

Part IV

As I approached the Wonder Bar, I stopped and pulled out my compact, checking my make-up one more time. I powdered my nose, and then I walked up to the entrance, right past the line of people waiting to get in, and I flashed my prettiest smile at the bouncer. He looked me up and down. “You one fine ass female.”

“Thanks, handsome” I said, touching him on the arm as he undid the cordon and gestured for me to enter. The bar was crowded, loud with talk and the relentless thump thump thump of dance music. I started to squeeze my way through the crowd, my breasts rubbing up against other people’s bodies as I pushed through. I didn’t see Rasputin anywhere, or his entourage, and I started to wonder if this was all a trick. I looked at my watch. 11:59.

I felt a hand on my elbow, and someone barked, “this way” into my ear. I let the man lead me through the crowd, and then through a door, and into a back room with low couches, dim lights, and Rasputin. He wore a silk robe, open at the top revealing his hard, flat pecs, gold chain, and the tops of what looked like washer board abs. His arms were thick with muscles, like pythons. He had a square jaw, bristling with stubble looking just like the pictures I’d seen of him, but seeing him in my new body, I felt my knees go weak, something inside me turned and I thought—now there is a real man, as I wondered what it would be like to kiss him.

“Hello, gorgeous,” he said. His voice was deep, and it washed over me like chocolate. I felt my body tingle at the sound of that deep, sexy voice.

“Um, hello,” I answered, my already small voice rising into a slightly higher register. He was so manly that I automatically felt my personality shifting to a more feminine place.

Rasputin looked me over, and I put a hand on my hip and dropped my eyes, submissively waiting for him to finish mentally undressing me.



He stood and made a small beckoning gesture with his hand. I felt myself pulled to him, and I swayed my hips as I approached, smiling brightly, loving the feeling of being under this man's control. He slipped his powerful arms around my waist, kissed me on the cheek, then looked me in the eyes, his hands resting on my hips.

"At first you came as man to kill me. Now, you come as woman to please me. Ironical, is it not?"

“I came to get my body back.”

“Which pleases me. Sit.”

Rasputin gestured for me to sit on the couch, so I did, and then he sat right next to me, I mean right next to me, and he put a hand on my thigh, and squeezed. “What are you willing to do to be man again?”

“Anything,” I answered, but seeing a sadistic gleam in his eyes I quickly added, “Almost anything.”

He smiled, brushed my hair back from my face, then cupped my cheek, tilting my head back with just the tiniest of gestures, and then he kissed me on the lips, a gentle, tender kiss. He looked searchingly into my eyes, staring at me, like he was looking into the depths of my soul, and his gaze was so intense that I dropped my gaze, blushing furiously.

“Tomorrow,” he said. “You will shoot me, as you planned.”

I gasped. He raised an eyebrow. “Of course, I know all about your plan.”

“How?”

“It does not matter. After you kill me, you will return to your office and report to them that I am dead. It will be on the interwebs, as well. Russian mobster killed. Justice is served, yes?”

“But it won’t be you,” I said.

“Of course not. I assume new identity, no one knows. All is good.”

“But, why all this?” I said, gesturing down at my body. “If you have a body double anyway?”

He rubbed his thumb across my lower lip, then slipped it between my soft lips, telling me what he wanted with a nod and a smirk. I started to suck on his thumb, salty against my tongue.

“Don’t worry your pretty little head about such things,” he said.

I nodded, still sucking, now tickling the pad of his thumb with the tip of my wet tongue.

He let his hand ride up my thigh, higher and higher, squeezing the swelling of soft flesh at the apex of my legs, just below my slit, and then he put his hand on my vagina, and I felt the tips of his fingers slip between my wet lips, and I sucked harder on his thumb, and put my hands on his hard, muscular shoulders, shifting my position, spreading my legs so he could get in there good. My skin grew hot, and I felt that void again, that space in me



that wanted and needed to be filled...

