

IT GIRL, WHAT?

The K-Drama Adventure
Comedy.

Total Fun. Yes.

By

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IT Girl! What?



HE'S SUCH A
CUTIE!



CHAPTER 1

Kwon Abbot crouched in the shadows. He'd slowed his heart rate, nearly stilled his breathing. He made less sound than a stone, and yet all around him he heard his stalkers, wheezing, their stealthiest movements as loud to Kwon's ears as the stomping of an elephant.

They couldn't see or hear him. He knew by their hesitation, the uncertain, halting movements. He could smell their sweat, and it reeked of fear. All at once, they all stopped moving. Froze. Everyone waited for someone else to make a move. Kwon waited as well. He'd learned long ago that death served the patient warrior.

Nothing. Nothing. Silence and darkness save for a single beam of light that poured down from a crack in the roof, knifing across the blank space, hot and white. A single mote

of dust drifted through the shaft of light, softly drifting toward the ground, but swirling, toyed with by a breeze so minute it could not even be detected.

Then, one of Kwon's pursuers screamed out in a trembling voice fear itself had ripped from his chest: "Show yourself. Stop hidin--ack."

A knife. Throat. Blood gushing from a sucking wound. Spin, Kick, Punch. Kwon moved like the night, spinning, slashing, battering, and when he walked away, six men lay on the ground, trembling as they died. "Thank your God," Kwon said. "You have been killed by a legend."

Kwon made his way out of the darkened warehouse, casually walked to the end of an alley just as a sleek red corvette slid up to the curb. Kwon hopped into the car, pulling the door shut.

The withered old man behind the wheel of the car, Amiga, floored it, the tires squealing as the car pulled away and into the bustling nighttime traffic.

"What took you so long?"

Kwon pulled a pack of Camel cigarettes out of his coat pocket and a zippo lighter with a picture of a Playboy bunny on the side. "I stopped by the barbershop for a haircut."

"Funny. Did you get the hard drive?"

"Are you old and impotent?" Kwon said, tossing the hard drive into Amiga's lap.

"Ha. Better than young and foolish," Amiga said. He coughed as Kwon's smoke began to fill the car. "I wish you wouldn't smoke in here."

"I know," Kwon said, turning to blow smoke directly into Amiga's face. "And I don't care."

"Why do you have to be so foul?" Amiga said.

"I'm bored," Kwon said. "I want a real challenge. Everything is too easy."

"Well, then, I pray to the gods you get your wish. The man who complains of an easy life is the gum on the foot of a fool."

"You're the gum on the ass of a fool," Kwon said. "Now, please, just shut up and drive."

CHAPTER 2

“You won’t escape this time.” A man in a black mask shouted from the top of the grand staircase.

Ki Hanja screamed, her hands on her cheeks.



She turned to run, while the Man in the Mask grabbed a drape and swung down from the stairs, landing on the floor in front of her. Eyes wide, she backed away, shaking her head.

“At last.” The man shouted, advancing on her.

“The moment you’ve been waiting for.” He advanced on her. She backed against the wall. He pinned her against the wall, then pressed his body into hers, taking her jaw in his hand and turning her face up.

“No.” Ki said. “No.”

“Your mouth says no, but your eyes say yes.” He leaned in and kissed her. She struggled at first, pushing her hands against his chest, but he kept kissing her, and then she collapsed into him, accepting the kiss with her whole body, surrendering to her need.

“Ow.” She suddenly said as she felt The Man in the Black Mask pinch her bottom. Hard. “You jerk.” Now she shoved him for real, and he stumbled backwards, falling on his butt, laughing.

“CUT.”

Director shouted.

“CUT.”

He jumped down from his chair and walked onto the set, rubbing his hands over his face. “Ki? Everything okay?”

“No,” she said, her eyes burning with rage. “He pinched my butt.”

“What? That’s all?” The director shouted. “You need to stop being so sensitive Ki. Time to grow up and be a professional?”

“Me?” Ki said.

Dong-Yui pulled off his mask and shrugged. “I got lost in the scene. It seemed like something Black Mask would do.”

“I’m going to my trailer,” Ki said. “I’ve had enough of this.” She stepped away from her mark, and just as she did a klieg light came crashing down right where she’d been standing, glass shattering all over the floor.

