

Secret Agent Sweetie



Julie Harris

An "Adult TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Secret Agent Sweetie

By: Julie Harris

Chapter 1: Caught up in the Fantasy - Life as the Wife to a Crime Lord

There were dozens of candles flickering all around the room. A hint of lilac and vanilla was in the air. The lights were turned down low. Candlelight dancing through the dark to provide a warm and calm romantic setting. Soft music playing in the background – a melody of piano and harp, blended as one. I could hear the ocean waves softly crashing up against the beach out beyond our property. The moon was at its peak - a full moon, providing a natural glow to the landscape outside.

My husband was a man of many things, one of which was a romanticist. He loved to set the mood and control the environment around him. Everything around us was under his control. He knew what got me excited and he knew how to get my juices flowing.

Like many nights before, today was another blissful night in which I was living my dream. There I was on my knees kneeling at the foot of the bed. My head bobbing back and forth. Mouth full, unable to speak. Chery red lips sliding over his large erect cock. My red tipped fingers wrapped around his member stroking him ever so gently. My other hand gently massaging his swollen testicles.

Able to breathe only through my nose, I took short breaths in unison with each trust from his hips. I could feel his manhood throbbing in my mouth. His breathing increased as I got him more excited. I kept sucking on his member, harder and harder, looking forward to what was about to happen.

My mouth was stretched wide open with his cock pushing forward. All the way in, he kept pushing, until his balls slapped my cheeks. He held it there for a few seconds. Then, out it would come for a slight moment. Then back in, lunging. In and out, in and out with a powerful rhythm.

I could feel his strength as he advanced his hips toward me. I didn't mind that I was like a lit-

tle doll being positioned to please him. It would be much easier if I relaxed my throat muscles and just went with the flow of his thrusts. It got easier over time and now it just seems routine for me to have his cock shoved down my throat and his balls bouncing off my face.

There in that moment, my purpose was to please my man. I grabbed his buttocks and feasted on his wonderful manhood. Naked. My breasts bouncing with each powerful thrust. On my knees with my husband fucking my face, I couldn't think of anything I'd rather be doing. Thrust after thrust, never ending. He was a stallion in the bedroom and could stay hard for hours.

After a while, his trust becomes increasingly deliberate. He grabs my hair and takes ahold of my head shoving it towards him as his pace increases. I lose track of time and become nothing more than a plaything with a sole purpose of sucking on his cock.

My oral skills were as good as any lover. Practice makes perfect. With both hands cupped around his sack massaging and caressing, I was always able to fulfill my womanly obligations.

After what seemed like hours, he lunged forward with one powerful thrust. With his cock shoved deep down into my throat, he held me tight against his pelvis. Semen being sprayed into me, filling my belly. I felt his manhood throbbing

as wave after wave of hot semen shot down my throat. In between breaths, I quickly gulped down his treasured seed. For a moment he was tense and focused on giving every last drop to me. After a few minutes, he pulled out to rest for the next round. I proceed to lick up any precious drops that I may have missed, gently licking his retreating cock, and thanking him for the privilege of pleasuring him.

Finally, after a few seconds, he relaxed. He was done as I licked his retiring member clean. We took a brief pause as I felt his cock shrinking in my mouth. I made sure that I swallowed every last drop of cum and licked him clean. I had grown to love the taste of his man-seed. In fact, I looked forward to it every day in the morning and when he got home in the evenings.

I eventually learned to enjoy giving my husband sexual pleasure orally. It was an honor to have him fuck my face and cum down my throat. After countless times of giving blowjobs, I looked forward to swallowing his seed each day.

“Thank you, my love,” I said as I looked up and smiled.

He looked down at me and smiled back. “You are the perfect wife, my dear,” he replied. “You take care of me, and I shall make sure that your ex-wife and family are safe from any harm.” As long as you are unconditionally mine, no harm shall fall on your ex-wife.



“I am so grateful to have such a wonderful husband like you,” was my response as I laid my head in his lap. Daniel had a gentle touch as he moved his hand over my breasts and down to my nipples. He played with them for a moment to make sure that he had my attention. I closed my eyes to enjoy the moment. Daniel’s hands slowly moved over my tummy. Flat and toned as it should be, past my bellybutton and down between my legs. I had on a thong bikini panty that held my little clitty completely out of sight. I had a smooth bald pussy! Just the way he liked it!

I thought to myself how lucky of a girl I was. My husband was an honorable man. He made good on all his promises to me. I now lived a life of luxury, living in a multi-million-dollar mansion in Bel Air, California. I spend most of my time at the beauty salon, exercising or shopping. I work at the club for two hours each day, one hour helping out in the back office and another on stage. I get quality time with my ex-wife every day and have the comfort of knowing that she too is well taken care of by Daniel. Sandra, who now goes by Candy, is my ex-wife. She is an exotic dancer at one of Daniel’s nightclubs. Candy quit her position at the FBI and now works full time as a dancer. She is happy with her life and happy that I have done so well with mine. Our time together each day is something that I look forward to each afternoon.

It’s amazing how we experience all these twists and turns in life. I used to be the husband. Now I

am a happily married wife. Eager to please my husband. I drifted in thought, but quickly caught myself and course-corrected my thinking.

Eye-to-eye contact is important with a man. I made sure to keep Daniel's attention with my glaze. A look of interest and excitement. Coy, and mysterious. You need to keep their interest. "It's time for round two!" he said, as he nudged me back down to his growing member. Without hesitation, I went to work. I knew what to do. Tonight, I'd get seconds!

A few years ago ...

This all started a few years back with me desperately trying to find my wife and rescue her from the horrors of being mixed up with criminals. This criminal organization controlled all the organized crime on the West Coast, from Vancouver Canada down through Mexico. The "family" was involved in just about anything illegal, including prostitution, money laundering, extortion, drugs, and gambling.

My wife Sandra was one of the FBI's top undercover agents working in their narcotics division. Sandra graduated at the top of her class from both the University of Southern California and from the Police Academy. In addition to being smart and beautiful, she was physically fit and very good at self-defense. Sandra took great pride in being able to handle herself in a man's world and could physically go toe-to-toe with just about

anyone. Sandra rose up through the ranks in the FBI and was now one of their most trusted agents.

For years Sandra would work on cases that were classified. She couldn't tell me what she was working on. Every time I asked or tried to get a hint of what she was doing, she would tell me that the information was classified, and that it was in my best interest and safety that I NOT know what she was working on.

This arrangement of me not knowing what she was working on was fine until she started working on this one particular prostitution case. A general assignment would sometimes require her to be away for 2-3 days. While that was difficult, I got used to it. In this one assignment, she was supposed to be undercover for a week. Well, that week turned into two weeks, and then into three weeks. After a month, I stopped hearing from her. My wife had gone missing.

I didn't know what to do. I went to the police. They told me that because of my wife's occupation, I would have to go to her employer, the FBI.

I tried calling the FBI. I tried calling her office. No response.

Eventually, I got a call back from her boss Special Agent Smith saying that she was missing from a field assignment, and they were doing everything they could to find her. There was no new information that they could share with me and

would keep me apprised if they found something.

I called them back every week hoping to learn a little more about the whereabouts of my wife. To no avail, they told me each time that there was nothing new to share.

Eventually, I mustered up the courage to walk in and confront her employer face-to-face. I walked right into her FBI office and demanded to know what was being done to find my wife. For the most part, I was ignored, being shuffled from room to room and waiting for people that would never show up to talk to me. What little information that I did get seemed to point to the authorities not having a clear picture of what happened and no solid leads as to the whereabouts of my wife.

They were puzzled because my wife was an expert in weapons and hand-to-hand combat. There is no one that she couldn't handle in a fight. Knowing that she would never willingly surrender in a fight or be allowed to be taken as a prisoner, they were worried about the worse possible outcome. The possibility that she was killed in action. Yet, with no solid evidence, this was all just speculation.

My life was in shambles. My wife, my best friend, my lover was missing. My life was not complete without Sandra. I couldn't think straight. I

couldn't eat. The house was a mess. I was a mess. Everything was out of place in my life.

After months of the authorities trying to persuade me that there was nothing that could be done, I fell into a depressed state of mind. The trail to find her had gone cold. She, along with three other female agents before her were all listed as "missing in action". Gone without a trace.

It wasn't until the sixth month after I started trying to find my wife that there was a breakthrough in the case, or at least a small glimmer of hope. One of the surveillance tapes picked up Daniel Conner (the top crime lord) hosting a party at a museum. At this party were a number of beautiful young girls. It was later found out that a few of these model looking girls were not actually biological girls. Rather, they were transsexuals, men transformed into girls. They were on female hormones, looked exactly like girls, but had male parts between their legs. Apparently, Daniel Conner had a soft spot for transsexual girls.

Ring, ring ... the phone rang early the next morning. I ignored the call.

Ring, ring ... the phone rang again. I covered my head with the pillow and tried to go back to sleep.

Ring, ring ... this person was persistent. I rolled out of bed and picked up the phone. "Hello?" I answered with a dazed feeling.

"Hello, is this Mathew Kirkland?" the voice asked. "This is Agent Bob Smith, your wife's boss at the FBI." We've got a lead in the case with your missing wife and wanted to share the details with you. Would you be willing to come downtown to our office to chat for a bit?

"Sure," I said with excitement. I'll be there in an hour. I grabbed some clothes and quickly got dressed.

Finally, I thought to myself, I hope they found my wife, and I hope that she was okay. It has been over a year now since I've seen my wife. I was told long ago that the longer time passes, the less likely that I'll ever be able to see her again. I started to worry. What if she was gone? What if she was hurt? I tried to think positive thoughts and not let my mind wonder into the dark side.

Little did I know that from that day forward, my life would forever change. I was about to sign up for the role of my life, all with the purpose of getting my wife back.

I had convinced myself that all of this was worth it. That all the physical and psychological training that I endured was worth the cause and the mission to find my wife and bring her home safely.

I was determined and willing to sacrifice everything to find and to save my wife. After all, isn't that what any loving spouse would do for their soulmate and best friend?

Chapter 2: In the Beginning

In the beginning ... My wife was a top-notch FBI agent. She was top of her graduating class at the FBI academy. She had the highest scores in marksmanship, hand to hand combat, and academics. She entered the bureau and quickly rose to become one of the more highly decorated agents for successfully solving difficult cases. Her name was Agent Sandra Kirkland. She was the love of my life. Strong and fierce, as a female agent she needed to be twice as good as her male counterparts. She was. She would always be out there looking for a challenge. Physically fit and always healthy, she outperformed most of her colleagues. She was trained in hand-to-hand combat, Karate and Aikido martial arts. She was an expert marksman – sharpshooter. I always felt safe walking around the city with her by my side.

Me, on the other hand, had a plain ordinary job. I work at the local grocery store as a cashier. Nothing too exciting, just stable work. I liked helping others. I was tall, thin, and clean cut looking. Very little facial hair. In fact, very little hair on my body at all, except on my head. With narrow shoulders, I was often told by others that other than my long hair, I looked like the poster child for the boy scouts.