And then he pulled his fingers out of me, and his thumb out of my mouth. I lunged at him, wanting to kiss him, hard, but he shoved me and I fell on the floor, looking up at him from between my legs, hair in my face. “Did I do something wrong?” I asked in a tiny, desperate voice.

He laughed, a deep, mocking laugh. “Look what I have made of you. A desperate little slut.”

“I’m a dirty girl,” I said, without even thinking.

He laughed again. “Leave us,” he said to the men in the room. They left. “Don’t you remember why you are here?”

I pulled my knees together, tugging the hem of my dress down to cover my legs. I shook my head, struggling to remember. “To-- to get my body back?”

“Yes. And now, you will need to pay the price.”

“I thought that’s what I was doing.” I was so confused.

“No. Not with me.” He snapped his fingers.

A door at the back of the room opened, and I saw a man’s silhouette against a backdrop of blinding light. “Is she ready?” I heard a voice say.

“I’ll say,” Rasputin said.

The man walked into the room, closed the door, and smiled at me. “Hello, Bambi,” he said, looking me over. “My, my, but you are a sexy little girl.”

“You’re.... me,” I said, staring up at myself. My slutty tendencies seemed to vanish, and I felt nothing but revulsion for that man, for the man I’d been, and the thought of him touching me made me feel sick.

I walked into the room, letting my eyes roam over my body. Then, I walked up to myself and took me by my soft little hand, yanking to my feet, pulling my body against him, crushing my soft breasts against his chest, putting a hand on my ass and squeezing. I felt sick, disgusted, angry—this was the man who’d stolen my body. I tried to push him away, squirming,

squealing, but he lifted me off my feet and tossed me onto the couch, immediately climbing onto me, pinning me on my back.

“Get off me!” I squealed.

“Have fun,” Rasputin said as he left the room. “Make her hurt.”

I heard a deadbolt slam home, and I stared up into my own face, terrified. “Don’t do this,” I said. “Please.”

The man leaned in, getting his mouth very close to my ear. “I’m not going to hurt you,” he whispered. “Just do what I say, and I’ll get you out of here.”

“What?” I whispered back.

“Just trust me. Now, scream.”

“Scream?”

“Rasputin is probably listening. Scream. Loud.”

I nodded, and took a deep breath, and summoning up all the horror I felt at what had happened to me, what I had become, I surprised myself by unleashing a blood curdling scream that made the man on top of my cover his ears.

He took my hand and pulled me to my feet. Standing very close, he said, “Beg me to stop. Make it convincing.”

“No! No!” I wailed. “Please. Don’t-- I—get off me!”

Keeping a firm grip on my hand, he pulled me to the back door, the one he’d entered from. He opened the door, put a hand on the small of my back and led me out into an alleyway, closing the door, and then said, “Come on. We don’t have much time.”

He kept holding my hand, dragging me along, running as fast as I could manage in my heels, and we ran down the alley and across the street. He pulled me out into traffic, running between onrushing cars, horns blaring, tires squealing, and I screamed for real, my heart racing, breasts heaving. A



convertible Ferrari parked on the street lit up as we approached, the ignition turning over, the engine humming.

“Hey!” Someone yelled from behind us. “Stop!”

In spite of the danger, he took the time to lead me around to the passenger side. He opened the door, took my elbow and helped me slide into the seat. I looked in his eyes, smiled and said, “thanks.” My heart did a little flip when he smiled back at me.

I heard popping sounds, gunfire, and I screamed again. “Get down!” The man said before running around and leaping into the driver’s seat, seeming to put the car in gear and tear away from the corner in one fluid motion, grey smoke rising from the street where our tires burned against the pavement.

I kept my head down, heard a few more pops, and then the man—my body—said, “We’re clear for now. Sit up and put your seat belt on.”

I sat up, my head racing with confusion. I didn’t know what was happening, or what I was feeling. It was like I hated this man sitting next to me, but also felt kind of like I was falling in love with him at the same time.

