

Undercover Housewives (Cops to MILFs TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Story Tier Prompt Series

Victor and Martin are rookies on a new undercover force that has a major operation underway. Intent on proving themselves, they sign up to help bust a new suburban drug operation, only to find out they need to become attractive undercover housewives to see the mission through! Will they get their bodies back, or will they go native while undercover?

Undercover Housewives

Part 1: Ah, But Men Underneath

Victor slapped his partner Martin on the back.

“Hell yeah, it’s finally happening, bro! We’re finally getting to go undercover!”

Martin nodded, feeling nervous. The young cop had always dreamed of being part of an undercover sting operation, but he and Victor were still rookies compared to the rest of the force at the station, and now their chief was putting them onto this super secret operation that required its own little safehouse to explain? Something wasn’t adding up.

Victor saw that worry on his friend’s face. He patted Martin’s cheek condescendingly. “Oh, I see that look! You’re nervous about something. Don’t worry, this is all on the level. I’m sure this is how they do all their undercover ops, bro!”

The two got along as partners, but weren’t exactly close friends or anything. Victor was tall, handsome, and exuded manly confidence. He was well-muscled and good with the ladies, and had bright blue eyes and perfect blonde hair. Martin, on the other hand, had struggled to pass the fitness test, and his mind ran more analytical. He was intent on rising up the ranks of the force, and knew the police codes backwards and forwards. He wasn’t bad looking, but he was socially awkward around women and the jock atmosphere of so many cops. It didn’t help that his hair was too curly by half, a chestnut brown contrasting against his overly pale Irish-heritage skin.

“I’m just saying, there’s something weird about this,” Martin whispered as they approached the safehouse in their plain clothes. “Normally, there’s a series of legal steps for such an op. I’ve read about this. The information is delivered at HQ, too. The first step is *not* the safehouse.”

But Victor just grinned, patting his partner on the head a second time, despite knowing how much Martin hated the feel of it.

“Partner, you worry too much. This just goes to show how trusted we are. We made good on that big bust the other week, so we’re getting pushed up the ranks ahead of time. This can only be a good thing! Just wait and you’ll see.”

Martin wasn’t sure, but they reached the door to the apartment that was used by the police for undercover operations and support for their most elite informants. Victor made the particular series of knocks that he’d been requested to, and the door was unbolted and opened moments later. To their surprise, their own Chief Harrigan was on the other side.

“Good timing, boys. We’re all set up. Come on in.”

Even Victor was a little unsettled by this. He stopped inside, followed by Martin, and the pair couldn’t help but notice the two chairs in the middle of the room; the chairs with *straps*. There was also a fourth person; a doctor examining some syringes, and a fifth person; one of their female officers, Mandy Spritz, who was a damn good looking and who’d had a fling with Victor several months ago. He smiled at her, but she didn’t smile back. In fact, she looked away.

“So, uh, Chief, what’s this about?” Victor asked.

Harrigan gestured for them to sit in the chairs with the straps. “Sit down, boys. I’ll give you the full lowdown and we can get down to brass tax.”

Confused, the pair did so, mindful of the straps. Martin wasn’t liking the feel of this, but Victor just took it all as a sign of how important this undercover operation was going to be.

“I’ll be frank with you boys, I can’t give you much details on this one unless you sign on first. I’m sure you’ve heard of this new drug Haze?”

The two men nodded, Victor especially growing excited. He’d heard of it, alright, and dreamed of being the one to help bring down the drug empire which had swelled in the last few years, seemingly out of nowhere. The drug produced high sensitivity and orgasm-like sensations, and was highly addictive. It even made women more fertile and men more virile. More than a few orgies had been busted by the police with haze as the main instigator for the resulting sexual fleshpile. The fact that it could make a woman’s chest go up a full cup size was another big reason why it was popular among women.

“Definitely heard of it, chief,” Martin said. “There’s some interesting chemical reaction and-”

“Good,” Harrigan said, taking a drag on his cigar. “Well, the thing is, we’ve got a lead on where it’s coming from. A quiet, upper-middle class suburban neighbourhood, believe it or not. You see, Haze is just the early prototype drug. The new batch they call *Bliss*, and it’s more powerful. Powerful enough that we need to eradicate the supply and take the dealers and producers at the top *down*. We need young men willing to sacrifice for this mission, men

who are compatible and eager and hungry for glory. You in? I need a yes before we can go any further.”

