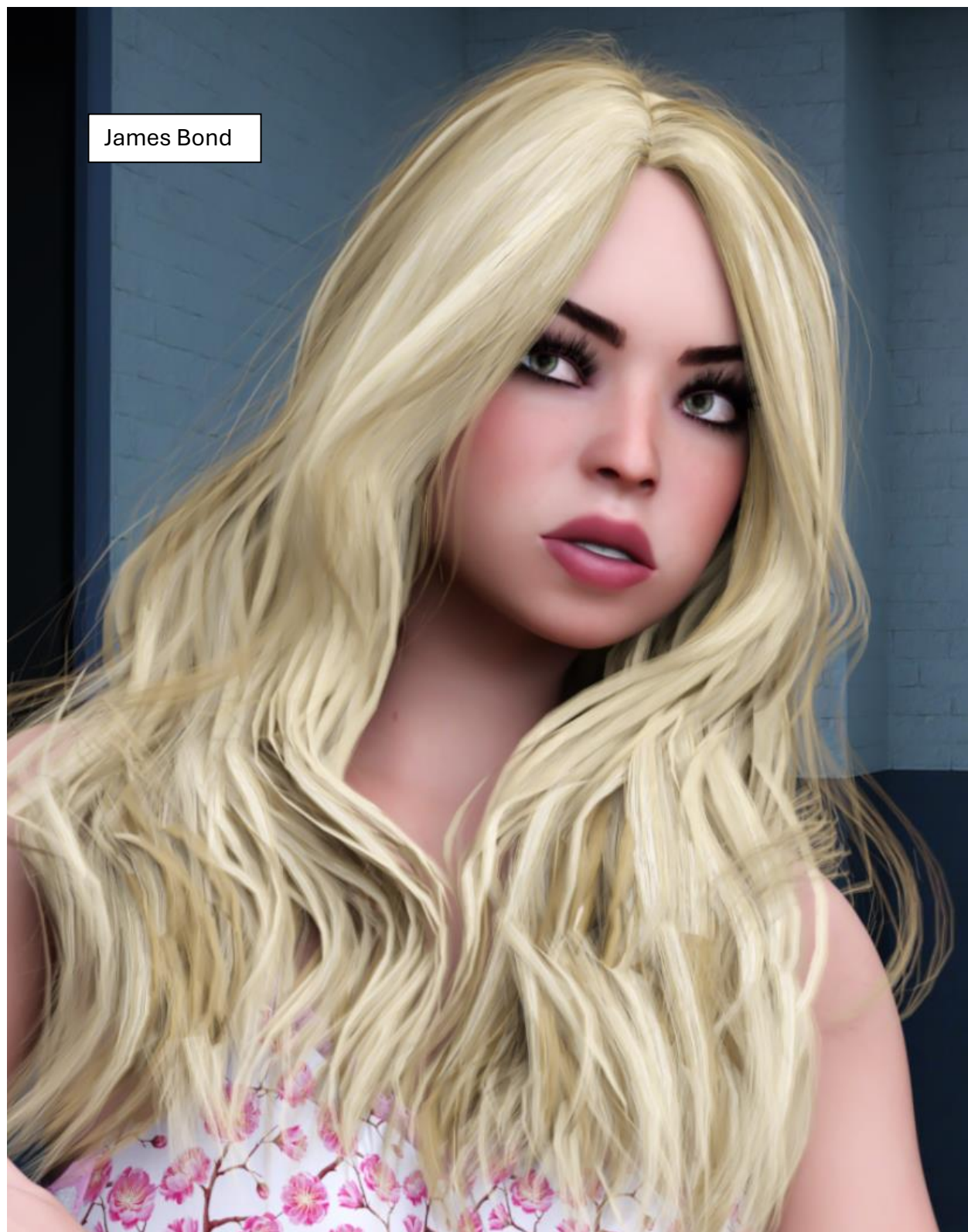




Part II

Bond knew M had decided to keep him on ice, let him stew, get hungry and tired. It was all part of the standard psychological approach to breaking down a man before cross-examination. It irritated him to be treated like this by his own agency, but the weight of his breasts rising and falling reminded him of why. MI5 couldn't just let any girl come along claiming to be James Bond wander free around the hallowed halls.

