

UNDERCOVER STING

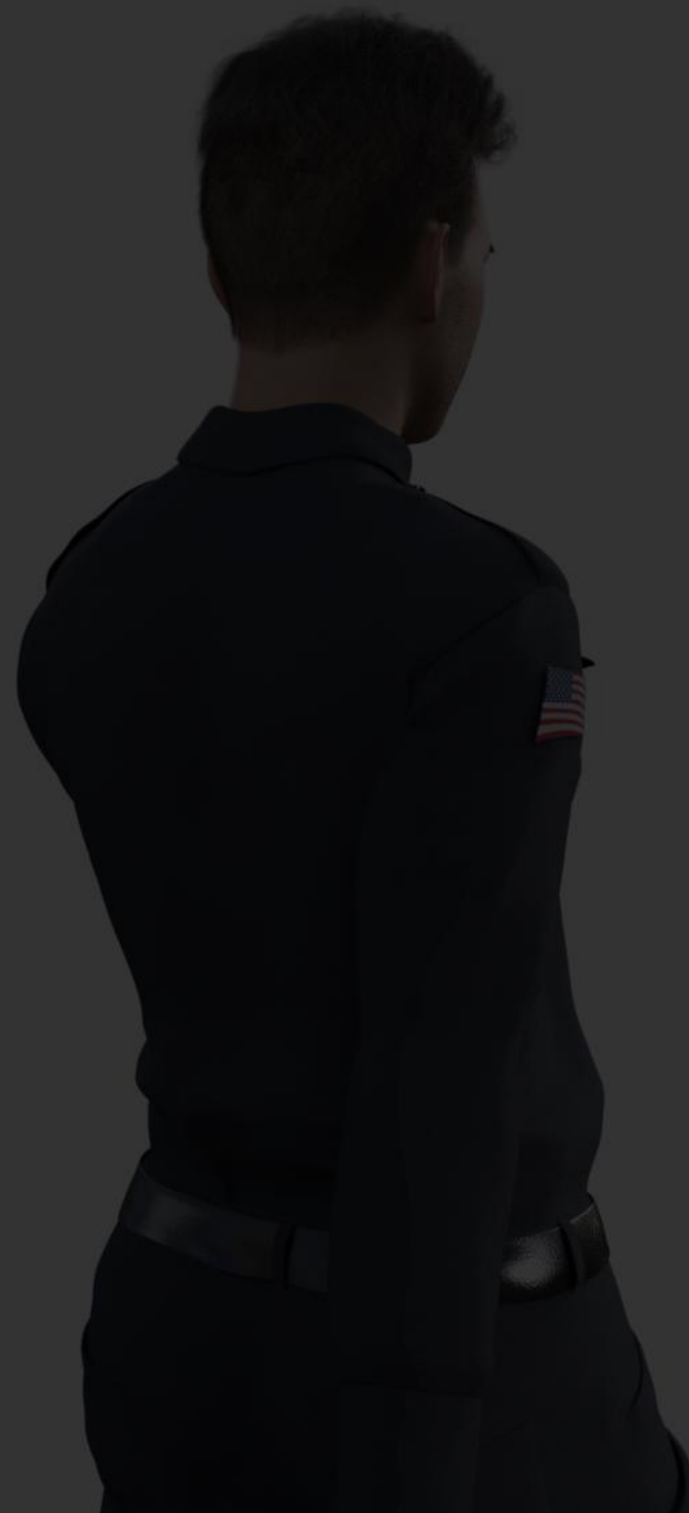
By Cassie Rose Watson



exclusive to
 patreon

I'd always wanted to be a cop.

Ever since I was 5 years old I knew,
one day, I'd be walking the beat.



I just never knew how much
it would change my life.



April 27th

9:00am

22nd Precinct

Mills! Get in here!





Yes, sir.



Shit. I haven't even been here for 2 seconds and the captain is calling me into his office. What the hell could he want?



Captain. Sarge.




Fuck. Rockford is here.
This can't be good.

Please, take a seat Officer Mills.

As you know, you're one of our best young
detectives and I want you to know that if
there were any other way to do this I would.

Thank you, sir, but this doesn't sound promising.



Frankly, it's not. As you well know, we have been trying to infiltrate the Rinaldi crime family for years with no success.

I'm aware, sir. The Rinaldi's are notorious for keeping their circles tight. I've been investigating them on and off for a few years now and we've never gotten close.

Exactly. But we believe we have an opening. We've recently received information that Giancarlo Rinaldi frequents one of his clubs, the 'Golden Dreams', and has some secret arrangements with the girls there.

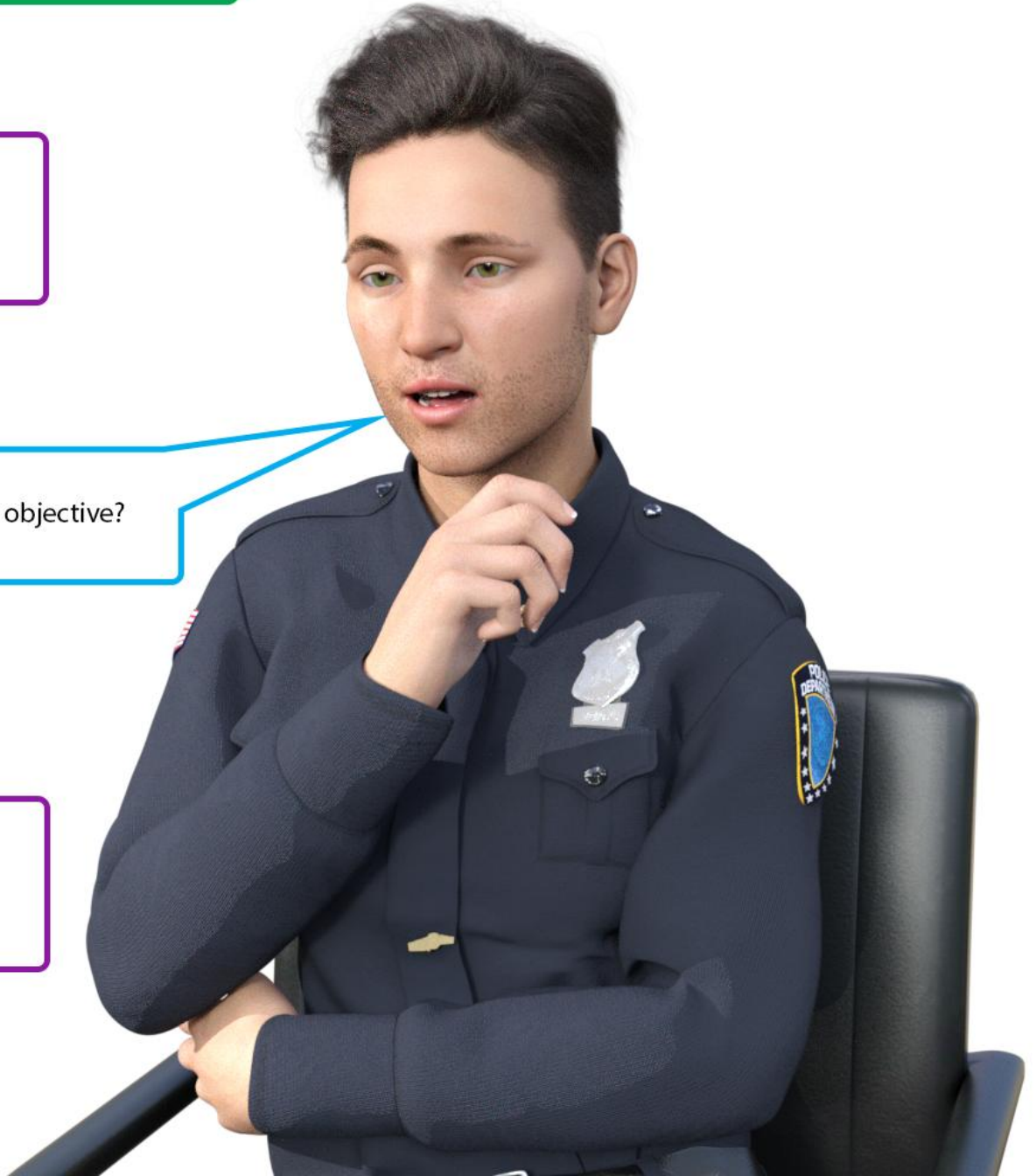
Right. And you want me to go down and see if I can get the girls to talk. Seems simple enough.

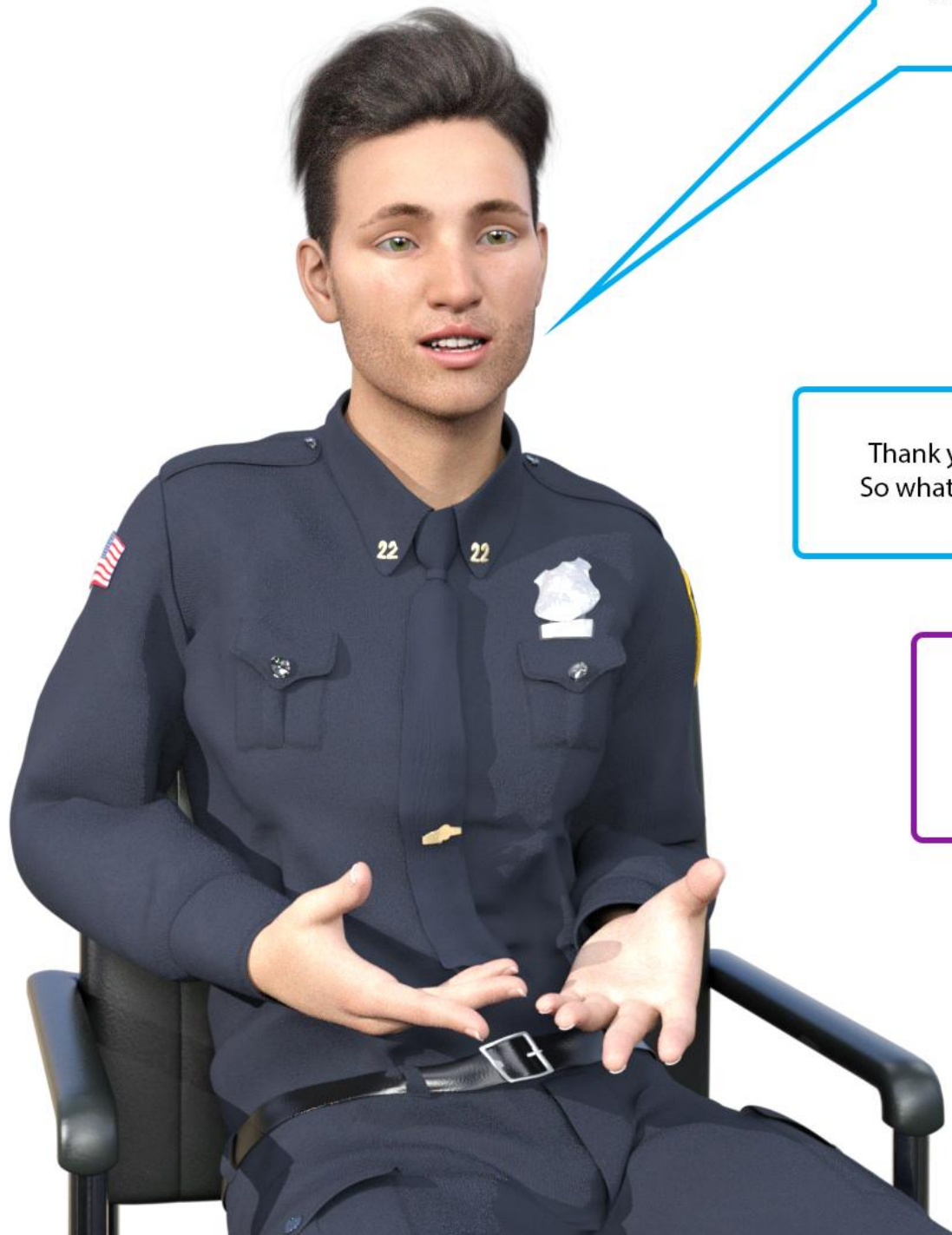
Not exactly. We need someone to go undercover at the club and get as much information as possible.