From somewhere above, lost in the shadows, an autotuned laugh rang out. “Next time I won’t miss. Hahahahahaah...”

Ki screamed and burst into tears running from the room as fast as her stiletto heels would take her.

CHAPTER 3

Kwon climbed out of bed and went to the sink. He splashed water on his face and splashed it over his shaved head. He considered hair an unnecessary distraction from the business of being the best agent in the Tiger Legion.

Still in bed, Sung Wook smiled as she admired his lean body. Slender, short, he had hard, functional muscle, but as she'd just learned, he was also extraordinarily flexible.



The girls she'd spoken with had been right about him; he was a truly talented lover who knew just how to please a girl in bed. "Why haven't you ever settled down?" Sung said. "Gotten married?"

Kwon turned to her, mocking a terrified face. "Marriage is the one thing I fear in this world."

“Haha. No. Truly. I am not asking you to marry me, of course,” she said with a giggle. “But you must be lonely.”

“When I am lonely,” Kwon said, “I can always find a beautiful girl to keep me company.” It wasn’t bragging. It was truth.

Sung covered her mouth and giggled some more. “You think I’m beautiful?” She said.

Kwon sat on the edge of his bed and kissed her. “The most beautiful girl in the world.” He said, watching her eyes light up. He loved girls. So sweet and soft and full of giggles. Even Sung, who had three kills to her name and could be as hard and ruthless as a wolf, turned into a silly little bunny when she was with him. He ran his hands along her soft shoulder, her arm.

“I bet you say that to all the girls,” Sung pouted.

Kwon stroked her cheek. “Only the one I am with at the moment. Because the girl I am with is always the most beautiful. I need to train. Let yourself out when you are ready.”

“Goodbye, lover,” Sung said, and when he left she curled up under the covers and sighed. What was it about him? She decided it was not only his hot body, but the fact he seemed charmed; the youngest to ever be named a Full Shareholder in the Tiger Legion, the youngest to be named Master. He could do anything, it seemed, and what girl wouldn’t want a man like that for herself?

She just wished she knew how to capture his heart.

Kwon had put on his workout clothes—a form fitting black workout suit, and a slouchy black beret he wore to keep his head warm as he walked about the Tiger Legion Lair, which was always kept cold. As he walked, he saw a line of female agents lined up for inspection, and a very rare sight indeed as walking along with a man Kwon didn’t recognize was one he most assuredly did: Ambush, the leader of the Tiger Legion. Kwon slowed and approached the group, curious. If Ambush had taken a personal interest in this matter, then it had to be very important.

The man Kwon didn’t recognize walked along the row of girls, who each wore a wig in the same long, elegant hairstyle, as well as matching dresses and heels. They had big, brightly colored plastic purses slung over their forearms. He’d slept with most of them and admired their legs and figures in the dresses.

“Too tall,” the unknown man said in a cold, detached voice. “Too tall. Too short. Too short. Too tall. Hmmmnn,” he said, stopping to regard one of them, then shook his head. “Looks nothing like her. This one is too thick—”

Kwon saw the pain on OK’s face, and he shouted, “What did you say? How dare you insult her like that.”

“Our guest meant no disrespect,” Ambush said in a deep, gravelly voice.

“But he did disrespect---”

“You.” The unknown mad said. “Yes. Yes.” He hurried up to Kwon and circled him, looking him over. “Perfect height and your face. She looks just like her.”

“She? Her? What are you talking about?”

“It’s a miracle. Why was this girl not in the group in the first place?”

“Girl? I am a Tiger Master.” Kwon protested.

In addition to his short stature and narrow shoulders, Kwon had an effeminate face, and he had sometimes been mistaken for a girl over the years, something which deeply offended him. Wearing his black body suit and beret, he did look a bit androgynous and could be mistaken for a woman though a scrawny one lacking curves.

“Stand still,” the man said, going to one of the other girls and taking the wig off her head, a little roughly.

“Stand still, I should—”

“Master Kwon. Stand still,” Ambush said.

Kwon froze, snarling. Even he would not dare openly defy Ambush.

“I am Bora,” the main said absently, and then he took the mass of black hair in his hands and reached up to place the wig on Kwon’s head.

“What? How dare you.?” Kwon shouted, reaching to protect his head form the insult the man intended.