They say that opposites attract. My wife was the aggressive go get-um type of person. She was the “alpha” in our relationship. I was the more passive, let’s keep everything steady type of person. We got along well together.

We had a special connection on a different level. She could complete my sentences, and I could do the same with her. We both enjoyed going out to dinner and walking along the beach. Going to the Habit or to Baskin Robins for an ice cream cone. Shopping was a favorite pastime for us. We could shop for hours on end, looking at different outfits and trying things on. Getting a cup of yummy yogurt from Yogurt Land was another one of our favorite pastimes. We’d get our cool treat, drive to the beach, and sit and talk until the sun went down. Our philosophy in life was that the more we could do for each other, the less that person would have to do when they got home from work. We were always there for each other through the good and bad times.

The one thing that I really cherished with her was our time right before we went to bed. It was our “pillow talk” time. A time where we could talk about anything that was on our mind. How our day went, what the latest gossip was, and what was troubling us. It was some of our most intimate moments.

This one time in particular, my wife told me about a new case that came up in the bureau. It was one that had several undercover agents in-

volved. The bureau had been trying to bring down one of the biggest crime lords on the West Coast. Yet, every time they thought they were getting close, their case fell apart. Not enough evidence, missing witnesses, or no conclusive trail for a conviction. To make things worse, several of their undercover agents have been missing now for years. They all seemed to vanish without a trace.

This was definitely the type of case that my wife got excited about. Something exciting and difficult. High risk, high profile, something that no one else could do. Having brains and being beautiful gets you to the top in life!

Despite the fact that other female undercover operatives were missing, Sandra convinced the bureau that she was special and would be the one to solve this case. They eventually agreed to send her in. Sandra saw this as an opportunity to get herself promoted to branch chief, and possibly a position at the headquarters level. All she had to do was to solve this one case and find the mission agents. High risk, high reward type of job!

Sandra was to go undercover as one of the high-end strip club dancers. Her job was to collect information and build a case against Daniel Conner, the notorious crime lord. Sandra was well equipped for this job. She was fit and toned, better looking than most strip club dancers. She was fearless and confident in her abilities.

Sandra started taking dance lessons nightly to learn her new skill. She and I started going to strip clubs to see how the dancers moved. Sandra would break down each move from the dancers and tell me how she needed to improve her flexibility and stamina.

I sometimes joined in on her workouts. Up and down the stairs. Lots of squats and stretches. Spinning around the pole. Climbing up the pole and holding steady above the ground. I had no idea how hard it was to dance on stage as a strip dancer!

Being a quick study, it was about a month before my wife was ready for her new undercover assignment. She would be inserted into one of the strip clubs that was frequented by Daniel Conner and his crew. She would be given a prime position on stage right in front of Daniel to ensure that she got his attention. Her job was to get his interest, and possibly get an opportunity to be close to him on his inner circle. From there, she was to learn all that she could about the other missing agents, find incriminating evidence and bring down the crime lord. It all seemed so simple. She was beautiful woman with determination and drive. Nothing would get in her way.

Her first week at the club was to get her used to dancing in front of live people. On the second week she was introduced to Daniel Conner. Dancing right in front of him, spinning and gyrating on the pole, she caught his interest. He threw out a

good amount of cash that night encouraging her to dance in all kinds of sexual positions.

The night ended with Daniel leaving the club after a few hours. He seemed moderately interested in Sandra. Nothing special. Sandra would have to wait for another night to get her hooks into him.

It wasn't until the fourth week into her dancing that she got his interest. On this particular night, Daniel had a little more to drink. Sandra had on a pink halter top with matching pink thong panties. After one dance, she knew that she had his interest. Daniel was focused on her like never before. Sandra spun around the pole and ended up on the floor of the stage with her legs wide open in front of Daniel.

Sandra decided that it was now or never. She took off her panties and spread her legs wide open in front of Daniel. Clean cut and bald, her pussy was a site of magnificence! Daniel smiled, and motioned for her to come over to him.

"I've been admiring you for some time now," Daniel said to Sandra as he stared at her smooth pussy and eventually looking into her eyes. This was the first time that he had spoken to Sandra. Daniel looked directly at Sandra, as if he knew exactly who she was.

"I like you." You are sexy and confident, and sweet at the same time. I would like you to come



and dance for me in my private club next week. If it works out, you can work for me. I'll pay you three times what you're making at this dump. Here's a card with the necessary information. Call this number to make arrangements. I look forward to seeing you next Friday.

With that, he got up and left the club with his bodyguards.

Sandra felt a sense of accomplishment. Finally, she was starting to infiltrate Daniel Conner's inner circle. She felt that she was one step closer to solving the case. All it took was for her to remove her panties!

Friday was only two days away. Not much time for her to prepare. "It's now or never," she thought to herself. This was her opportunity. Yet, a voice in her head was cautioning her that it can't be that simple. After all, several other agents have been down this path and have ended up disappearing. "Surely that won't be her," she thought. "I'm special agent Kirkland, a highly qualified FBI agent. I know what I am doing and am ready for this assignment!"

Sandra called the number on the card and spoke to Alice over the phone. "Wear your stage outfit with 5-inch heels. Bring an overcoat to cover yourself. Come alone and wait for us at the corner of Main Street and Pine. Be there at 6:00 pm sharp."

6:00 pm, on the corner of Main and Pine streets. “No problem,” she thought to herself. She will have other undercover agents nearby on each corner of the intersections as well as in two unmarked cars across the street. If anything happens, she will have back up.

The plan was coordinated with her boss, special Agent Bob Smith. Agent Smith was a seasoned field agent. He told Sandra that he would be close by and personally coordinate the back up team. She would be wearing an earpiece, a microphone, and a hidden camera – all state of the art and easily hidden. With a dozen or so highly trained agents around her, she will be safe and ready to handle anything.

They reviewed the plans over and over until everyone was confident in their roles. They all wanted to get their missing colleagues back. Sandra was excited. This was her moment to shine.

“Everyone, go home and get a good night’s rest,” said Agent Smith. “Tomorrow is a big day for all of us. We need to be at the top of our game.”

Chapter 3: Wife Goes Missing

Sandra had on her sexy red dancing outfit. A red halter top that barely covered her breasts. Tight red short shorts with a red thong panty underneath. Big silver hooped earrings with a silver chain and pendent hanging in her cleavage.

Topped off with 5-inch red stilettos, her platinum blond wig, and heavy makeup.

If I wasn't so worried about Sandra's safety, I would have been so turned on by her outfit. She looked so hot in her cute little outfit. Her look screamed out sex to all who laid eyes upon her. Sandra covered herself up with a black overcoat to keep warm.

I hugged her and told her how much I loved her. Sandra gave me a kiss and told me not to wait up for her. She would likely be home the next day.

I could not help but be worried. So many other capable agents have disappeared trying to accomplish the very same task that Sandra was trying to achieve. "Was my Sandra that much better than the rest?" I thought to myself. "I hope so, because she will need to be better to survive."

When Sandra got to work, she was given an earpiece, hidden camera, and microphone.

"Agent Kirkland," called a voice from down the hallway. "I don't want you to take any chances. If you feel threatened, abort the mission. Is that clear?" said Agent Smith.

"Yes, sir. No unnecessary chances. I understand." replied Agent Kirkland. Sandra was excited to have this opportunity to show everyone how good she really was.

It was now 5:00 pm. It was starting to get dark outside. The FBI backup team was in place. Sandra was in a coffee shop across the street. “Testing, testing 1, 2, 3.” Her microphone and camera were working perfectly. Everyone was communicating to each other. Everything looked fine.

At 5:50 pm, Sandra walked out to the corner of Main and Pine street.

6:00 pm came around. Nothing happened.

6:05 pm. Nothing happened.

Finally, at 6:15 pm, Sandra’s cell phone rang. It was Alice, the lady that gave her the instructions to wait on the corner.

“Sandra, listen carefully. I want you to turn around, walk one block down the street, and then go down the escalator to the subway. A man in a blue jacket will give you a subway ticket at the bottom of the escalator. You are to get on the subway headed North. Go now quickly as your train is approaching. You have 4 minutes to get there.”

Sandra thought to herself about taking unnecessary risks. She knew that if she went into the subway, her backup team would not be able to help her. She would have to rely on her training and instinct to survive. Her communications equipment would likely not have reception in the subway. She would be disconnected from the rest of her team.

Sandra was confident that she could take care of herself. "It's now or never," she thought to herself as she ran toward the subway.

"Team, I'm doing this for our missing agents. I must go alone into the subway." Sandra said over her comm unit. "Trust me, I will find them."

"No, do NOT go into the subway. Abort the mission!" came a reply from Agent Smith. "Abort. Do not go down into the subway. Do you hear me!"

The comms went silent. Sandra ignored the order from her boss. She hurried down the escalator taking the ticket from the man at the bottom in a blue jacket. As she proceeded toward the train, she was asked by another man to disconnect all of her communication devices if she wanted to proceed further. She complied.

That was the last we heard from my wife. Her radio and video devices were disconnected. Gone, without a trace. It was as if she was never there. Just like the other agents before her.

The FBI team rushed down to the subway only to find nothing. Sandra Kirkland was gone.

My life was now a disaster. I loved my wife and was a basket-case without her. I must have gone down to the FBI office a dozen times in the last few weeks hoping to get more information on their progress in finding my wife. Any shred of hope was all I was looking for.

I got to know my wife's boss, Special Agent Bob Smith, pretty well. Agent Smith also took the loss of my wife very hard. He knew that given the past records of the other missing FBI agents; the chances of my wife being found was pretty slim. None of the other missing agents were ever found.

It had been over a month now since my wife had vanished. I couldn't sleep. I couldn't eat. I lost some weight. I was really getting anxious, as well as depressed.

I pleaded with Agent Smith for any information. "I would do anything to help find my wife. Anything." I said with desperation.

Agent Smith looked at me and paused. "Will you do anything to help us find your wife?" he said with a serious tone. He looked directly at me as if he had a plan.

"Yes, absolutely!" I replied. "Tell me what I need to do, and I will gladly do it."

Undenounced to me, the FBI had a file on me. It was standard procedure to keep tabs on all the significant others of each of the field agents. Agent Smith knew that I liked to dress up as a woman and that I fantasized about being a girl. He knew that I wore panties under my male clothing. He knew that I dressed as a girl while in my apartment in the evenings and liked to wear heels as much as possible. He knew that it would be easy to convince me to take this next assignment.

“Mathew, what I am about to tell you is classified information. Can I trust you to keep this between us?” said Agent Smith. “If done right, this may lead to a path to find your wife.”

“Absolutely!” I responded. “I will help in any way that I can.”

“Good,” said Agent Smith as he closed his office door.

We have creditable intelligence that Daniel Conner, the crime lord, has strong interests in “transsexual” girls. It turns out that Mr. Conner likes girls with a little “extra” between their legs. He has been seen at a few social clubs with numerous special girls by his side.

We, here at the FBI, have a lot of skilled male and female agents, but no transsexual agents.

“Yes, so what does that have to do with me?” I asked with a puzzled look on my face.