It'll be a long assignment. We're not sure how long it will take, but hopefully no more than a year.

Right. And what is the objective?

You need to get as close to Giancarlo as possible. We know he doesn't let many people into his circle, so it won't be easy.





That's ok. You know I'll do what it takes sir.

I know you will, Mills. That's why you were specifically chosen for this mission.

Thank you, sir. I won't let you down. So what's the job? Hitman? Supplier?

No, none of that. Like we said, he frequents the 'Golden Dreams' and he has his regular girls. We also know that his favourite girl is leaving in a few months.

What's that got to do with getting into his inner circle?

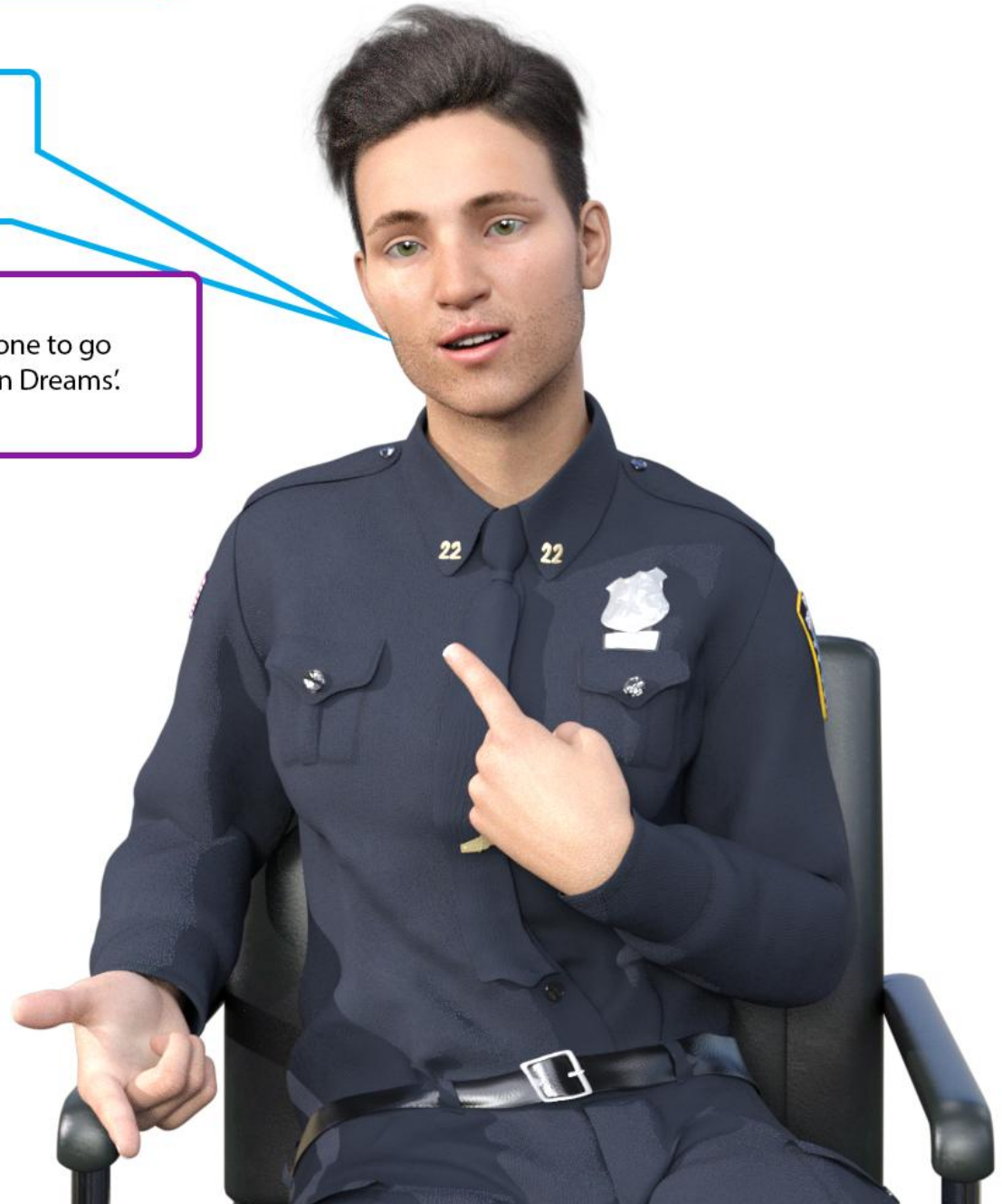
We believe his girls are part of his inner circle. He spends a lot of time with them and even invites a select few to his villas.

Ok. So where do I come in?

This is where it gets tricky. We need someone to go undercover as one of his girls at the 'Golden Dreams'.

And you want me to find that girl?

No. We-Uh. We want you to **BE** that girl.



You what?!

Sure, but why me?
Why not anyone else?

I know it sounds preposterous, but we believe it's the only way to get to Rinaldi.

Fair point. But there are a few things that make you the best option.

One, all of our female operatives are already in action or are known to Rinaldi. So there's no option but to choose one of our male operatives.

Two, you're the best detective we have. If anyone can get through the Rinaldi inner circle, it's you.

And last of all, we think that you could make a convincing woman. No offence, but none of the other detectives could. They're all old or too big, or both!

April 28th

10:33am

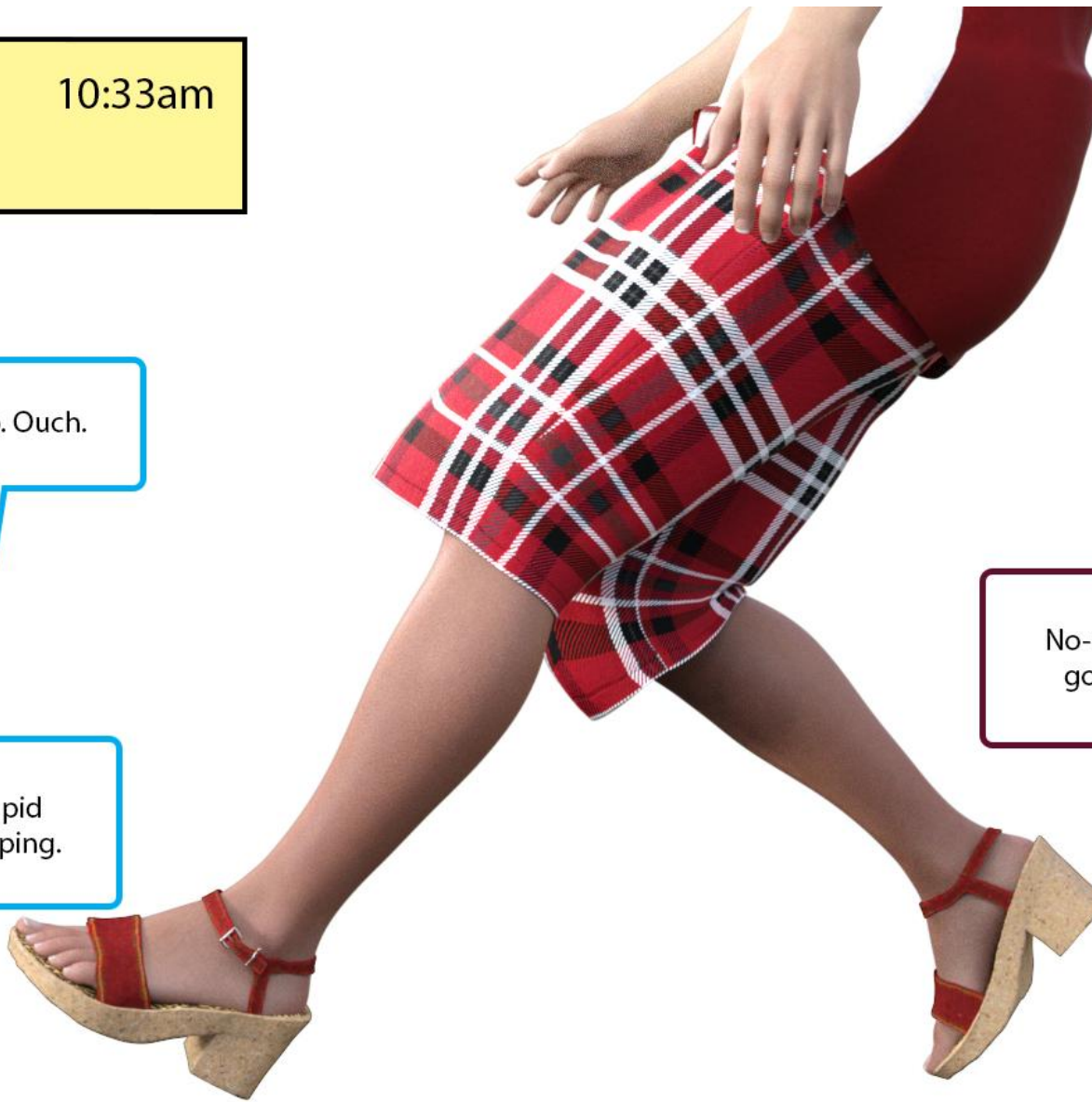
[Redacted]

Ow. Shit. No. Ouch.

