

## Mini-Story: Shaken, Not Curved (MtF, FtM TG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

As voted on by our Deluxe Tier Patrons: *a woman and a man are recruited into MI6, the man thinking he'll be a suave James Bond type and the woman ready to use her feminine wiles like a Bond girl. But the agency determines they would be better swapping roles, and soon they find themselves changing - the man into a Bond-girl, and the woman into a Bond-type!*

### Shaken, Not Curved

I adjusted my cuff-links as I entered the room. The three henchmen had their backs to me, and as they turned I gave them a dashing smile.

“Y-you!” one yelled.

“Perceptive, aren’t you?”

“We killed you! We threw you off the pier with a lead weight tied to your feet!”

I grinned. “Well, I guess this is my *second* life, then.”

They launched forward, but I was quicker, faster, better trained. I battered the first man into the second, then punched the third across the jaw before he could react. The second grabbed me by the arms from behind, but I pressed against the wall and pushed them backwards, crashing them through the coffee table. Unfortunately, one got me around the neck with a tie to strangle me, even as I kicked another to the side, smashing him unconscious against the wall beside the woman they’d held captive; my partner, Vivian Fox. She was bound and gagged, looking utterly exasperated and annoyed at her situation, but she worked quickly to dip her cuffed hands into the sleeping man’s pockets to grab the keys that would free her.

In the meantime, I contended with my adversary. My body was strong, manly, refined. Against this brute it was a simple job, but I had to admire that he was a better fighter than the first two. I just barely managed to elbow him off me before I saw *too* many stars. Spinning around quickly I gave him a quick headbutt before decking him to the ground. I unslipped the object he’d used to strangle me and chuckled softly. A necktie.

“These things really are too stiff sometimes, aren’t they?” I quipped, before turning around.

A final fourth man had just entered the room of this deluxe Austrian hotel, and had a gun trained on my figure. There was no time to react. In truth, I was a goner.

And then Vivian Fox smashed him on the back of the head with a marble bust of Beethoven and he was down.

“I guess he was more of a Mozart fan,” I said.

Vivian rolled her eyes, groaning slightly. "That was terrible."

"Not as terrible as the headache he'll be having. Did you get the disc?"

With some embarrassment, she pulled it from her rather delectably deep cleavage, tugging it from her dress.

"What I wouldn't do to be that disc right now."

"Shut up. I've got the codes, and the location. Thanks for rescuing me there."

"Well, the same to you. We make a good team. Let's get out of here."

We made our escape, and not too long after we were back in our own hotel, having avoided the goons that were waiting for us in the parking lot. Our mission was nearly at its end, but we still had one more night in the luxurious hotel we were staying at, and I decided to break out the champagne while Vivian was typing up her mission report for MI6. She looked up at me, clearly not believing the sight.

"You really do enjoy this too much, Harry."

"Well," I said, looking her up and down slowly, my interest clearly not subtle, "what's there not to enjoy?"

She folded her arms beneath her breasts as I poured her a drink, clearly unimpressed by my double entendre. "You just can't help but have a look, can you?"

She was a damn fine figure in her dress, the kind of display that made me want to give my life twice over for King and Country so long as I could enjoy the sight - and feel - of it. She had dazzling red hair, dark yet fiery, and her curvaceous figure was barely contained by her blue dress, which was only a little ripped from the treatment when she'd been tortured. Her lips were full and luscious, just made for kissing, and her breasts were full, pushing up and displayed quite pertly by the lift of her dress. Even her voice was sensuous, with a breathy quality that spoke of sex. There was no wonder she was often given the part of the assignment that required seduction, even though I know she hated it.

But then again, I had thought that would be *my* role.

"Well, can you not say the same, Vivian? You seem to rather enjoy the look of Harry. Harry Whitt."

She blushed a little, and I drew a little bit closer. She knew I was quite the handsome agent, and I knew it too. I was tall, strong without being bulky, and utterly dashing, with the kind of square jaw and piercing set of blue eyes that could dazzle a woman. Coupled with my wavy black hair which was always perfectly styled, and my impeccable taste when it came to a good manly suit, and I was just as capable at seduction as Vivian was, at least when it came to the fairer sex - of which she was most certainly a member. But I had a nice hairy chest and - as she well knew - quite the impressive appendage between my legs, and now that the mission was practically done, I was hoping to use it.