“Master Kwon.” Ambush shouted. “You will stop with your disrespectful behavior... Bora is a valued friend and client.”

“Hmmmpppf.” Kwon had no choice. He stood still as the man pulled the wig onto his head, then spent a minute primping and arranging the long hair.

He stepped back and clapped his hands. “You’re a perfect match. Hold on.”

Kwon saw the line of girls, their eyes dancing with amusement and surprise as they looked at him there in the long wig. “He looks just like her. I see it now. So pretty.” They tittered.



He raised his chin and threw his shoulders back. “I am not pretty. A man is handsome.” But the girls just giggled.

While Kwon had been focused on the females, Bora had gotten one of them to step out of her pumps, and he now walked back to Kwon with the pumps in one hand and a purse in the other.

Kwon looked at Ambush with pleading eyes, but the great master just nodded to him, his eyes hard, and the message was clear: do what you must not what you would.

Kwon couldn’t hide the reddening of his cheeks as the man helped him slip out of his old shoes and into the high heels, then had him slip the strap of the purse over his forearm, letting it dangle there. “Walk,” the man said.

Kwon walked. He’d never walked in heels, but he had incredible balance, and very strong legs. He minced along, the girls all laughing openly now.



“Turn,” the man said.
“Walk.”

Kwon turned, walked, did it again, like a model sashaying on the catwalk. The girls were doubling over now with amusement to see the tough guy clicking along in high heels, a purse on his arm, but they were also chirping with admiration. “Not bad. He needs work, but not bad. He’s actually pretty graceful.”

When the man finally said, “Stop.” Kwon stopped, relieved, and without even realizing how it would look he planted his free hand on his hip.

“She’s the one.” Bora said.
“This is the girl.”

“What? I’m not a girl. I’m a man.” Kwon yelped.

“Miss Kwon,” Ambush said with a smile. “Until this mission is complete, you are

a girl. Come with us for debriefing.”

Kwon’s eyes went wide. His cheeks blazed red. He started to slip out of the high-heels, but Ambush shouted, “Keep your heels on, young lady. And don’t even think about dropping your purse.”

The girls kept snickering as they watched Kwon walk away, his shoes clicking along on the floor, his purse dangling from his forearm. As soon as Ambush was out of sight, they all pulled out their phones and started texting.

“Master,” Kwon said, concentrating on keeping up with the men in his high heels.
“Why are you doing this to me?”

“I heard you were bored and wanted a challenge,” Ambush said, smiling down at Kwon.

Amiga. Kwon thought. Curse him.

CHAPTER 4.

The debriefing did not take long. Kwon would be impersonating the famous K-Drama star Ki Honja, seeking to discover the identity of the mysterious “Autotune Killer” as her attempted murderer had been nicknamed, as well to serve as a decoy in case of another attack. His objections to the mission, namely that he was a male and not suited to impersonate a beautiful woman, had been ignored, and he now found himself in the Tiger Lab sitting on an examination table. “There is no way I can pass for Ki Honja,” Kwon said, looking at a picture of her in a bikini. “She has curves most women would die for. I am skinny as a rail.”

“That is why,” Hoon, a pretty young scientist said, “we must give you curves of your own.”

“You can’t mean implants?” Kwon said.

“Of course not. We have something much better: body suits.” She pushed a button and Kwon saw a schematic of his body. It was spinning in a circle. Hoon clicked a button on her computer, and the body shifted into a tank, where various mechanical arms came out and began to wrap it in layers, while others sprayed and then there was a flash, and the body that had been Kwon’s now had an hourglass shape, including large breasts, a tiny waist, wide hips and a big, heart shaped behind.

“Impossible.” Kwon shouted. “There is no way you can change me like that.”

“This is the latest and most advanced technology, developed right here at Tiger Labs. You’ll be one of the first subjects.”

“It won’t work,” Kwon repeated, looking at the body spinning on the screen, terrified at the thought that it would work, and he would soon be that vision of female beauty.

“Take off your clothes,” Hoon said. “And let’s find out.”

Kwon thought about refusing. He didn’t want this mission. It was absurd. Surely, there was an actual female in the Legion better suited. “I don’t know if I can do this,” he said.

“Scared?” Hoon teased.

“Scared. I fear nothing.”

“Prove it,” she said.