Yet, he had a pressing issue. He needed to pee again. He knew women needed to go more frequently than men, but this seemed ridiculous. Maybe it's the stress, he told himself, hoping these frequent bathroom breaks wouldn't be his new normal. He felt a fresh shame regarding his bodily needs. It was the reality of what he now had between his legs, he supposed. He really didn't want to have to ask them to let him go to the bathroom, but he couldn't hold it, and he'd suffered enough embarrassment without peeing in his panties.

Determined to hide his shame, he glared at the camera. "Don't you know it's RUDE to keep a lady waiting? Where're my martini?" Then, he quickly added, "Also I need to use the little girl's room—but mostly I need my MARTINI!"

A pair of big, tall men came to escort him to the restroom. Once more, he found himself getting all blushy and tingly and the fact he seemed to be getting turned on by these men disturbed him even more than the sensation of his jiggly body. He didn't even have to look at them. The men gave off a feral musk that drove his little female body crazy. When he caught one of the guys checking him out, it got even worse as he felt something inside him clench, felt his fingertips tingle with excitement.

Once in the bathroom he slipped his panties over his hips and sat down—"EEEE!" He practically fell into the toilet. Saving himself, he turned and saw that someone had left the seat up. Someone? No. Some MAN. He laughed. And laughed some more. It was too much that, of course, he had to find himself in such a typical female scene, seething at some inconsiderate man who'd left the seat up.

A knock on the door. "Everything okay, Miss Bond?"

"Just peachy," he said, putting the seat down, sitting, squirming a little as the seat was cold. He'd been in a female body for a time and knew how to let it flow, but he felt ashamed the men outside the door could hear the feminine tinkling. He thought about his situation.

M couldn't trust him yet. More importantly, he wasn't sure if he could trust himself. He'd found himself getting turned on by one of the security guys. He'd also found his memory scrambled when he'd recalled the naughty nurse role-play he'd gotten into with Halsey.

Had he been brainwashed? He didn't remember what had happened back at the place he'd been found. He needed to. Clearly, something had been done not just to his body, but his mind. Finished, he wadded up a few squares of toilet paper and wiped himself. Then, doing his best not to get too turned on by the men, he went back to his room.

Assuming the lotus position, he began to take deep breaths, drifting into a meditative state. He turned his thoughts to the past, going back... back... shocks... jolts... buzzing... he pushed past it and through a kind of hazy barrier, then he began to find himself within the memory...



In his memory, Bond slowly came to, his vision blurred, head pounding. He blinked and blinked again not sure if he could trust his eyes as he found himself gazing at a gorgeous blonde who floated in a tube across from him. Bond assessed her as he did any woman: alluring, but a little skinny for his tastes. She had a dancer's long, lean body and wore a leotard that clung to her athletic curves. He could see where her figure was headed, and he was pretty sure when she got there he would enjoy a tour. She had the kind of beautiful,

dewy skin only a young woman could ever possess. Her eyes were playing over Bond's body in a brazen way uncommon in women, and there was something in her eyes. Something predatory.

Bond became aware that he, too, floated in a tube. When he tried to move his head to get a better look, however, he discovered it was quite impossible. He could blink, move his eyes, maybe get a twitch out of a finger, but for the most part he was paralyzed. Well, Bond thought, I'll have to find some interesting way out of this one. It's about time I got a new story to tell.

With nothing else to do, he found himself once more drawn to the blonde vision that hovered before him. Big eyes. Inviting lips. Golden hair. She really was quite beautiful. It would be a pleasure to rescue her, to see the light of feminine admiration in those big, beautiful eyes as he led her to safety.

