do this once in-country?”

Bill shook his head. “The deception starts here, in the states. President Vasquez will have his men monitoring the airfields. You need to be seen flying in and arriving at his palace as a woman. This mission is too vital to leave anything to chance.”

“Umm, okay boss,” I said as a heavy heat slid up my neck. I looked down at the business card in my hand. I flipped it over. *Zaza* and *10* were written on the back. The clock on Bill’s wall read 9:30. I had half an hour before I’d be transformed into a woman, a woman who was to seduce a formidable dictator.

CHAPTER TWO

I HANDED THE CARD TO the old woman at the front desk, my hand shaking as I held it out to her. She grunted, tossing it into an overflowing bowl on the counter. From the ones I saw, all had the name Zaza and a time on them.

“She does this often?” I asked the woman, tipping my head toward the overflowing bowl.

She grunted again, moving away from the desk and wandering off through the red curtains at the back of the room. I moved over to the single chair in the waiting room and slid down into it.

“Anastasia!” called out a brusque voice. I bolted to my feet. There, by the back entrance, stood a tall, muscular woman. I moved to her, the world around me suddenly appearing to be filled with fog as the reality of my situation sunk in. I could see the woman speaking to me, but I could not make out her words. She cuffed me on the side of my face, bringing my attention back to her. “Snap out of it,” she ordered. “Now come. I make you woman.”

I followed dutifully behind her, through the red curtains and into a large back room. Multiple doors ran along the length of the hallway, muffled voices sounding behind many of the doors. I heard a man talking and then his voice shifted, his voice suddenly rising higher like he experienced something painful.

“Is this, *uhh*, going to hurt?” I asked her.

She turned her eyes back to me. “You sissy boy?” she asked.

“I’m a federal agent,” I said, like that explained anything.

“Sit,” she ordered after we entered a private room. I slid into the seat but then I heard a man scream in pain, and I started to rise, but the woman held me down. “Waxing,” she said.

“Waxing what?” I asked, sliding my hands over my crotch.

“Everything,” she said, and I swore I saw a twinkle of excitement in her eye.

CHAPTER THREE

I LAY ON THE LONG TABLE, my naked ass in the air, my face jammed into a hole on the table's top. My skin burned, a tingling fire like shots of electricity running across the surface of my body. I'd been waxed head to toe, not a spot of hair left on my body except for my head. I lay still as she slathered thick heavy cream over my body. As she stroked my now hairless legs, my skin seemed to calm, absorbing the soft liquid. She continued over my body, stroking and kneading my skin as she worked the lotion into me. I started to doze, never having been pampered like this before in my life.

"Roll over," she said when she'd finished with my backside.

I rotated on the table, my freshly waxed and lotioned skin slipping easily across the table. It was like I'd been given a whole new vessel for my being. She'd barely begun and I hardly felt like *me* anymore. She slathered the cream onto my chest, stroking long and smoothing motions across my chest and my ribs. The fresh, clean scent of my new body spread a warmth into my crotch. I closed my eyes, willing myself to not get an erection as my cock lay naked to the air. As if I was now a sensual woman, I think I was turned on by... me.

"Okay," the woman said. "Sit and soak and I leave you for now."

"Sit here?" I questioned.

"Just relax," she said. "Skin needs to rest before next steps."

I nodded, and she turned, leaving the room.

The door swung shut behind her, and I suddenly found myself alone with my new body. I stroked a hand down my arm, not recognizing the sensation my own skin brought to my fingertips. My cock warmed and I pressed my hand over the top of it, trying to contain its desire. But then, I found myself running my hands over myself, everywhere. Everything was smooth. Everything was soft. No coarse hairs surrounded my cock. I stroked it, just once to test out how smooth everything really was. A fiery heat lit through my chest. My cock hardened as the feminine scent of the lotion wafted up to my nose. I stood up suddenly, moving across the room, trying to shake the sensation free from my body.

