



Halsey pulled her fedora down low, letting it ride just above her eyebrows. She'd tucked her hair under the hat. Looking in the mirror, she frowned and narrowed her eyes. "You talkin' to me?" She said, lowering and flattening her voice, doing a solid "male" voice. "You talking to me?"

She giggled and checked her watch— it was a thick, man's watch with a face she could actually read. "I'm running— early?" She said. Of course. It was so much easier getting

ready in guy mode— no makeup, hair was easy, didn't need to worry about her nails. She did have one more thing to put on as part of her disguise: a mustache. She glued it to her upper lip- a big, bushy mustache—and then she checked herself out. She'd always been kind of jealous of guys that they could accessorize with facial hair. I look kinda handsome, she decided. I could make a great guy. Then, she laughed. She didn't want to be a man. Being a woman was, she felt, so much better.

She let herself out of her hotel room just in time to see another woman coming down the hall. Her outfit was cute, but Halsey wanted to stay in character, so she gave the girl a once over then said, "Hey, beautiful" in her guy voice. The girl smiled and raised an eyebrow. Halsey felt a rush of pride. Even as a guy I have it.

While Halsey pretended to be a man, James Bond examined his breasts. Is my left boob bigger than my right one? He turned slightly to the side, cupped his breasts, trying to judge their size, wondering how much they weighed. He had really nice tits, but the thought that one might be bigger than the other bothered him for some reason. I might need a boob job, he thought, then shook his head. I'm being ridiculous, he decided, shrugging, watching the way his firm, perky young breasts rose. He shook his shoulders, enjoying the way his breasts swayed and jiggled. My tits are fine, he decided, and, besides, it's not like I'm going to a woman for much longer.

He slipped effortlessly into his bra, hooking it in the back and then adjusting the cups and the straps. Once he was done, he turned slightly to the side and arches his back, then whispered "How can people call me a double 0 when I'm obviously a double B?"

He paused, gazing at himself in the full-length mirror. "I'm pretty," he whispered, smiling. It was important that he be pretty—for the mission, he told himself—and he'd been going to yoga class, watching his diet. It had paid off as he'd reduced his already slender waist by an inch. "Hahaha," he laughed, finally pulling his eyes away from the flirty little thing he'd become. He had a lot more to do to get ready.



Lipstick, eyeliner, mascara. Bond admired himself— he had a very pretty face with his big eyes and plump lips, but he was proudest of his skin— it was radiant. He'd never had such perfect skin. As he stepped into his pleated mini skirt, pulled on his knee socks and then buckled his Mary Janes, he felt himself growing more and more excited. Dallas was here tonight, and Bond had been steadily working on his routine. As Bond fixed his glossy blonde hair, he smiled imagining himself on stage while Dallas watched, his eyes hard and hungry with desire. Bond loved dancing for Dallas—he loved dancing. Even thinking about it made him blush. “Oh,” Bond sighed as powdered his nose. “When is he going take me?”

Halsey found a table. A waitress dressed like a slutty Snow White came up to her— all smiles. “Hey, handsome,” she said, back arched. “What’s your poison?”

“Bourbon. Neat,” Halsey said in her dude voice. It was kinda fun, she decided, to be a guy. I wonder how Bond likes being a girl?” She wondered. Watching the waitress in her slutty Snow White costume walk away, her ass swaying, she knew he had to be hating it. James Bond in high heels and a miniskirt? He must be so humiliated. She couldn’t even imagine him dancing pole dancing. Not James Bond. She imagined his dancing must be pretty awful, his every move revealing he was a man and deeply ashamed of his new condition. She felt for him, and she also felt a little amused. A guy like him? A man’s man? There must be some level, she felt, where even he was amused to find himself working as a stripper.

The lights dropped. Music started to bang. A sassy bass guitar. “She’s one of the hottest dancers in the city. Give it up for Nina Ballerina!” The crowd roared, some of the guys leaping to their feet, applauding.

Nina Ballerina burst through the curtain radiating raw, female sexuality. That’s not him, Halsey thought, confused, because this feminine creature was all woman. It wasn’t just her perfect walk, the way she threw her hips side to side or the way her golden ponytail swayed. She had IT, that undeniable essence of a gorgeous young woman who had absolute confidence in her allure. The men could feel it as they howled and shouted, cash fluttering in the spotlights as they hurled money in the air and let it float down at the goddess’ feet.