The equipment around them lit up and began to hum. "You may speak now," he heard a man say from somewhere outside his vision. He recognized the voice instantly.

"Blofeld," Bond said.

"Yes. Yes. It is me," Blofeld said as he stepped into view and took up position behind what appeared to be a control panel. "The man you created."

Bond eyed Blofeld's beige safari suit. "If I'd created you, I would've dressed you better."

Blofeld's face hardened. He began turning knobs, pushing buttons. "I shall put an end to your witticisms, dear brother."

"He's going to be quite surprised when he finds out what you have planned for him," the girl said. She had a small, pretty voice that suited her innocent and angelic face.

"Your quarrel is with yourself," Bond said. "I'm not the cause of your jealousy. You are."

A crooked, hateful smile wrenched itself to Blofeld's face. "You stole my father. You stole my life. You—you---" spittle had begun to fly from his twisted lips, eyes gleaming with madness. He took a moment and regained something resembling composure. "Soon enough, I will have little cause for jealousy, though you may have a strong case of envy."

"Doubtful," Bond said.

"Prepare yourself," Blofeld said to the girl. He turned a knob, electricity arced through the tank. The girl twitched and made a small mewling sound.

"Your quarrel is with me. Leave the girl alone," Bond bellowed, fighting to get free, to stop his sick stepbrother from torturing this poor girl.

The arcing stopped. “You have a thing for protecting women,” Blofeld chuckled. “The swaggering ladies’ man. What if I were to tell you I will take all that away from you?”

“You can’t take away a man’s character. It’s unchanging.”

“Oh?” Blofeld gestured toward the blonde. “Look at her. See the slender arms? The narrow shoulders? A girl like her is nearly helpless. It is part of her appeal, to be so desirable and yet so easy to take. If I wanted her, there is nothing she could do to stop me.”

Bond looked at her. She was very skinny. He didn’t like what Blofeld seemed to be implying at all. “A girl can always find a man to protect her.”

“Hahahaahaha,” Blofeld said, his laugh like the spattering fire of a machine gun. He flipped a switch. “I suppose you think you are the man to protect her?”

“I’m more than...” the words froze in Bond’s mouth. Though he had meant to speak, his own jaw had not moved. Instead, the words had come out of the girl’s mouth in her sparkly little soprano voice. “Nice parlor trick,” Bond said, recovering himself.

“Oh, it is no mere trick,” Blofeld said. “This rather ingenious apparatus is now in the process of transferring your mind into her fecund body.”

“Ridiculous,” Bond said, but once more he spoke through the girl’s mouth. He could feel the machine now, pulling at his brain, drawing it out like taffy toward the girl. He became aware of the feeling of a leotard wrapped around his chest, tights caressing his legs. He felt himself starting to panic. He looked down as confirmed what he felt—soft breasts straining against the leotard he now wore.

A strand blonde hair fell across his face as he looked over at himself. He, his body, was floating there, flexing a bicep. “I feel—powerful,” he heard himself say.

“What the hell is the meaning of this?” Bond shrieked, lifting his small hands, looking at the glittery pink polish on his long nails.

“Such crude language for a girl,” Blofeld said. “You stole my father, became his favorite son. Now, I steal your manhood, your name, your life. You will be nothing but a girl now. Not a son. Not even a man.

Bond could feel himself sinking deeper and deeper into this girl’s shape as his mind connected and accepted every nerve and synapse. He felt her body as his body, her skin as his skin. Across from him, he saw his own rugged face. “Bond,” the man said. “I’m James Bond.” The man laughed, a deep, booming bass. The man he’d been looked at him and smirked. “You’re going to hate being pretty.”

Blofeld deactivated the tube. Bond dropped to the floor. As soon as the tube opened, he bolted, meaning to escape, then find some way to get his body back. His body was all wrong: hips too wide, legs too long, top too heavy. He felt as awkward as a fawn taking her first steps, and he stumbled and fell to the floor, his long, golden hair all in his face. Before he could get up, an arm encircled his waist, and then he was lifted into the air.