We hadn't always been this way. In fact, prior to the pair of us becoming full-blown agents, I was Jane Mildred, a regular analyst hoping to become a field agent, and Vivian was Jacob Farnes. Neither of us were great lookers, but we were damn competent and got along fairly well, even if we were a bit competitive. It didn't help that Jacob had hit on me a couple of times in the early days, and I had turned him down repeatedly. But when we passed the internal exam to become agents, we were expecting the usual roles. I had no illusions that part of my job would be honeypotting the occasional man to gather intelligence, even if I didn't like the idea. Jacob, on the other hand, had foolish notions of becoming a dashing debonair swashbuckler of an agent, getting pretty dames to fall over him everywhere.

Imagine our surprise when MI6 unveiled its greatest secret: The Machine. It was invented by our resident gadget-maker X, a fascinating older man with no apparent real name. From our files, our psych readings, and our readiness reports and various tests, the agency had determined that our roles would be far better if our bodies were altered to reflect our actual talents - even the talents we didn't know we had. Both of us were plugged into the machine at the same time, both naked and not quite knowing what was happening. But when it was switched on, our bodies were flooded with chemicals. We groaned and spluttered, writhed and squirmed as our bodies changed. My breasts receded, and my muscles expanded rapidly. I lost my thin shape as my shoulders became impressively wide, while my long blonde hair darkened, becoming short and smart. My jaw cracked wider, my waist thickened, and my hips shrank all at once. The feeling was alien, but it was also *brilliant*. I was gaining more power, more confidence and dominance. My chest developed body hair, while my womanhood pushed out as a *very* respectable member formed, one that would have many a woman swooning at the sight and feel of in the future.

Meanwhile, poor Jacob had been determined to be far better at the seduction angle than me. He developed full, ripe breasts and a curvaceous figure, with a pair of hips and a rear that was impossible for my new red-blooded male eyes not to stare at. His hair became long and wavy and red, his waist thin, his physique soft and utterly womanly. He moaned in a sort of half-pleasure, half-shock, and it was music to my ears.

We had changed, and there was no going back; this was a permanent step, and our new roles were ready for us. I was to become Harry Whitte, while Jacob was to become Vivian Fox - and what a damn good-looking fox of a woman she was, as much as it irritated her. From that day, I've been the strong handsome leading man of an agent, cracking skulls and vaulting over buildings, using my male strength and leadership to take dangerous risks and kick the badguys in. Vivian, on the other hand, while a trained fighter, has far often been in high heels and a slitted dress, distracting mooks and serving as bait, or otherwise seducing the right man for the right password. She doesn't love it, but damn if she isn't good

at it, and I can tell by the way she looks at me that she too has had a rather significant flip of perspective when it comes to what she finds attractive.

And so, in that Austrian hotel, I made my move. I waited for her to finish her champagne, then sidled up beside her, moving in close so that my lips were near her cheek. She breathed more heavily, breasts heaving in her low cut top, ready to escape. I moved a hand to her zipper.

“Harry, what are you doing?”

“What does it look like I’m doing? Taking some time off after a successful mission.”

“But - I have a report to do.”

“Leave it. I’m sure MI6 can wait an hour or two to get word back. After all, we’re in a fine hotel, and there’s only one bed.”

She shivered at my touch, particularly as I unzipped her dress. “Ohhhh, Harry. This is wrong. You *do* enjoy this too much.”

I tasted her lips, and I never wanted to stop tasting them. Her arms draped around me, with only a slight reluctance that gave way to needy passion. I helped her free herself over her dress, her bosom shaking, utterly glorious in size and pertness. I felt them, eliciting more moans from her.

“Mhmmm, Harry. But we need to I-leave by midday. It’s almost mid-morning.”

“It’s okay,” I said, caressing her fine form as I lifted her up into my arms and moved to the bed. I couldn’t wait to be inside her. To make her a full woman, just as I had enjoyed being a real man not long after my change. “I won’t dally too long. I’m an early riser myself.”

“Ohh, Harry!”

But then we were on the bed, making love. I was right, of course. We do make good partners.

**The End**