We know that you like dressing as a girl in private. We know that you fantasize about being a girl when you are in private. We could train you and make you into a perfect deep cover operative. You have the perfect body size – tall, thin, and blond. You could be the special agent to help bring your wife back, along with all of the other missing FBI agents. You could expand your fantasy of dressing as a woman, get the government to cover all the expenses, and possibly find your

wife. It would be a win-win type of situation for you.

“Can you help us?”

I sat there shocked. I was confused.

“First of all, how do you know what I like to do in private?” I said with a defensive tone. “I like woman. I’m not gay. Why don’t you go put on a dress and help solve this case mister special agent?”

“Mathew, we are the FBI. We pride ourselves on having the necessary intelligence to get the job done. Come over here. I’d like to show you something.”

I moved over to the other side of his desk to see the computer screen.

“Here is a video of you that we took last week.”

I was appalled and embarrassed. There I was on the video, dressed in lacy pink panties and a matching bra swinging my hips and prancing around the room imitating my favorite superhero Wanda, from the Marvel show WandaVision. I had on high heels, a wig, and makeup. My movements were quite feminine as I had practiced being like Wanda for months now. The dainty hand movements, delicate gestures, and hip movements were spot on. I thought I looked good dressed up! I

could have sworn that I had the curtains closed that day.

I wanted to crawl under the table and hide. There was no doubt that it was me on the video dressed in pink panties and a bra for all to see.

“Mathew, there is nothing to be embarrassed about with this video,” said Agent Smith. “In fact, it is the break we have all been looking for. You are naturally talented for this assignment and look quite attractive as a woman.” You are the break in our case.

With your help, we may be able to locate your wife and get her back. All we need to do is give you some additional training and then place you as an undercover agent in Mr. Conner’s organization.

“I don’t know,” was my response. “I want to help, but his seems extreme. You want to change me into a girl and have me work for you. I’m not a trained secret agent. I don’t have any fighting skills. I’ve never considered becoming a girl full time. Will I be changed back to a boy at the end?”

“Of course, you will,” replied Agent Smith. “Once we get your wife back, you can change back to yourself. The real question is, do you think you have the courage and the commitment to become an undercover secret agent for the FBI?”

I thought to myself ... Agent Smith is right. This might be the opportunity of a lifetime for me. I get

trained to be a secret agent, I get to dress up completely as a sexy girl, I get the FBI to pay all my bills for new girl clothes, and I help solve the case to bring my wife and the other female agents back. This would be a chance in a lifetime type of opportunity!

“Absolutely!” I said with conviction. “Tell me what I need to do, and I will do it!”

“Great! We need to act quickly if we are to put this plan in place. Go home now and get your things in order. Set your financial commitments to autopayment mode so you won’t have to worry about the bills. Report back to me on Monday at 7:00 am to sign the paperwork and to get started with your training.

“Get lots of rest this weekend and come back with that determination and drive to find your wife.” Agent Smith seemed just as happy as I that I had agreed to this arrangement.

Chapter 4: Training as a Female Agent

Monday came in no time. All my personal finances were in order, and I was ready for the next chapter in my life. I was excited to know that I’ll be soon expected to dress as a woman full time, and to act and conduct myself as a girl 24 hours a day.

I got to the FBI office and was asked to see HR to sign all of the paperwork. Everyone seemed eager to get things moving as there was no waiting around for anything. Once I signed the necessary papers, I was officially brought into the FBI. Training began immediately.

My first two weeks of training were on the legal system, law enforcement, and weapons training. I breezed through my classroom work but struggled on learning how to fire various firearms. I found the guns to be loud and heavy. Shooting a gun was definitely not one of my stronger points. Each day ended with a strenuous physical fitness program. Lots of cardio and core exercises. I was exhausted by the end of the day as we trained seven days a week.

On week three, there was a surprise in my training. I was introduced to my new instructor, Ms. Teri. I was told that Ms. Teri would focus on the more feminine aspects of my training.

“Take off all of your clothes and take a shower,” said Ms. Teri.

I did as I was told leaving my clothes in neat pile on the bench outside of the shower. I noticed that the soap and shampoo had a strong floral scent as I lathered up and rinsed off.

I got out of the shower dried myself off with the towel. I noticed that none of my clothes were on the bench. Instead, there was a pair of pink pant-

ies, a matching bra, a short-sleeved blouse, a skirt, small purse, and low-heeled shoes.

“Hurry and get dressed, we have much to do today,” said Ms. Teri. Without emotion, she acted like a drill sergeant in the army. I did not want to question her authority.

I put on the panties and noticed that they were a couple of sizes too small. “Ms. Teri, why are the panties too small for me?” I asked.

“Mindy,” she replied. Those are ‘your’ new panties, and they are the perfect size for you. You will tuck your penis away tightly between your legs from now on. I never want to see anything other than a smooth crotch area between your legs. Is that understood?

“Yes, Ms. Teri,” I replied.

Also, you no longer have a penis. From now on, you will refer to your member as your clitty. In fact, it will be your little clitty. Is that understood?

“Yes, Ms. Teri,” I replied.

When you are not wearing your panties, you are still expected to have your little clitty tightly tucked away between your legs. That rule applies while you are standing naked taking a shower and for any doctors’ appointments.

“Who’s Mindy?” I asked.

Well, my dear, Mindy is your new name.” Ms. Teri said with a smile.

From this day forward, you will assume your new identity. Your new name is “Mindy”.

Please repeat after me, “Hi, my name is Mindy, nice to meet you!” said Ms. Teri.

“Hi, my name is Mindy, nice to meet you,” I said following her instructions.

You will repeat that phrase 50 times each day in the morning, until it becomes natural for you to call yourself Mindy. “Do you understand Mindy?”

“Yes, Ms. Teri, I understand.” My response was meek and quiet. “Hi, my name is Mindy, nice to meet you.” I repeated the phrase several times more until Ms. Teri was satisfied.

I put on my bra next, noticing that it was a matching color to my panties.

Mindy, from now on, you will wear a bra at all times. Since you are still developing, you will start with an A cup. Be sure to match your bra color to your panties at all times.

Next came a floral blouse and then a mid-length skirt. The last item was the 3-inch heels that were surprisingly comfortable. I put on my new clothes, combed my hair, picked up my new purse and walked out to see Ms. Teri.

Ms. Teri took some lipstick out of her purse and asked me to hold still while she applied it to my lips. “There, a nice pink lipstick makes you look a lot prettier! Here, you can keep this lipstick for yourself.”

You have a new life now. You will not go back to your old apartment until your assignment here is complete and you have found your wife. Instead, you will live in this newly furnished apartment as Mindy. Ms. Teri handed me a piece of paper with an address and a key to my new apartment.

Your feminized training will be 24/7 from this point on. You will be expected to be in character as a woman all day and all night. It is part of the training. As the training progresses, you will constantly be tested day and night to see how feminine you have become. You must pass all of the tests with a grade of “A” or better to be qualified for field service. Do you understand?

“How can I get better than an “A” grade?” I asked.

“Good question Mindy. A passing grade is the mastery of each skill. A grade better than an “A” is incorporating that skill into your natural movement and gestures. When something becomes natural to you, only then will you have truly mastered that skill. I will point this out to you and encourage you as you progress in your training. We will have lots of time for your questions.”

“Follow me now Mindy, as we have an appointment with your new doctor.” Ms. Teri led the way down the hall, out to the parking lot, to her car.

Chapter 5: Phase 1 – Maximum Female Hormones

“Hello, Dr. Topper. It’s good to see you again,” said Agent Smith.

“Please Bob, call me Ann. It’s nice to see you too!” replied Dr. Topper.

I read the files that you sent over. It seems that we have a willing subject that wants to be transformed into a woman. It sounds like he wants a complete transformation except for his penis. That is to remain in place. “Did I get it correct?”

“Yes, Dr. Topper, or I mean Ann. You are correct. Completed transformation as quick as possible. Other than outright removing his penis, you are clear to use whatever means to make him as passible of a female as possible. His penis should never get erect so feel free to take out any erectile tissue. The agency will cover all costs. We have agents lives that are counting on this new asset being put in place.” said Agent Smith.

You are the best in your field using cutting edge technology to transform males into females. Your work is so good that many men cannot tell the difference from a genetic female to one that you’ve transformed. Girls that you have transformed

have gone on to become famous runway models, movie stars, and many other prominent feminine roles. “I for one, am a big fan of your work Dr. Topper,” said Agent Smith with a grin.

“Bob, you are too kind,” replied Dr. Topper. I simply help troubled individuals find their inner beauty and become who they were meant to be ... beautiful females. I see you like the catalog of my work there. The girls are eager to show off their new self in the most provocative ways. As you can see, there is no way that anyone would think of these individuals as anything other than a beautiful girl. So, tell me more about Mathew Kirkland and what he is looking for.

Well, Mathew Kirkland is helping us by going undercover to find his wife. To do that, he needs to be a passable transsexual female. Mathew will be inserted into a strip club as a dancer. His mission is to get close to one of the targets and then find out where he’s taken our other female agents.

The agency will pick up the bill and cover all of your costs to transform Mathew. We would like the full treatment. We would like you to make this happen as soon as possible. In fact, I would like you to do this twice as fast as your usual transformation speed. That, of course, is only if it is medically safe to do. We want you to do the usual surgical procedures to give Mathew all the features of a beautiful girl. His goal will be to seduce a high-level crime lord, so he will have to be made to look like a Barbie doll. When you are done, he has

to look like a drop dead gorgeous sexy girl. “Can you do this for us Dr. Topper, I mean Ann?” asked a concerned Agent Smith.

“Yes, but I would have to clear my schedule of my other appointments. It will cost you.”

Dr. Topper smiled and looked at Agent Smith with a confident gaze. “Not a problem, the agency will pick up all the necessary costs. You will also receive a healthy bonus if we are successful in our mission.” Agent Smith seemed relieved.

“Has Mathew signed all of the necessary papers?” asked Dr. Topper. We must make sure that everything is in order before starting any of the procedures.

“Yes, here are the papers that you asked to be signed,” said Agent Smith. Mathew even signed an additional set of papers giving you the authority to use any means necessary to transform him into a very feminine Barbie-doll looking woman. He even agreed to change his name, taking on a girl’s name. He wants to be referred to as a girl, no more references to him as a male.

We are now calling Mathew by his new girl’s name. Please address him as “Mindy” from now on.

Okay then. Great! Mindy it is. Let’s get started right away. Please have Mindy show up at my office tomorrow at 8:00 am. Mindy’s a lucky girl!

She will be the envy of every able body male when I'm done with her. I'm looking forward to meeting Mindy.

The next day came quickly. Ms. Teri drove me to Dr. Topper's office early in the morning. We arrived at 8:00 am and got into the office before they opened the doors to the public.

"Hi, we have an appointment for Mindy Kirkland," said Ms. Teri to the receptionist.

"Yes, we were expecting you. Please take a seat and we will be right with you."

We sat and waited for a few minutes. I noticed that the waiting room was decorated with photos of several beautiful women. Many of them looked like fashion models or well-groomed women. One lady was in a conference room as if she was the chairperson of a company. Another looked like she was the spokes model for a makeup line. Another photo showed a ballet dancer at the theater. There were photos of girls in bikinis and mini skirts walking on the beach. There were so many attractive women displayed in the photos on the wall.