Well these stupid heels aren't helping.

No-no-no-no-no. Stop. You're going to break your ankle.

They're not stupid. They're 2-inch block heels. Believe me, you're going to be wearing heels that are much higher and skinnier.



April 28th

11:37am

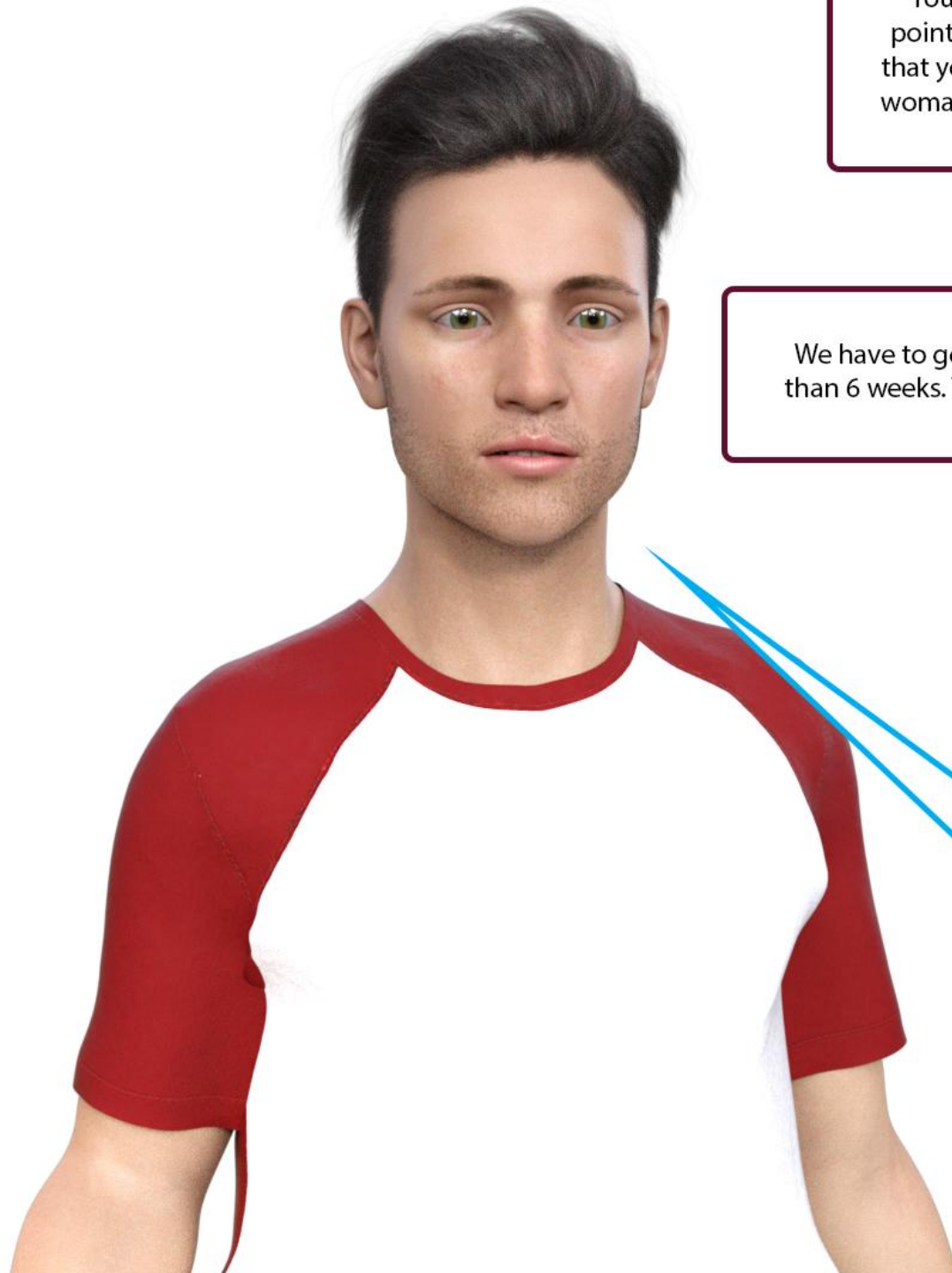
scoff

Sure thing lady. I can't walk in these. What makes you think I'll be able to walk in 'towering heels'.

Why do I have to walk around in heels anyway? Women don't wear heels all the time.

Much better. Your journey in heels has officially started. I can't wait until you're strutting around in towering heels.





You're right. But you're starting from a very different point and we need to get you so graceful on your heels that you can dance as if you're dancing in flats. Not every woman can do that, and they have much longer to learn.

We have to get you ready to dance in heels in less than 6 weeks. That's not a lot of time, sweet cheeks.

Speaking of dancing, I think it's time we start your training.

Uh-oh.

April 28th

12:04pm

No, sweetie. You have to make sure your grip on the pole is secure. We're doing basic spins here, not complicated transitions. Come on, now. Up. Again.

Oooof.



Stupid pole. There is no way I'm going to be ready to dance at the 'Golden Dreams' at this rate.

How am I going to learn all of this in just 6 weeks? And they haven't even started trying to make me look like a woman yet.

April 28th

2:19pm

pant

puff

Holy shit. That was a lot harder than it looks.
How do strippers do that so effortlessly?

puff

pant

I know. Pole dancing takes a lot more effort than it looks. That's why you need practice and we need to increase your fitness levels. No offence, but strippers are much fitter than cops.

pant

No offence taken. Man, this is a lot harder than it looks.

Oh honey, we haven't even got to the hard parts yet.

gulp



April 28th

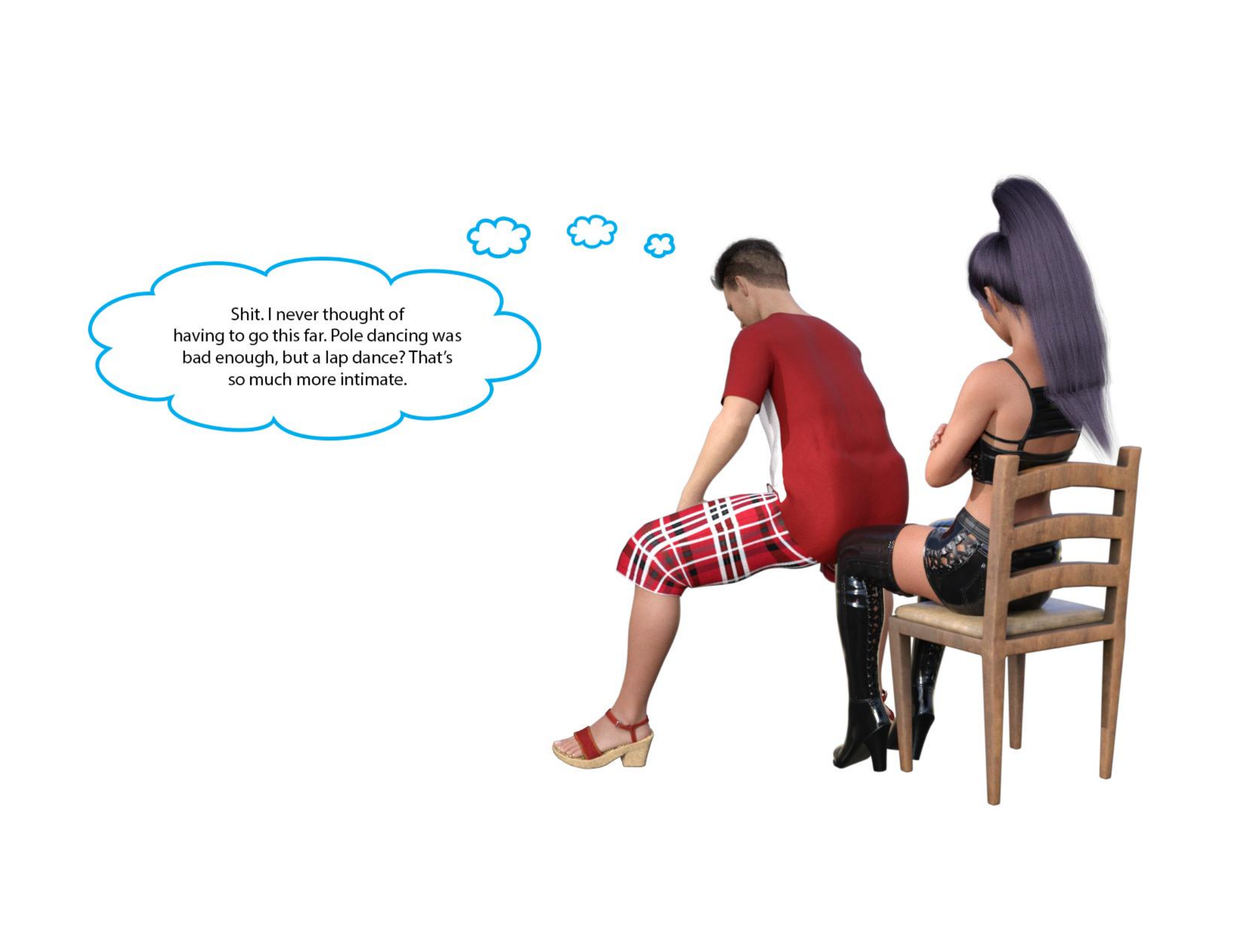
2:40pm

Oh no. I'm not doing that.
I draw the line at this.

puff

Oh sweetie, do you think you can refuse them when you start working at the 'Golden Dreams'? Your boss would fire you on the spot if you did. So no, you have to learn.





Shit. I never thought of
having to go this far. Pole dancing was
bad enough, but a lap dance? That's
so much more intimate.

April 28th

3:08pm

No, no, no. You've got to move with the music. You're all over the place.

sigh

To be honest, I'm a little worried. Your progress has been slow and your attitude stinks. You are still thinking like a man.