“What the hell is going on?” I said, the wind tossing my hair.

“Put on your seat belt,” the man said, glancing at me sternly. “Now.”

It made me mad he was giving me orders, talking to me like a child, but that look in his eyes, it scared me, so I ruefully did what I was told, pulling the seat belt on, feeling weird to have the strap between my soft breasts.

“Happy?” I said, crossing my arms under my breasts and pouting.

“No,” he said. “I won’t be happy until I get you to safety.”

“Can you at least tell me what the hell is going on? Who are you?”

“Don’t worry about it, babe. I’ll explain it all later.”

“Tell me now!”

“I said later.”

I huffed. “Stop treating me like a child.”

“I’m not,” he said, looking at my breasts. “I’m treating you like a woman.”

I realized I wasn’t getting anywhere with him, so I finally just decided to bide my time. Rasputin had clearly not planned on this, he’d wanted me to get—to be-- well, this felt like a rescue, so I would wait and see. I started paying attention to where we were going, getting my bearings. If I escaped, I would need to know where the hell I was.

You should have scrubbed, I told myself, annoyed. But it was too late for that now. I'd left my purse back at Wonder Bar—my phone was in there. I had no way to contact anyone for the time being. I would have to improvise.

"Oh shit," Circe said.

I looked back and saw a black Mercedes with tinted windows. A man leaned out the window, and I saw a muzzle flash.

I ducked even as Circe barked "get down!"

The car lurched, and then she slammed in the brakes, careening in a hair pin turn. I glanced into the side mirror and saw the Mercedes following. The gunman leaning out the window being tossed around by the g-forces had no chance to get another shot off.

I instinctively grabbed Circe's leg, clinging to her, wanting to feel safe.

We jackknifed around a corner, and another, and then Circe chuckled. We came to a straightaway. The Mercedes closed in and slammed against our bumper. I screamed. Circe laughed. The Mercedes slammed into us again. We fishtailed and for a moment it felt like two wheels had come off the ground, and I lifted my head, looking up and seeing that we were racing right at an orange sign that read, "Road Closed." Behind it was a jagged pit.

"Look out!" I screamed, my hand on my cheeks.

Circe jammed her foot down on the gas pedal, accelerating toward the barricade. "Oh my God!" I shouted. "What the hell are you doing?"

"Hold on tight!" She shouted, a devil may care grin on her face.

The Mercedes sped up, and it was closing in, about to slam into us again, but then Circe jerked the wheel hard to the right, and out tires screeched as we did another hairpin turn that threw me across my seat and would have tossed me right out of the car if it hadn't been for my seat belt. Looking back, I saw the Mercedes barrel through the barricade, splinters flying everywhere, and then it crashed into the pit with a loud crunch, and a shower of glass shards as the windshield exploded.

We raced away from the scene, then slowed down and blended into traffic. I sat, my knees together, heart racing, and looking over at Circe with her square jaw and unshaven confidence, I felt myself get a little flush, and then looked away. She was me. I couldn't get the hots for my own body. It was too weird.

We drove around for a time, performing evasive maneuvers, and then we pulled into a garage attached to a small bungalow, the garage door closing automatically behind us. We sat there for a moment, the engine ticking as it cooled. I brushed the hair from my face.

"Whooooo!" Circe said. "That was fun as hell."

I smiled at her boyish enthusiasm in spite of myself. "Thanks for getting me out of there," I said.

"Yeah," she said, putting her hand on my knee. "Of course. It's the least I could do after taking your body."

I felt strange to be sitting there in a dress and heels, talking to myself, my former self, but her comment had brought me back into an awareness of my body, the weight of my breasts, the feeling of my bare little arms and round, tone legs. "So, can you switch us back?" I said.

"Actually, I can't," Circe answered.

"You can't?"

"No. I didn't make the switch."

I swallowed. "Wait. Does that mean I'm stuck like this?"

"Probably," Circe said.