I awoke from my stare ... "Mindy Kirkland," called out the nurse from the side door.

"Yes, I'm Mindy," I responded, as I tried to compose myself into my feminine character.

“Please follow me.” I was led down the hallway to an examination room. Please get undressed and put on this robe. The doctor will be in shortly to see you.

I sat there with Ms. Teri on the other side of the room. I got up and took off my clothes, folded them nicely and placed them on the side table. I put on the small pink robe that was provided and waited patiently for the doctor.

“Please take off your bra and panties as well Mindy,” said Ms. Teri.

I did as I was told.

“Knock, knock,” came a sound from the door. “Hi, I’m Dr. Ann Topper. You must be Mindy.” Dr. Topper extended her hand for a handshake. “This is my nurse Nancy. Nancy will be assisting me in the examination today.”

It was a little intimidating as both Dr. Topper and Nurse Nancy were both very beautiful women.

After I got over staring at how beautiful Dr. Topper and Nancy were, I snapped out of my daze. “Yes, I’m Mindy,” I responded.

“I’ve read your files and am prepared to help you achieve your goal to become a women. I understand that time is of importance, and that you want this process to be sped up.”

“Yes, doctor, my wife is counting on me. I have to be successful in this undercover mission. Please do all that you can, as quick as you can.”

I reached out and held her hand to show that I was sincere about wanting this transformation process to go quickly. Dr. Topper held my hand and felt me trembling.

“Oh, you poor dear, you have nothing to worry about. I will make sure that you are an absolutely beautiful young lady when I am done. You will have the face of an angel and a figure of a supermodel. I will personally see to it that you are my best work ever!” said Dr. Topper with confidence.

“Come here and give me a hug,” said Dr. Topper understanding the urgency. “You will be very pleased when we are done.”

“Now let’s start with the basic examination, shall we.” Dr. Topper proceeded to examine my mouth, eyes, nose, and ears. She asked if I had any allergies and if I had had any medical procedures done to me in the past. Dr. Topper asked a series of questions while nurse Nancy took notes on the computer. I had to try my best not to keep staring at nurse Nancy’s long and sexy legs. She also had a full set of breasts with an awesome looking cleavage. It was truly a mind test of my resolve to stay focused on the questions at hand.

This was the easy part of the examination.

“Mindy, take off your robe and lay down on your back, face up please.” said Dr. Topper.

I took off my robe and tried not to be embarrassed. Ms. Teri was there in the room, along with Dr. Topper and her nurse.

First Dr. Topper fondled my nipples, asking if there were any sensitivity to them with her touch. While I enjoyed her touch, there really wasn't any stimulation sexually for me. Dr. Topper took a number of measurements around my chest area and then proceeded to move down to my abdomen area.

Dr. Topper made note that I had a little extra love handles in my mid-section and then proceeded to move lower to examine what was between my legs.

“I noticed that you have your penis tucked away between your legs,” said Dr. Topper.

I was so embarrassed that I started to tear up. “Oh, my poor girl, I will fix that problem for you. When we are done, you will have a little clitty that is easily hidden from view with the smallest of panties. Why even a small thong panty will be able to conceal your little secret.”

“Now, please put your legs on these stirrups.” I need to examine what you have so that I can fix it.

I put my right leg on the stirrup first, then my left leg. I felt so exposed. Everyone could clearly see me. My little clitty was cold, shriveled, and tiny. “Based on the size of your little penis, it will be relatively easy to fix this problem.” Dr. Topper proceeded to take measurements and photos of my private areas.

“Okay, we are done now with this side.”

“Next, I need you to get up on the examination table on all fours.” Nurse Nancy helped me get up on the table.

“Now, touch your head to the examination table, but leave your butt sticking up in the air. I have to do my examination.”

I hesitated. “Mindy, I’m told that you told Agent Smith that you are willing to do anything to help find your wife. Is that true?”

“Yes,” I replied sheepishly.

“Okay then, I promise you that I will help transform you into the perfect girl to help bring back your wife. You have to trust me. Okay?”

“Okay, sorry Dr. Topper,” I replied.

“Now, keep your butt up in the air while I perform my examination.” Dr. Topper took some measurements and then some photos. You are

going to feel a little pressure now. Just relax and go with what your feelings tell you.

I felt Dr. Topper slowly pushing one finger into my anus. She slowly moved it out and then in again. Out and then in, out and then in, eventually I could feel two fingers moving in and out of me. Her movements were soothing. Before I knew it, she had three fingers moving in and out of me.

“Does this feel good my dear Mindy?” she asked?

“Yes, Dr. Topper, it does feel good,” I replied.

Okay, Mindy. I’m going to try something else.

Dr. Topper pulled her fingers out and quickly replaced it with a dildo.

Before I could protest, she was pumping that dildo in and out of me at a steady rate. It felt good.

I tried to compose myself, as I had three beautiful women looking at me being fucked in the ass with a dildo. Any normal guy would be completely embarrassed of themselves. I just wanted the feeling to continue.

“Do you want me to continue?” asked Dr. Topper.

“Yes. Please continue.”

With that Dr. Topper hit the vibrator switch and the dildo started pulsating back and forth. She started pushing the dildo further into me and pulling it out quicker. I started feeling warm all over and then suddenly let out a big discharge of liquids from my little clitty. As this was happening, nurse Nancy helped milk my little clitty until it was all spent.

“Ah, very good Mindy! You performed very well. In time, you will learn to cum only through penetration. You will look forward to being fucked by men.”

Please get up and clean yourself off. Here’s the tissue box.

I notice that you seem to admire nurse Nancy. That in fact is another test and the reason nurse Nancy is here.

“Nurse Nancy, please take off your clothes and show us your wonderful body.”

Nurse Nancy proceeded to undress, first taking off her lab coat, then unzipping her dress. As she took off her dress, she revealed matching peach underwear. She first removed her bra letting out her ample breasts. She had large nipples and perky breasts. Finally, she removed her thong panties to reveal a small little clitty between her legs.

“Nurse Nancy, please come closer and let Mindy examine you herself.” Dr. Topper asked.

“Mindy, go ahead and reach out to feel Nancy’s breasts. I know that you have been looking at them since we came into the room. Feel them. See how buoyant they are. Feel their weight. See how large Nancy’s nipples are. Go ahead and pinch them. Pinch them harder and see how Nancy reacts. Don’t worry, when I am done with you, you will have even larger breasts and nipples. Your body will give off pheromones that attract men to want to fuck you.”

“Now reach out and touch Nancy’s little clitty. Feel that tiny piece of skin between her legs. That was once her penis. Notice that it is now nothing more than a limp piece of skin between her legs that is easily hidden out of sight with a panty.”

“Your little clitty will be even smaller. I will fix the area so that it is completely smooth and soft.” Men like bald pussy’s!

“Also, you currently get excited by seeing beautiful women. When I am done with your transformation, you will get very excited when you see men. Especially when you see a cock!”

“Do you like Nancy’s breasts?”

“Yes, they are wonderful.”

“Do you like Nancy’s pussy and her little clitty?”

“Yes, I can’t wait to have my own!”

“Do you like the effect that Nancy has on men, making them want to fuck her, when they see her?”

“Yes, that would really help me do my job to find my wife.”

“One last thing. In all of this examination, your true feelings are revealed. Your little clitty is swollen seeing nurse Nancy. This will be the last time that your little clitty gets swollen and the last that you will be able to have an ejaculation.”

“Nurse Nancy, you may suck on Mindy’s clitty.” With that command, nurse Nancy moved over to me putting my entire clitty, it wasn’t very much, into her mouth. As she sucked on it, I felt so happy that soon, I too will be a gorgeous woman like Nancy. In about 30 seconds I came for the last time shooting my small load out into Nancy’s mouth.

Okay then, now that we are all spent, we will proceed to make you into the woman you were meant to be!

I spent about a couple of hours answering questions and getting examined in every possible way. Dr. Topper ordered some bloodwork done. I

had full body x-rays taken. I even had an MRI scan of my head completed. Dr. Topper left us for a while and then came back with a couple of shots.

“Please turn around and bend over,” asked Dr. Topper. “You will be getting your first shots. Both are a special blend of vitamins that will help you feel better.”

I did as I was told. Two shots to my butt. It was not so bad. I barely felt the shot go in.

“You will come to my office every other day to receive these shots. You will be getting a blood test every week as well. Any questions my dear?”

I felt good. “No questions. Thank you so much for helping me Dr. Topper!” I was relieved that the process was so simple.

Ms. Teri and I drove back to my feminized apartment to settle into my new life as a girl. Opening the door to my new temporary apartment was like opening the door to my new life. It was a beautiful apartment with everything in there as feminine as possible. Lots of lace and flowers. Lots of pastel tones. My bedroom closet was full of dresses, blouses, and skirts. I had a separate closet full of women’s shoes. My dresser was full of panties, bras and various feminine outfits. I was so happy that I decided to take on this job!

“Don’t forget to paint your nails tonight,” said Ms. Teri. It’s the beginning of the week again. You need to pick a different nail color. By this point I had become accustomed to changing my nail colors every week. Taking off my nail colors and adding back new fresh nail polish. Like everything else, if you do this enough it becomes second nature.

I had noticed that with my diet, I had begun to lose weight. It must have been all of the smoothies that I drank in the mornings and the dinner salads that I was eating for dinner. I didn’t feel hungry. Instead, I felt good, with lots of energy.

I noticed certain other changes, mostly physical, but also emotional. I found myself crying more easily at sad movies, and on more than one occasion I had tears in my eyes as I thought about my wife being held captive. It also seemed I needed to shave less often, my facial hair, never particularly heavy, now only needed removing every three to four days. And, while I could not swear to it, my chest appeared to be growing, as was my butt. I decided it could not be anything to do with my diet, because I was actually losing weight around my waist. When I mentioned it to Ms. Teri, she suggested a visit to the doctor who declared it to be a slight hormonal imbalance and nothing to worry about. She did not mention that I was being given massive amounts of testosterone blockers and estrogen.

When I got home, Ms. Teri suggested that I try wearing a larger bra cup size to keep my chest comfortable. I was now dressing and living full time as a girl. I was used to wearing matching panties and bras.

Over time, I became accustomed to wearing women's clothing. It was natural for me to look for matching-colored panties and bras each morning. I liked to change up the colors. One day black, another day pink, and another day red. Having a variety of colors was fun. No big deal.

Makeup was added to my daily routine. I needed to be fully made up before breakfast. Throughout the day I needed to keep my make up fresh and clean. Lipstick always needed touch ups.

Over several months, I had developed quite pronounced breasts. My nipples were much larger as well! My hair seemed to be growing quicker, now down past my shoulders.

“Mindy, its time that you start wearing a corset to make your waist thinner.” said Ms. Teri. You still have to lose a few more inches to get to your desired figure.

I complied and started wearing corsets.