Victor's response was immediate. “I'm in, Chief. Whatever you need, I'm in.”

Martin was more hesitant, but while he was a good cop, he'd always struggled to stand up to pressure from his peers. And so, after several seconds of appearing to weigh it up, he looked into Victor's eyes and felt that pressure upon him.

“I'm in too,” he said, though he wished he hadn't.

“Good,” Harrigan said. “Sign here.”

They both signed some quick documentation.

“Now, that's sorted, it's time to get this operation moving. It's a big one, and you need to take it seriously. Because you'll be giving this your all. Doc, you ready?”

“Sure am,” the doctor said. “They need to be secured; the compound's effects are powerful.”

Victor smirked. “What's this about, chief?”

“I agree with my partner,” Martin said. “Why are we being strapped in?”

“Like I said, boys, there's parts I can't tell you yet. You'll just have to trust me.”

Even Victor was finding this a bit odd now, but he consented to allowing himself to be strapped into the chair. When they were both secure, the doctor produced two needles full of a strange yellow-like liquid.

“Uhhh,” Martin said. “What's this about? I didn't consent to this!”

“Shut up, partner,” Victor said. “I've read about this. They're putting those fancy new trackers in our bloodstream. It's a cinch.”

“I - I guess that's fine,” Martin said.

The doctor, Harrigan, and even Mandy exchanged a quick look, but otherwise said nothing. At a nod from Harrigan, the serum was injected first into Victor, who took it stoically, and then into Martin, who winced just a little. Both men sat there, waiting for their straps to be released.

“That everything?” Victor said. “I don't think I need to be held down any longer, Chief.”

Harrigan gave a sympathetic smile. “Now, this will feel strange, I'm sure. But trust me that it's for an important reason. There was no other way to infiltrate this group, and it'll all make sense once we explain the finer details. You just weren't likely to sign on if I told you all of them first.”

Martin frowned. He was starting to feel funny. “What are you talking about, Chief?”

“I'll let Mandy give you the lowdown, once this is all done. She'll help you to, ah, adjust, you could say. For now, it shouldn't take too long. Doctor?”

The doctor nodded, checking his watch. "Changes should begin any moment n-"
"NGHH!!"

All eyes turned to Victor, who suddenly seized up. A strange discomfort had come over him, spreading across his body. It was like his cells were vibrating, shifting about and rippling. His skin tensed, as did his muscles.

"AGGHH!"

That was Martin, following after his less cautious partner. The pair grunted, writhing in their seats a little, their hands spasming.

"Ch-Chief!" Victor grunted, voice cracking. "What's g-going on here?"

"Those weren't t-trackers!" Martin added, his chest feeling funny. "That was s-something else! Ohhhh!"

"I'm real sorry boys, but this is a big op, and you're making a great sacrifice for it. Just ride it out. It'll all make sense soon."

Victor had no idea what the Chief was talking about, only that his body was strange and wrong and it was starting to *change*. To his horror, his bones began to alter, his wide and impressive shoulders shrinking down. At the same time, his barrel chest pulled inwards, ribs withdrawing to leave his entire frame more petite. The straps still held him firm, but he was freaking out by this point, trying to pull his way out.

"What the f-fuck!? What's happening to *meeee!*"

His Adam's apple withdrew, leaving him with the voice of a woman. He gasped at this, voice going even higher to a sweet soprano, but then a further distraction came in the shape of his hair; it descended down over his face, blonde and slightly curled.

"Your hair!" Martin cried, but then his own grew out as well, obscuring his vision until he shook his head. His voice cracked, becoming female as well and gaining, of all things, a slight hispanic accent as he spoke. "Why is my hair black!? Why do I have an accent and sound like a woman? Are these hallucinogens! This can't be legal!"

"No hallucinogens," Harrigan said. "Mandy can confirm."

"It's real," she said. "I'll be able to help you transition, once you're-"

But Victor was already interjecting, his expression one of purest horror. "WHY IS THERE A PRESSURE IN MY CHEST? WHY DOES IT FEEL LIKE I'M GROWING!?"

