

GREAT PAN



Noumenon Knife Cooper Kadee



He may have a pretty new face and a curvy little body, but one thing hasn't changed:
It's still up to James Bond to save the world.

The men didn't want to talk about it. The women couldn't stop. Did you hear? Has it been verified? The news was so impossible that even within the halls of the famed British Secret Service, MI6, skepticism reigned supreme.

The men didn't want to think about. The women obsessed.

Word spread in hushed whispers as two women would pass in the hall and exchange an amused smirk. Glancing around to make sure none of the men could hear, they would stand close together and one of them would say it: Did you hear? 007 is a girl.

"I heard. A skinny little blonde. Can you believe it?"

"It's hard to believe, but Marcia from over in surveillance says she's seen pictures. Guess what?"

"What?"

"She says he looks like a teen-ager."

"Really?" Ginger thinks about, shaking her head, thinking about James Bond facing the world looking like a pretty teen girl. A blonde, pretty teen-age girl. She couldn't help but smile, but then she composed herself. "It's going to be so hard for him," she said, her sympathy as real as her amusement at the idea of a man, especially **that** man, finding himself female. "I'm sure it's a shame."

"Isn't it, though?"

The director of the British Intelligence Service, known as MI6, M, sat in her office watching the video feed that had been sent back by the extraction team. They'd come upon what appeared to be a young woman in dress **attempting** to run down a hall. M had designated what she was seeing as an attempt at running because the girl's dress was so right around her upper thighs all she could really manage was a kind of manic mincing.

"On your knees!" one of the agents had shouted, and a couple of the men had chuckled, hearing the command as an innuendo.

The girl didn't seem to notice. There was a lost, vacant look in her eyes—shock, drugs? Both? Seeing the team, she stopped mincing and sighed, looking relieved.

"I said on your knees!"

The girl started to comply, but her dress was too tight. Looking confused, she started to hike up her skirt, trying to kneel, wobbling on her high heels, clearly unused to them. Realizing she couldn't kneel, she gave up on the idea of hiking up her dress, took a deep breath and said, "I'm an MI6 agent."

“Secure the target,” the leader said to one of the men who came into the picture now, advancing toward the girl, weapon on her. “Identify yourself.”



A civilian would typically freak out to have a strike team appear and train their guns on her, but this girl didn't seem phased. In fact, she'd been more thrown off by her dress. She had the demeanor of a veteran of something, the actions of someone trained. M paused the footage and zoomed in. Could James Bond be trapped inside that pretty face? She wondered. M hit play.

The girl looked embarrassed, which was to be expected if she was a man, and a man like 007. She was clearly reluctant to reveal her name. “Identify yourself,” team leader repeated. M made a

note to award him a commendation. He'd followed protocol to a T when some men would have let their guard down given how sweet and helpless the girl looked.

“Bond,” she said. “James Bond. 007.” It was Bond's classic Edinburgh accent, his distinctive Scottish Burr, but cute now, in that soft crystalline voice.

The strike team all laughed. The agent who'd been sent to secure the girl pulled her arms behind her back and cuffed her. "Subject is secure," the man said.

"Let's get Miss Bond back to headquarters," Team Leader said.

More laughter.

Pausing the video, M checked her computer to find the team was currently flying over France. The girl was sitting with her eyes closed, her legs apart like a man. Her hands were on her knees—Bond used to sit that way—and M couldn't help but notice her perfectly shaped, glossy pink nails. She pictures James at a salon, a girl filing his nails.

After landing and then ground transport, they be back in about an hour. M tapped on her desk, planning on how to handle the situation. There was no standard operating procedure



for dealing with a body swap, since they were considered the stuff of fiction. If she **is** Bond, M wondered, what must he be thinking?

In fact, Bond was not thinking of anything at all. Despite years of training to prepare himself for inscrutable amounts of mental distress, Bond had checked out. His mind simply refused to

acknowledge the reality that he now occupied the body of a young woman. Over the years he'd been tortured, imprisoned, thrown off cliffs and buildings, dangled over vats of boiling

acid. Not once had any of it phased him. He'd always possessed an unshakeable belief that he could and would get out of any situation.