There is something exciting about having a sexy corset gradually pull in your body, controlling you almost against your will and holding you

tight no matter how you try to resist. In fact, the whole experience was so exciting that, by the time Ms. Teri had finished tightening the garment I was becoming aroused again in my own way. No longer able to get an erection, I simply beg Ms. Teri to slip her finger into my pussy to give me sexual satisfaction.

Ms. Teri helped me appreciate my new feminized body. Laying of the bed naked, I always enjoyed my sessions with Ms. Teri. She seemed to take delight in my breasts, which she fondled and sucked constantly as she became more and more aroused. When I complained that my nipples were sore, she actually seemed to increase the fervor with which she attacked them.

Ms. Teri would often insert her finger into my pussy-ass and tell me to imagine being taken by a man. Over time, I accepted this penetration and looked forward to the attention.

Between the testosterone blockers and estrogen, it was inevitable that I would be chemically castrated. My testicles continued to get smaller until one day they were gone forever. All I had now was loose skin around my tiny penis. My balls were gone. They were never coming back. My scrotum shriveled up to a few folds of loose skin.

My penis was very small now, about the size of you baby finger. Regardless of how excited sexually I got, there was no erection. Just a floppy little

thingy. Ms. Teri refers to it as my little clitty, just a tiny piece of extra skin between my legs.

Chapter 6 – Phase 2 – A Nip and a Tuck for the Finishing Touches

“Hello Mindy, I see that you are making great progress in your development. How do you feel today?” said Dr. Topper.

“I feel good Dr. Topper,” I replied. My nipples are a little sore, but overall, I think I’m doing fine.

“Well, we your bloodwork is good. All of your levels are stable,” said Dr. Topper. You’ve lost 30 pounds since we’ve started this process. Your waist is a lot thinner; your breasts are developing well; your butt is filling out ... you are becoming quite a beautiful young lady!”

Have you been doing the exercises that I prescribed?

“Yes, I have. Three sets a day as you recommended.” That includes walking on a treadmill placing one foot in front of the other making sure that I swing my hips from side to side. I’m up to 2 miles for each set. I’m also doing my yoga stretches to be more limber. That includes spreading my legs open and holding them up in the air. Soon I’ll be able to do the splits! I was excited to tell the good doctor of my progress.

“Good! I’m glad that you are doing your exercises.” We will now move to the final transformational step. I will be doing a few minor procedures to make you into your desired self. I promise you; you will be stunned by your beauty when I am done. The procedure will take a few hours. Your recovery time will be a few days before you can be discharged from the hospital.

“I’m so happy for you Mindy,” said Dr. Topper. Soon you will be able to complete your undercover mission!

“I would not have been able to do any of this without you Dr. Topper,” said Mindy. I am forever in your debt. Thank you for all that you do.

“No problem. I’m glad to help you, Mindy.” Dr. Topper asked me to stand and to lift my arms out to the side. I felt odd standing there naked. My nipples were cold and exposed. My tiny penis, barely there but still dangling between my legs.

Dr. Topper gently held my little penis. “This, my dear, makes you unique and special,” she said with a smile. You will be the most stunning transsexual ever to exist when I am done with you!

She once again looked closely at my figure and commented at how lovely of figure I had. You look like a nice-looking girl right now. When we are done, you will be a beautiful looking woman able to charm any man out there!

“Please lay down and my nurse will come in to prep you for the procedure. I will see you in a few hours when you wake up after the procedures.”

With that, Dr. Topper left the room. Several nurses came in and started hooking me up to the IV's and covering me with a thin warm blanket. After a few minutes, I fell asleep.

After what seemed like just a few minutes, I woke up in a strange room. Looking around, it was a very nice room. I felt a little lightheaded when I tried to sit up. One of the nurses came in and said, “welcome back my little princess.”

“Hello. How long have I been sleeping?” I asked.

“Well, you have been sleeping since Friday. You should be well rested by now!” said the nurse.

“Friday? That means that I've been asleep for almost a whole week now!” How did the procedures go? Is everything okay? Did something go wrong?

“Knock, knock ... Hello Mindy!” said Dr. Topper as she came into the room. I wanted to be the first person to show you how beautiful you turned out. You are truly my best work yet! Please, let me help you get up and on to your feet. Dr. Topper took off the blanket on me and lowered the bed.

I slowly sat up. It's weird when you haven't been on your feet for a week, now trying to stand



up. I was completely naked. With the help of Dr. Topper, I stood up. We slowly walked over to the mirror on the wall.

I could not believe what I saw. The image looking back from the mirror was the most gorgeous girl that I have ever seen! If I were a guy, or if I could get an erection, I would have instantly gotten a hard-on! I was a living Barbie doll, perfect in every way!

Dr. Topper started sharing all the enhancements that he performed. Starting from head to toe ... your nose was sculpted into a cute little button nose. Your Adams Apple was removed. Your voice box was altered so that you have a higher pitch in your voice. You now sound like a girl when you speak. With a few modifications, you now have high cheekbones that give you that supermodel look. We did a few hair extensions. Notice how you have beautiful flowing hair down to your waist.

Your breasts are a little fuller. They are now a D-cup, but very firm, and perky.

I performed a tummy tuck on your already small waist. You now have a size 25-inch waist. Your backside was sculpted. I made your butt a lot fuller.

I also made your calf tendons a little shorter. You will find it to be really comfortable to wear high-heeled shoes. In fact, notice how you are

standing on your tippy toes right now. You will prefer to wear heeled shoes. It will be natural for you to walk in 5-inch heels. It will also seem natural for you to swing your hips from side to side as you walk.

Notice that we have not done any alterations to your tiny little penis, other than removing the spongy erectile tissue. As a transsexual girl, it is important that you have a hint showing that you started off as a male.

No one will ever believe that you are a male, until you show them your little clitty. I'm sure you'll have to show yourself many times as no one will ever believe that you were anything other than a beautiful woman.

I stared at myself in the mirror. Tears started flowing out of my eyes. It was true that I was incredibly sexy. In fact, too sexy! I knew then that there was no turning back. My fate was to be a girl. That was the price of me going undercover to find my wife.

“Ah, I see that you are happy with the results,” said Dr. Topper as she wiped away my tears with a tissue. You are almost done with your transformation. We will get you dressed and something to eat. Tomorrow you must start your psychological training.

Dr. Topper had one of the nurses bring me clothing. I had a white blouse, red thong panties,

a red mini skirt, and 5-inch black high heeled shoes. I didn't see any bra, so I proceeded to put on my blouse. I'm not sure if they got the sizes mixed up, but my blouse seemed tight, especially around my bosom. Luckily, the material had a little stretch, so I was able to button it halfway up. I was not able to button the top three buttons. My nipples clearly showed through the thin material. The thong panties were just enough to keep my little clitty tucked back between my legs. The red miniskirt fit like a glove. If I bent down in any direction, my panties would show. I was relieved to put on my high heeled shoes. They felt so comfortable.

Looking in the mirror, I looked like a prostitute ready to walk the streets.

Dr. Topper came in after I was dressed. "Wow, you look like you are ready to get to work!" Please walk over to me and show me your outfit.

I walked over to her with much ease, taking one step in front of the other. The fact that I had 5-inch heels did not seem to bother me. My hips seemed to sway from side to side naturally. My breasts bounced up and down with each step struggling to stay in my buttoned blouse.

"You truly are a beautiful woman!" said Dr. Topper. "I'm a woman myself, and yet I find myself strangely attracted to you!" You are going to be a knockout of an undercover agent!

Chapter 7: Neutered and My New Pussy

“Today is your lucky day,” said the blond assistant in the office. Your outlook on life will be forever changed!

I woke up naked strapped to a triangular wooden device. My arms were held behind me bound to the outer edges of this apparatus. My newly formed breasts stuck out prominently as on display. My legs were spread apart bound at my ankles and again at my thighs. My waist was strapped in against the hardware rendering me completely locked into this device.

“Where the heck am I,” I thought to myself. I don’t remember coming here. The last thing that I remember was talking to Dr. Topper. What happened to me?

I looked around the room and noticed that it was like a bedroom setting in a home. I was in a bedroom, only there was no bed in the room. There was a small desk and a chair on one side of the room. A nice flat screen television mounted on the wall. In the corner was a bookshelf with towels and what looked like shoe boxes of tools. There was a mirror in front of me. I was on the other side of the room, unable to move.

As the nurse moved closer to me, she smiled seeing the fear on my face. “Don’t worry, this treatment will make you a much better person.”

All you must do is relax and let the machine do its thing. This will all be over in no time.

Oh, and don't worry about trying to speak. I've put a numbing agent in your mouth. You'll only be able to moan and make humming noises until this procedure is completed. I think you'll enjoy moaning and making humming sounds as it will come naturally to you as you accept your new situation.

What I'm going to do now is place the head of your tiny penis in this specially designed steel sheath. Each of your testicles will have their own steel sheath as well. Oh, I forgot, your testicles were dissolved with the powerful testosterone blocking medication. We'll hook up the electrodes to the folds in your scrotum directly instead, where you used to have your testicles.

The metal sheath was cold to the touch. It fit over my organ as if it were made to my size. Extra small. Once attached, the metal warmed up to match my body temperature.

The nurse then attached electrical sensors to each sheath from a transformer at the base of the apparatus. It looked a little spooky. Especially since I was the one that it was attached to!

"Here's the good part," she said. "You'll soon be subjected to various audio and visual stimulations of a highly erotic nature. There will be images of lots of beautiful girls frolicking around in

front of you. Naked girls with nice breasts and big nipples. Girls with smooth bald pussy's, spreading their legs wide open for you. Girls begging you to fuck them and to play with their breasts.

When the sensors detect any arousal in you or your organ, you will immediately receive a shock. The more you become aroused, the greater the shock will be. After you no longer get aroused by audio and visual cues, it will move on to the next part of your conditioning.

The sensors will stimulate your little penis and ball sack by pleasantly vibrating, to stimulate manual manipulation, until you become aroused and then, of course, you will be shocked. The intensity of the shocks will increase based on the number of times you get aroused.

“Naturally, this isn't going to be pleasant, but I've found that within, on average of about 3 days, 16 hours a day, your little penis will have become completely useless, and thus you'll be effectively neutered. Totally harmless to any woman. Forever.”

However, you really are the lucky one. I have orders to proceed with a second treatment to “recenter” your erogenous zone.

After 5 days, I was completely exhausted. I could barely move. I had been effectively neutered. Not even a beautiful girl licking me down

there could achieve the slightest arousal from my limp organ.

I was allowed a couple of days to rest and to eat to build back my strength.

After my brief recovery, I woke up again naked strapped to a wooden device. It reminded me of a piano bench, only very narrow in width. I was bound face down with my wrists secured to the legs on one side of the bench. My waist was fastened to the bench by a leather belt rendering me motionless in this new position.

My legs were spread apart and secured to the bottom of the bench by my ankles.

Once again, I couldn't speak as there was some kind of numbing agent in my mouth.

There will be one way in which you will be able to have sexual satisfaction. That will be through anal penetration. You will soon be conditioned to respond sexually to anal penetration and prostate stimulation. In layman's terms, this means that the only way you can become sexually aroused to ejaculation is by being fucked in the ass.

