



James Bond, 007, leaned forward, puckered his lips and brushed on his favorite shade of lipstick. Done, he practiced his smile, turning his head side to side, appreciating how pretty he was from every angle. “Were I man right now I would be quite smitten with myself.”

As much as his routine varied these days from his days as a man, he still felt the same sense of calm heading into an operation. It was something he was known for, a trait that had helped propel him to among the best of men in Her Majesty’s Secret Service.

He got up and checked himself out in the full-length mirror. “I feel sorry for the men,” he said with a giggle, admiring his long, dancer’s legs, his taut tummy, the swell of his breasts in his lacy

red bra. Blowing himself a final kiss, he spun on his heels and headed toward the door, enjoying the feeling of his ponytail bobbing as he walked.

His eyes swept across the lounge, the dark, cool lounge. With practiced eyes, he evaluated the crowd and sighed. They looked like a good crowd, a money crowd, and he regretted he'd be missing out on the tips. The room smelled of whiskey and sex, and the other girls roamed among tables of men like goddesses.

"Hey, gorgeous," Mario, the bartender said as Bond came to clock on.

"Hey, stud," Bond said with a bright smile. The smile wasn't fake. He loved compliments. As Bond clocked in, he arched his back, lifting his behind and giving it a shake. He loved teasing Mario.

"Baby, you're killing me," Mario said.

"I know," Bond said with a smirk as he headed into the lounge and started flirting with the men, taking drink orders. In order to make it easier for him to play his role, he didn't know when or who would be the one to stage the "molesting action," as M had come to call it. It was vital his target, Dallas Brezeni, believed Bond was, indeed, a damsel in distress. Dallas was notoriously cautious and was known to be ever on guard, so Bond needed to be convincingly scared. This was not a strength. But, Bond being Bond, he'd prepared.

A few days earlier, he'd been talking to Jewel and had casually brought up the subject. "I want to be able to manipulate my boyfriend," he said. "But I never really learned how to cry on demand. Is there—"

"Oh, honey, you came to the right girl. I got this."

For the next few days, Bond practiced crying until he could summon the tears in mere seconds. It was a vital skill, he decided. For a woman.

It was near midnight when it happened. Bond was leaning forward at a table of five middle aged guys, laughing as he placed their drinks on the table. He felt a hand slide between his thighs and up under his skirt, cupping his sex, while a second hand locked around his neck. Bond didn't have to act as much as he expected. He felt violated at having this man grab him in such an intimate way, and the feeling of that arm around his neck also immediately provoked him to want to make a judo move and throw the man.

Yet, that wasn't the plan. Instead, he screamed. Not a word, but just a formless scream, a scream so full of feminine terror every decent man in the room stood and prepared to protect him.



Bond felt fingers pushing past his panties and into him. He screamed again, thinking, “I am going to beat the shit out of whoever this is after this is over.” The man lifted Bond off his feet and turned him. Bond saw all the men rising and thought two conflicting thoughts– I’m so hot and- NO!

“Get your hands off her,” one of the middle-aged dudes said, raising a fist.

Blast, Bond thought. Blast. Blast. He couldn’t see Dallas. It hadn’t worked. Dallas hadn’t risen to protect him. What a pussy, Bond thought, irritated. I thought he was more–

It sounded like an explosion and shards of glass flashed across Bond's line of sight. He found himself released, falling to the ground. Looking up, he saw Dallas smash his fists into the other man's face and body— oh, it's 003— and as Dallas went at it, Bond let the tears flow, sobbing as his vision blurred.

He felt a hand cup his chin and tilt his head back. He looked up at Dallas through tear blurred eyes. "Take me hand," Dallas said in a deep, calm voice.

Bond took the man's hand. Dallas helped him to his feet, then drew him in for a hug, holding him tight. "You're okay," Dallas said. "I got you."

Bond hugged back, then in his prettiest little girl voice said, "I was so scared."