His high voice gave way to a high groan as his chest began to surge forwards, two pairs of breasts forming, his nipples distending and growing in size as well. He whimpered, trying to shake himself out of his chair even as two rather large and impressive orbs grew into place, Double-D cups at the very least, if not larger. They wobbled and shifted, unsupported on his chest, the only thing that kept part of his shirt taut.

"What the fuck!? What the actual FUCK!?"

Martin looked at his partner in shock, not knowing what to do. But then his own chest began to bubble up, stretching and surging forth, two heavy boobs growing into place. They weren't as prominent as his partners, but they still stretched his shirt and were quite bountiful C-cups at the very least, certainly enough to be a pair of absolute palm-fillers.

"Ohhhhh," he moaned. "How can this possibly help the mission?"

But Harrigan was no longer answering, letting the changes play out while the doctor checked on their progress. Martin began to pant his entire skin warming as it darkened in tone, taking on a lovely bronze colouring. His cheekbones lifted, his eyebrows thickening, and even his lips took on a poutier, fuller appearance.

"You look like a fucking Latina, Martin!" Victor exclaimed, but then was promptly distracted by his own changes. The wind was knocked out of him as his waist thinned considerably, only for his hips to spread wider. The bones audibly creaked as his pelvis changed shape, and Martin's own changes were not far behind his. Victor's eyes were already blue, but now they seemed to enlarge, taking on an even lovelier, ocean blue aspect, while jaw cracked and formed his face into a cuter heart shape.

"Fuck you, Chief!" he exclaimed, moaning as his butt inflated and his body hair fell away. "What is this, some kinda sex trafficking operation!? You can't - ahhh - do this to us!"

"It ain't that, Victor," Harrigan said. "It's just the only way, and you two need to prove yourselves."

"What could possibly explain this?" Martin managed. His hips were spreading far wider than Victor's. His limbs were becoming lithe, and his age seemed to be increasing; both of them looked to be in their mid-thirties now. In fact, while they weren't clothed for it, they looked like a pair of suburban women, the kind of MILFs that Victor loved to chase from time to time. Martin withheld a pleasurable moan, one concentrated in his crotch. His penis began to slide back inside of him, and the same was true of Victor, who was now gasping as if in the throes of absolute pleasure. The more outspoken and brash of the pair swore and cussed between said moans, however, but the bliss was undeniable as it was unwanted.

"You can't - ahhh - take away - mhmm - my penis! OHHHHHH!!!"

The pair exploded into simultaneous orgasms as their changes completed, an ecstasy so great it made every sexual pleasure prior to this moment seem insignificant in comparison. They both panted, struggling to stay conscious after such an immense event, and during this time their changes slowly completed themselves, the last curves and slim dimensions and alterations finalising.

Mandy brought over a mirror on wheels for the pair, allowing them to see themselves. Both were astonished and horrified. Victor now looked like a very attractive mid-thirties white woman, hair long and blonde, going down to her shoulders. She had a very prominent bust, even bigger than Victor thought she had, because she was most definitely a *she* now. Her

waist was slim in the now-baggy shirt, and her legs long. All in all, she looked like a total MILF in his eyes.

Martin was just as beautiful. She was clearly a bronze-skinned hispanic woman or latina, and her hips were impressively wide, her backside prominent too; she could tell from the extra padding beneath her. More than that, she had a real hourglass figure, and while her breasts weren't as big as Victor's, they certainly weren't small either. Her hair was even longer, too, going all the way down to the small of her back in thick black curls that were beautiful to see.

Victor swore. She swore many times, her incredibly sweet voice and appearance a total contrast to her endless invectives. Martin was more curious, needing answers.

"Why?" she simply said, her voice still accented. "Why and how?"

Harrigan fished out a small vial. "This is why," he said, indicating the yellow liquid that looked like a paler version of what they had just been injected with. "Bliss. The new variant. The highly addictive one. Strong enough to cause gender change, or to create an idealised female body. Whoever is operating out of Wystemere Lane, the suburb that's the centre of this new drug empire, has the entire area on lockdown. You see, this drug doesn't just cause changes and addiction, it also seems to effectively enslave its users, leaving them totally loyal to their drug dealers. We haven't been able to crack into their organisation, and they can quite literally *smell* someone who is not under the drug's effects. The *only* way to go undercover is for you to literally go deep undercover. And given that all we know about this drug queenpin is that she's a woman, well, we needed you to become so."