Until now. No, this time, he simply refused to believe he was in this situation. Most of the



strike team was sitting toward the front of the plane, talking loud. Halsey Kyle sat back with him, keeping her eye on him. He supposed it was because they were both women, which once more brought the irritating realization that he was now a woman to the forefront of his frazzled mind. He decided not to think about it. Again. He was not a woman. No. He was James Bond. Maybe when they got back to London, he'd finally take Moneypenny out of the town. They'd been flirting for years. She was a cute little thing, and he was a man. It only made sense.

He looked over at Halsey. She was gorgeous and a gym rat, as fit a woman as there was in the MI6, and he should know. They'd had a fling a year or so ago—

spent a weekend in Barcelona. She'd been a wildcat in the sack and he'd driven her mad, dressing up as a slutty nurse and... he shook his head. His memory of the trip was all

wrong. They'd gotten into some role-playing with **Halsey** dressing up as a slutty nurse, but now he saw himself in the fishnets and mini-dress, a pretty little blonde dancing while a bearded Halsey watched. Static. Lights flashing. A sensation of needles being stabbed into his brain. He found himself on his back, Halsey kissing his neck as--

Bond thrust the memory away. Damn it all. In order to keep the disturbing false memory at bay, he focused on attending to where he was right now.

He could hear the whispering hum of the jet engines. The plane had a slight vibration which reminded him constantly of his new sex—this new body jiggled. Still struggling to accept his feminine reality he looked down to his jiggling chest and saw the rounded swell of breasts rising from the top of his dress. He reached down, cupped one of his breasts and lifted it, noticing the long, pink nails on his slender hands. The breast was soft yet firm. He squeezed and enjoyed the pleasure he'd long known as a man holding a breast in his hand,



but at the same time he felt his breast being squeezed and a new, foreign pleasure curled his toes.

I'm a woman, he thought. His mind recoiled. His self, his deepest self, refused. No. I'm Bond. James Bond. I'm a man. He wouldn't acknowledge anything female about this body. He wouldn't acknowledge it was his body.

His body seemed to have other ideas. As time passed, he felt a growing pressure, a growing need. Swallowing his pride, he looked at Halsey and said, "I need to take a piss."

Halsey raised an eyebrow. "Don't try anything."

"Why would I try to escape from my own people? I'm looking forward to getting back to base."

Halsey unlocked the manacles that held him to his seat. "So, you're sticking with that story about being James Bond?" Halsey said. She looked pointedly at the sweet round swelling of his chest and snickered. "The James Bond I remember had much bigger tits."

Bond didn't respond. He was struggling to get to his feet. Why was this stupid dress so damned tight? And forget about the high heels.

Halsey took his arm. "Let me help," she said.

Bond had no choice but to let her help, but as Halsey pulled him to his feet the plane



lurched, and he fell against her. She caught him and cradled him in her arms. Bond looked up at her. There in her arms, he was forced once more to confront just how petite he'd become, how much his world had been turned upside down. He leveraged himself from her arms, too shaken to thank her for catching him, and wobbled down the aisle toward the restrooms.

"You'll have to practice walking in heels," Halsey said, not sure how to feel or respond. She couldn't believe that this girl was James Bond.

"I'll never wear them again," Bond assured her. Just as he was about to slip into the bathroom, Halsey said, "Let me unzip you."

“Like hell,” Bond said, annoyed.

“You’ll never be able to pee in that dress,” Halsey said. There. Just then. There’d been a flash in those eyes, and the way she’s set her jaw, furled her eyebrows—it was a facial expression she’d seen Bond make when he was angry. For a moment, she was sure that this girl was, indeed, the one and only 007, but then reason once more refuted reality. “Just—think about your plumbing.”

Bond thought about, frowned as the truth of her words sunk in. He’d needed help getting into the dress. He hadn’t been able to zip it up himself and later he’d been unable to get out



of it. Thinking through the logistics of what he needed to do, he had to face the fact that he actually did need help to do something he’d been doing with ease since being potty trained. “Fine.”

Halsey took her position behind Bond and said, “lift your hair.”

Bond lifted his hair, mind reeling as he found himself playing

the role of the dependent woman, lifting his hair and waiting demurely while his dress was unzipped. How many times had he undressed a girl, eagerly anticipating the sight of her shoulders, her smooth back? It was him now—he was the girl. The world threatened to spin, tilt, but he focused his will. He was in charge and he would not allow himself to get emotional. As Halsey unzipped his dress, Bond felt it growing loose around his hips and legs.