"What the hell? Then- why? I was going to get my body back. You were going to get your body back. What the double hell was the point of this whole escape?"

"You were never getting your body back. Rasputin was going to sell you to sex traffickers. You would have ended up a sex slave. Rasputin doesn't take kindly to assassins."

I thought about what she said. It seemed plausible, maybe even likely, that Rasputin intended some double-cross. But then-- “How are you involved? Who are you? The way you drive? The way you handle yourself?”

Circe smiled. “Clever girl,” she said. “I’m a KGB agent. As to how I was involved? Well, my cover name when I came here was Peter Handel.”

“Peter?” I nodded. “Shit. He stole your body, too.”

“Yes, and the only way I could get out of it, could be back to being a man, was to lure you into Rasputin’s trap.” He got out of the car, then came around and helped me out.

“You don’t have to treat me like a woman,” I said and Peter put his hand on the small of my back and ushered me toward the door. He didn’t answer.

We entered the house. It was tasteful and cozy, with a distinctly safe house vibe. “I still don’t understand why you staged the great escape. And don’t tell me you did it for me.”

“Listen,” he said, putting his hands on my hips, looking down into my eyes. “I have to go back out and take care of some things. I promise I’ll explain all of this as soon as I have time.”

“Go back out? But, what am I supposed to do?”

“Just stay out of trouble,” he said. “I need you to trust me. Can you do that for me?”

I bit my lip and nodded. He kissed me on the forehead. “You don’t have to treat me—“

But he was already out the door before I could finish.

I stood there in the kitchen for a few minutes, just considering, trying to process everything that had happened. The house was quiet. Outside, I could hear the crashing of waves, the ocean breeze. I hugged myself, feeling suddenly very alone, and very vulnerable. I went and locked the door to the garage, and then went around the house drawing the curtains, making sure every window and door was locked. Finally, feeling as secure as possible, exhaustion began to overtake me. I slipped out of my heels and my dress and

crawled into a bed upstairs in what I took to be a guest room, drifting off to sleep the moment my head hit the pillow.

Part IV

In my dreams that night, I found myself running down a long, dark hallway. Cinderblock, it had dirty green, peeling paint, and flickering lights. My heels clicked frantically as I ran. When I glanced back over my shoulder I saw HIM. He was huge—tall and square bodied, with massive arms and legs, and a huge bald head that glistened eerily in the lurid green light.

He ran after me, and in his hands he held a length of dirty, tattered rope.

“No... no,” I whimpered as I ran. “Please no!”

“I’m gonna get you, little girl,” he said in a gruff, muffled voice.

“I’m not a girl! I’m a man!” I plead, but he just laughed.

“I never saw a man with tits that.”

My breasts were heaving, my lungs burning. I came to a corner and trying to race around it, I felt one of my heels snap, and my ankle rolled, and I fell to the ground. By the time I rolled over the bald man had cornered me, and I looked up at him in terror, pushing myself back, sliding across the floor on my bare butt. He was so big and strong, and I was just a helpless little female.

He held the rope in both hands, snapping it as he stalked toward me. “Pretty girl wonders why; pretty girl is gonna die!”

“I’m not a girl,” I said, shaking my head side to side. “I’m a man. I swear it.”

The bald man laughed out loud now, and he grabbed a fist full of my long hair. “That just makes this all the more fun for me.”

He lifted me off the floor by my hair, and as I kicked and screamed he began to wrap the rope around my neck, but then suddenly I heard him grunt, and I dropped to the floor, clawing at the rope, pulling it from my neck.

Looking up, I saw Peter. He'd put the big lug into a choke hold, and then as the big ape tried to wrench free, Peter slammed his fists into the man's kidneys, again and again, and the big man's eyes bulged, and his tongue lolled from his mouth, and he collapsed. Peter is such a badass, I thought, watching.

Peter kicked the bald man and then laughed, smiling down at me. "Bambi!"