As the pretty pantheress stalked the stage, Halsey did a double take, her mouth dropping open. It was James Bond. SHE was James Bond. Yes, Halsey thought as Bond danced to the edge of the stage and licked her lollipop, then tossed it to the side and started to play with the buttons on her blouse. She was a she and there was no doubt about it. What had happened?



“Take it off! Take it off!”

Bond smirked and let his frosted lips drop open in surprise. “Who? Me?” He mouthed, playing the innocent school girl. He shook his head back and forth.

TAKE. IT! OFF!" The men screamed. Bond let his knees go together and licked his lips, then let a mischievous look come into his eyes as he tore his blouse open, revealing his lacy red bra, the swell of his cleavage.



He made a “what did I do?” face and then tossed the blouse aside, shaking his shoulders, tossing his skirt, then moving to the pole, wrapping his strong thighs around it, spinning... spinning...

Halsey found herself feeling thirsty. She threw back the rest of her bourbon, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. She loosened her tie and her collar as Bond now tore off his skirt and turned to let the audience get a look at his perfect, heart-shaped ass. He glanced over his shoulder and smiled. Halsey groaned. Nothing in her life had prepared her for this, but the sight of Bond dancing up there, a creature of pure feminine energy, drove her insane with desire.

Bond had undone his ponytail and was now tossing his hair while shaking every single inch of little body. The music was climaxing, the men in the audience driven just as wild as Halsey. The whole room smelled of man, sex hungry man.

The show was completely different for James Bond. The stage lights made it so he couldn't see much but instead found himself in a world of swirling smoke and spotlights, music thumping. He heard the men shouting and clapping, felt the intensity of their desire. He felt powerful, and he felt every inch a woman, a creature of pure female sexuality he could lure any man into her web.

As the song finished, Bond reached back, paused just a moment, biting his lip, and then unhooked his bra, tossing it into the audience and shaking his breasts, loving the fact he had this whole room full of guys insane with hunger for him— and know most of them could only dream of being with a girl like him.

As the song finished, Bond strutted off stage. Turning to blow a kiss as Shania Twain finished as well:

Hey!

Oh, oh, yeah, yeah

Act totally crazy

Can you feel it?

Come, come, come on baby

And then Bond sang, his own soft, feminine voice in harmony with Shania:

I feel like a woman



“Girl,” Sparkle said drawing him in for a hug as he left the stage. “You’re one hot ass little bitch.”

“Thanks, Bond said, hugging her back. “Go get ‘em, girl.”

He headed back to the dressing room, glowing, and his mind immediately going to Dallas. Did he see me? Did he like my dancing? Is he finally going to claim me? This was, in fact, the only thing that really frustrated Bond about being girl these days—waiting for guys to make the move, especially Dallas. It was fun to be the girl when the guys did

make the first move. But if only he could just go right up to Dallas and made all the moves. He would jump that hunky stud like there was no tomorrow.

“Great job,” Klein said, poking his head into the dressing room. “You got a private dance in 10 minutes.”

Bond’s heart leapt. Could it be Dallas? He fixed his hair, touched up his makeup and pulled on a fresh bra, blouse and skirt, then spritzed himself with Chanel No5. He didn’t sweat nearly as much now that he was a girl, but this might be Dallas, and he knew as a guy how much he’d been turned on by a woman wearing Chanel. A sudden panic hit and he drew his fingers along the smooth, hairless skin of his thigh, then checked his armpits, sighing with relief to see he was perfectly smooth and hairless. He’d just gotten waxed, but again- Dallas. Bond had come to love being smooth.

He made his way to Booth 2, smiling, giggling, tossing his hair as the guys in the crowd told him how hot and sexy he was. He glanced toward Dallas’ private table, and though he’d tried not to be obvious, but as he glanced over, he met Dallas’ eyes. Dallas stared, lifting his glass in a silent toast. Bond trembled, felt something inside him clench. Those eyes said it all. Dallas wanted him and would claim him sooner or later. The realization sent tremors of feminine pleasure through his slender body. He looked away, lifted one knee and twisted his hair around a finger, demonstrating the submissiveness he knew Dallas craved. He could have stood there forever— having Dallas look at him like that made him the happiest girl on Earth, but he had a client.