Blofeld effortlessly threw the tiny female Bond had become over one shoulder.

“Let me go!” Bond screamed, raining tiny punches on Blofeld’s back. He felt a needle jam into his soft thigh. His world went black.

The sound of the door swinging open broke Bond's trance. Halsey had returned with her ballerina duffle bag. "What did you bring me this time?" Bond asked. "A tutu?"

Halsey smirked. She opened the bag and pulled out a kimono style silk robe with a pink floral pattern. She held it up to Bond by the shoulders. Smiled. "To keep you warm. It's pretty, don't you agree?"

"I'm just glad you didn't go for something too terribly sexy," Bond said, snatching the robe. As he slipped into it the silk felt cool and soft against his skin, made him tingle. He tied the sash around his slender waist and sat, legs spread, like a man. "You done playing games?" He asked. "Obviously, as a man, I'm embarrassed to be dressed like this. I suppose that's what you're after. I know all the protocols."

"I'm just following orders, Miss," Halsey said. She left.



Miss. More attacks on his psyche. Bond felt himself growing annoyed. He did know the protocols, understood why M was being so cautious, but his body was out there somewhere, and he wanted it back. He looked up at the camera. "Stop being ridiculous," he said, gesturing at his robe, his bra. "Run me through Protocol 9. I need to get out there and find my body." Inwardly, he cringed. His piping little voice carried no weight, no power. He sounded like a child.

M, back in her office, watched. Protocol 9 was a series of questions that could be used to ascertain an agent's identity in the event an enemy should send a double to try and infiltrate MI6.

Indeed, once she'd kept felt the girl had been softened up, she would run Protocol 9, but for now—

M's computer dinged. The dossier on the girl had arrived—on the body, at least. Her name was Nevena Petrinka. She'd been a dancer with the Polish National Ballet. Considered a SPECTRE sleeper agent. Interesting. Could all this be some ruse? Having spent her entire adult life working in the espionage business, M's instincts said no. There were too many variables for anyone to hatch such an unlikely scheme. No, as impossible as it sounded, she felt more and more certain this young lady was James Bond. But what did that mean for her? Him? For MI6?

For now, all she could do was continue to soften up the girl. Then—

BZZZT. "M, agent 86 has an emergency alert."

"Connect us."

"M. 86 here."

"Go ahead."

"We have strong reason to believe Dallas Brazeni is in New York and has the Codex Infinitum with him. This could be our best chance to capture him. Our sources say he and the Codex are hidden at a place called the Kitten Club. However, we have no idea how long he intends to stay. He could move at any moment."

"Advise."

"We send an undercover agent to infiltrate the club. The owner is a man named Bert Klien. He has a weakness for young blondes, but I don't think we have any agent to fit that profile."

Young blondes? M looked at Bond, who'd gone back to meditating, his pretty face a mask of calm, his breasts rising and falling gently with each breath. "We may just have one agent who fits that profile to a T," M said.

"Really? Who is she?"

"Bond," M said. "James Bond." She glanced at her monitor. Bond had returned to meditating. He looked—she shouldn't help herself—he looked adorable in his kimono, eyes closed, his face so peaceful, so smooth, his features so soft. He had great skin. She almost felt jealous. Okay. Actually, she did feel jealous. Bond was a knockout.

A knockout named Nevena.



Bond, meanwhile, once more found himself remembering. He was strapped to a chair, a metal cap on his head. His legs were cold. He'd been forced to wear a dress. A series of memories related to that washed over him. Blofeld had delighted in forcing him to wear dresses and skirts, jewelry and makeup. In the chair, Bond didn't bother to struggle, but he carefully studied the room looking for escape opportunities. Anachronistic, the room looked like something out of a 1950s science fiction film.

Bond knew he would find some way out of this predicament. He always did, though his life for the time being seemed more like a surreal dream as he struggled to admit he was now occupying a woman's body. Blofeld worked out of his line of sight, signing to himself, putting new words to an old Broadway showtune: "James be a lady tonight."