The entire room smelled amazing. A small container sat on the side table, an erotic scent flowing slowly from the small vessel. My head spun around, trying to find something to distract myself from this new, overwhelming sensation. I grabbed the soft robe off the hook, pushing my arms into the welcoming fabric, wrapping the belt around my waist, trying to close off thoughts of my new, soft body. The fabric wrapped me in its warmth. Looking

down, my lean, hairless legs shone bright and smooth from the bottom of the robe. I walked across the room—no strutted—my new body seeming to empower me. The touch of my own body felt sensual on my skin as I slipped my hand beneath the front of the robe. My cock throbbed beneath the fabric. I wrapped my hand around it, the smooth surface slick with the heavy cream. I stroked myself, my breath falling from my lips in a heavy pant as the pent-up pleasure inside of me rose.

I pushed my hand into the corner of the wall, trying to think of something, anything besides the throbbing cock held in my hand. It pulsed heavily as I held it tight, the soft robe tickling against my skin. I stroked harder, stoking myself wildly as an intense desire flooded over me. I moaned, my legs weak as I teased the swollen, smooth head of my cock. I jerked my cock wildly like I'd gone mad and I needed to cum to survive.

My other hand trailed over my body, over my soft skin and the warm fabric of the robe, the sensual scents of the room swirling around me. My cock slipped smoothly through my hands, pulsing heavily as I stroked it into oblivion. With one last stroke, my seed shot from my pulsing cock, my legs trembling as slid down toward the floor.

CHAPTER FOUR

MY NAKED BODY TREMBLED as I lay on the table. I'd jammed the soiled robe into the bottom of the trash can, my seed having soaked through the front of the fabric after rivers of cum had shot from me. I closed my eyes, trying to calm my mind. *This was just a job*, I reminded myself. I was to become Anastasia just for a job.

The door banged open and in walked Zaza. "Now we finish you," she said. I sat up quickly, concern in my eyes. "Put on your robe and come with me." Her eyes looked to the empty hook on the wall then back to me. A knowing smile slid across her lips. "Cover your cock and come with me," she said.

I stood, placing my hands over my cock and following her from the room. We walked down the length of the long hall, my soft, hairless skin cooled by the cold air coming from the vents. "Why is it so cold out here?" I asked as my naked body shivered.

"Come in here," she said, pushing open a door and ignoring my questioning. "Sit," she commanded as I entered the room. Shelves lined the back wall, plastic heads with wigs of all colors and styles sat along them. I slowly lowered myself into the chair in the middle of the room, eyeing myself in the long mirror across the room. My skin appeared to glow, and a small smile twitched across my lips as I caught my reflection. "Blend in or stand out?" she asked as she stood before the wigs lining the far wall.

"Umm..." I said, swallowing heavily as I gazed across all the gorgeously set hair. "I need to seduce a man. A powerful man."

I expect some sort of surprised reaction from Zaza, but she only turned from me, moving down the line toward the selection of brightly colored wigs.

"I don't want to stand out that much!" I exclaimed as she came to a stop before a brightly colored pink wig.

She stepped back a few steps, standing before the red-colored hair.

"Elegant," I said, my voice soft and uncertain. "I need to be elegant. It's going to be a ball."

"Ah," the woman said as if she suddenly could picture the new Anastasia in her mind. She carefully plucked a long red wig off the mannequin. "Bold, yet elegant," she said, moving toward me.

I squeezed my eyes shut as she slid the wig over my scalp, the long, soft hair falling over my naked shoulders. I blinked my eyes open as she ran a brush through the long locks. I dared peek at my reflection in the mirror across

the room. I appeared dainty and demure as I sat with my arms wrapped around my naked middle.

“Good. Yes?” Zaza asked, and I caught her eyes in the reflection of the mirror.

“Yes,” I said, my voice soft. “I think so.” I sat, looking at myself quietly for a moment. “Is it—” my voice caught in my throat. “Is it pretty?” I asked her.

“Ah!” she said, placing a large hand on my shoulder. “You will be so pretty.”

Not me, the wig, I thought as I looked back up to the mirror. But, it was weird, I almost did look pretty.

“Makeup and nails next,” she said, clapping her large hands together and startling me back into reality.

I stood quickly, suddenly realizing I was still naked. “Clothes?” I questioned, wrapping my arms protectively around my stomach.

She raised an eyebrow at me. “Most keep their robes,” she said, and my cheeks burned red with shame. “Ah,” she said. “I’m too big of a softie.” She opened one of the doors, pulling a robe off the hanger.