Once more, Bond couldn't find it within himself to thank her for making him feel like a helpless girl. Instead, he plunged into the bathroom and pushed the folding door closed. The skirt of his dress was loose enough that he could pull it up, so he did, then pushed his panties down to his knees and lowered himself to the toilet seat. He cradled the diaphanous skirt from his dress in his lap as he relieved himself. Hearing the feminine tinkling, he cringed at the sensation of making water. It was all wrong, this female experience he was having. It felt so humiliating and refused to allow him to seek comfort in denial. His eyes stung; the threat of tears rose up, but no. He would not cry. "Get ahold of yourself, man," he said, cringing at the irony of hearing himself say that in his buzzy girl voice. He took deep breaths and focused, driving back the threatened emotional outburst. He finished his business, then wiped himself as he'd been taught to do and flushed.

There was one more thing he needed to do before he went back to his seat. He needed to get out of these ridiculous heels. He pulled up his panties and sat back down. Crossing his legs he reached down and tried to get the little strap back through the buckle. He wasn't used to having such long nails, and he struggled to manipulate the strap. "Damn it," he whispered.

"Miss Bond?" Halsey called, knocking on the door.

"It's just Bond," James said back through gritted teeth.

"I'm coming in." The door folded open.

Bond, ashamed to admit he'd been defeated by a pair of heels, stood, letting his dress fall back down around his legs. He turned and looked back over his shoulder. "Zip me up," he said.

Halsey zipped up the dress, admiring the girl's blonde hair. It was thick, full of body, shiny. When the girl turned, she had to brush it back from her eyes, and Halsey took in her face—the big, innocent eyes, the plush lips and tiny nose. What if she is James Bond? Halsey wondered. The thought, to her surprise, turned her on a little bit.

When they got back to the base, Bond found himself escorted to the door by Team Leader and another tall, burly agent. Having the two of them on either side of him made him conscious of how small he was now—not just short, but he was also skinny, petite. There were 12-year-old girls with broader shoulders. An image flashed through his mind—he was in the arms of the taller one, the one with the pretty green eyes, pressing his soft breasts against the man's hard chest, and his skin was tingling, and he wanted—static, that feeling of being stabbed in the brain, he saw himself on his hands and knees and-- Bond shoved the image out of his mind, but the rush of sexual desire had unbalanced him, the room seemed to tilt and he started to fall. Hot Guy grabbed him. "You okay?"



“Yes,” Bond whispered, his voice rising to a higher octave. He dropped his eyes, his cheeks blushing as he felt terrified Hot Guy knew exactly what he’d just been thinking. They walked on and Bond kept his mind clear of lust hungry thoughts by concentrating on the sound of his clicking heels, though he couldn’t help but look up at the man, enjoying the sight of his cleft chin, and those eyes. “I bet he’s a great kisser,” Bond thought. Then, “what the hell is wrong with me?” They moved into the antechamber.

As the doors to the main base whoosed open, Bond had to work once more to master his emotions. The halls were crowded, teeming with his fellow agents. They all pretended to be talking about something else, acting as if they just happened to be in the hall, but they were all gawking at him, stunned, smirking, shocked—he saw every emotion, but the most

appalling was pity. He kept his chin up and his eyes forward, his face blank as he was paraded past the men and women he worked with. He'd once been the alpha male of this organization. He was now just a girl in a dress.

The agents led him to an interrogation room and pulled his chair out for him. Bond smoothed his dress under his as he sat and refused to thank the men with even so much as a smile. They left. He waited. It was clear, and he couldn't blame her, that M was cautious, assuming the little blonde girl was lying. They would probably keep him waiting here for hours, then bring him food and drink as a way to get him to let his guard down. He knew the procedure, so he sat back and —

Much to Bond's surprise, the door opened. It was Halsey, and she had a duffle bag with her. "Bond," she said. "That dress you're wearing is a transmitter. We've blocked the transmission, but I'm going to need you to strip."

Bond put his hands on the table meaning to get himself up, but Halsey took his arm anyway and helped him to his feet. He turned his back and lifted his hair while she unzipped him. "If you've blocked the transmission, why do I need to strip?" He asked.

"We want to examine the tech," Halsey said.