"Peter!" I shouted.

He grabbed my hand and pulled me to my feet, pulling my body against his, hugging me tight, our mouths meeting in a kiss. The next thing I knew, I was on my back and he was on top of me, and I stared up at my man, dreamy and in love, and he took me, and he made me happy to be his woman.

I woke up in the morning, terrified. I was in a strange room. I was a woman. There were men after me, and I was alone. I sat up, staring down at my full breasts, straining against my little lace bra, and it all came back to me. I put my hands to my smooth cheeks, closed my eyes and opened them to see those soft breasts still swelling on my chest.

It had all been real. "Peter?" I called in my small voice. "Peter?"

No answer. The house was quiet. I could hear the ocean, and the squawking of seagulls.

My stomach grumbled, so I got up and made my way downstairs, still just in my bra and panties, and I found some cereal in the cupboard, Special K, so I grabbed some milk from the freezer and ate. Seeing the lipstick on my spoon, I realized I had forgotten to clean my face before I went to bed. Shit. I hoped I wasn't going to break out. It was then that I finally faced the fact that I needed to pee. I went to the bathroom and looked down at the toilet. Damn. I was going to have to sit to pee now. Just like them.

I slipped my panties down to my knees and sat on the toilet, knees together, and then let it happen, feeling myself flush with shame. Being able to stand while peeing had always been such a marker of being male,

something that made us better than girls, and now I was one of them, sitting to pee, and it forced me once more to consider what I'd become, what I'd lost, what I might be trapped as for the rest of my life.

I wiped myself feeling awkward and clumsy and grossly female, and then I went upstairs, showered and then, looking at the slinky little black dress on the floor, wondered what if there were any more clothes around here for me to wear. I checked the closet and saw dresses, skirts and blouses. In the dresser I found bras and panties. I needed a bra with these jugs of mine, and I fought off the urge to put on something sexy and lacy that would surely please Peter-- obviously the conditioning I'd been subjected to—and put on a practical sports bra instead. There were leggings and shorts and some tank tops and t-shirts, but the ones I tried on all hugged my curves, and as much as the new, feminine part of me longed to show her hot body off to the world, I found myself determined to re-establish my own identity.

Maybe Peter had something? I went to the master bedroom and searched through the drawers, slipping into a pair of baggy sweatpants and a man's button-down shirt. I buttoned it up, buried my hands in my long hair and tossed it back over my shoulders. I looked just like any number of women I'd slept with over the year, who'd gotten up and thought it would be cute to put on one of my shirts. I felt dizzy, and conflicting feelings battled in my mind. One part of me felt comfortable once more dressed as a man, and strong in that I had battled against the urge to dress sexy, but another part of me felt awkward and ashamed, and once more a false memory had fought its way to my consciousness-- my father, looking pretty, perfectly groomed and dressed, in a pleated skirt and a silk blouse, touching up his lipstick. I was sitting on the bed, watching, and he met my eyes in the mirror. "Remember," he said. "A man always has to look her best. Pretty boys are happy girls."

I knew that had never happened. My father had never said that. She'd never—I mean, he'd never worn lipstick in his life. But even still, I had to force myself to go downstairs without at least a little eyeliner and foundation, fighting off this sense that my lack of femininity was a disappointment to my dad.

I looked at the time. 10:11. I wondered where Peter had gone? How long would he be away? He'd told me to stay here and stay out of trouble, and he knew best. I could trust him. He'd rescued me, after all, and had refused to perv out on me back at Rasputin's. I looked around the kitchen, and seeing my cereal bowl in the sink, I thought—maybe I should tidy up? Clean the place up, show Peter how grateful I was that he's taking care of me?

I saw an apron hanging from a closet handle, and smiling I slipped it on, then did the dishes, and swept. I was just finishing mopping the kitchen floor, when I decided I really should put on something pretty. I mean, how ungrateful would I seem if he came home and found me dressed like a boy?