Oh, by the way, your ass will be your new pussy! You'll soon enjoy having a pussy!

"This is really quite an effective training device," she said as she reached for a large pink dildo. She lubed up the dildo and slowly inserted

it into my pussy. The dildo is a special mechanical training device. When I turn it on, it will inflate in size to fit you snugly. It will then start to vibrate and ripple at varying intensities controlled from this computer console. I'm told it feels exactly like a cock going in and out of a woman being fucked. We'll start you off at 30-minute cycles, with a 10-minute break in between. We'll try this for 14 hours each day.

The training will be quite tormenting, bringing you close to an orgasm, and then backing down. You don't believe me now, but eventually, you'll beg me to turn on the dildo to the maximum setting so that you can achieve a sextual release. When you do, I'll know that you've been thoroughly conditioned. Although it does take a little longer, I'm betting that you'll start begging me about mid-way through the 5th day of conditioning.

She turned on the machine watched me squirm in my torment. The dildo felt wonderful as it vibrated and rippled deep within me. I instinctively started to moan and make feminine sounds. With each thrust I made a corresponding sound. It came naturally. As the intensity increased, so did my arousal. Right when I was ready to cum, the vibrator stopped. I wiggled and wiggled hoping to have that dildo fill me up, but to no avail. I laid their frustrated waiting to the next round of fucking.

This cycle repeated over and over again until I lost count. All I could think about is wanting to get fucked repeatedly. Harder and harder. More and more.

I would fall asleep and wake up to me being filled with the dildo, hoping that this would be the chance that I would be able to cum.

I lost track of the time, the hours, the days that past. As the door opened, I begged to be fucked. I begged for her to turn the setting up to the maximum level. I wanted all of it deep in me. I cried as I begged to be fucked.

I got my wish. They turned up the settings to the maximum level. I felt such pleasure that my ejaculation exploded all over the floor. I was completely spent. I lay there with a smile on my face.

“From this point on, you will constantly want to be fucked in your ass to satisfy your sexual desires. Your little clitty will be limp and useless, easy to tuck away between your legs.”

It's been an honor training your new pussy!

Chapter 8: Training of the Mind

Before you leave our care, you will need to complete a few sessions with Dr. Zion. Dr. Zion will be helping to condition you for your new role as an undercover agent. She will help you learn all the skills that will be required to get the job done.

“Dr. Zion, I’m pleased to introduce you to this lovely young lady. This is Mindy!” said Dr. Topper with excitement.

“Hello Mindy,” said Dr. Zion. I’ve heard that you were a beautiful woman but seeing you in person ... you are truly stunning! “I will do all that I can to prepare you for your new assignment with the agency.” Agent Smith told me to make this my top priority and to put my best work into it. You have my commitment, when I am done, you will have all the skill and desire to complete your mission!

“Thank you, Dr. Zion, I’m flattered that everyone has been so kind to me,” I responded. I just want to do what I can to help the other agents and find my missing wife. “I’m ready for my training when you are.”

“Rest and get some sleep. We start training tomorrow. I’m looking forward to the days ahead. Goodnight my dear.” Dr. Zion smiled as she left the room.

My sessions with Dr. Zion were easy. Each day was the same. We met early in the morning. She asked how I was feeling, and we talked a little about my desires and expectations. She asked if there were any strong desires that came to mind. After our discussions, I took a nap for a few hours – I was actually under deep hypnosis treatment. While I was under hypnosis, there would be a treatment session where Dr. Zion would tell me what was expected of me in my new role. Essen-

tially, Dr. Zion was reprogramming my mind to act and behave naturally for my new undercover role.

There would be a portion of the training where I would be expected to demonstrate my skills. From what I am told, this part of my training is very hands on with me practicing and demonstrating my skills. My sessions with Dr. Zion usually ended around 6:00 pm in the evenings. Waking up from my sessions, I have no recollection of what happened during the day. I feel well rested and happy.

After the first week of my treatments, I began to notice that I truly acted like a girl. I would always make sure that my makeup was perfectly applied and that my hair was just as it should be. Without any thought, I would play with my hair, brushing it aside, moving around my ear away from my face. Sometimes I would put my hair up in a high ponytail, or curl it on the ends, or put it partially up in a bun. When I spoke, I would use big hand gestures while telling a story. I found that I was much more animated and emotional. It didn't take much to make me cry. Happy or sad tears, it did not matter.

I was always thinking about cute outfits to wear or what color I wanted to paint my nails the next day. Trying to figure out my outfits each day was always a challenge. I loved my dresses! But I also loved my mini skirts and tops. Most of all, I loved my growing collection of high-heeled shoes!

When I sat down, my posture was always perfect. Legs together or crossed. Sitting down with my back straight, shoulders back, hands delicately together in my lap.

When I stood up, I would always have one leg slightly in front of the other, front leg bent and slightly tilted inward. My hands gently dangling by my side or bent at the elbow and wrists. I would always be smiling and have a pleasant demeanor.

I continued to do my stretching exercises to keep myself limber. I could now easily do the splits and kick my legs well above my head. I could lay on my back and bend my legs in holding them open and apart with ease. I had good physical balance and stamina.

All my mannerisms and movements were now 100% feminine. All natural and second nature. There was no trace of me ever being a guy before, except for my little clitty between my legs.

By my third week of therapy sessions, Dr. Zion said that it was time that we moved on to my undercover occupation. At first, I came home from the sessions each day physically tired. I felt as if I went jogging or did a lot of cardio exercises.

I did get better at it, eventually. I noticed that I felt good after the session was over. I wasn't overly tired or sore like in the beginning. I also noticed that I started wearing more sexy outfits to the ses-

sions. My choice of clothing was short and skimpy, sheer, and see-through material. I also noticed that I started wearing 6-inch heels, by choice. I started putting on heavier makeup, as if I were going out in the evenings. I was proud of how sexy I looked.

I started getting thoughts about how guys would look at me. How they would be fixed on every move I made, and how I could get them horny and excited. The more guys I would get sexually excited the better I would be doing at my job. When talking about this to Dr. Zion, I was told that my thinking was perfectly normal and healthy for a girl like me.

Dr. Zion encouraged me to think more about how I can be a sexy woman. We explored my thoughts on how I could seduce a man first using my eyes, then adding in hand gestures like playing with my hair, and finally gently touching him in all the right places. I was told that being able to have that sexual desire over a man is the ultimate power a girl could have. I needed to get better at this, both in my dreams and in my practice sessions.

Just as in the past, I got used to my new sessions. I no longer was tired at the end of the day. In fact, I felt energized after my sessions with Dr. Zion. I felt like I wanted to go dancing or do some aerobics to burn off my excess energy. Dr. Zion smiled, then proceeded to calm me down. "There will be lots of other activities for you to get in-

olved in during our next session,” she said with a smile.

Dr. Zion said that I was making great progress and was now physically ready to move into the next steps of my training. When I asked what that training was about, she simply smiled and said that it would be something that would come naturally for me. “I needn’t worry about anything,” she would say.

Our next session was just like the last. I came in, fell asleep, and when I woke up, we were done. The only exception was that my jaw seemed a little tired. Maybe a little stretched out. “Maybe I ate something chewy at lunch time, or something,” I thought to myself. “Hmmm ... I wonder what I ate for lunch?”

A few days later, my mouth seemed fine, but I noticed a musky salty aftertaste in my mouth at the end of the day. “I must have eaten something from that Indian restaurant down the street for lunch,” I thought to myself.

The next few days, the same aftertaste in my mouth. Musky and salty. There was also a distinct smell to it. My mind pondered. I kind of liked the taste and wondered what delightful dish I had eaten at lunch. I noticed that my appetite for dinner was lessened after my sessions. It was as if I had eaten a big lunch and filled up before dinner each day. Dinner was now just a small salad each night.

Just as I thought my training was becoming routine, I noticed that my pussy-ass seemed a little irritated. Maybe I was getting sick, I wasn't sure.

The next day my pussy felt a little stretched after my session ended. I didn't think anything of it as Dr. Zion had told me that girls sometimes feel a little odd at certain times of the month. I thought to myself that this could just be my body adjusting to the hormones and changes that was occurring to me. The days during the rest of the week were similar. Sometimes I would feel stretched and would walk differently for a while.

Dr. Zion told me that she wanted me to start wearing tampons after our sessions, at least for the few hours prior to me going to bed. I did as I was told and was fortunate that she asked me to do that as I seemed to be leaking discharge from down between my legs after each session.

After a few weeks, Dr. Zion told me that we would be going to a dance club. She wanted to see how I would react in this particular environment. If I did well, I would graduate from training and be ready for my undercover assignment.

How would I know what to do? What is required of me to graduate? Who's going to be there evaluating me? I had so many questions.

"Just act natural and do what comes to mind." said Dr. Zion. Be yourself, let your hair down and

have fun! I am confident that you will be the star of the show!

“I’ve laid out your outfit on the table. Please get dressed.” Dr. Zion pointed to the bedroom down the hall.

I got to the bedroom and was pleasantly surprised to see my new outfit. It was a cute halter top paired with a red mini skirt. There was a set up red thong panties, thigh high stockings, and 6-inch black pumps. After I put on my outfit, I proceeded to spice up my makeup. Since we were going to a club, I needed to put on a thicker shade of makeup. I put up my hair in a high ponytail and tied a red bow to the top. I was ready! “Bring it on!” I thought to myself.

We arrived at the club around 4:00 pm. I noticed that this club was a strip club. There were a few cars parked in the parking lot. I felt a rush of adrenaline flowing through my veins. I felt excited to get in there and show everyone what I could do.

We walked into the club past the entryway. It took a few minutes for our eyes to adjust to the darkness in the club. There near the stage was Agent Smith, along with a few other male agents from the office.

Dr. Zion held my hand and led me to the dance stage. Somehow, I felt like I was at home here. I stepped up onto the stage as if it were where I belonged.

The music started playing and the stage lights turned on. Instinctively I started dancing to the music swinging my hips from side to side, back and front. I walked over to the pole at the end of the runway and grabbed hold of it tightly. With one hop I leaped into the air spinning around the pole. It felt so natural. It was as if that pole was my dance partner, giving me confidence to show off my moves.

It didn't matter who was in the audience. I knew that it was my calling to dance and entertain the audience. I moved and swayed with the music often bending over and making sure that the gentleman had a good view of my assets. My breasts were bouncing all over with each movement. I slowly reached behind my neck and undid the halter top. I walked up to the gentleman waving a stack of cash at me and let him pull away my top. Out popped my breasts for all to see and admire!

I moved back to the pole again, jumping and spinning around from top to bottom. As I came to the bottom, I spread my legs wide open for all to see. The guys were going crazy, cheering, and begging for more.

I walked off the stage and into the audience. "It was time for lap dances," I thought to myself. If I'm lucky, I'll get some of these guys to cum for me! I walked around the floor brushing against each guy as I passed. Playing with my hair and flirting with each of them.

On my second pass, I looked them in the eye and felt them up between their legs. All it took was a little caressing and they were begging for release.