"That's fucking insane!" Victor whined.

But Martin's mind was already working. She could see the twisted logic in it. "Why am I hispanic, then?"

"Because there's a small but significant number of Mexican-Americans in the neighbourhood, both as workers and as wealthy suburban homeowners. We needed the extra insurance, and while we could have taken in one of our own hispanic officers, you were the only ones eager enough to sign onto this op with no questions asked."

The two former men burned with humiliation. Martin fell silent, trying to cope with the fact that her body now felt so very different, so *wrong*. Her hips were wide, her hair long, and her face alone!

Victor had no intention of being so silent. "I'll fucking kill you!" the buxom blonde shouted, her big breasts flopping about with every shake of the chair. "I'll kill you for this, Harrigan! I'll seriously kill you!"

"Calm down, Victor, and that's an order!" the Chief shouted. "Especially since the only way to turn back is to get this operation sorted out quick and clean. You got me?"

Victor did indeed go silent. "This is so fucked."

"Well, I didn't want to do this, but the Mayor wants results, and the Governor is getting in on it. So it's time for radical action. Lucky for us our lab boys were able to synthesise a faster-acting Bliss compound *without* leaving you mentally gaga, huh?"

"Can you at least undo these straps?" Martin asked.

"That depends. Still gonna attack me, Victor?"

Victor grimaced. "No. Only because I got the strength of a paper bag, now."

"Thataboy. Mandy?"

Mandy came over to them and helped them out of the chairs. Both former men felt weak, but it was hard to tell if it was because they'd just become women. Victor immediately felt at her crotch, uncaring about the female company, and then let out a sound like a death rattle.

"Couldn't leave me with a damn cock? Goddamn this! You stole my dick!"

Martin didn't need to check. She could feel the absence between her bronze thighs.

"Well, you can get it back," Harrigan said. "But only once we bring in this Queenpin and shut down her operation and wherever she's making bliss. That means you two going undercover. Mandy?"

The attractive female officer stepped forward and handed them some documentation

"You'll be Veronica de Kamp," she said. "And you, Martin, will be Martina Soles. You're both thirty five years old and you've both recently purchased new homes. You're also both mothers."

"What!?" Victor cried. "Youv'e got to be fucking kidding me!?"

"Most of the women in the neighbourhood are mothers, and this will get you access to many of their events, which are child-based. Don't worry, you won't actually be falling pregnant - unless you cause it."

"Which I won't," Victor said angrily.

"But we've organised for three children to be adopted into your care. Veronica, you have two twins, both a year old."

"You're fucking kidding me."

"Martina, you've got only one child. Also one. Your neighbours, and friends. I'll give you more details on your children, but don't worry, the babies are young, and the effects of Bliss will help with some maternal instincts. Your milk will also be coming in soon, to help with breastfeeding."

Martin had to sit down for a moment. Veronica just started swearing again.

"This is insane," Martina said. "How can we - how can we possibly do this?"

"That's what I'm here for," Mandy said. "I'm your female expert. I'll be helping you dress fashionably and appropriately. I've got a little one at home, so I can help you with the nursing and babycare aspects. I'll be training you over the next week to prepare for your

roles, and that includes makeup, how to walk like a woman, how to talk like one and pose like one, how to act the part of a single suburban mother so that you'll blend into Wystemere Lane without issue."

The newly named Veronica and Martina looked to one another, the two new women unable to cope with all of this overwhelming change.

"And we have to go through with this insanity?" Veronica asked.

"That's right," their chief said. "Unless you two want to stay women. Now I'm going to leave, and Mandy here will get you into some new outfits and hairstyles so we can get pictures for your new ID's. Remember to smile, ladies."

He tipped his hat and walked away, leaving the pair in their transformed states.

It was at this point that Martina looked down at her changed body and then to Veronica, who shared a glance with her.

"I told you this was a bad idea, *Veronica*."