Dallas looked into Bond's eyes. Bond stared back, parting his lips, letting Dallas see just a hint of his pink tongue. For a moment, Bond thought it had all been for nothing, that Dallas was going to just send him on his way, but then he smiled, sucking in on his cheek to deepen his dimples, and before he could even speak Dallas grunted and said, "come with me" putting his hand on the small of Bond's back and guiding him to the stairs and then down... down... down... to the basement, to the room, the win. Bond resisted the urge to smile.

Dallas led him into the room and told him to sit. Bond sat, feeling himself buzzing. He loved the way Dallas was taking charge. M had emphasized that he didn't need to sleep with Dallas. In fact, he had a special lip wand tucked into his cleavage. It was a tranquilizer that would put Dallas out so Bond could steal the Codex. The thing was— Dallas was a fucking stud, and Bond really wanted to sleep with him. What a win that would be.

Bond used his eyes to tell Dallas he was down to fuck, then he said, "I need to freshen up" in that same, breathy, sex little voice.

Dallas nodded toward a door Bond assumed was the bathroom. Bond got up and headed toward the door. He felt Dallas' desire, sensed the man's eyes enjoying the sight of his body. The bathroom was plain, old tile, corroded fixtures, a dirty mirror. The first chink in his armor, Bond thought as he fished the lipstick wand out of his cleavage. He couldn't understand how so many men were okay with gross bathrooms.

Brushing some stray hairs away from his cheeks, he opened the lipstick and puckered, looking in the mirror. The lipstick was infallible and fast. He was, of course, immune thanks to a shot, but one kiss and Dallas would be sleeping like a baby. Too bad I can't sleep with him first, Bond thought. He could tell when a guy was great at making love, and his skin tingled when he anticipated just how amazing Dallas would make him feel.

He raised the wand toward his lips.

Stopped. Put the wand back in the tube and winked. Could you really blame a girl?

He slipped out of everything but his bra and panties, took his hair down and mussed it. Then, he opened the door and stepped out, his every movement sleek and feminine. Once Dallas noticed him— and did he ever notice him— Bond struck a feminine pose with one knee slight raised, a hand on his hip while he used the other to touch his cheek. He met Dallas' eyes and then dropped his own gaze, looking down and away— showing his submissiveness, letting Dallas look him over.



Dallas didn't speak. He approached, grabbed Bond and pulled him in for a kiss like none Bond had ever had. Bond lifted one leg, pressing it against Dallas' side while grinding against him.

Dallas grabbed his ass and picked him up, then carried him to the bed, tossing him down as if he weighed no more than a feather.

Bond intended to pose and flirt, but Dallas was on him like lightning. He grabbed Bond's panties and tore them off, tossing them across the room, then snapping his bra instead of unhooking it, then he began to kiss Bond on the breasts, squeezing, touching... the two rolling, entwined, Bond completely and totally lost in passion. "Get on your hands and knees," Dallas groaned.

Bond bit his lip and rolled over, getting on his hands and knees. He looked back over his shoulder and smiled, eye gleaming with anticipation. Dallas slapped him on the ass. 007 moaned softly, thinking, this is going to be fun.

After, Bond lay panting in the sweat soaked sheets, one slender arm over his eyes. He could hear Dallas snoring, and as much as he found himself consumed with a need to cuddle, he had a mission to do. He got up as quietly as he could and went to the safe where MI6 believed the Codex was kept. Getting it out without anyone knowing- anyone other than Dallas, that is- was vitally important. MI6 did not want anyone to be certain who had the Codex. Tiptoeing to the safe, Bond knelt and put his ear to the door, beginning to turn the dial, listening to the metallic reaction of the tumbler.

He glanced nervously over at Dallas, the man's hard, muscular chest rising and falling. Dallas was a big, powerful man. Having just been ravished by the man, Bond knew he had no chance in a physical confrontation. All the training in the world wasn't going to make a skinny little girl like him a match for a man like that.

Click. He had the first number. He kept working.

Dallas snorted and rolled onto his side, his face still facing Bond. James Bond froze. Waited. Dallas muttered something but seemed to remain asleep. Bond went back to cracking the safe, keeping his ear on the steel and his eyes on Dallas.

Click. He had the second number.