Bond wiggled out of the dress, letting it pool at his feet. He now stood before a former lover in a bra and panties. It was humiliating, but once more he relied on his training, masking all emotions. "It all has to come off, I'm afraid," Halsey said, opening the duffle bag and pulling out a bra and panties, each one with a pink flower pattern, lace trim. "These should fit," she said. "They're my teenage daughter's."

The words stung. "Why would you tell me that?" Bond said, unable to hide his annoyance.

Halsey just shrugged. "I'll leave so you can..."

"No need," Bond lied, reaching back and unhooking his bra, then letting it dangle from a fingertip, he held it toward Halsey as his bare breasts swayed free. Brazen nudity was a way to show confidence, dominance, and Bond felt a surge of confidence that quickly became shaken as he felt his nipples growing hard in the cool air.

Halsey couldn't help but notice Bond's pink nipples growing hard. He noticed her noticing and he picked up the new bra, slipped the delicate straps over his arms and reached back to hook it. He'd been wearing bras for a few days to the delight of his captor and had put them on a few times, but now he felt himself struggling to get the hooks lined up with the eyes.

"Let me help," Halsey said, moving behind him.

Bond almost pushed her away but decided he just wanted to get it over with. “Lift your hair,” Halsey said. “I know the drill,” Bond answered lifting his hair, and then standing still, back arched, feeling like a little girl being helped by her mother as Halsey hooked him into his bra then started to adjust his shoulder straps.

“I got it from here,” Bond said, not wanting to deal with further mothering.

Halsey took his old bra and put it in the duffle bag. Bond shimmied out of his panties, then pulled on the new ones, feeling them cup his crotch, tight against his hips. “Where’s the rest of it?” Bond asked as Halsey put the panties in the duffle bag as well. He noticed the duffle bag, which was white, had a pink ballerina on the side.

“M has sent for some clothes for you,” Halsey said, turning and leaving. “For now I’m afraid that’s all we have.”

“There must be some men’s clothes,” Bond said. “Say, I always keep an extra suit in my office, and—”

Halsey left without responding to his pleas.

Bond found himself standing there in just a bra and panties, his skin goose bumping from the cold. He looked at one of the surveillance cameras, made the “UP YOURS” sign with his hand and thrust it toward the camera.

He turned, caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror and froze, his mouth hanging open, eyes wide. It wasn’t him, though. It was her—the pretty blonde girl. Seeing her in her in the cute, feminine underwear, seeing himself in that lace bra, seeing the way the panties cupped the empty space between his legs, he felt himself detaching again, stunned, refusing to believe he was a female now, a girl, a blonde. “I can’t face the world like this,” Bond thought, looking over his dewy skin, his soft curves, his golden hair. “I can’t be this girl.”

M watched as the girl stared at herself in the mirror. Was this how James Bond would react in such a situation? She didn’t know. “What do you think?” She said, turning to Halsey, who’d joined her. “Could this kewpie doll really be 007?”

Halsey considered. “It’s hard to believe,” she said. “But, you know, there was a moment when he asked me to unzip his dress that, well, I thought I saw him in there, trapped behind those pretty eyes.”

M turned her eyes back to the screen. It did not escape her that Halsey had called the girl “him.” She watched as the girl pulled her hair back in a feminine manner, then sat, manspreading. She crossed her arms or tried to before she realized her breasts were in the



way, then adjusted, crossing them under her breasts. A girl who'd grown into her breasts over the course of her teenage years would not just be learning about crossing her arms. M had always had good instincts, and her instincts were telling her this girl was, indeed, James Bond.

M was not sure if she could trust herself, though, because as she looked at that little girl in her bra and panties, she very much wanted to believe the girl was James Bond. She wanted James Bond to be a girl.

M's enthusiasm for Bond experiencing life as a member of the fairer sex was not shared by Bond, though he was gradually beginning to come to accept the reality of his situation. For the first time since his swap, he had time alone to just stop and think about the situation, to



ask some basic questions and one was foremost in his mind.

Where's my body? Will I ever get it back?

He shrugged, felt the straps on his shoulders tighten, felt his chest rise. He looked down once more to regard a pair of breasts from a very different angle. He was coming back to himself as he chuckled and looked up at the surveillance camera. “What’s it take for a girl to get a martini in this place?”