“Thank you,” I said, quickly putting on the robe and tightening the belt.

“I see you back here after makeup,” she said, sliding the wig from my head. “I bet I don’t even know you.” She gave me a wink and walked from the room.

Before the door even closed, two women walked into the room. One pointed to a large chair across the room and I moved to it, enjoying how the plush leather seemed to wrap around my form. Warm water started bubbling into the trough at my feet, and upon her command, I slid my feet down into the soothing water. I closed my eyes, resting my head back against the headrest as one of the women picked up my hand, massaging in between my fingers.

“I could get used to this,” I mumbled, and then I drifted off to sleep.

CHAPTER FIVE

MY EYES FLUTTERED OPEN. Someone was tugging on my wrist. I turned, looking at the petite woman desperately trying to get me to move. I looked down curiously at the hand she was tugging on. I felt the sensation as if it were my own body, but... I didn't recognize it as my own. I turned the hand over, inspecting the short, red nails and smooth skin. The hand moved as if I were in a dream. I felt disconnected still. I blinked, long lashes fluttering before my eyes. I moved to touch my face but the small woman moved faster, slapping my hand away from my face before it had even reached my skin.

"No touch," she commanded. "Go get hair."

I stood unsteadily, both from the grogginess of my slumber and the shock over my transformation. I hadn't even seen myself in the mirror, yet already I knew I was pretty.

Zaza barged into the room then, my wig in her hand and clothes draped over her arm. And then, my boss pushed past her, standing before me. His mouth fell open and he looked around the room like he'd burst through the wrong door. "Ron?" he asked, his eyes trailing over my new body.

I blinked, embarrassed, yet then his eyes lit. "Damn," he said, turning to Zaza. "You outdid yourself yet again."

"I make beautiful women," she said proudly.

"Hell yeah, you do," said my boss before turning to me. "We have to go now," he said, taking the wig and the garments from Zaza.

"Now?" I croaked.

He nodded, grabbing me by the elbow and pulling me from the room. "We got word that they're locking down all air flights into South Ministran at midnight tonight. We've got to get our men—and you— onto the plane and into the country before then." He turned to me as we hurried down the hall. "I hope you're ready for this."

"I'm not ready in the slightest!" I exclaimed.

"Good," he said, ignoring my remark. "Let's get you dressed and your hair in place. I have Reinhart set to finish your credentials in flight. The full dossier will be waiting for you on the plane."

I slipped into the first empty room, sliding my hair into place like the Zaza had shown me. I chose a smart pantsuit, something more suited for a long flight. I stared into the mirror, a sharply dressed, beautiful woman staring back at me.

“You can do this,” I said to her. Then I turned, hurrying from the room.

CHAPTER SIX

MY HEART POUNDED IN my chest. I stood to the side of the long bar, looking to where the devastatingly handsome dictator of South Ministran stood at the side table. For the first time tonight, he stood alone, and I knew if this was to work, now was my chance.

I blew out an unsteady breath, clasping the dainty chain which hung around my neck. I stepped forward, trailing my fingers across the sleek edge of the bar's shining wood. The bartender turned his eyes toward me as I moved into his line of sight. His lips twitched into a smile as I turned, smiling at him.

"Good evening, madam," he said.

I kept my voice low, soft as I spoke. "What does the President drink?"

"Ah," he said, his smile widening. He pulled a bottle out from behind the bar top, splashing a long pour into the glass in his hand.

I took the glass, sipping the strong liquid as I turned from him. I looked out across the room, tipping only my eyes toward the dictator in the corner. His eyes caught a glance of the drink in my hand, and after he smoothed down his suit jacket, he strode over to me.

According to the dossier, our in-house intel discovered that the dictator liked a certain type of woman. A *discreet* woman who under direct scrutiny was just that, a gorgeous woman with a penchant toward powerful rulers. But behind closed doors these women were a bit more *endowed* than the average woman skulking around the dictator's palace. President Vasquez's playmates were able to hide in plain sight, the only indication being that they asked what the dictator drank and then was handed a distinct glass of amber liquid.