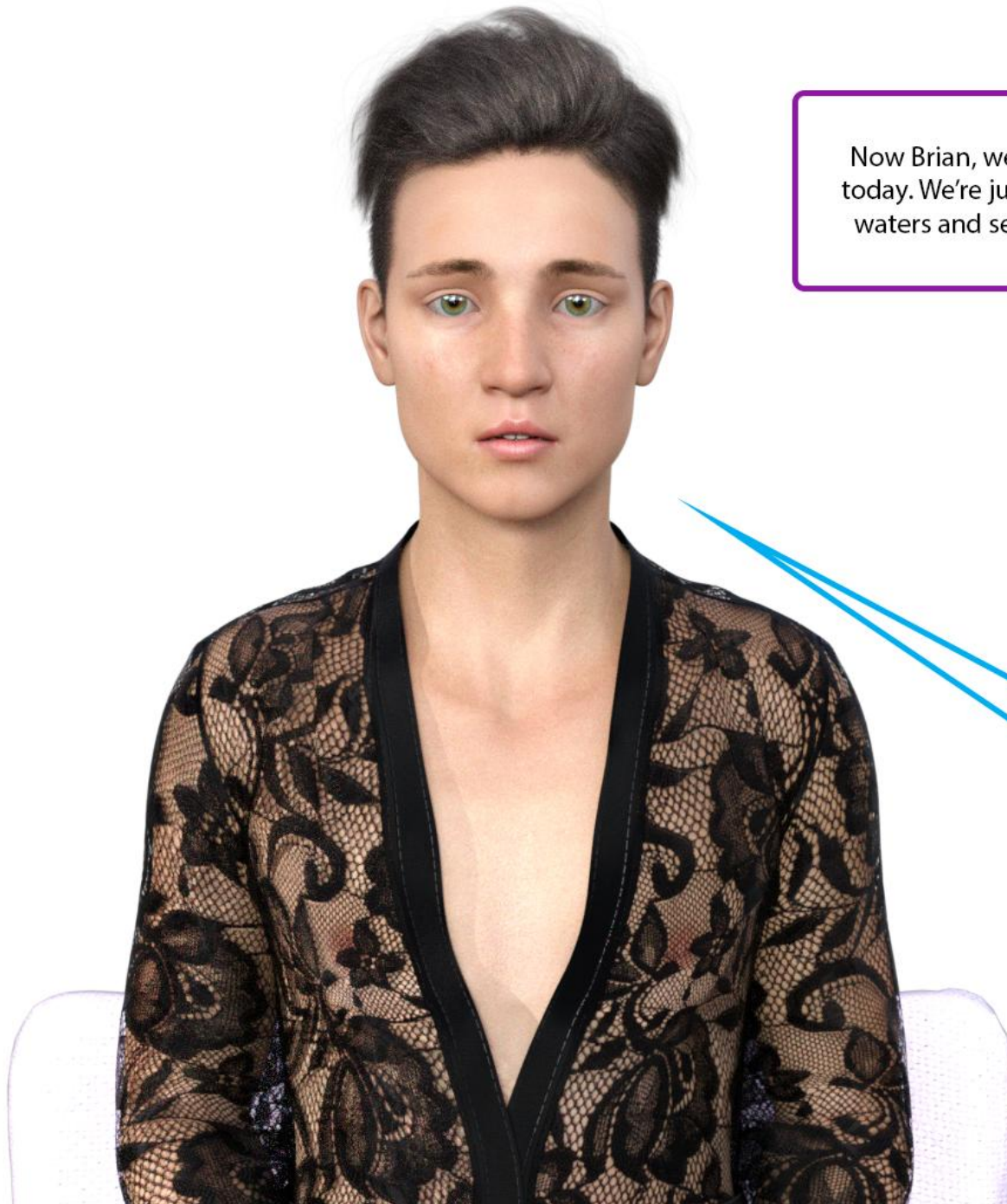
You need to let your masculine pride go and embrace the femininity of being a stripper. That's the only way you're going to be ready.

I think we're going to have to move on to the next phase of your transformation. You need to start believing that you are a woman.



April 29th

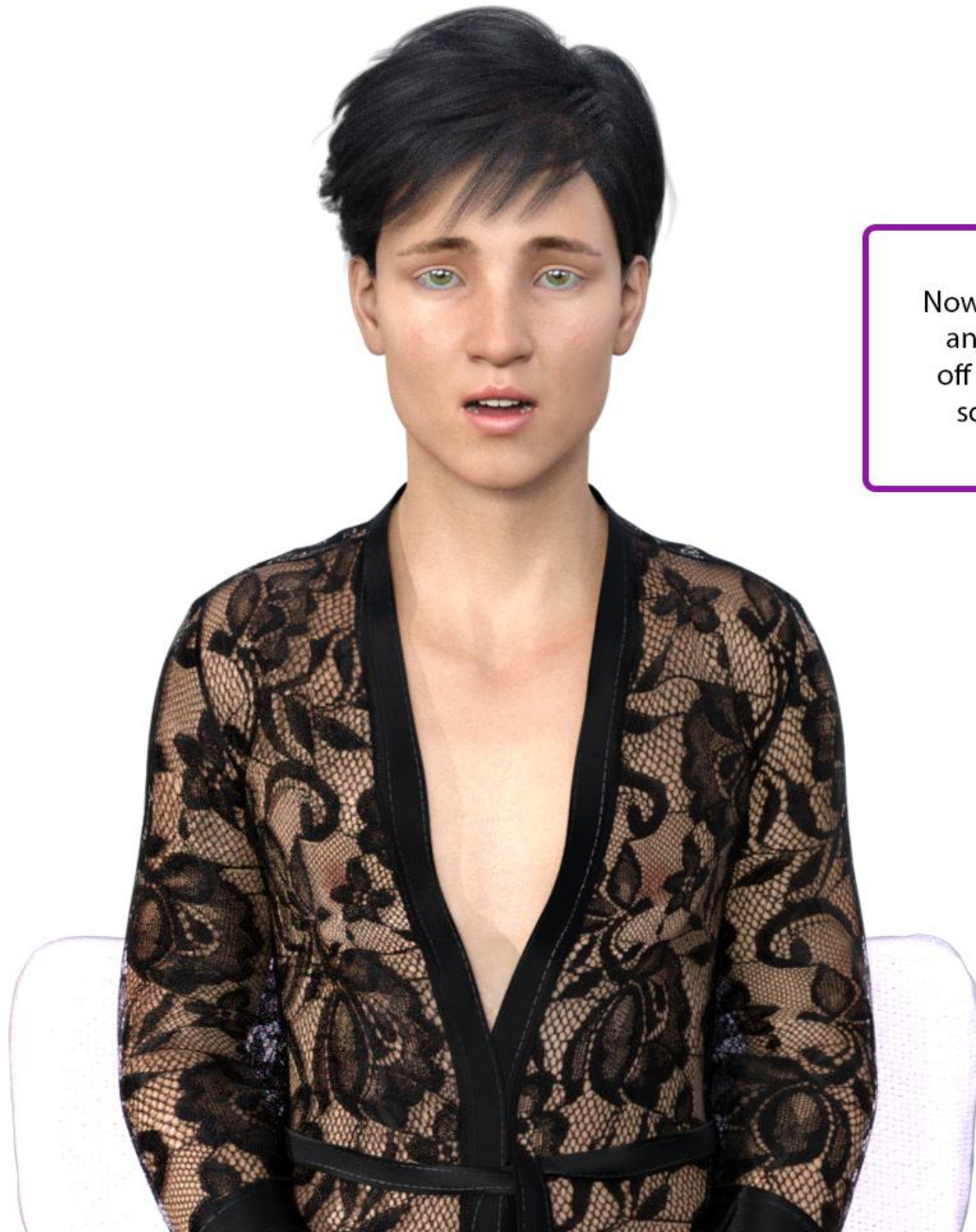
9:23am



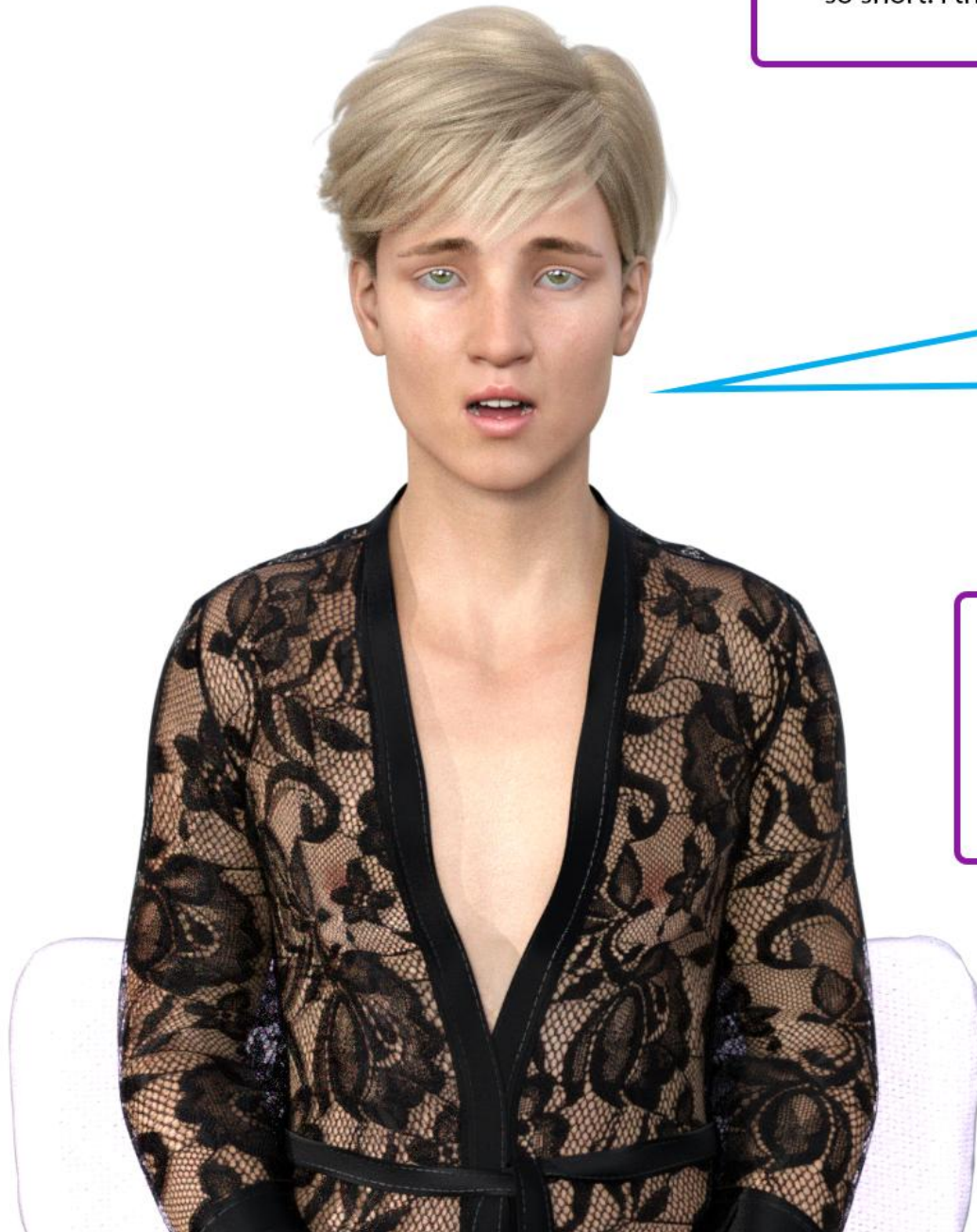
Now Brian, we're not going to do anything too dramatic today. We're just going to give you a makeover to test the waters and see if we can make you look more feminine.

