



“Stay away from me,” Bond cried out as he backed away from the menacing pirate. “My father has money. Gold.” Bond’s heart pounded; his breasts heaved. The pirate grinned, a sideways slash of a smile, as his eyes surveyed Bond’s face, his body. “He’ll pay you.”

“I have gold, missy,” the pirate growled, creeping closer. “But I’ve never had a princess.”

Bond gasped as the pirate made his dark intent clear. “No,” he whispered, backing further away until he bumped against the table. “Please.” Keeping his eyes on the

hulking pirate, he reached back with a small, trembling hand and grasped a candlestick. "I— I have jewels! You could buy a whole island and—"

"You're the only jewel I have my eyes on," the pirate said, now stepping so close Bond could smell the sweet, dark rum on his breath. He ran his finger along the edge of Bond's bodice, his finger tracing the soft flesh of Bond's breast. "You're very fair," the pirate said. "I want to see all of you." With a powerful move, he tore the top of Bond's dress off, leaving him in his corset.

"Eeee!" Bond squeaked. He had the candlestick in his hand, but he couldn't bring himself to swing it. He was too terrified of this big, powerful man. The man moved even closer, their faces almost touching, his hot breath on Bond's neck. Bond turned his face away, and the pirate started to kiss him on the neck, to suck softly on his skin. The sucking brought a white hot, feminine flame of rage. Bond barred his teeth, finding the strength to overcome his fear. "Stop that," he said, tightening his grip on the candlestick, "before you give me a hickey!" He swung the candlestick, intending the strike his molester on the head, then run... run... run...

Instead, the pirate caught his wrist and easily bent Bond's arm back, forcing him to drop the candlestick. He laughed as he pushed forward, now moving in for a kiss. "You know you want it," Black beard growled.

"No...." Bond whimpered even as he did want it. His little body burned with desire, but not for this man. He grinned. He'd had this fantasy before. "Take your hands off me!" He said, trying to put some force behind his little voice.

"I must decline to acquiesce," Blackbeard said. "For I long to taste those lips..." He was about to kiss Bond when a deep, booming voice shouted, "unhand the lady, scoundrel."

"Dallas!" Bond cried out as his hero came swinging down from somewhere.

"Yar!" Blackhead shouted, drawing his cutlass. "You'll be regretting your decision to interrupt my romancin this lassie!"

"Yield, villain!" Dallas shouted.

Bond bit his lip. He needed to speed things up. Blackbeard lay on the ground, unconscious. Bond ran to Dallas and threw himself into the most perfect man's arms. "You saved me!"

Hugs and kisses... and then Bond jumped ahead to the two of them in bed “getting to know each other” and then Bond on his side, grinning, Dallas spooning him, one arm draped over Bond’s waist. Bond was a hit it and quit it girl, but things were different with Dallas— at least in his fantasies. They spent a lot of time cuddling and also— “We should get brunch,” Dallas said.

“Oh. I love brunch,” Bond said as his fantasy once again fast forwarded, and he imagined the two of them sitting together at a sidewalk cafe sipping mimosas and— of course— they were the hottest, best dressed couple on the street.

Back in the real world, Bond lay in bed, feeling a warm, satisfied glow. He giggled. His fantasies seemed so ridiculous— he was a super spy! But, well, it just seemed these helpless maiden fantasies were part of his psychology now that he was a woman. Even more so since Halsey had come up with the plan for Dallas to rescue him and had suggested he would be a “damsel in distress.” He loved pretending he was princess now and imagining all kinds of scenarios where Dallas rescued him. Imagining himself as completely and totally helpless gave him the sexiest chills.

“Oh, my God,” he whispered, raising his voice to an even higher pitch. “Save me.” He plucked at his long, blonde hair and giggled some more. “I’m just a girl!” Women, he thought, we make no sense. It didn’t make sense to him, to the man he’d been— enjoying the feeling of being helpless— but it didn’t need to make sense. It just felt soooo good. That’ he’d decided, was also part of being a woman. He no longer obsessed so much on making sense of things. Now, he relied more on his emotions and if it felt good it was good.

Who cared if it made sense?

I think I’ll miss that, he decided Being so much more in touch with my emotions. There were more than a few things he would miss about his woman’s life, he had to admit, as much as it surprised him. He looked at his oval nails— the glossy red nail polish. Yes, as much as it, too, made no sense, he would miss getting his nails done. He’d never understood why women were so obsessed with their nails, and he still didn’t, but he was all about pretty nails now. It would all go away once he was a man again, he thought, with a dramatic sigh.