On my third pass, I unzipped their pants and gave them a hand job. Using both of my hands, I showed them how wonderful it felt to have my full attention.

On my fourth pass around the room, I started to suck on those magnificent cocks. For the ones that couldn't control themselves, they came in my mouth. I continued sucking and swallowed every last drop of their precious cum. For the studs who could control themselves, I invited them up on stage to fuck me.

There I was, with 4 guys on the stage taking their turns at fucking me. I loved it so much that I would clamp down on them and wiggle from side to side hoping to make them ejaculate in me. After about an hour of this, they were done. All the 9 guys in the room were spent. I was dripping in cum.

Agent Smith pulled up his pants and regained his composure.

“You, Mindy, are truly special,” said Dr. Zion. You handled yourself so well today, that all of the guys now want to stay with you for a second round of fun. If you are up to it, you are welcome to have at it one more time before we leave. “I

know you were craving for the taste of man-seed,” he said with a grin.

“Dr. Zion, your work is outstanding!” said Agent Smith. Mindy now acts like she belongs on stage as a strip dancer. Better yet, she loves coming down to do lap dances and finishing the job ensuring that her customers leave with a smile!

As you requested, I simply reprogrammed Mindy’s subconscious to believe that her purpose is to be a sextual plaything for men. She has strong desired to suck on cock and to get fucked. She thinks of nothing else. She loves to show off her body and to let men ogle and fondle her. I think she is ready for her undercover assignment.

“Yes. Yes, she is ready.” Agent Smith smiled. “Just as soon as I fuck her one last time!”

Chapter 9: The Birth of a New Secret Agent

“Hi sir, Mindy reporting for duty,” I said with a smile. It was Monday morning, the start of a new week.

“Hi Mindy! How was your weekend?” asked Agent Smith.

“I had a great weekend. Thank you for asking.” I replied cheerfully. I passed the test at the club last week and am ready for my assignment.

“You did well, my dear.” You’ve earned your place on our team. I can assure you that you will have the full support of everyone here in our office.

Your name from this point forward will be “Secret Agent Sweetie”. Specifically, your name will be Mindy Sweetie. You will be expected to be undercover, in character, at all times. You will have one of the most important missions ... to infiltrate the criminal underworld and help locate our missing agents. Specifically, to help find your wife Agent Kirkland.

To be successful in this mission, you will have to make sacrifices. You will have to endure humiliation and embarrassing situations. Do you think you are up for the mission, Agent Sweetie?

“Oh yes, most definitely”, I replied cheerfully! I will put my pride aside and do anything to help bring back my wife.

“Anything”? Agent Kirkland asked.

“Yes, anything!” I replied with confidence and determination.

Great! Let’s get started. We need to get you into character. Undress and put all of your belongings in the bin at the end of the table. When you are done, give your bin to me. I will give you our new uniform.

I took off my sweater, folded it and placed it in the bin neatly. I unzipped my skirt and let it fall to the floor. Again, folding it neatly and placing it into the bin. I took off my blouse, folded it and put it into the bin. Standing there in my matching black bra and panties, I slid the bin over to Agent Smith.

“Keep going,” said Agent Smith as he gazed upon my naked body with lust.

I felt a little embarrassed but remembered my commitment to do lay to rest my pride and do what was needed to find my wife. I unhooked my bra letting my breasts pop out. It was cold in that room. I slowly slid my panties off folding my bra and panties on the table. I took off my wedge sandals and laid them on the table.

There I stood, completely naked in front of Agent Smith.

Agent Smith smiled as he carefully inspected me from top to bottom.

“Walk over to the desk, pose for a short while, then walk back over to me,” he commanded. “Smile and show me that you are confident as a woman.”

I did as I was told. As I walked, my breasts bounced up and down with each step. I kept eye to eye contact with Agent Smith determined to show that I could handle this assignment.

“Good girl. Now, spread your legs apart Agent Sweetie,” he ordered.

I slowly opened my legs, letting my tiny little clitty pop out. Agent Smith smiled and reached out to touch my little clitty.

“This is so cute,” he said. It’s so little, and so floppy. I understand that you don’t get erections anymore. “Is that true?”

“Yes, sir,” I responded.

Well, Agent Sweetie, here is your new uniform. Agent Smith handed me a shopping bag.

I emptied out the bag on the table. There was a black miniskirt, red thong panties, a red tube top and 6-inch red pumps.

“Get dressed, you little slut,” ordered Agent Kirkland.

I thought to myself, okay, this was another test. I need to look the part of a stripper since I would be going undercover to the strip clubs.

I put on the panties and tucked my clitty between my legs. I wiggled into the tube top and found that the top barely covered my breasts, providing little to no support. My nipples were on prominent display showing through the satin material. My breasts would giggle and move with every step I took. As I pulled up the miniskirt, I

found that it barely covered my butt. It was like wearing nothing at all down below, just my panties.

The last item was my high heeled shoes. 6-inches high was a very high shoe. It took a few minutes, but I eventually got used to walking in them.

When I was done, I noticed that Agent Smith had a clear erection in his pants. “Would you like to suck on my cock?” Agent Sweetie?

I knew it was out of place, but my instincts took over.

“Yes, Agent Smith. I would love to suck on your cock!” I said gleefully.

“Well, get over here on your knees and get to work!” said Agent Smith.

I jumped as if on autopilot. It was only a matter of seconds before I had Agent Smith’s pants down and his cock in my mouth. Mmmm ... I had missed sucking on cock so much. The odd thing was that it was only the night before that I was completely emersed in pleasuring men. I was an addict to sex. I wanted it day and night. That is what made me feel good on the inside and that is what made me feel productive.

Agent Smith grabbed be back of my head and started to face-fuck me pushing his entire cock

into my mouth. I had no choice but to take it all in, down my throat. The intensity of his thrusts increased. I just bobbed my head back and forth enjoying the moment. After a few minutes he tensed up and held his cock deep in my mouth. Wave after wave of cum shot into me. I swallowed as quickly as I could to avoid choking. When it was all done, I licked his cock clean making sure that I got every last drop of his cum.

I looked up into his eyes and said, “thank you Agent Smith, you were wonderful!”

After a few minutes. Agent Smith got dressed and told me that my job starts right now. I was expected to be dressed as a stripper at all times. I would be given a new apartment, full of revealing clothes that matched my new role. Before I could be introduced to the strip club, I would have to pass a series of tests. It turns out, the tests were simple. At least they were simple for me. I was to go out every night to a bar or club. I was to pick up a random guy, take him back to my apartment and fuck him. I would have to do that for five times to show that I could handle myself on my own as a slut living in the city. Well, five days went by, and I landed up fucking a dozen guys! It was so easy to pick up a guy, especially when you had breasts that bounced around ready to pop out of your top.

The day finally came when I felt that I now had the respect of the bureau. I had passed their tests and was completely in character.

My assignment is to become a “deep cover” agent. To get as close to the criminal lord as possible and to gain his trust. Once I have his trust, then I can start looking around for my wife.

I was told that the assignment would take 6 to 8 months to complete. I would have backup at all times and could pull out of this assignment if I felt threatened.

They would create a whole new identity for me. If the criminals checked my background, they would see that I was a flirty girl that grew up on the West Coast. I won for Ms. Pasadena and Ms. California when I was younger. I hung out with the wrong crowd, became homeless and eventually lived off the streets as a prostitute. In recent months I cleaned myself up and have been dancing at strip clubs.

My undercover background was so good that I started believing it. I was a beautiful girl now. I was a strip dancer. I was a sex object. I loved men and would gladly fuck and suck them all day long if given the chance.

I was told that once done with my mission, I could have the procedures reversed so that I could return to my male identity.

Agent Smith had no intention of ever letting me go back to being a guy.

We already have an Agent Kirkland, your wife Sandra. It will be confusing with two Agent Kirkland's. We will come up with something more appropriate for you.

Your new code name will be "Agent Sweetie."

Chapter 10: Deep Cover Becomes Really Deep Cover

There was a definite chemistry between me and Daniel (the crime lord). We hit it off immediately at a charity art event in Los Angeles. At first sight, he couldn't take his eyes off me. My skintight mini dress with no underwear left little to the imagination. I was simply a dessert that he had to have!

Daniel was a handsome man. Confident and full of purpose, he always knew what he wanted. He was witty and had a sense of humor. I quickly fell for him. Mr. tall, dark, and very wealthy.

One thing led to another and before I knew what was happening, I was seeing him on a regular basis. Daniel was very nice to me. He would buy me nice dresses and new outfits. He would make sure that I ate at the finest restaurants and was surrounded with a life of luxury. The price that I had to pay was that I was at his beckoned call. He liked taking me around town and showing me off to his friends. I was always dressed in classy, but very revealing outfits.

It was a different lifestyle that I had to get used to. Daniel was always surrounded by his bodyguards. At least three mean looking guys were always around him. Given the business that he was in, they were there to make sure that he was always safe from harms way.

I never asked Daniel about the exact type of business that he was in. Although after spending a lot of time with him, I did pick up that he owned a number of clubs, casinos, restaurants and hotels along the West Coast.

There was always an abundance of pretty girls around at the parties and social events that we attended. To build my confidence, I would constantly tell myself that I was just as beautiful as any of those other girls, and that I could fuck a guy just as good, if not better than they could!

Because I started out as a genetic male, I was always the taller girl in the room. Somehow, knowing that I was “special” made Daniel like me even more.

Daniel’s bodyguards were always very respectful to me and made me feel safe. They knew that Daniel was crazy about me. I knew it too!

I spent many nights in Daniel’s bed and have become quite fond of him. He is a gentle lover and treats me very well. My time with Daniel was very enjoyable as he treated me like a princess. I knew that every time I had Daniel in bed with me was



one less time any other pretty girl could have my man. I made sure that my sole purpose was to please Daniel, and in doing so get closer to him in hopes of finding my wife.

My undercover assignment moved into the second year now as time seemed to pass quickly.

I was surprised and excited when Daniel proposed to me onboard his private yacht. The setting was so romantic, out along the Mexican Riviera at sunset. I had tears in my eyes when I jumped into his arms saying “yes” and kissing him deeply. I had forgotten the original reason why I was in this situation, to find and rescue my wife, Sandra.

Chapter 11: Being a Good Wife.

What have I done?

I’m supposed to be investigating and trying to find my wife.

After 2 years living with Daniel all that I’ve learned was that he was a kind and gentle man to me and was to become my husband.

I got a call from the FBI one day when I was alone on the yacht working on my tan. I found out the type of things that Daniel was involved in. The list included tax evasion, drugs, prostitution, and many other unspeakable evils. In fact, Daniel controlled the largest prostitution business in the

country. I was told that only the prettiest girls are allowed around Daniel during his parties and social events. All of the girls are for sale as high-priced prostitutes. Many have been sold off to billionaire owners around the world.

I needed to stay focused on the mission. I needed to get more information about Daniel's prostitution activities.