Afterall, we need to know that this disguise is going to work.

O-Ok.



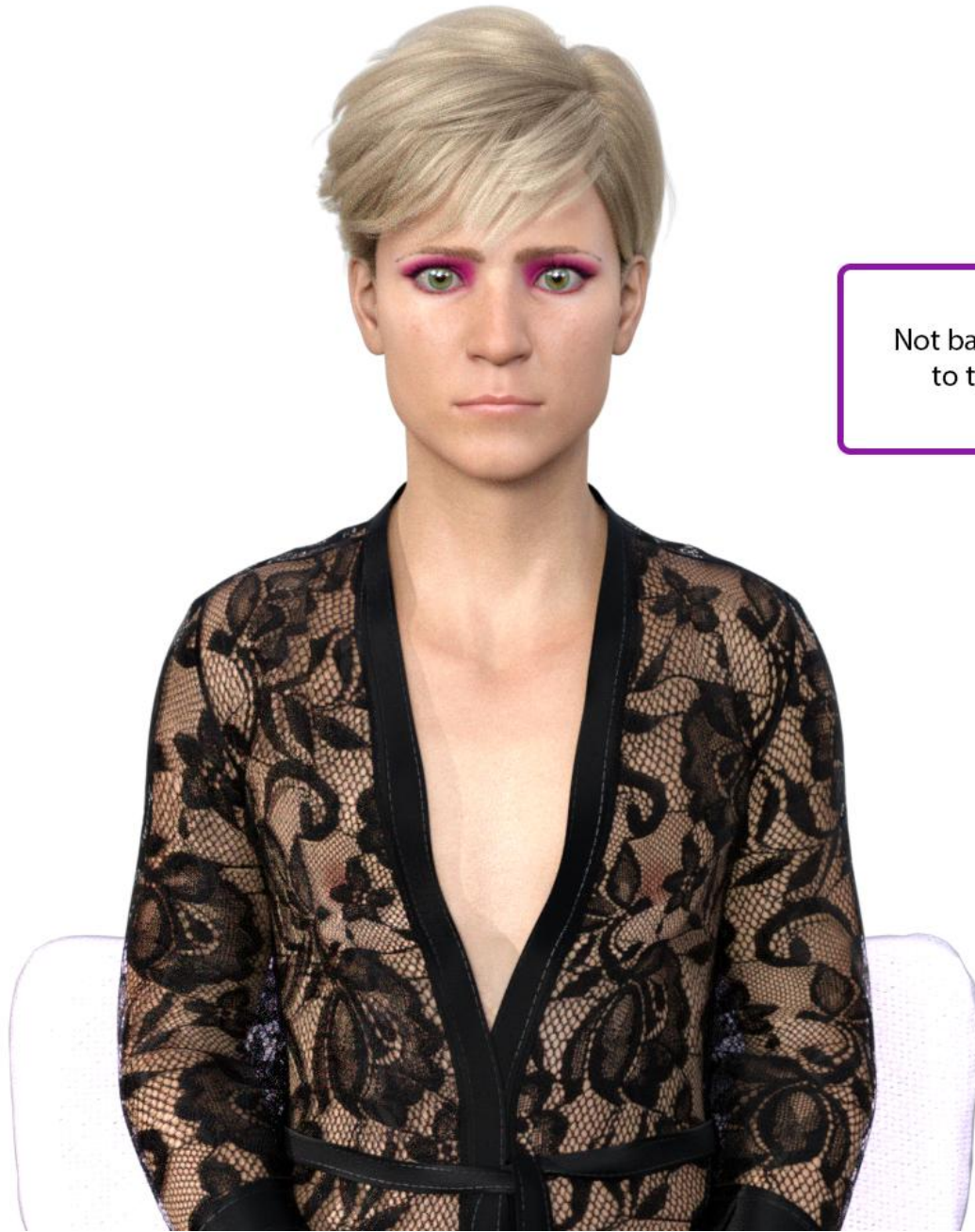
Now we can't do much with your hair at the moment, and we don't want you worried about a wig flying off your head whilst we practise your dance moves, so we're just going to work with what we've got.



There. That's the best we're going to get with your hair being so short. I think we can work with this. What do you think?

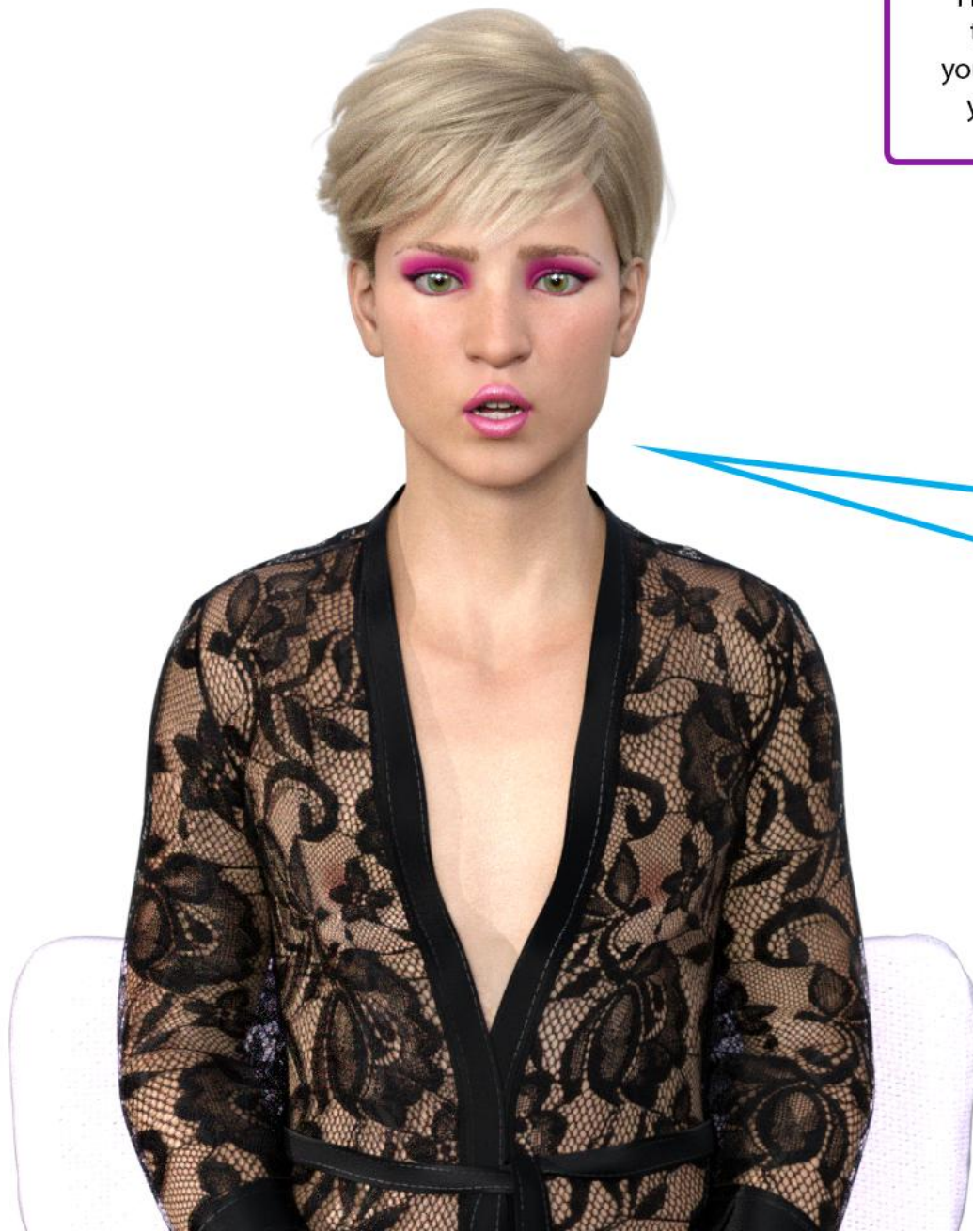
Holy sh-. Wow. I'm blonde now? It's a bit too feminine.

I know it might take a little bit of getting used to, but your hair is going to be much, much more feminine in the future, so it's time to get used to being feminine. Now let's move on to makeup.



Not bad, honey. They say that the eyes are the window to the soul, and your eyes now scream 'WOMAN'.

gulp



I have to admit, you look pretty. I didn't think that you would look as good as you do, but even with a simple makeover, you look good. Here, take a look dear.

I-Is that m-me? It looks like me, but i-it c-can't be.


It is, sweetie. It's all you.



I can't believe how different I look now. I look like my long lost sister or something. There is still a resemblance, but I definitely don't look like Officer Brian Mills.

I guess that's a good thing though. I can't exactly turn up to the 'Golden Dreams' looking like a policeman. I suppose it's time to start thinking of myself as a woman.

God, that's so weird to think about. Brian Mills is now a woman.



Why are these so big?

laugh

Big? Oh sweetie, you have no idea. These are only B-cups. They're pretty small for a stripper. We might have to increase a size or two for your debut.

gulp



Enough. Stop it. I c-can't b-breathe.

Not yet.

grunt

wheeze

There. Perfect. Now you look much better. You are starting to get a nice hourglass figure honey. The men are going to be all over you at the 'Golden Dreams'.

shiver



Now, one final piece and you'll have the appearance any girl would love.

Step into this gaff. Here, let me rearrange you down there. Great, a flat crotch that no-one would look twice at.

Wh-What? I-is it safe?

Of course sweetie. It just hides unsightly bulges so you can wear anything you wish.



Wow. Your legs look amazing in the higher heels. Now let go of the chair honey and let your training take over.

That's easy for you to say. I feel like my entire body is different now. I can hardly see my feet.

You don't have to see your feet, just trust your training.

Ok, here goes.



crash

Woaahh.

Ow. These heels are much trickier.

Oh **Bambi**. What are we going to do with you?



As the weeks progress, Brian continues his high heel training



And becomes a pro at inverted spins

But it's his lap dances that have really evolved



May 18th

4:57pm

grunt

That feels so good to get off my feet. These heels are a killer.

gasp

S-sorry. I slipped. It won't happen again, but please, don't call me Bambi.