The man stopped at my side, his powerful presence seeming to wrap around those around us. The women fawned over him, and the men seemed to shrivel upon his gaze. But I turned to him, looking into his sharp, brown eyes as I swirled the amber liquid around in my glass.

"Hello," he said, his voice low and smooth as he tried to flatten out his heavy accent.

I turned from him, bringing the warm liquid to my lips. I sipped lightly, the bright liquid burning as it slid down my throat. My heart fluttered in my chest, not only from the warm liquid that heated my insides but from the closeness of the powerful man standing next to me. His voice was like honey when he leaned forward, whispering in my ear. "I love your hair," he said. His hand touched my elbow as he leaned in close, my skin tingling upon our connection. He thigh pressed between my legs as he leaned forward, kissing me lightly

upon the cheek in greeting. His leg pressed into the bulge beneath my dress, and as he pulled back from me, his eyes lit with desire.

As his back was turned toward the rest of the room, I spotted one of the other operatives, schmoozing up to one of the dictator's heads of security. She was a tall, blonde woman, not easily resisted by the opposite sex. The man she spoke to looked anxiously around the room, wondering if he could steal a moment with the gorgeous woman without being caught. He turned, staring longingly down at the soft flesh of the woman's cleavage, before deciding he could run off on a quick tryst without anyone noticing. The woman left the room, and after a moment, the man trailed behind her.

That was my cue to get President Vasquez out of the main hall, and after ignoring his advances for the past five minutes, I turned to him, smiling slyly as I looped my arm in his. I tipped the rest of the liquid from the glass into my mouth, swallowing the rest in one gulp. It burned as it slid down my throat, and I clung to the dictator's arm as he led me from the room.

"You're so pretty," he cooed as continued through the next room and headed toward a winding set of stairs.

I gripped onto his muscled arm as we ascended the stairs, my body still tipsy in my new high heels. "Don't you need to stay at the party?" I asked, careful to keep my voice light and high. I needed to keep the president out of the main hall, not go off unseen with him.

"Ha!" He laughed, his voice big and booming as it echoed off the surrounding walls. "I don't need to do anything."

I nodded my head as he continued to lead me further away from the party. My nerves started to take over. Thoughts of being left alone with a man that held such absolute power sent shivers down my spine. I tried to distract my thoughts by tuning in to my surroundings. Large paintings lined the walls of the staircase, each one of them probably worth more than my entire apartment. Every corner of the space sparkled in radiant splendor.

I sighed as we stepped onto the next level of the palace, and the dictator turned his eyes curiously to me. "You are tired?" he asked.

"No," I said, shaking my head. "Just..." I gestured around us, "a bit overwhelmed is all."

"*Muy increíble*. No?" he asked.

I nodded enthusiastically, my long red hair shaking around my shoulders. I knew I would be in the clear, the dictator would never suspect me being part of the covert operatives who were probably swarming his basement dungeon as we spoke, but still, I worried that I'd be able to keep him distracted long enough for them to finish their mission and extract the imprisoned American reporters.

His hand slid over the small of my back, cupping the soft curve of it as he led me into a massive room. A large, ornately carved bed stood at the center of it. Thick, rich fabrics ordained the bed, and large, plush rugs surrounded it.

"This is amazing," I said, my voice a bit lower than I'd intended. But the dictator didn't seem to care, for he pulled me into his arms as we crossed the threshold.

"It is big and lonely," he said as he pulled me to his chest. "The life of a man of power is not all... what do you say, sunshine and roses?"

I nodded, allowing my body to meld into his powerful frame. My eyes flitted over to the clock on the wall. I swallowed heavily. Another three hours until extraction. I needed to keep him busy as long as I could.

He ran his hands down my back, my body pressing into his as his hand slid lower, cupping my tight ass beneath the soft fabric of my dress. He moaned softly as my cock tapped lightly against his front, a sudden flash of desire lighting inside of me.

"Is it your first time?" he asked as he felt my body tremble against his own.

"Yes," I whispered. The intoxicating scent of his manliness wrapped around me as my hands pressed into his chest.

"Good," he said, stepping back from me. He unbuttoned his coat slowly, my eyes trailing over his powerful frame as he slid his coat from his shoulders. He undid his belt then, sliding it free from his pants and dropping it onto the floor.