“Arrrrghhhhh. Fine.” Kwon stripped off his clothes and boldly stepped into the glass tube. He stood with his hands at his sides. He had nothing to be embarrassed about.

Hoon glanced down at Kwon’s equipment and gave him an appreciative smile. “The rumors are true,” she said.

“Oh, yeah,” Kwon said. “And I know how to use it.”

Hoon pushed a button and the glass tube closed. “Well, take one more good look, because you aren’t going to see him again for a while.”

“What?” Kwon shouted. He started pounding on the glass. “Wait. Let me out of here.”

“Too late, Miss Kwon,” Hoon said, putting her hand over her mouth.

A robotic but feminine voice spoke over the speakers in the tube: “Initiating body suit deployment. Dimensions Ki Honja to be sheathed over male body 567.21. Her new figure will be 38D, 24, 36.

“Oh no,” Kwon thought. “Did she say D?” He shouted.

Hoon nodded. “You will have quite a rack.”

“I don’t want one.”

“But you’ll get so much male attention.”

The mechanical arms started to emerge from slots in the sides of the tube even as a pink gas poured in from vents in the floor. Kwon tried to focus his KI for a strike against the glass, meaning to break free. No one had said anything about his junk being “unavailable” and thought Kwon didn’t even know what that meant, he knew it sounded really bad.

Cough. Cough. The pink gas had reached his mouth and nose, and he’d breathed some in before he realized it. It smelled like sugar and spice, and even as he tried to hold his breath he started to giggle, and as he giggled his voice rose into a higher and higher pitch, even as his head grew light and he became dizzy and couldn’t focus his thoughts.

“Don’t fight it.” Hoon called. “Just relax and let it happen.”

The arms grabbed his wrists, and he felt them lifted over his head, and then something was being wrapped around his body. He looked down and saw a pair of huge breasts, and as the arms pulled it closed behind him he heard a kind of sucking sound and felt the new layer of flesh pulling tight against his body, actually crushing and crushing and crushing his waist, making it tiny. At the same time, he felt a stabbing pain in his nipples



“Place to change?” Kwon repeated.

“The little girls’ room is right over there.”

“You know, you don’t have to be enjoying this so much,” Kwon said. “It’s quite embarrassing for me.”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” Hoon said. “I forget how sensitive you pretty girls can be.”

“Uuuurrrrgghh...” Kwon said, taking the garment bag with one hand and, keeping the other across his bobbling breasts, he went to the girls’ room, looking at the image of the triangle skirt and thinking, “I guess I’ll have to get used to using this one for now.”

Kwon had always wondered what the girl’s room looked like, and as he walked in he was stunned to realize it looked—kind of the same? There were sinks and a mirror. The major difference was that the bathroom had only stalls. No urinals.

He hung up his garment bag. He thought about looking at himself in the mirror, but it seemed wrong to look at himself as a naked girl, so instead he zipped open the garment bag. Inside, there was a hanger with a lace bra and panties, plus a second hanger with a scrap of black he could only assume was a dress meant for a doll. “Can I possibly fit in this?” He wondered touching it with his fingertips, while keeping one arm firmly across the soft swelling of his chest.



He frowned at the bra and panties, and he thought about not even wearing them, but when he took his arm from across his bosom, he felt the two big weights he had sway, pulling on his collarbone and shoulders. “Ack. How heavy are these things?”

He huffed, brushing his hair back from his shoulders, feeling those infernal mounds shifting and swaying once more, and he ruefully decided he might as well put the bra on and get used to it, because he needed one. Thank the gods my father can’t see me now. He thought as he slipped the bra around his body.

He’d watched the women he’d bedded dress—how he loved to watch them get dressed. And so, he copied what he’d seen, putting it on backward, hooking it in front, then turning it around, slipping his arms into the straps, pulling it up. It felt so weird to lift one of his breasts then, to feel that soft, feminine flesh in his hands even as he felt himself touching his own breast, lifting it and fitting it into one of the cups, then doing the same with the other.

He felt the little straps on his shoulders pull tight, as did the strap across his back, and the bra was clearly designed to lift his big, round breasts and hold them out, away from his chest. He shook his shoulders side to side and felt his breasts kind of jiggling in the cups.