Creak. Creak. Bond froze and, with a strange noise now entering the mix, he had to take his head away from the safe, now sitting up like a doe looking for danger. The sounds were coming from the stairs. Someone was coming down.

Bond considered. He could climb back in bed... go into the bathroom... or keep working, hoping he could get the combination before whoever was coming down the stairs knocked. Woke up Dallas.

The first two choices were safe. The third choice was Bond.



He hooked his hair and put his ear back to the steel. Completely tuning out the footsteps and every distraction, he focused only on cracking the safe. The whole world was just him and the safe...

Creak. Creak.

Click.

Got it! Bond carefully turned the thick, steel handle. He turned it, and there was a thunk, which he didn't have time to worry about. Using his body weight, he pulled the safe door open, the sight of the codex, An ancient tome with a leather cover and thick, rough edged yellow pages,

giving him a small sense of triumph. The footsteps were almost to the bottom of the stairs now. He had only seconds. Lifting the codex– wow. It was heavier than he expected. He got up, sliding the codex under the bed and– oh, hell. He'd forgotten to close the safe. Glancing over at the door, he could see shadows. Whoever it was stood there now– waiting. For what?

Bond pushed the safe closed, hurried back to the bed and climbed in. Following his instincts, instead of trying to sneak in without waking Dallas, instead he shook the man. "Hunh?" Dallas said. "What?"

"There's someone outside the door," Bond whispered, trying to sound as scared as possible.

Just then, whoever it was pounded on the door. Three distinct knocks.

"Yeah?" Dallas called.

"There's someone asking about you," he heard Misty say.

"Tell them to fuck off."

"But–"

"Tell him to fuck off."

Silence. Shuffling. "He told me you would say that, and I should say Zardoz."

"Oh, hell," Dallas said, mostly to himself. He rubbed Bond's shoulder. "Listen, babe, I need to take care of this. You can stay and sleep here, but you need to skedaddle in the morning. I don't do brunch."

Bond pouted. "But I love brunch."

Dallas didn't answer. He just rolled out of bed and threw on some clothes, headed out the door. Misty peeked in as soon as the door opened and caught Bond's eye. She smiled and made a small nod of respect. You go girl.

Bond smiled back to say, yeah. Girl got lucky.

Dallas left. Bond threw on his clothes, grabbed the codex. Before he'd even started working at the club, he'd seen the blueprints for the building. He'd also done his own reconnaissance. There was a back exit that led to the alley behind the club. Hugging the massive codex to his chest, he got out of the room, headed down the hall, which was lit only by a single, flickering bulb. Too many shadows. Too much darkness. Bond's female instincts kicked he as he found himself anxious, hyper-aware. It was a physical reaction– he was a skinny little female now, and there could be anyone lingering in the shadows.

Once he'd climbed the stairs and made his way into the thankfully deserted alley, he leaned against the wall and took off one of his Mary Janes. Turning the heel, he activated the tracking sensor. MI6 would be here any minute. Bond took in his surroundings. Dark. Deserted. The stench of rotting garbage from a dumpster overflowing with trash. A rat sitting on its back legs, holding a piece of a bagel in its little paws, munching happily.

Voices. Drunk voices. Male voices. Two guys— 20s- came around the corner and headed into the alley. As soon as they saw Bond their eyes raked over his body, and even in the dark he could see the lust in their eyes, felt his body tense. Just keep walking, Bond thought, avoiding eye contact.

Of course, the guys walked right up to him. "Hey. You're the girl from the club," one of the guys said.

Bond just half waved. "Yeah."

"You're fucking hot as hell," one of the guys said, stepping closer.

The other guy touched Bond's hair. "You blonde all over?" He asked.

"Fuck you," Bond said, grossed out and annoyed, slapping the man's hand away.

"Hey. Don't be a bitch," the guy said, now invading Bond's space, his face almost touching Bond's.

I can probably take this guy, Bond thought. But I don't know if I can take them both. Where are the guys? He wondered. Where was MI6? The man reached toward Bond's face. He got ready to make what was his most reliable move: kneeing the guy in the balls.