Machinery hummed to life. Bond felt energy begin to thrum from the steel cap that covered his head. It massaged his skull, seeped into his brain. "You won't be able to brainwash me," Bond said, annoyed at his fluting voice.

"You sound like a pixie," Blofeld chuckled.

The energy from the machine intensified. Bond clenched his jaw against the pain while he found himself reliving a past conquest: Tiffany Case. A raven-haired beauty. They'd gotten a hotel room in Gibraltar. This was the most vivid memory Bond had ever experienced—he recalled every detail, and all the colors and smells had an intense vibrancy like he was remembering their time together in Technicolor. He smiled as he remembered their first time together: she'd torn off his dress and tossed him onto the bed. He'd giggled and bit his finger, his eyes dropping to the growing bulge in her pants as—

"Wait. No," Bond gasped. None of this was right. He wasn't a woman... she wasn't a man...

"I am changing your orientation, Jane. As much as you once enjoyed ravishing women, you will now long to be ravished."

"Stop," Bond said, terrified. This even more than having his body taken away was an invasion, an injustice. "This is wrong. Stop. I'll do anything." Then, in a feminine pleasing sound he'd never expected to make he whispered, "please."

But Blofeld didn't stop, nor did the memory: Strong, calloused hands on his soft flesh. He on his back, moaning softly and then his breath quickening as he made little chirping sounds, Tiffany taking him, giving everything he needed as a woman.

Bond heard himself screaming No... no... no... nooooo... while in his memory he cried out yes.... Yes... yes... yes.... It was the worst violation of his self and yet it felt so good...

He orgasmed. At least, he thought it was an orgasm. It was something intense, something completely and totally *woman*. His whole body lit up like a roman candle, inside and outside and even somewhere he could only feel and experience as in his spirit, his soul, and then the memory melted and faded and he found himself resting his head against Halsey's hard chest, listening to her heart beat as he played with the wiry hair on her chest, basking in the afterglow, feeling so grateful to this amazing, generous man...

Cooper Kadee



The memory broke as the door to the interrogation room swung open, but Bond understood now why he'd reacted to the security officer, why his memories with Halsey were all jumbled. He would likely have become enraged, but he didn't have that luxury. M walked into the room.

Identity is interactional. We are different people around our friends than our parents, our peers than our supervisors. We are different people alone in a room than when in a room with another. James and M had known each other a long time, and the relationship had always been James as a man and M as a woman.

Now, James' world turned upside down. Being in the same room with M forced him to confront his new sex, throwing him off balance. He knew what he'd been to M before, how the two of them interacted. Now, he had no idea. Facing this woman he'd known for so many years, he felt acutely aware of the way his panties cupped his woman's mound, made evident the emptiness between his legs. Likewise, the weight of his breasts, the straps digging into his soft shoulders. Bond being Bond, he remained determined not to let her see him sweat, to project his same old confident swagger.



"M," he said getting up from his lotus position, taking a seat, arrogantly manspreading. "Would you happen to have a cigarette?"

M sat down at the table across from Bond. She'd seen him sit like that a thousand times over the years. Had told him more than once to stop slouching. She, too, felt thrown off, a familiar relationship now altered and unbalanced. She had no idea how to talk to this Blonde Bond, but much like her agent, she decided to just try

and act like herself. "James, once again you decided to freelance," M said. "Once again, things went awry." She cupped her hands under her chest. "Lovely jubbies, 007."

Bond smirked. “Better than yours.”

That earned him a smirk from the notoriously stone-faced M.

“So, you believe this is me?” Bond asked, though it was more of a statement than a question.

“I’m fairly certain, but we will need to run Protocol 9.”

A strand of hair had fallen across Bond’s eyes. He brushed it away with a slender finger and then in one smooth motion hooked his hair behind his ear. He grinned, excited to get down to business. “Good. Let me prove to you I’m a man.”



Cooper Kadee