Bambi! What did I say about your voice?

See that it doesn't. Anyway, what else would I call you? It's your name after all.

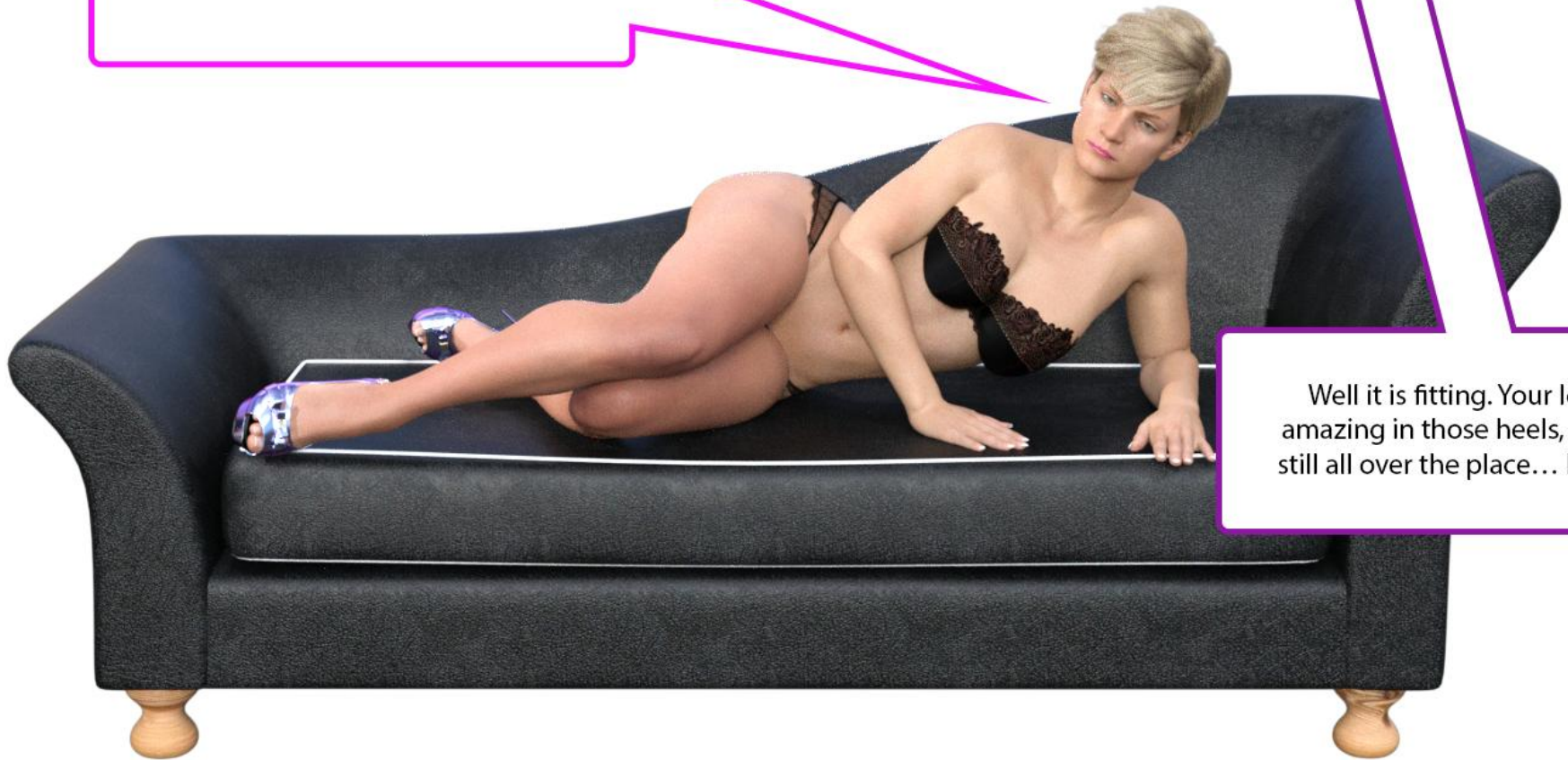


I don't like it.

I still don't get the name though.

Get used to it sweetie. Horny men are going to be yelling it whenever you're around. Before you know it, you'll only respond to Bambi Legs.

Well it is fitting. Your legs look amazing in those heels, but you're still all over the place... like Bambi.



grumble



Listen, **Bambi**. I'm here to make sure that your mission succeeds, and part of that training is to get you used to your name. We can't have a stripper named Brian running around, so you need to get used to whatever name you were given.

If you want this mission to succeed, you better start getting on board with everything. The last thing you want is for your cover to be blown because your masculine pride got in the way.



Fuck she's right. I knew this mission was going to be tough, but I don't think I fully realised what was actually involved. I mean, what guy in his right mind would want to be a sexual object for horny men?

Maybe that's the problem. I'm still thinking as a guy would. Maybe I need to start thinking like a woman. I need to get into the mind of a stripper. I need to think like an attractive, desirable stripper.

A stripper named Bambi Leggs.

June 9th

9:46pm

Golden Dreams

Introducing our newest member,
making her debut tonight. Please
welcome the blonde bombshell,

Bambi Leggs

♪ So hot in
So hot in here
So hot in ♪



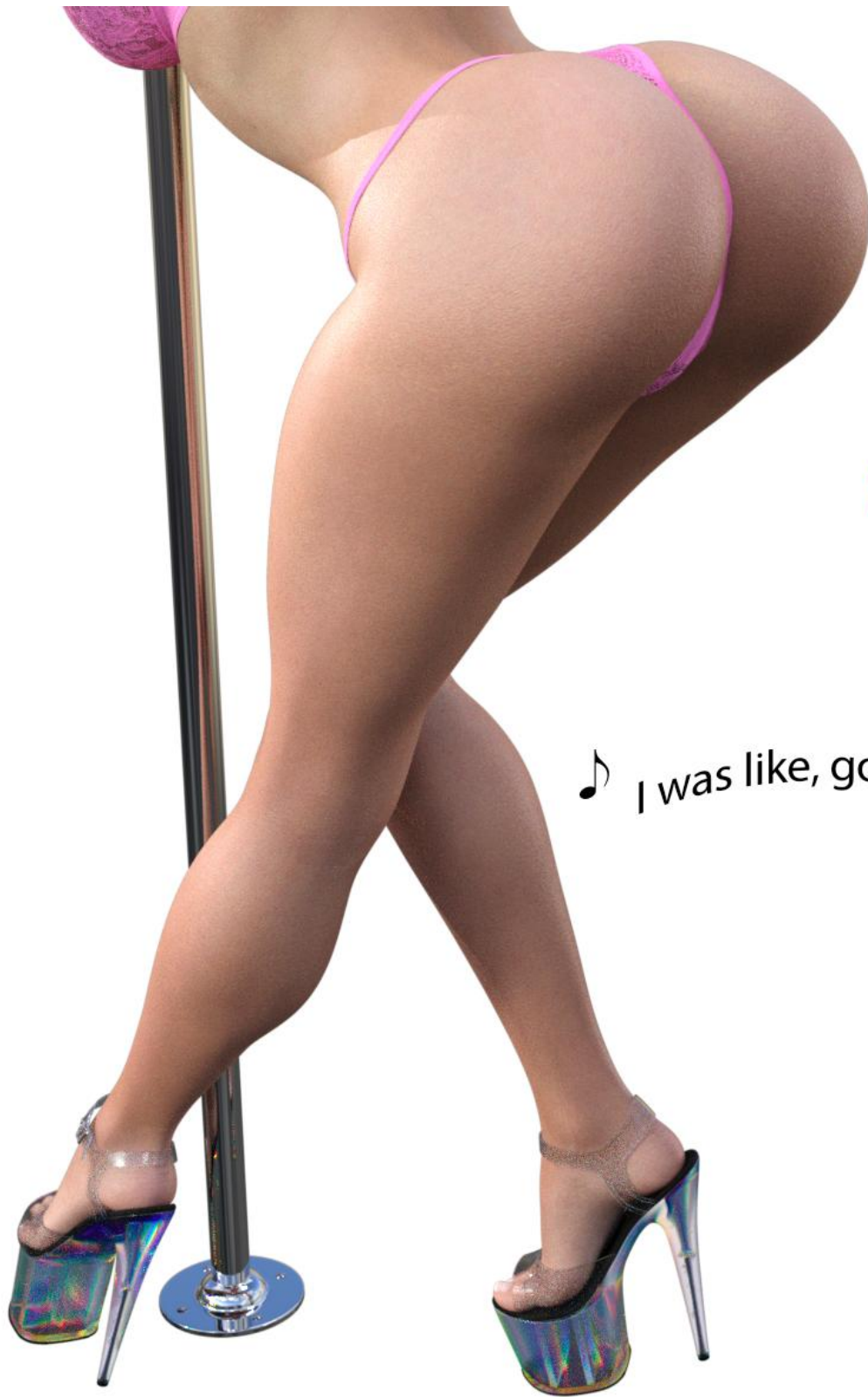
It's finally happening. I'm actually on stage at the 'Golden Dreams', about to perform my first dance.



After all I've been through in the last 6 weeks, I'm finally a stripper. All that training and the surgeries to get me looking so good. Those surgeons worked wonders. No one here would ever suspect I'm a man.


♪ Come on a little (uh-uh)
A little bit of (uh-uh) ♪






They sculpted a perfect
bubble butt and reduced my waist by
4 inches. I no longer need a corset
to get that hourglass figure.

♪ I was like, good gracious ass is bodacious
Flirtacious, tryna show patience ♪




My tits look so realistic. Who would think
these tits belong to a man?

♪ I'm waitin' for the right time to shoot my steez (You know)
Waitin' for the right time to flash them keys ♪

A photograph of a woman's midsection and legs, wearing pink lace underwear. A thought bubble is positioned in the upper left, and lyrics are written across the lower left. The woman's hands are on her hips, and a black pole is visible at the bottom center.

I think the most impressive transformation was making it look like I've got a pussy down there. The surgeon was so happy with the work he'd done, and reassured me it was all easily reversible.

♪ Then, uh, I'm leavin', please believe in (Oh)
Me and the rest of my heathens ♪



He also said the changes made to my face would be reversible too. They only changed a few things, such as my nose and jawline, but it made a world of difference.



Not to mention the work those girls at the salon did. Having long blonde hair certainly upgraded my buxom blonde look.

♪ No deceivin', nothin' up my sleeve and
No teasin', I need you to ♪

Gosh, this feels good. I'm actually enjoying myself up here.




I can feel everyone is looking at me.
It's invigorating to know that all of this sexual energy is being directed my way.

moan 

Mmm fuck yeah. I feel so naughty up here.