Taking hold of the panties, his cheeks flushed as he felt the cool, lacy fabric in his hands, noticing they had a little ribbon on the band. Why does everything have to be so sexy? He wondered, but then he stepped into them and pulled them up his legs and over his wide, rounded hips. The way they fit reminded him the suit had – how best to say it—relieved him of his bulge?

Finally, he turned to look at himself in the mirror-- “Ahhhhhh.” He screamed. “Whhhhaaaaaaat?”

He saw a gorgeous woman looking back at him, all rounded, with glowing skin and an hourglass shape that made the man inside her pop with desire. It isn’t possible, he thought, turning to the side and seeing his plump, rounded butt, and the clear outline of his massive breasts. More, though, turning back for a front view, the body suit had somehow crushed his waist down, and whereas his arms had been ripped with tendons and muscles, they, too, had been squeezed and softened, and now looked dainty and small, round and soft.

His turtle shell abs were gone as well, replaced by a single line that went down from his ribs to his belly button, which was now an innie whereas he’d been an outie. His tummy was still flat, but soft, feminine, as were his rounded thighs, and he noticed ruefully that he now had an alluring thigh gap.

He turned his back the mirror, glancing back over his shoulder, and seeing the view he felt super weirded out to realize that guys would be totally wanting to make out with him.

He heard her approaching, and he grabbed the garment bag and cowered behind it just as Hoon poked her head in the door. “I heard a scream,” she said.

“Get out.” Kwon shrieked. “I’m still changing.” Hoon could see a strap across a shoulder, and swatch of lace at his hip, and taking in the sight of the great and fearless Master Kwon in his bra and panties, hiding behind a garment bag, his cheeks flushing with embarrassment, she decided to have some fun. “Do you need help with your dress?”

“I just need privacy.” Kwon said, his already small voice having risen to a girly shriek.

“Okay. Don’t lose your panties.”

“Lose my—Get out.”

Hoon closed the door. If Kwon was this thrown already, just wait until he gets out into the real world and had to deal with men. Poor boy.

CHAPTER 5

Sung Wo had thought to sleep for a couple more hours, snuggling in Kwon's bed. She hugged his pillow to her face, breathing in his manly musk, drifting toward sleep and dreams, but then her phone began to buzz, and buzz, and buzz...

While she managed to ignore all her millennial impulses at first, when it kept buzzing the way it was buzzing now, that meant something was happening— something she needed to know about.

Consumed with excitement and curiosity, she rolled over and hunted with her hands under the blankets and covers until she found her phone. She swiped it, thinking maybe someone had broken up with someone or whatever, but then she saw text after text about Kwon--- Kwon being made to wear a wig, high heels... Kwon being assigned to impersonate Ki Honja?

Ki Honja? The actress and model? Sung shook her head, scrolling down to the end of the texts. Kwon had gone to the lab, people were gathering outside to greet him when he exited.

It all seemed impossible. Sung couldn't imagine any of it, but she sure as heck didn't want to miss out on the event of the year. She got out of bed and got dressed.

CHAPTER 6.

Ki Hanja sat at her dressing table in her trailer, sipping cucumber water and browsing through the latest issue of Vogue: Korea.

Her agent, Da Sun, was just finishing up a phone call. “Excellent news.”

“What?” Ki said, without looking up from her magazine.

“The agency has found an agent to serve as your double until the crisis is over.”

“Impossible,” Ki said. “I am a unique and special snowflake.”

“You are of course unique and one of a kind. But, they have used the most advanced technology to make her look exactly like you.” Da said.

“I don’t like it.” Ki said. “Even if they do have the technology to make someone look like me, I am sure she can’t act as well as me or move as gracefully. Do you know how many years I trained for this career? They should cancel the shoot until this— ugh. Autotune is captured. Why does my psycho have to have such a lame name?”

“The costs of shooting here in New York are sky high. The film company cannot afford any delay.”

“Whose side are you on?” Ki said. “Perhaps you have forgotten who pays your salary?” She picked up her eyebrow curler and began toying with her eyelashes.

“Until the killer is caught—“ Da started.

“NO. NO. NO.” Ki screamed.

“But—“

“NOOOOOOOOOOOO.”

“Okay. Okay.” Da pulled out his phone and called Bora. “The answer is no. She is adamant. I won’t tell you what to do, but she will not appear on set until the killer has been caught. You can--“ Da looked at his phone. “He hung up.”