My own cock throbbed, the man before me not only powerfully built but above all forms of control—the supreme leader of an entire land. And tonight, he wanted me.

I moved to him, sliding down onto my knees before him. My fingers slowly trailed up his body, my shining red nails grasping at the button on his pants. I undid it slowly, before carefully sliding the zipper down. I slid my hands over his hips, my hands wrapping around his warm thighs as I slipped his pants free from his legs. His thighs were powerfully built, and I took a moment, caressing the thick muscles beneath my dainty hands.

He slid his hands beneath the tops of his shorts, revealing a long, thickly built cock as he slid them to the ground. It bobbed before my face, its swollen head pulsing in pleasure. He gripped the shaft in his hand, guiding it toward my mouth. My eyes flew to the clock on the wall. Two hours and forty minutes. I sighed, opening my mouth as he slid the head of his cock toward my lips.

The soft, meaty head reached my mouth, slipping tenderly across my red-painted lips. My tongue reached out to it, his skin soft and warm. He moaned as I enclosed my lips around its head, sucking slowly as he continued to guide his cock deep into my mouth. My lips opened wide, my mouth stretching to

accommodate the large, thick phallus. He filled my mouth, a salty sensation tickling at the back of my throat as pre-cum slid from his cock.

I reached my hand up, cupping his thick balls in my hand, stroking them softly between my fingers as he stroked his cock in and out of my mouth. Tears spilled from my eyes as he pushed into my throat, groaning as his cock tapped off the back of my throat. I curled my lips around his cock, sucking my lips around the fat head as he pulled it slowly from my mouth. I gripped his cock in my hand, stroking the moist skin with my new, pretty hand. His head tipped back, his powerful thighs contracting with effort as he held himself upright. I slid my hand from his cock, stroking his thighs before slowly sliding my hands behind him. His body was impressively built, and I squeezed my hands into his meaty ass as I shoved his cock deeper into my throat.

I opened my throat muscles, pushing him deeper as my nails dug into his ass. He groaned deeply, thrusting his cock into my mouth fully. His legs trembled and he pulled back suddenly, saliva dripping from my lips as I looked up at him.

“Too good,” he said, his voice low and guttural.

Heat swirled within me. He loved the way I sucked cock so much I'd almost made him cum before he stopped me. I had the sudden urge to grab him around his waist, forcing his cock back between my awaiting lips. But instead, I stood, my long dress swaying around my knees as I stepped back from him. He moved to me, his thick cock bouncing before him. He reached out to me, a finger trailing across my cheek as he moved past me, over to an ornate chair I hadn't seen resting in the corner. He strode across the room, my eyes trailing over his thickly muscled body as he moved from me. My body heated with desire as the powerful dictator slid into the seat. He curled a finger, beckoning me to him.

I kicked my heels from my feet, my freshly polished toes shining in the low light. My feet sunk into the plush carpet, the softness brushing tenderly over my skin. I moved to him, the soft skin of my legs slipping against each other as my dress flowed around my legs. As I reached him, he grabbed my hips, spinning my body around and pulling me into his lap. His thick cock pressed into me as my ass rested in his lap. He stroked me against him, moaning softly as the soft fabric of my dress slid against his hard cock.

I rested my head back, enjoying his thick hands on my waist, his powerful body beneath me. His musky scent drove my desire, and I ground my hips down, stroking my ass across his hard shaft. He moaned as I stroked against him, his lips soft against my neck as my skin connected with his.

He reached down suddenly, grabbing at my dress, pulling it up my legs and over my hips. His thick legs dwarfed my own, the bottom half of me now

exposed. A warm moisture spread into my panties as it pushed into me, warm pre-cum spilling from his throbbing cock. He stroked against me once again, before reaching in front of me, roughly pulling my panties to the side.

“Quickly,” he said, as he groaned against my neck. “Spread the oil between your legs.”

I looked over at the jar of oil on the side table. I twisted off the lid, then squeezed the cool liquid down the front of my panties.

He pushed his hand across my cock, rubbing the oil across its swollen head and down in between my legs. I throbbed with desire as the oil warmed, my skin heating against the friction of his hand. He pushed me forward, bending me down in half. He held his pulsing cock in his hand and pulling my panties further to the side, he pushed his cock into me. My ass spread, the sensation harsh and painful as I stretched to allow him inside of me. I gasped as his head slid into me, my body squeezing him tight.