I certainly won’t miss my princess fantasies. They are so weird.

Glancing at the clock, he squeaked. He needed to get to yoga. Going to the bathroom, he reached down and found the string, pulling out his tampon and tossing it in the trash

can, letting the lid close. He shivered, grossed out. One man thing that still hadn't passed was that he found everything related to Aunt Flo disgusting. He hated even the sight of a box of tampons, and even the plastic wrappers gave him the creeps. He'd never understood it, but it was just a guy thing. Maybe it was because women on the rag were so annoying and unstable and—

Well, **he** was a woman on the rag now, but it didn't seem to have made much difference in his attitude toward “feminine protection.” It still grossed him out. The rest was annoying as the concepts of cramps and bloating were no longer theoretical. As he put his hair up, he thought— thank god for Midol.

Turning on the shower, he flicked the water with his fingertips, waiting for it to get warm. He'd been surprised to discover he seemed even more horny when he was on the rag. He'd always thought girls got less horny when they were menstruating, but he sure wasn't. Halsey had packed for him when he'd first come to the city, and she'd bought everything a girl would buy, including Crumbl, which smelled like strawberry crumb cake and promised “soft, radiant skin.” Bond took a deep breath, enjoying the pretty fragrance. He no longer snorted at the promises of soft, radiant skin. His days of making fun of women for obsessing on their skin were over— he totally got it now.

Shower done, he toweled off, gritted his teeth and tore open the plastic cover on a fresh tampon, slipping it in with an easy motion that had become just as natural and practiced as putting on a bra had become for the former man. Then, leggings, sports bra, mules. He checked himself out in the mirror, switched to a different bra, tightened his ponytail. Even before he pulled open the upper left-hand drawer on his dresser, his heart fluttered. One of his greatest treasures lie within that drawer, something he wasn't sure he could live without.

He pulled open the drawer, feeling all warm and tingly as his eyes played across his brand-new Prada Belt Bag. He rubbed his fingertips over the cool leather, then picked up his prized possession and breathed in the sweet smell of brand new bag. “Omigod,” he whispered. “You complete me.”

He'd paid over \$800 dollars for the bag and part of him felt guilty and ridiculous, but as soon as he'd seen Kylie Jenner wearing one on the red carpet at Cannes, he'd known he wanted and needed it to feel complete. It seemed like a lot of money for a purse, but he made great money as a dancer, so why shouldn't he splurge on himself now and then? He glanced around the dresser top, to the closet at his growing collection of dresses and skirts, shoes and jewelry. “Now and then,” he reminded himself. “And now

and then.” His eyes fell on the purses he had on the shelves of his walk-in closet. Did a guy really need five different bags? Yes, he answered himself without hesitation. He needed bags to match his outfits, the occasions, the time of day. A guy could easily use 10 different purses. It’s so obvious, Bond thought, trying to convince himself his burgeoning purse obsession was totally normal. I don’t make the rules, he thought. It’s not my fault nothing ever has any POCKETS!!!!

Part II

“Hey, Nevena,” Josie, the yoga instructor said as she made the rounds before class. She put a hand on Bond’s smooth shoulder and said, “work on them boobs, girl.”

Bond’s eyes sparkled. “Hey, Josie,” he said in the extra feminine “girls only” voice he’d learned to use when talking only with women. “Does this even work?” He had his palms pressed together, was squeezing his pecs, relaxing then squeezing again. “Maybe I should just get implants?” It was all part of the act, he told himself. Of course, he didn’t really want bigger boobs. What guy would ever want bigger boobs? In fact, he’d developed something of a complicated relationship with his breasts—most of the time they just seemed in the way—bouncy balls of flesh he has to carry around all day. Yet, they were soooooo useful for ensnaring men that they really did make up for it.

“Of course it works,” Josie said. “But don’t forget to pray to your fairy godmother.”

“Or should that be Boob Fairy?” Bond asked. He could barely acknowledge it to himself, but he did sometimes find himself feeling jealous of women with bigger breasts. All the more reason he needed to get this mission done and get out of this body and this life. What’s next he thought, continuing his bust building exercises, am I going to want to have a baby? He snickered at the thought.