♪ Get up up on the dance floor
Give that man what he askin' for ♪



A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a pink lace bikini, is performing a pole dance. She is holding onto a silver pole with her right arm. Her expression is one of concentration and slight concern.

Focus Bambi, focus. You
have a job to do.



Hopefully Rinaldi's here. Gosh I can't
see a thing out there. The lights are way too bright.
All I can see are silhouettes.



I guess I just have to
dance as if he is here and hope
I catch his attention.

♪ And I feel like touchin' you, uh, uh
And can't nobody stop the juice ♪

After weeks of riding the pole...



..and giving lap dances to strangers...



July 15th

10:30pm

Golden Dreams

Aww you're too sweet.. Rinaldi!
I-I mean, you're Giancarlo Rinaldi,
right? You own this place.

Yes, sir. Of course.




That was spectacular, Bambi.

That's correct. I'm flattered that you know
who I am. Not many of the girls would
pick me before I introduce myself.

You have made quite the reputation for
yourself these last few weeks. I've heard
very impressive things about you.

How about we go talk in private?



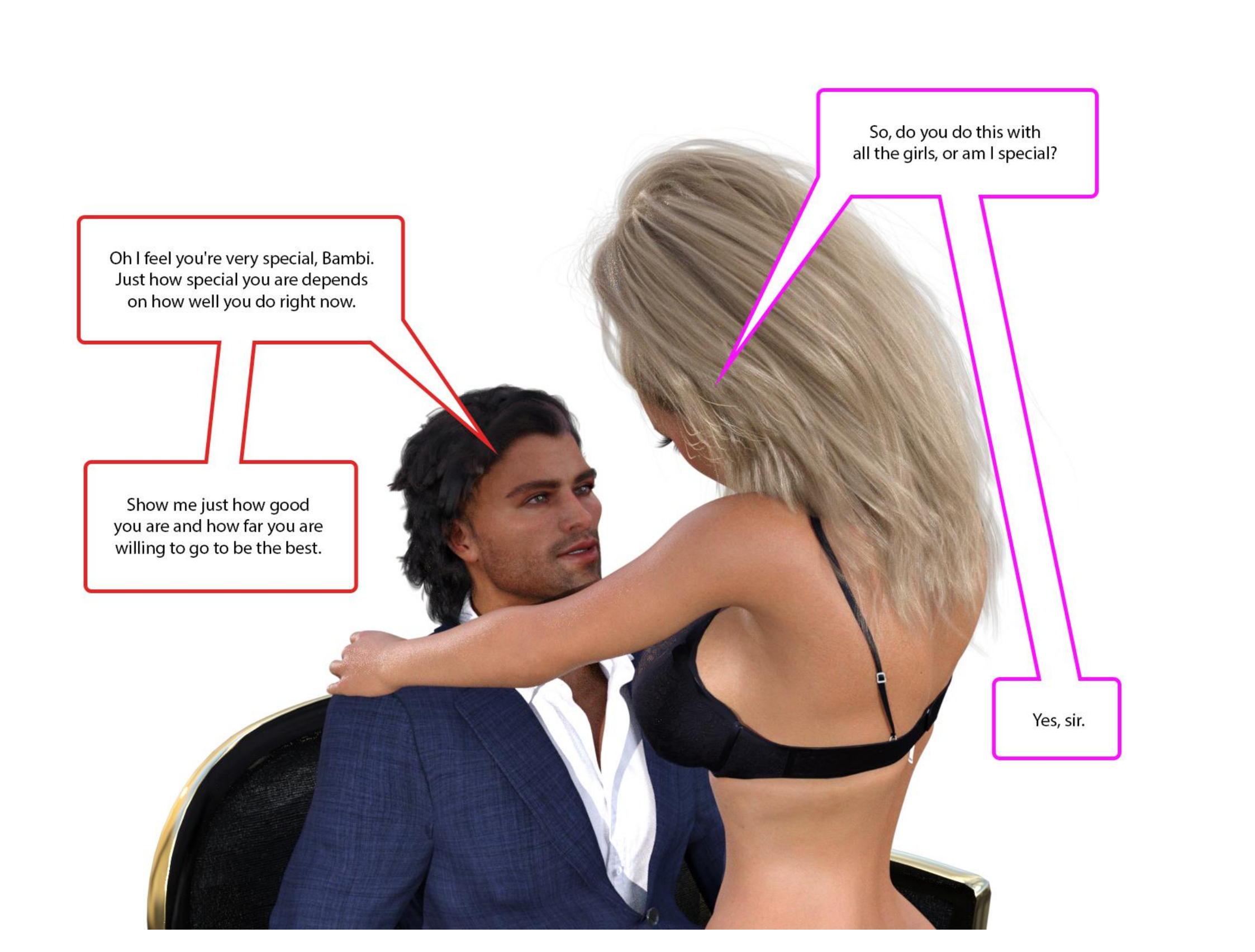


I've heard many great things about your private dancing, but I like to get first hand knowledge of just how good my girls are.

So whilst we get to know each other a little, I'd like you to show me what makes you so good. Sound ok?

Y-yes, sir.

This is it. This is my chance to get close to Rinaldi. If I impress him enough here, it might be my chance to get into his inner circle.



Oh I feel you're very special, Bambi.
Just how special you are depends
on how well you do right now.

Show me just how good
you are and how far you are
willing to go to be the best.


So, do you do this with
all the girls, or am I special?

Yes, sir.

Come on Bambi. This is what
you have trained so hard for. No matter what,
I have to be the best.







You sure know how to tease a man, Bambi,
but do you know how to please a man?

Huh?

zip

Oh no.

After weeks of dancing at the 'Golden Dreams', Bambi had finally drawn the attention of crime boss Giancarlo Rinaldi.

Over the next 2 weeks Giancarlo visited his new star every night to get a lap dance... and a little bit more.



August 1st

11:38pm

A back room at the Golden Dreams

This better start working. I'm not sure how much more I can take. Giancarlo has been here every night, demanding a lap dance and a-a blow job.

Now I wait each night for him to arrive so he can take me to his own private room.

No matter how often I do this, it doesn't get any easier. But knowing this is the best way to get information from him is the only thing that keeps driving me to perform each night.




blush

No, G-Giancarlo. I'd never done this prior to joining the Golden Dreams.

Good girl, Bambi. Your development in just the last few weeks has been astonishing. Are you sure you haven't done this before? Cause you're a natural. Almost like you were born to strip and suck.

Well my dear, you certainly are a star. A star that I'm glad I'm getting to know on a more.. personal level.

Tonight I want to do something different. I want you to submit to me. To take it all the way.



Y-yes, of course. A-anything you want, Giancarlo.

I-is he suggesting what I think he's suggesting? Does he want to have sex with me? I don't even know if that's possible.

The surgeon said they just tucked my dick away under a fakevagina. He said something about it being fully-functional, but I don't know if it can sustain full-on sex.

Even if he can, I don't want to have sex with him! I didn't think this was part of the deal.

Fuck. If this is what it takes to complete the mission I don't have a choice. I have to do this for the mission to be a success.



Good girl. Let's get you warmed up.

Oh god. He's t-touching
me d-down there. His fingers are probing
and he's pushing it in-


moan

Oh god.

Did I just moan? I think I did.
His finger is *in* me now.

But how is this possible? Maybe I can have
sex with this fake vagina. That would explain why
I can feel him so deep inside me.

moan


A man and a woman are shown in a close embrace. The woman, on the left, has long blonde hair, heavy black eye makeup, and bright red lipstick. She is wearing a white lace halter top and a white choker with buckles. The man, on the right, has dark hair and is shirtless. A red speech bubble points to the man, and a purple speech bubble points to the woman. A purple thought bubble is also present. The background is a plain white wall.

You like that don't you, Bambi? Does it feel good when my fingers are inside you?

Oh god, yes. It feels so good.

Normally I'd lie to him, but this actually feels good. I can't stop from-

moan

A man and a woman are sitting on a dark grey tufted sofa. The woman is wearing a white lace bra, white fishnet stockings, and white high-heeled shoes. She is leaning back against the man, who is shirtless and wearing a gold chain. He is leaning over her, and they appear to be in a romantic or intimate setting. Several speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text. A pink speech bubble points to the woman's mouth.

I love hearing you moan, Bambi.
It's like music to my ears.

Have you ever had
a man suck your clit?

Get ready then, Bambi. Your
world is about to change.

And please, call me Giancarlo, not sir.

moan

N-no, sir.

lick

Holy fuck, that's intense.

lick

Oh that feels so good. I can feel his tongue inside me. I can feel every sensation on my body.



moan

I can feel his stubble against my legs. His breath as it tickles the inside of my thigh. But his tongue is so fucking magical.

moan

Ohhhh Giancarlo. Don't stop baby. I love it. I fucking love it.

lick* *slurp

suck

squeal

Ohhhh yessss.


moan

Oh my god. I've never felt anything like this before. If it feels this good, imagine what getting fucked would feel like.

moan

Wait. No, I can't think like that.





Oh who cares. I want to feel what it's like to be fucked by a real man.


moan

Yes, Giancarlo, yes. Fuck. Ohhhh yes. Fuck me baby. Please, fuck me Giancarlo.

Good idea my sweet Bambi. I thought you'd never ask.

chuckle

Yes, I think it's time you had the real thing, don't you?




Sit on me, Bambi. I want you to sit on my big, fat cock.

W-what?! I thought he would just fuck me missionary or something. Now I have to initiate the penetration and be an active participant?

slide
moan

That's it, Bambi. Take it nice and slow. God, you're so tight. Is this your first time?

H-how did you know?



Oh, sweet innocent Bambi. I know a lot of things. After all, it is my job to know what goes on in my own club.

I wouldn't be much of a crime boss if I didn't.

slide
moan



Yes. This is it. He's finally opening up. He just admitted he's a crime fig-

slide

moan

whimper

That's why I make it my job to know who my new girls are and where they come from. Some are from broken homes, some are just doing this to get through college and some...

...well some just fall into your lap.

pull

thrust

moan

flip

You know Bambi, some girls are very special. Some girls are made for stripping. Some girls are just naturals.

It doesn't matter what they do in their life outside, or who they were, once they're on the pole they become one with it.

Oh no. I have a bad feeling all of a sudden.





I believe you are one of those girls.

M-me? I don't know what to say.

Say thank you.

thrust
moan

Th-thank you, Giancarlo.

Say "Thank you for making me a stripper".

thrust
moan

pant

Th-thank you for making me a stripper.



Good girl. I must admit, you make a much better woman than you ever did a man.

thrust
moan

Huh? Wh-what?