“Well, arrange a flight for me to Paris. He will see he has no choice but to shut down the film when I am gone.” She giggled. “Imagine what the Internets will say. Everyone will be talking about me.”

But not in a good way, Da thought. "Of course. You are the most interesting woman in the world."

"They actually thought some secret agent could perform my role as brilliantly as me? The insult."

Just then, they heard footsteps crunching on the gravel outside the trailer. Ki's eyes went wide.

"That could be the killer." She got up and hid in her closet. "Tell him I'm not here." She pulled the accordion door closed and left Da standing there, dumbfounded. He dialed 911 and told the authorities what was happening, then started to hide in the bathroom, but Ki cracked open the closet and said,

"No. You have to protect me."

"But I might get killed."

"You're my agent," Ki said. "You have to be willing to die for me." She pulled the closet closed again.

Da fumed, wondering why he hadn't listened to his mother and become an accountant. I could have had a nice, safe life sitting in a cube counting numbers, but no. I had to be a talent agent. He grabbed a curling iron from the table and took a position next to the door. Maybe he could surprise the killer, drive him off.

There was a knock on the door. Then, the handle started to turn, the door cracked open. "Die." Da screamed, brandishing his curling iron.

"Mercy." Bora screamed, raising his arms to shield himself from the death blow.

"Bora?"

"Da?"

"I thought you were the killer." Da said, laughing. "I am so sorry. I might have killed you."

"Not a day goes by when someone doesn't want to kill me for something," Bora said. "I am a producer, after all. Where's Ki?"

"Ta da." Ki said, throwing open the closet door and taking a bow. "Now, don't even try to talk me into staying."

"Of course not," Bora said. "Your safety is my greatest concern."

“What about my reputation, then? How could you think to replace me with an amateur?”

“There isn’t an actress alive who could replace you. Of course.”

Ki smiled. “Well, that’s more like it.”

Bora sat and put his head in his hands. “I am in such a terrible situation. Well, it’s a shame, but it is all a part of my job. So, thank you for your hard work, and maybe we will be able to work together again in the future.” He made a small bow, shook Da’s hand and headed toward the door.

“Wait? What?” Ki said.

“The studio is shutting down the picture. They simply can’t afford delays.”

“Shutting down? But this is going to be my big entrance into the American market?. How can they shut it down? We’ve shot half the script.”

“Yes. It is tragic, but there is some thought to take some outtakes and put them on Bloopers. So, we move on. Best of luck.” He put his hand on the knob and started to turn.

“Wait.” Ki said. “No. This is not acceptable.”

“The only answer I know is the Double, but you are right. It can’t work.”

“Um, maybe it can,” Ki said. “What if we give her a try? See how it goes? If I do not like her performance, then we shut down?”

“Well, she would have to also make all your appearances, and I know how much you love getting out there and meeting your fans.”

“She would cover my –you mean for the duration no red carpets, no awards shows, no autograph lines?” Ki’s eyes lit up with glee.

“I’m afraid not. Is that acceptable to you?” Bora said. “Your happiness is my only concern.”

“I am willing to try this for the good of the picture and the studio,” Ki said, once more sitting down and sipping her water.

“I can’t let you make this sacrifice,” Da said, finally catching on. “My client will not agree to this.” He shouted.

“I do agree to this, Da. Ugh. You’re the worst.”

“I am terrible,” Da said, giving Bora a wink. “I thought this was a bad idea. I beg your forgiveness.” “I don’t know why I put up with you.”

“I feel there are more ways we can make this a victory for Ki,” Bora said. “Let me explain.”

CHAPTER 7.

Kwon tugged at the hem of his dress, trying to pull it down. “It’s too small and too tight.” He called out to Hoon. “I can’t be seen wearing this. I’m practically naked.”

“Let me see,” Hoon said, cracking open the door. Kwon stood there in his bare feet, looking flabbergasted, tugging on the hem of his short dress, his knees together. The dress came down only to the tops of his thighs, leaving the length of his long, coltish legs exposed. It had a plunging neckline that did the same for his bust and even left the top of his lacy bra exposed. Plus, it had adorable lace cap sleeves that left his now slender, pretty arms bare. It hugged or left bare every one of his now perfect curves.