"Babe? Doll? Everything okay?"

The two guys looked to see the hulking presence of 009 coming down the alley. He stood over six feet, with broad shoulders and a square jaw, his hat pulled down low, a cigar clenched in his jaw and flaring as he walked, a cloud of smoke trailing behind him.

The guys assessed, then turned and walked away.

"You okay?" 009 said.

Bond couldn't help himself. He fitted his body into 009's, putting a hand on the man's chest, sighing with relief. "I'm fine. Thanks." The danger gone, the excitement remained, and Bond found himself wondering how good 009 was in bed.

Part II

Bond found himself once more on one of the MI6 planes, being jetted back to base. He had a martini in hand, his legs crossed demurely in his little skirt, and he was laughing and tossing his hair as 009 told stories about his recent mission in Liechtenstein. The intercom buzzed. "M wants a briefing."

Bond tossed back the rest of his drink and rolled his eyes. "Be right back," he said as he stood and made his way back to the secure briefing room.

"Don't keep me waiting," 009 said, watching those long legs flash as Bond sashayed down the aisle. He could barely believe this flirty little sex bomb was James Bond. It had to be some sort of mistake.

M, back in her office, listened as Bond recounted the end of the mission. She actually didn't need a briefing right that moment, but she'd been curious as to how Bond was mentally. He seemed fine to her— though not fine at the same time. He was talking like a girl now— not because of his soft voice, but with the sing song cadences of a young woman. The thing was, he was no longer under cover. M decided not to mention it, nor the fact that Bond was now stuck in his new body. She preferred to tell him face to face. Meanwhile— "I sent along a chance of clothes," she said. "Something more modest."

Bond frowned. "Oh, these are fine, he said, gesturing at his schoolgirl uniform.

"007," M said, "you're dressed as a slutty schoolgirl."

"I am well aware," Bond said. "Over and out." He ended the call. He liked the idea of strutting into headquarters dressed like this, driving all the guys and more than a few of the girls crazy. Once he was back in his own body, he felt it would be a good story and would show everyone that he was utterly unfazeable. "I'm Bond," he said to himself, adjusting a bra strap. James Bond. 00sexy."

Once more, the agents and contractors crowded the hallway, all eager to get a glimpse of James Blonde, as they'd started to call him. No one could believe what they saw. He came strutting down the hall in a pleated skirt, knee socks and Mary Janes a young woman who exuded complete and total and feminine confidence. Bond put an extra swivel in his hips, had perfected a smooth, heel-to-toe walk that made it seem as if he were floating along the ground, and he had a bright, pretty smile on his face, sparkling, vicarious eyes.

He heard mumbled comments and smiled. "I can't believe his walk..." "I know, right? He's so pretty... I wish I had legs like that... is this some kind of prank? She can't be James Bond, right? No way."

It was fun to play all this up, especially knowing he would soon be a man once more.

Bond floated into M's office, tossing his hair and offering a fingertip wave, sitting and smoothing his skirt under him in one smooth motion. "M." He folded his hands in his lap, looking the very image of the prim and proper schoolgirl. "I confess. I was smoking in the girls' room."

M couldn't even bring herself to chuckle. Despite Bond's flippant attitude she had bad news to deliver, news she felt would not be easy for the man to hear, no matter how comfortable he'd gotten wearing a skirt.

Bond saw the dire look in M's eyes. "Problem?"

"James, I don't know how to tell you this, so I'm going to just come right out and say it. We found your body. It's deceased."

The smile melted from Bond's face. "My body?" The meaning sunk in, the reality. He tugged on the hem of his skirt. The Bond calm prevailed. "So, I'm to be a woman, then?"

"Yes." M watched, wondering if Bond could take it, if he would snap. For a moment, just a hint of a moment, she thought Bond might cry— there was that look in his eye, but it passed quickly, replaced by a devil may care pirate smile. "What's a girl have to do to get a drink around here?"

M grinned. "Same old Bond."

"Same old Bond," James said, fishing his cell phone out of his purse and checking his makeup. "Shaken, not stirred."

The End

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