While I thought that I was in control as the "secret agent", I did not know that Daniel knew all about me even before I met him. Daniel's high-level contacts in the government ensured that Daniel was always in the know about his surroundings. I am lucky that he didn't decide to have me erased. Daniel was intrigued by me. Not only was I a beautiful looking girl, but he also saw the true love that I had for my wife. After all, who would transform themselves into the opposite sex to find their spouse? Daniel saw it as a challenge to "turn" my love toward himself and to make me his obedient wife.

I was expected to dress and act a certain way around Daniel's friends. When at a party or social event, I was to be elegant and lady like. I could purchase any type of clothing that I wanted. My closet was full of the latest designer dresses and shoes.

When we were at casual events, I was to be dressed as a sophisticated sexy woman. Daniel liked to see me in halter top and miniskirt type

outfits. High heels were the norm, at least 4-inches minimum.

When on his yacht, he liked to see me in a two pieced bikini. I had a dozen or so very nice bikinis to choose from.

When at home, he liked me naked with just my high heeled shoes on.

Before I knew it, I was married to Daniel and now his lawfully wedded wife.

We honeymooned in New Zealand, a week in the Northern Island and another week in the Southern Island. I was very happy and content.

Daniel knew that I could not have children. After a brief conversation with me, we had agreed to adopt children. A month later, we adopted a 2-month-old baby girl.

Daniel wanted our baby girl to be fed naturally by his mother (me). I was given hormones to make me start lactating. My breasts got heavier as they filled with milk. Every few hours, they would be full, and my breasts swollen. With my breasts full of milk, I started breast feeding our little daughter.

A year later, we adopted another little baby girl. Once again, I started breastfeeding our second daughter. I was accustomed to having my breasts suckled.

I've now been married to Daniel for 3 years. I am the mother of 2 sweet daughters. Sometimes I joke with Daniel that I feel like a cow. My breasts always being suckled. I have been so busy that I spend every waking hour tending to our children.

Every minute in between I spend tending to Daniel's sexual needs. His sex drive seemed to have increased as he sees me with our daughters. I know that he loves me as he gives me all of his man-seed every morning and every night.

I always make sure that my womanly duties are taken care of. When I'm not in mommy mode, I am spending intimate time with Daniel. He tells me that I have not lost my talent of being able to please him sexually.

Chapter 12: Finding my Wife

After 4 years with Daniel, the FBI lost interest in me and gave up any hope of finding my wife. I was terrified of losing my daughters and my life with Daniel. Yet, I no longer wanted to live in a lie.

One night after the girls were in bed, I sat down with Daniel to tell him everything. I started with my wife working for the FBI and how I signed up to try to find her. Only instead of finding her, I fell in love with you and now have a wonderful life and family. I reassured Daniel that I loved him and the kids and did not want to jeopardize our family.

Daniel asked me several questions to see if I was being honest with him. I sat there for an hour while he asked about what I knew about his business dealings.

At the end, he kissed me and said that he forgave me.

He said that he knew all along that I was working for the FBI, but he too, fell in love. He wanted to see how serious I would be about loving him. I passed his test.

Daniel told me that he knows where my wife is, and he will set up time for us to get together.

The next day we drove to one of his dance clubs. We walked into a dark, dimly lit room with naked ladies dancing at different parts of the stage. We walked to the left side of the room and stopped in front of a brunette girl spinning around a pole on the stage. The girl was cute and petite. She was thin and flexible as she could wrap her legs around the pole and spin around from top to bottom. As we sat there, the dancer focused her attention on us, giving us an up close and personal look at her. First, she bent over giving us a good look at her behind. Then she laid on her back and spread open her legs revealing a nice, shaved pussy. She then came close to us bending over to give us a good look at her natural breasts and large nipples. As she looked into my eyes, I realized that I knew this person.

Oh my god! Sandra, is that you? I asked?

The girl stopped and looked like she had seen a ghost. With the hormones that I've been taking and all of the changes to my body, I was sure that my wife did not recognize me.

"It's me, Mathew." I said as I reached out to hold her hand.

Sandra held my hand. "Mathew is that really you?" said Sandra.

Yes, it's me, Mathew. I've been looking for you for all these years as an undercover agent. I'm now called Mindy.

"Oh my god, what have they done to you," asked Sandra. You look like a supermodel, so beautiful and so sexy!

Yes, I've transformed into going undercover. To find you.

We embraced, both crying with happy tears.

Daniel jumped in. Ladies. I'd like to set things straight now.

Mindy, I knew all along that you were trying to find your wife. Your code name is Secret Agent Sweetie, of the FBI. Your deal with the FBI was to find your wife and to bring me to justice. Once done, they would restore you to your male identity

and you and your wife would live happily ever after.

Well, you found your wife, but you will never bring me to justice. You will never be restored to your male self. You will forever be my wife and mother to our kids ... for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part. Mathew is no more. Secret Agent Sweetie is no more. All that exists from this day forward is my beautiful sexy wife, Mindy.

Mindy, you are my wife now, and mother to our children. Our daughters need you in their lives. I need you in my life. You are seen now as part of my family. I expect things to stay that way.

Candy, you are a nude dancer and prostitute. I own you. You work 7 days a week dancing. If you are not up on the stage, you are on your back fucking clients. I expect things to stay that way.

For both of you and your extended families to stay healthy, I expect you to continue in your roles ... willingly, eagerly, and with a smile.

I jumped in as Daniel was talking. "Darling, there is no question that I am you loving wife and mother to your children. I love you and will be loyal to you. I promise that I will make you happy.

But I beg you to please have mercy on my wife. Please make Candy's life more than what it is

right now. I will do anything for you. Please help her get out of being a prostitute.

Daniel looked at me with compassion. He was so impressed by the love that I had for Candy.

“Perhaps there is an alternative. I do like to see beautiful women.” said Daniel. Candy, I will stop selling you out as a prostitute each night. Instead, you will be brought over to my home for a few hours each day. Since the two of you still care for each other, and since you are both beautiful women, I will give you a chance to prove this to me.

Mindy, you and Candy will entertain me each day. I would enjoy seeing two beautiful ladies licking and sucking each other. I expect you both to give it your all. Show me how much you love each other.

Candy, I will decrease your shifts as a nude dancer to 6 hours a day.

If I am displeased in your performance, Candy will go back to being a prostitute when she’s not dancing.

“Thank you, Daniel, my loving husband” I said as I kissed him.

“Thank you, Mr. Conner,” Candy said. We won’t let you down.

One other thing, Daniel said. You will both be getting matching tattoos on your asses saying, “Daniel’s Property”. “Is that clear?” said Daniel with authority.

“Yes, dear”, I replied.

“Yes, Mr. Conner.” Candy followed.

Chapter 13: Living Happily Ever After

I was allowed to see my wife Candy for 1 hour each day, 7 days a week. Candy and I would be together on stage performing a routine. The routine would be the same each day, choreographed like a dance. At first it was awkward, then we got used to the cheering and gawking and were able to tune out all of the background noises and focus on each other. The fact that we were actually the entertainment performing on stage with men cheering did not bother us. We valued our time together.

We only had 60 minutes, so we went right to work when we saw each other on stage. Candy had on a red mini skirt and a tube top. I had on a black miniskirt and halter top. We always started off with a warm hug, followed by lots of kissing. My kisses started on the lips, but quickly moved down to her neck and shoulders, all the time moving my hands all over her wonderful body. Candy would do the same to me, teasing me to a frenzy.

After a few minutes of warm up, I would slowly take off her tube top allowing her flirty breasts to bob around freely. After a few kisses on her nipples, I would unzip her miniskirt and let it fall to the ground showing off her little thong panties. We would kiss and feel each other up for a few minutes making sure that the crowd got a good look at Candy's silhouette.

Next it was my turn to lose my clothes. Candy slowly undid my halter top and pulled it up over my head. My breasts were free now to bounce around for others to enjoy. Candy gently started to kiss each nipple, slowly increasing pressure on them until I let out a deep breath of appreciation. She followed this by undoing my miniskirt and letting it drop to the floor. My red thong panties were there for all to see.

We both had toned bodies. It was like two supermodels up there on-stage making love in front of everyone. Doing this routine every night, we no longer cared who was out there looking at us. We just enjoyed our time together.

There was a small child-sized bed on the stage with us. I would kiss Candy starting with her lips and then slowly working my way down past her breasts, past her tummy, and eventually settle between her legs. I would gently pull down her panties revealing her perfectly smooth bald pussy. Candy would then sit on the bed and spread her legs open towards the audience. I

would look up at her, smile, and then work my way down to her vagina to please her.

I was good at licking and kissing her where it mattered. As I increased my intensity, Candy started moaning and screaming delightful cries. I kept up the licking until she bucked back and forth with her first orgasm.

I moved up to her and kissed her deeply on the lips, letting her know how much I loved her. She held the kiss, tasting her own juices. As we embraced each other for a few minutes.

We then positioned ourselves on the small bed, her on one side and me on the other, both on our sides facing the audience. We would slowly move closer together until our pussy's were rubbing up against each other.

Once connected, we would start to move our hips in unison, grinding our vaginas together. We knew what pleased the other, so it didn't take much to get both of us hot and panting with excitement. Since I no longer had a working penis, I had to pleasure my ex-wife as a woman. With our crotches connected and gyrating in harmony, Candy had a few more incredible orgasms. Her orgasmic screams were always a crowd pleaser!

After a few orgasms in this position, we both sat up and sat on the bed kissing for a few minutes to regain our composure. I loved every minute with

her. There still was a deep connection between Candy and me.

Next, I would lay on my back on the bed. Candy would sit on top of me, straddling my face between her legs. She would slowly move up until she was sitting on my face. As she started grinding her pussy in my face, I in turn, started licking and kissing her wonderful sex. I was good at pleasuring Candy orally. She would go on to have countless orgasms one after another, grinding up against me. Eventually, she would be spent. Looking like I stuck my head in a tank of water, I would be completely covered in her juices. We both sat up and embraced each other. Looking into her eyes, I would always tell her that I loved her. She would say the same back to me.

The lights would go out, and we would exit the stage to cheers and applause. I would exit stage left and she would exit stage right. Until the next day, we would not cross paths.

Because of me, Candy had a good life. I was married to Daniel and Candy's hours dropped from 12-hour days to just 8 hours per day at the club. She no longer had to have sex with the clients, just wait tables and dance. Her schedule was flexible. If she wanted time off to go to the doctor or see friends, she could reschedule her shifts, as long as she averaged 8 hours per day, 7 days a week.

When I asked Candy if she was happy, she looked into my eyes and said a positive “yes”. She was happy to see me happily married to Daniel.

Daniel’s group of criminals set up a fake car accident in Mexico claiming that Agent Sweetie was killed in a head on collision with a truck. The FBI lost interest in this case and closed the case with minimal investigation.

The FBI never found a trace of either Agent Sweetie or Agent Kirkland. Secret Agent Sweetie’s hopes of getting his male identity back was forever gone.

Mindy (Agent Sweetie) and Candy (Agent Kirkland) remain today as dedicated sexual entertainment for Daniel. Mindy continues to raise her children in a loving family environment. Mindy and Candy feel very fortunate that they get to make love to each other every day while performing for Daniel. Everyone lived happily ever after.

The End