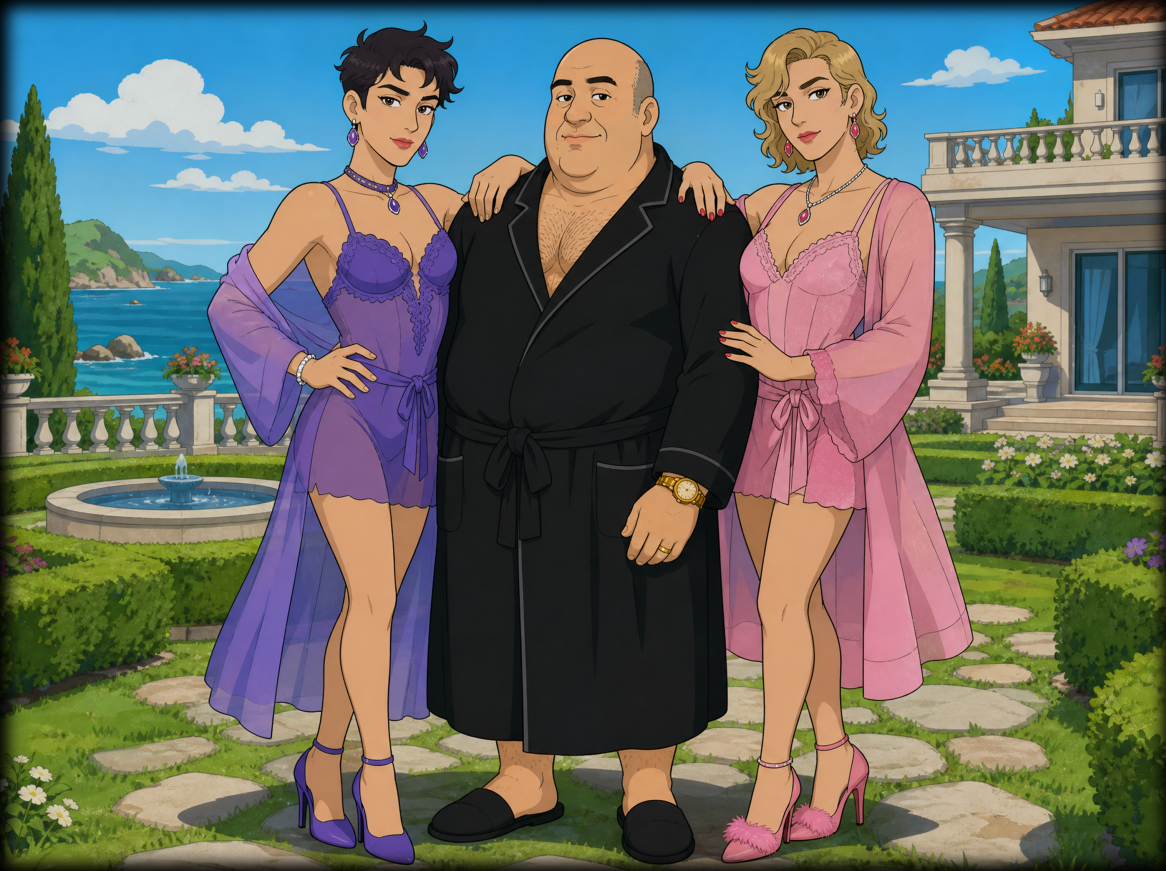
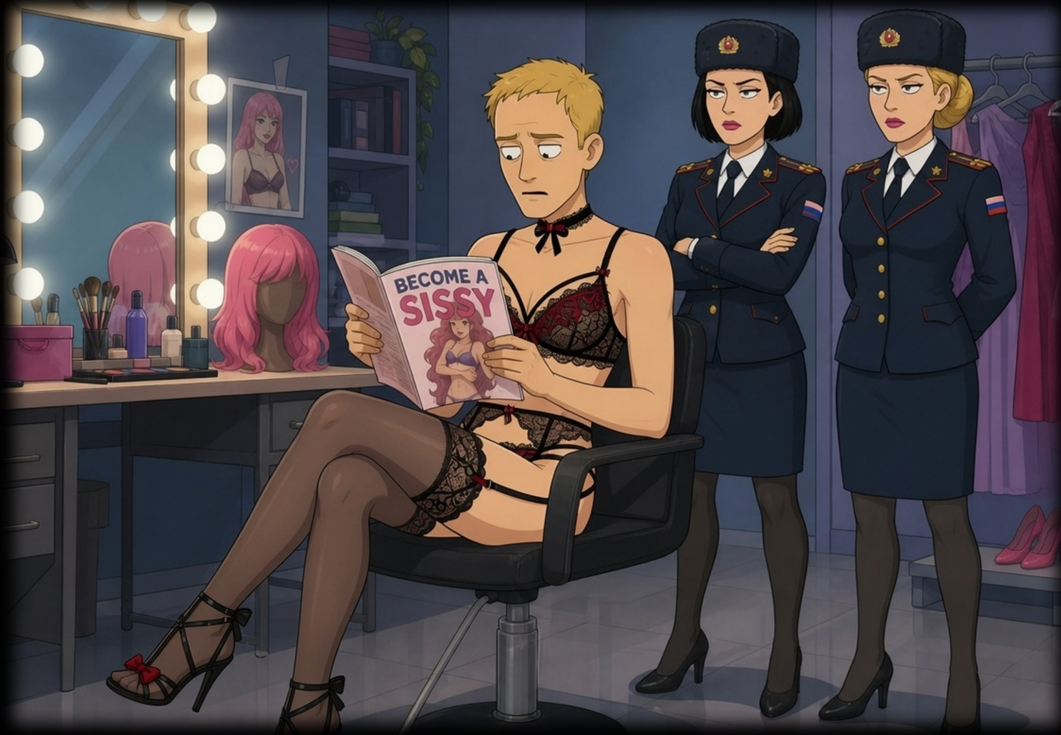