When he entered Booth 2, he saw a man in a suit, a fedora, his head lowered so Bond couldn’t see his face. Bond had been learning to read men— as a woman. He’d read men all his life, sizing up their grit, their toughness, their reliability. But reading them as a woman required a whole new calculus. He now had to assess who might be a stalker, an obsessive, which guy might try something. He considered part of his newly developed feminine intuition, and he’d learned to trust it. His instant read on this guy was “creep.”

"You got a nice ass, honey," the man said in a weird voice. "And even better tits."

One of these, Bond thought with a sigh, but he giggled and tossed his hair. A customer was a customer, and the bodyguards were just a scream away. "Thanks, handsome," he said. "I love dancing for big, strong men like you." He started dancing, moving closer, planning to pluck the guy's hat off. He liked to make eye contact and, besides, creeps were less likely to try something if a girl knew what he looked like.



"Say, sugar tits," the guy went on. "You mind if I call you Nancy?" He paused for a second. "It's my daughter's name."

"Daughter? What the hell?" Bond snatched the man's fedora and then squeaked as he saw who it was.

Halsey grinned. "Hey, beautiful," she said in her dude voice.

"Jerk," Bond said, shaking his head but, actually, now that he knew it was Halsey and realized he was being teased, he laughed, a bright, feminine laugh. He also instantly re-

assessed – the creep vibes had come because he'd know something wasn't right about this "guy."

"Sit," Halsey said as she placed a small, rectangular object on the table. Wispy green lights rose from it and scanned around the booth, then a green light lit up on the object itself. They could now talk freely.



Halsey watched as Bond sat, smoothing his skirt under him, crossing his legs at the thigh, female style, then hooking his hair behind his ear before putting his hands on his

knees. He smiled a bright, feminine smile. “M send you to check up on me?” Bond said, and Halsey noticed right away that he spoke in the cadences of a young woman. In fact, he moved and talked just like a girl.

Halsey’s mind was elsewhere as she let her eyes drink in Bond’s pretty face, all made up, eyes popping. “Your dance was amazing,” she said. “I think half the guys in the audience might have cum in their pants.”

“Stop,” Bond said, his high-pitched voice filled with mock outrage.

“You’re a really good stripper, James.”

Bond loved the compliment, but he was also suddenly self-conscious. Halsey was someone from his past— his male past— and what was left in his memory of the man he’d once been felt ashamed of how much of a sex-kitten he’d become. Besides, he had little doubt whatever he said to Halsey would spread throughout MI6, and he didn’t want everyone back at headquarters knowing he loved stripping. “I’m undercover,” he said. “Playing the part.” He fidgeted with his bracelets. “I totally, like, hate being a dancer.” They both felt it now—the strangeness of it. James Bond wearing a bra, a skirt, panties, his face painted. James Bond a girl, while Halsey, man spreading, sported a man’s suit. It seemed both wrong and right at the same time.

Halsey raised an eyebrow. She could tell when people were lying, and though Bond had been trained to lie, he did not know how to lie with his pretty new face, which showed every emotion. She had also been trained not to be shocked or to show shock, but the incredible and almost impossible to believe reality she just confronted was too much. “Bollocks,” she said. “You love being a stripper.”

“That’s crazy,” Bond said. “You’re so full of it.” He dropped his eyes to the side and prayed that his makeup hid the fact he was actually blushing. “Anyway, I’m guessing M sent you for a briefing, so maybe we should focus on that?”

Halsey decided to let it go. Besides, she'd only paid for a 15-minute dance. "Let's hear it, honey buns."

Bond huffed like an annoyed female, then went into his briefing. "So, I'm just waiting," Bond said, his feminine frustration showing in his voice, "for him to make a move."

"We need to push him," Halsey said.

"How?" Bond said, nervously playing with his hair. "He doesn't like pushy girls."

"He does like to play the knight in shining armor," Halsey said. "So, let's make you a damsel in distress. We'll give him a chance to rescue you. I'm thinking, just like last time, protecting you will get him all kinds of horny."

"If that's what you think is best," Bond whispered, his voice growing hoarse. Rescued. A damsel in distress. He wanted that. He wanted it so bad. "I mean, it'll be so embarrassing, but I'll do it for the Queen."

"I bet you will, princess." Halsey said, cupping his smooth cheek. "And it will be so terrible."

"So, so terrible," James Bond agreed, a hand to his cheek. "So very, very terrible."

Bonus