I know exactly who you are, Bambi. Or should I say,
Brian.

thrust
moan



flip

I can see from your expression that you're surprised that I know who you are. Like I said, it's my job to know who you are.

thrust

I must admit, it's not every day that you get an ex-cop going undercover to become a stripper, but it seems like such poetic justice.

thrust

moan



You've spent the better part of three years trying to tear down my empire. You've locked up my men and scared off some of my girls.

thrust
moan

Why is my body responding like this? I should be confronting him, but all I can do is lie back and moan whilst he plays hide the sausage.

So when the opportunity arose to have you go undercover, I couldn't resist turning you into a stripper.



But h-how could you know?


Oh Bambi. Sweet, innocent Bambi. You don't think I have insiders within the police force? Of course I do. I have your Captain & Sargeant in my back pocket. We planned this entire operation together.

The Captain?! B-but.. W-why? H-how?

thrust
moan

laugh
thrust
moan

It was remarkably easy. I knew you'd do whatever your dear Captain said. You're a pushover for him. The rest was pretty easy.



Th-the Captain is corrupt?
Oh my gosh. I can't believe it. He's one
of the most respected figure in the force.
Do others know about this?

I'm not surprised by
Rockford. He's always been a piece of
shit, but I looked up to the Captain as a mentor
and a guiding light. But all this time
he's been a crooked cop.

thrust

moan

Anyway, it's not important right now.
How does a fake vagina feel so good? I can
feel it as if I really do have a pussy. I feel all warm
and tingly. Is this normal? It's way more intense
than a fake vagina should be.

We had one of my best girls train you in the art of stripping. Yes, that's right, Anna is one of ours. She works over at the 'Mystic Cloud'. Best dancer I've seen. Well, apart from you.

thrust

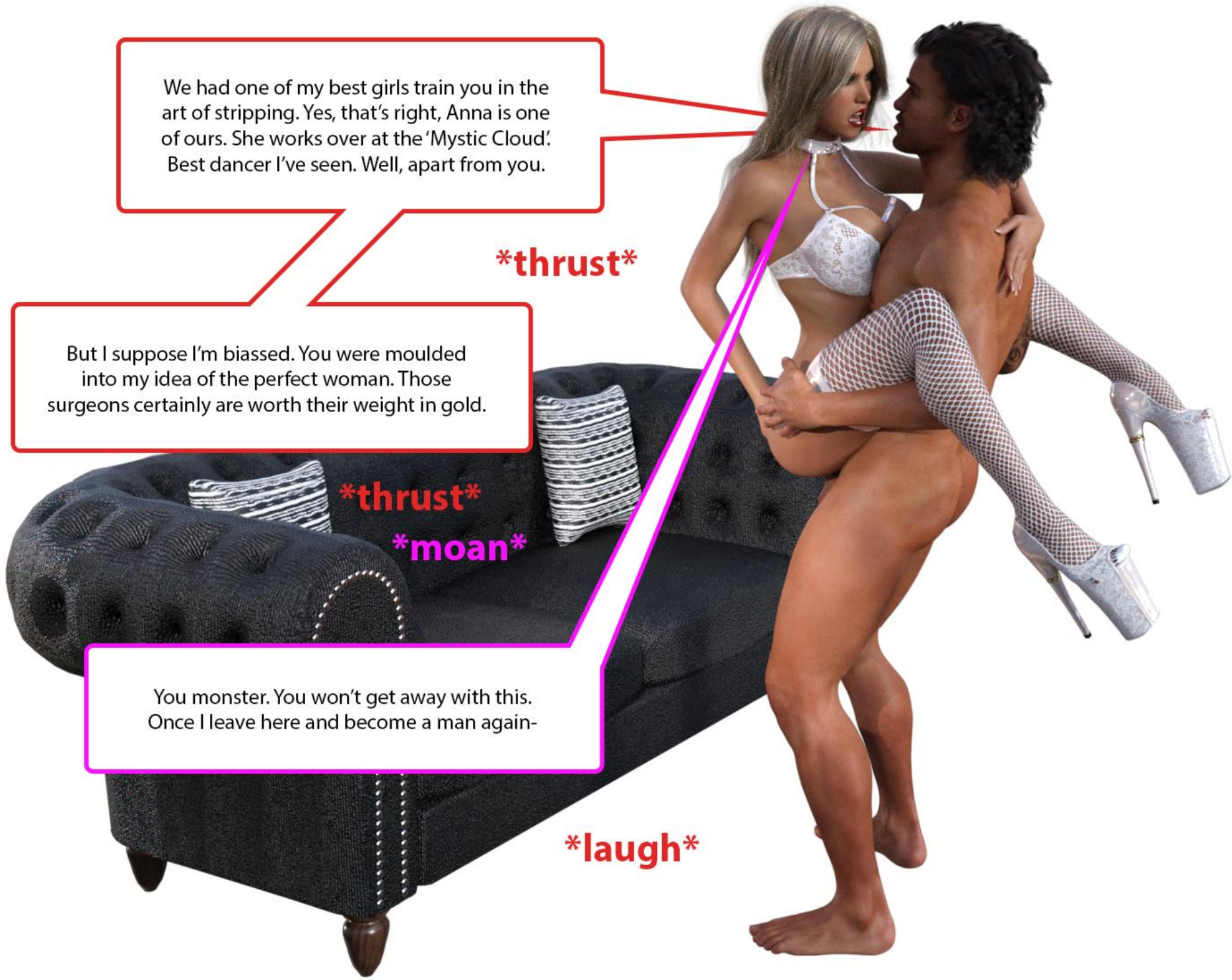
But I suppose I'm biased. You were moulded into my idea of the perfect woman. Those surgeons certainly are worth their weight in gold.

thrust

moan

You monster. You won't get away with this. Once I leave here and become a man again-

laugh



I have bad news for you, Bambi. There is no going back. Everything we've done to you is permanent. These silicone enhanced tits are perfect. Your face is angelic. But my favourite is this very tight, very real pussy I'm fucking. I'm going to love fucking you every night to remind you just how screwed you are.

thrust

There's no turning back Bambi. And even if you could turn back, what makes you think I'd let you?

moan

No, you're staying with me. You're too special to let go, my dear, sweet Bambi. It wasn't my intention when we started this, but as soon as I saw you I knew I couldn't let you go.

thrust

moan

You're an absolute knockout, yet you exude innocence. It's intoxicating. No Bambi, you're mine.

squeal

cum

cum



February 18th


9:15pm

The Golden Dreams

Welcome to the stage,
for the very last time...

BAMBI LEGGS





If you told me 8 months ago that tonight would be my last night as a stripper, I would have thought the mission was a success. But nothing could be further from the truth.



Brian Mills is legally dead, thanks to my corrupt superiors in the police force and I'm engaged to be married to the most notorious crime boss in the country.



In the last 6 months he has moulded me further into his dream girl.

Giancarlo loves
to smack my new ass during our
daily fuck sessions.





When he told me I'd be getting F-cup tits, I almost fainted. But these monsters have more than paid for themselves in tips and lap dances. I've never been busier!

Although nothing quite compares to when he sucks on my big, juicy melons.

sigh



lick
moan

All these thoughts about my new body have made me so horny. I'm like a walking wet dream. Every time I see myself in the mirror I get wet.



I suppose I'll have to make sure I thank Giancarlo when I get home. I'll give him a mind-numbing blowjob.



It's only fair. He did pay for these plump, dick-sucking lips.



I never thought I'd say this, but I love my life as a woman. The feeling of power I have over men is intoxicating. I can bend any man's will just by fluttering my eyelashes or flashing my tits in his directions.

✿
✿ ***moan***

Nothing I did as a man gave me so much power with so little effort. All I have to do is maintain my bimbo appearance, which I now gladly do.

✿
✿

It's like second nature to me now to primp and preen in front of the mirror.



I'm going to miss this pole.
Dancing here at the Golden Dreams is the best
thing that ever happened to me.

But Giancarlo can't have his
fiancé stripping at his club. No, she
needs to be his and only his.

That's my new life now. A life as a
pampered princess for my loving fiancé. I just hope
I can find something to occupy my time.



I suppose the mission was a success in some ways. I'm definitely in the inner circle of the Rinaldi crime family now.



And by being so close to Giancarlo, I've definitely found out some interesting information.



I guess no matter what, I'm always going to be a detective at heart.



May 11th

7:50pm

The Golden Dreams

It was almost 12 months ago that I started my journey to be a stripper. My Captain & Sargeant had set me up as a pawn in their corrupt game. I was the best detective they had and I was getting too close to Giancarlo Rinaldi, the biggest crime boss in the country.

Little did I know that they had been working for Rinaldi for years, giving him tip-offs and insider information about our investigations.



Please welcome the newest members
to the Golden Dreams family...
the tasty twosome...

Candi & Cinnamon

But the thing about being a corrupt
cop is that you **always** leave a trail
and no matter how hard you try to
hide it, someone will always find it.

That's what happened to Captain Charles Montgomery
& Sargeant Carl Rockford. They'd done so many
dodgy dealings that it didn't take long for their
house of cards to come crashing down around them.



Once everything had come to light, their positions became untenable and with them no longer working on the force, they were no longer valuable to Giancarlo.

But we still had to make sure they stayed silent. We couldn't have two ex-cops roaming the streets. Our rivals would have picked them up and made them into their own assets.

So we did what we did best. Made them into assets of our own. Not as detectives or gang members of course. That was too risky.

No, we had a much more devious idea. It was a plan that took months, but something that I took great joy in enacting.





After all they put me through, it was only fitting they go through the same process. The same gruelling training and surgeries to mould them into the perfect strippers.

I must admit, it was so satisfying watching the two people responsible for my new life become what I had become.

I have no regrets about what I did to them. They made my life hell for months by making me become the walking wet dream of so many men.

Now they get to know how it feels like to be ogled all day and night. To be viewed as nothing but sexual objects for horny men.



My life as a stripper is now over. I'm now the wife of Giancarlo Rinaldi. He has so many politicians and police officers in his pocket, he can do what he pleases.

But what pleases him the most is pleasing me, especially in the bedroom. My gosh, he's so tender and loving it's like he's worshipping me as a goddess. Not that I complain. It's definitely the best part of being Bambi Rinaldi.



Giancarlo may have taken away my previous life, but in making me his dream woman he has created someone he can't say no to.

He lavishes me with expensive gifts and trips to exotic places, which I graciously accept of course.

I may not have wanted this life, but I've made damn sure to make the best of my situation. People worship me, Giancarlo is wrapped around my little finger & I do what I please. Giancarlo may think he's the boss, but I'm the one running the show now.



THE END