His hand stroked between my legs, the oil slick and warm on his large hand. He pushed his palm into my center, a soft groan leaving my lips as he swirled his hand over my panties, stimulating me through the soft fabric. As I relaxed in his lap, he pushed his cock deeper inside of me. My body clenched upon the sensation, and a shuttering sigh left his lips. “Oh my god,” he said, his voice panting out heavy breaths. “You’re so tight.”

I breathed out, trying to relax my body as he continued to stroke against me. I sat back, allowing his cock to slide deep inside of me. He held me there a moment, his hips resting against my ass as his full cock throbbed inside of me. Then with a heavy moan, he gripped my hips, stroking his cock in and out of me. He seemed to fill me completely, my body stretching impossibly as it accepted his thick cock. He groaned as he pulled me tight to him, pushing his cock as deep as it would possibly go. I gyrated my hips slowly, and a moan slipped free from my lips. As I rocked my hips back and forth, my ass sliding against his warm lap, his cock stroking slowly in and out of me, he massaged me through my panties, my desire seeming to flow through my entire body.

I tried to relax back upon him, my body becoming in tune with the slow methodical strokes. He rubbed lazy circles across the front of my panties and I groaned as the heat within me grew.

His cock stretched me further as he pushed deeper and deeper with each stroke, filling my insides with his thick cock. As his fingers tickled over my panties, a soft shiver coursed across my skin. I rocked back against him, suddenly needing him to fill me even more. As my ass slapped into his lap I started to stroke faster, a wave of pleasure washing over me.

He groaned as I ground into him, my own desire seeming to escalate his pleasure. I panted out heavy breaths, my ass slapping against his thighs as I

started slamming his cock in and out of me. I rode him wildly, my body warming, and my legs beginning to shake. I trembled, my body convulsing as an orgasm exploded from within me. My panties filled with my thick moisture as he moaned, gripping my hips, his fingers digging into my skin as he ground me hard onto his hips.

I panted out heavy breaths as he groaned in pleasure, rocking me harder and harder against him. His leg spasmed, and his breath held as he gripped me tighter, rocking my body almost maniacally onto his cock. He screamed out, an animalistic yell exploding from his lips as his thick seed spewed out of his cock, filling me from the inside. His cock pulsed heavily as he continued to cum deep inside my body.

I collapsed forward, my body spent. He loosened his grip on my hips and I slid off his cock, my body collapsing, exhausted, onto the floor. His warm, thick seed slid from my center, filling my panties as it exited my body. I panted out one last heavy breath before cautiously raising my eyes to him.

A huge smile was spread across the man's face, his head tipped back against the chair. Slowly he looked down at me, his face calm and unreadable.

I stood on unsteady legs, moving across the room and slipping my feet back into my high heels. Our combined moisture filled my panties, the sensation warm and slick against me. I spread my hands down through my hair, trying to straighten the long locks.

It was time for me to go if I were to reach the extraction point in time. I took one last moment to look around the room, thinking how it wouldn't be too bad if I had to stay longer.

But my team was counting on me.

I moved to leave the room, but the dictator reached out to me, clasping my hand within his. My heart stuttered. I was afraid he wouldn't allow me to leave.

"You never even told me your name," he said, his voice gruff.

"Anastasia," I said, my voice falling softly from my red painted lips. "My name is Anastasia."

Then, his stoic face changed, and a smile slid across his lips. "A pretty name for a pretty lady," he said. "Perhaps I will see you again?"

I slipped my hand down to his, releasing his grip on my wrist. "I have to go now," I said softly.

I strode from the room, down the winding stairs, and out into the night. From the cryptic signal in the distance, I knew our objective was met.

And me?

I became Anastasia.

I seduced the dictator.

And I completed my mission.

####

Find all of Raven Renguard's transexual, sissies, first-time feminization, futanari, and transformation stories on her [Amazon Author Page](https://www.amazon.com/Raven-Renguard/e/B09SFCFY8V). Follow to be updated every time there's a new release.

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