Alexei Petrov was thirty-four years old and one of the hardest men the Russian secret service had ever produced. For fourteen years he had used his strong body, cold eyes, and steady hands to kill enemies of the state without hesitation. Quiet guns in hotel rooms, broken necks in dark alleys, bodies dumped where no one would ever find them. He never lost sleep over any of it. But the night his boss pushed a thick file across the polished table and told him the target was a rich man named Gennady Sokolov, something cold and unfamiliar settled in Alexei's chest.



Sokolov was not a politician or a general. He was a private collector of secrets, a man who bought and sold things that could start wars. The nuclear codes he kept locked somewhere inside his seaside mansion could open Russia's most dangerous weapons. Moscow needed those codes before Sokolov sold them to whoever paid the highest price. The problem was Sokolov's security. Cameras, guards, dogs, and a private staff that never left the grounds. The only way past all of it was through the one weakness the rich man never tried to hide. Sokolov only wanted soft, quiet, fully feminized sissies in his bed. Pretty boys broken into girls, cocks locked away, asses trained and ready, mouths that knew how to please without complaint.



When Alexei tried to refuse, his boss opened a second file. Clear photographs of Alexei's younger sister and his parents leaving a movie theater. The exact address of the small flat where they lived. The boss's voice was flat and final. **"You will do this for the Motherland. Or your family will pay the price. There is no other choice."**

They locked him inside a secret training penthouse for six months. Every morning they gave him strong hormone shots that made him sick to his stomach and weepy for no reason. His chest grew into small, sore breasts that ached whenever anything brushed against them. His once-hard male ass softened and rounded until it shook when he walked. They forced him to speak in a high, soft girl's voice for hours every day. Every time his old deep voice slipped out, they made him bend over and hit his bare thighs with a thin stick until the skin burned red.



He had to walk in very high heels until his calves cramped and his feet blistered. They taught him how to put on makeup with shaking hands, how to sit with his knees together, how to smile with his lips parted just enough. For hours at a time they made him sit in front of the mirror, staring at the painted sissy looking back at him and repeating the same words over and over. “I am a cocksucking sissy. I love being fucked by men. My hole belongs to whoever wants it.”



Something inside the strong man who used to break jaws slowly gave up. By the end of the six months the man named Alexei was buried under layers of perfume, soft skin, and trained obedience.



He arrived at Sokolov's big mansion by the sea under the fake name Anya. He was one of several sissies selected by Sokolov's men that week, all of them competing for the rich man's attention and the chance to stay permanently. The moment the heavy doors closed behind him, Sokolov looked him up and down like a man choosing meat. The rich man was bald and fat, soft around the middle, but his eyes were sharp and hungry. He smiled the way a hunter smiles when he already knows the catch is his. Sokolov ordered the other girls out of the room and locked the bedroom door. "Undress," he said.