Later, Bond found himself digging deep, focusing all his will power. You can do this, Bond told himself. Don’t give up. The class had been holding chair pose for what seemed like forever. His glutes were burning, his thighs, but there was no way he was ever going to give up. I beat Goldfinger and all the rest, he reminded himself. I took down Quantum Solace. He played back some of his greatest challenges, drawing strength from the times he’d won fights against all odds, like when he’d beaten the hulking freak with metal teeth—jaws. I am James Bond, he reminded himself, fighting the burn. I am going to have a hot ass!



“Down dog,” Josie said in her soft, sign song yoga voice.

Bond and the rest of the girls sighing with relief. When class ended, he and some of the other girls went for coffee. As they walked down the street in their yoga gear, heads turned, guys gawked, and the same happened when they walked into the coffee shop. They all pretended not to notice. Bond was happy to have such pretty friends. He was one of the hot girls. It was good to be pretty and have hot girl friends. They sat down and chatted as they sipped their drinks.



It had been a totally new experience to just talk to woman without all the sex stuff getting in the way. Like most men, he hadn't been big on talking to women. Flirting with women? Yes, but not talking to them. Now he'd become something of a chatty Cathy. After a good gab session with the girls, he had this warm glow that was almost as good as sex. Taking a moment to sip his latte, listening to the sound of the girls' soft voices, so vibrant and full of life, devoid of the macho posturing that came with guy talk, he knew he would miss all this once he was a man again.

It was actually fun sometimes to be a girl, he admitted, then plastered a smile on his face as a cramp hit. Sometimes it was fun, he thought, once more cringing at the feeling of having a wad of cotton shoved up his wazoo. Sometimes it was just weird.

The conversation turned to men—what about guys drove his girlfriends nuts for good and bad. Bond smiled and nodded, sitting back from this one. He wondered how these girls would feel about him if they knew he was a man. He'd wondered the same thing about some of the guys he'd slept with. His gut feeling was that it would not be well-received.

When he got home, he still had a few hours before his shift. He slipped out of his bra and changed out of his leggings, pulling on a pair of shorts and a t-shirt. He decided to go braless for the rest of the day. Even though his breasts were tender from his period, it was nice to be able to breathe a little more freely. He stretched and gave his breasts a shake, then plopped down in his wicker chair thinking he might do some online shopping, but then his phone rang— **the phone**. This was a special line used only by MI6. Bond went into the bathroom, which had been sound-proofed so his neighbors wouldn't accidentally hear something. He hooked his hair behind his ear and lifted the phone. "Bond," he said.

On the other end of the line, M raised an eyebrow. It was still odd to hear this young girl call herself "Bond" in that pretty little voice. Weirder still to know she was James Bond. "Everything is a go for Operation Damsel tonight," M said.

Bond grimaced as his cheeks flushed. If M could have seen him, she would have said he looked cute, but, of course, these days Bond was chronically cute. He couldn't help himself with those big, innocent eyes.

"I think we should postpone a few days," Bond said, deeply ashamed. "I— well—..."

"What is it?" M said, puzzled, not sure how to read that sparkly little voice.

"It's embarrassing."

"You're James Bond."

Bond swallowed, knowing this would probably get all over MI6. Well, he was a woman, so it wasn't going to be a total surprise he was having his lady days. "I'm having my— my period," he whispered.

“Oh,” M said, surprised. Of course, as a woman Bond would have periods, and yet it still seemed impossible James Bond, 007, was riding the cotton pony. Still, this was time for an important life lesson, especially now that she knew Bond would be spending the rest of his life as a member of the fairer sex. “Miss Bond,” M said, putting on her serious, boss voice. “One thing you need to learn about being a woman— we endure. Operation Damsel is on for tonight, sweetie. If you’re worried about leaking, use a pad.”



“Damn,” Bond whispered, twisting a strand of his hair around his fingers. He was hoping to get a good role in the hay with Dallas before his hunky dream man got hauled off to prison. “I’ll just have to wear a lot of perfume,” he decided. “And hope for good timing.” Ugh. 007 couldn’t help but reflect on the cruelty of the universe. Here he finally had a chance to sleep with the hunkiest guy ever and he was on the rag.

Great.

Well, it was what it was and--

Oh, yeah. There was one more thing. He went to the medicine cabinet and found his birth control pills. He wouldn’t be in this body much longer but getting pregnant and then leaving Nevena to deal with it, well—it wasn’t something a gentleman should do. He popped the pill and swallowed it down with a glass of water.

“I will endure,” he whispered, imagining Dallas’ hard, naked body. “Women endure.”