“Hmmmnnnn.... It seems a bit over modest to me,” she said laughing. “You should get the hem raised.”

“What? You’re crazy.”

“That dress is just perfect on you,” Hoon said. “You’ll drive the boys wild.”

Kwon frowned, but finally just rolled his eyes and said, “Fine.” He stepped into his black pumps. “I’ll have to solve this mystery fast and get myself out of this mess,” he said, still tugging at his dress. Hoon went and opened the door for him. Kwon seethed but stepped forward, his heels clicking on the tile floor. The tight dress made it even harder to walk the way he used to—like a man, that is-- and forced him to take dainty little steps. With each tiny step, he felt his breasts jiggle. His butt felt huge, squeezed by the tight dress. He felt like he was dragging a caboose.

“I can barely walk,” he complained as he made his way across the lab. His arms kept bumping into his wide hips, so he had to hold his arms a little away from his body, which caused Hoon to giggle once more. “Stop laughing at my pain.”

“I’m sorry, but you are such a doll.”

Just as Kwon reached the door, Hoon called out. “Honey, wait. You forgot your purse.”

Kwon huffed, causing his bangs to flutter.

“Why do I need a purse anyway?” He asked. “There isn’t anything in it.”

“Ki Hanja is famous for her purse collection.” Hoon gushed, bringing Kwon his glossy black Kate Spade with all kinds of sparkling silver buckles. “She is never seen without one.”

“Great,” Kwon said, letting Hoon slip the purse over his forearm. “More good news.”

‘Oh, you should be thrilled. This bag is adorable.’

“Purses are all the same,” Kwon said, taking a deep breath as he prepared to leave the lab and walk through the complex. The weight of his breasts and the constricting of his waist made it hard to breath.

“Hopefully I can sneak back to Ambush’ Office without being seen. This is so humiliating.”

“Let me fix your hair first,” Hoon said, stepping behind Kwon. She began to adjust and arrange it. Kwon fidgeted, annoyed at it all. “Stand still,” Hoon said in a cross voice. “You’re worse than my daughter.”



Daughter? The comparison made Kwon queasy, and he looked down at the soft valley of his cleavage. It made more sense than comparing him to her son, he supposed.

“Done.” Hoon rushed forward and pulled open the door. “Ladies first.”

“You are a cruel woman,” Kwon said, giving her an angry look. Then, he heard the screams and, turning around, his mouth fell open as he faced what seemed like every single agent of the Tiger Legion, gathered in a crowd in the landing outside the lab.

They cheered and clapped, and Kwon started backing his way into the lab, terrified, but he felt Hoon put her hand on the small of his back. “Don’t be afraid,” Hoon said. “You’re a movie star.”

“Afraid?” Kwon squeaked. “I fear nothing.” Holding his purse in front of his jiggling chest, he started to mince his way forward, an agonized smile spreading across his face. He saw girls—women—he’d made out with, covering their mouths, tittering, their eyes sparkling with amusement. “He’s so pretty. He looks just like her. I can’t believe he had a better figure than me now. His shoes are adorable. I love his purse.”

Meanwhile, he caught leering glances from some of the men, who all seemed quite pleased with his new shape. “I’m free for kissing lessons.” Someone called. “Nice legs.” Another shouted.

Kwon couldn’t believe all of these boys he’d bested so many times in the sparring room were now mocking him. It shocked him to hear girls he’d kissed now talking about how much they liked his purse. He kept walking along, smiling, trying to ignore it, but as he walked the gauntlet, his anger started to build, and he heard the boys talking about his body and the things they would do with it. Just as he was about to pass the last of the crowd, he couldn’t control himself anymore and he spun on his heels, his hair swirling about his head.

“Stop talking about my body.” He screamed.

For a moment, everyone stared in silence, their mouths hanging open. Then, someone said, “He sounds so cute. Just like a little girl.”

At that, laughter exploded from the crowd. Kwon stood there, clutching his purse, stunned and ashamed, and then he spun once more and minced away as fast as he could in his short dress and high heels, while all his fellow agents laughed. The crowd started to follow, and Kwon yelped, wishing he could move faster, but then he heard someone yell, “Enough.”



Looking back, he saw Sung standing in the middle of the hallway, her arms raised to either side, blocking the crowd from following. Thank you, he thought, his heart going out to her. Such a true friend.