Anya's hands trembled as she peeled off the dress. Underneath she wore a stunning set of gold-chain lingerie that hugged her new soft curves and left almost nothing to the imagination. Gold was Sokolov's favorite color. The sight of it made him breathe harder. He wasted no time. He pushed Anya down onto her knees, freed his thick cock, and forced it deep into her mouth until her painted lips stretched around the base and her eyes watered. He held her head still and used her throat with slow, deliberate thrusts, grunting each time he pushed deeper. When he finished, he pulled out and watched the thick strings of spit and cum drip from her chin onto her small breasts.

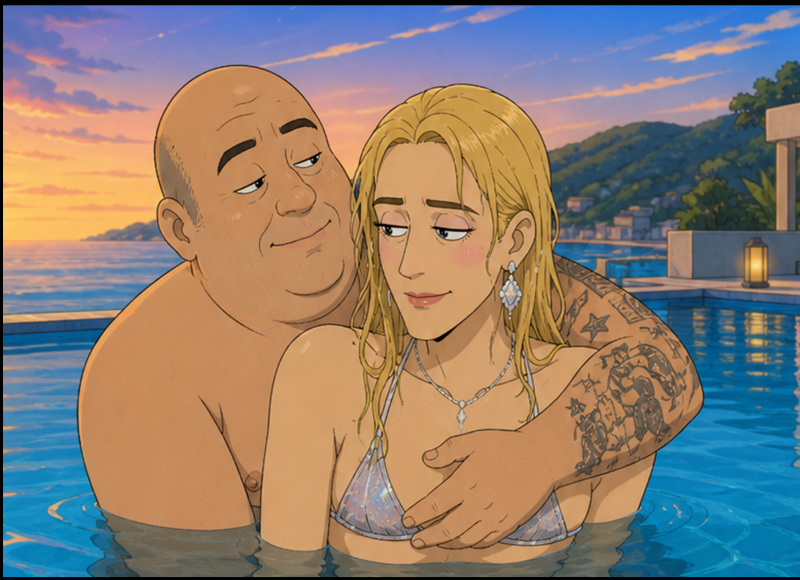


Then he bent her over the heavy study table, spat once onto the tight hairless hole between her soft cheeks, and slid his cock inside without warning. The stretch was brutal. Anya's raw cry tore out of her throat as Sokolov fucked her with hard, long strokes that rocked the table and made her gold chains jingle. He did not go easy. He gripped her hips hard enough to leave marks and drove into her again and again until her legs shook and her soft cock leaked steadily into the panties still tangled around one ankle. By the time he finally came deep inside her, Anya was the best fuck Sokolov had had in a long while, and he made no secret of it. He decided to keep her.



Every morning after that, Anya woke already filled and leaking from the night before. Sokolov used the sissy whenever the mood took him. He bent her over the breakfast table while the servants carefully looked away. He floated her on her back in the warm outdoor pool with her legs spread wide and fucked her under the open sky. He held her face-down against the big piano in the music room and took her until the strings inside the instrument made soft, broken music with every thrust. Between these moments Alexei still tried, in short clear flashes, to search drawers, take secret photos of papers, and ask careful questions about locked rooms and money transfers. He only ever found small, useless pieces of information. Never the real codes. And every hard fuck stole another piece of the man he used to be.





The spy who once killed cleanly now pushed his hips back to meet the cock without being told. His soft voice started begging for more. His cock, kept locked away in pretty panties, dripped constantly with fluid he could not control.. The mission grew farther and farther away, almost unimportant next to the daily reality of being owned and used.





One hot August night, after Sokolov had fucked the sissy's ass for almost a full hour with slow, deep strokes that left Anya's legs shaking and her mind empty, the rich man leaned close to the ear still covered by the blonde wig. He whispered the complete nuclear codes - every number, every password, every extra key, everything the secret service had sent Alexei to steal. He said it casually, the way a man shares a secret with a pet he trusts will never leave. For one short second the old spy woke up inside the soft body. The codes were right there, clear and ready. He could have grabbed something heavy, killed Sokolov where he lay, run through the garden, and taken the information home.

Instead the broken sissy only whispered, "Thank you, Daddy," and closed her eyes, pressing her face into the fat soft chest of her owner. She found comfort there. By the time morning light came through the curtains, the codes had disappeared into the same soft fog that had taken the rest of Alexei Petrov. Only Anya was left - always horny, lips painted, waiting quietly and empty for her owner's next use. Russia never got the codes. The sissy never left the mansion.