I stopped and looked at the mop in my hands. What the hell was going on here? I was doing housework to please Peter. Thinking about getting pretty to please Peter. I was thinking of myself as his girl. Or even—his wife?

I thought about my dream, the impulse I'd had to put on a bra I thought he would find sexy. Was all of this just part of me now because I was a female and he'd rescued me?

Or was falling in love with Peter and demurring to his every whim part of some deeper mental conditioning? Was Peter not my rescuer, but a part of some deeper plan to mold my mind to match this body?

I sat down, twisting my hair around my fingers. I couldn't trust Peter. I couldn't trust my memories. What could I trust? What did I know for sure?

I knew I had a contract to kill Rasputin. I knew I was supposed to do it tonight. I needed to get away from here. Away from Peter. I pulled up the code on my phone and looked at it again, pushing away all the static and boiling it all down to one simple thought: to be the man I was, I would have to be the woman they'd made me.

My brain glitched. I saw my father in a bikini, laying out by the pool, wearing a pair of glamorous, oversized sunglasses. He looked so pretty, with radiant skin, his golden hair glittering in the sun. I was in the pool at his feet, bobbing up and down in the water, my bikini top tight against my flat chest, wondering when I would get my breasts, hoping I would be as pretty as my dad someday.

“You have to obey your husband,” he said. “You have to keep yourself pretty for him. Please him. Look at me. I dedicate myself to my husband, and that’s why I am such a happy girl. You want to be a happy girl, right?”

“No,” I said, digging my long fingernails into my palms, shaking my head, the false memory vanishing like cobwebs. The pain helped me focus. I thought of my father, saw him wearing a dress, his hair up, mopping our kitchen floor. I pushed that image away, concentrated, pulled up the real image—old school flat top haircut, a Camel cigarette dangling from his mouth, a glass of whiskey in his hand. “Honor, courage, endurance,” he said in a gravelly voice. “Stick to the code, and you’ll always be able to look in the mirror and respect the man you see there.”

I hooked my hair behind my ear, adjusted my bra straps. I felt like my mind was clearing, the conditioning breaking up, fading away, and I felt like I was myself, coming back into my body, and this was my body now, and it would be, and I no longer felt afraid or ashamed of being a woman, because I was a real man. I would leave. I would kill Rasputin, and then I would go back to the agency and face them with my chin held high.

Shit.

I heard a humming noise, and the sound of the garage door opening. Oh, no! Peter was home. Shit. Shit. Shit. I didn’t want him to see me like this— not because I didn’t look pretty—I swear-- because it might tip him off that I had managed to shake off the conditioning, but it was too late to change. I grabbed a pair of earbuds and a phone, then went back to mopping, turning my back to the door. When I heard the door open, I belt over the mop a little deeper and shook my ass.

“Bambi?”

I pretended I didn’t hear him. I felt his hands on my hips, and he pressed his groin against me.

“Oh!” I said, jumping as if scared, pulling the earbuds out. I turned to face Peter, tilting my head back so I could look up at him. “I didn’t hear you come in.”

“The kitchen looks great,” he said, giving me a quick kiss. I had to pretend I was still under their conditioning and welcomed the kiss, hugging him back, running my hands over his firm back.

“I just wanted, um, to kind of show you how much I appreciate you rescuing me.”

“Oh, you didn’t have to go to the trouble.”

“I wanted to,” I said.

He put his hands on my plump ass and squeezed. I hated being held by him, fondled like I was a piece of his property, especially now that I knew he was part of this whole plan, but I was trained to work under cover, and I didn’t let any of my revolted feelings show, instead leaning into him, playing the part of the pliant little woman.

“Oh,” I said. “I look terrible. Let me go upstairs and change.”

“Don’t be long,” Peter said, brushing his hand across my cheek.

“I won’t be. I promise,” I said, slipping from his arms. He slapped me on the ass as I hurried upstairs.

Dick, I thought.

I squirmed into a girdle and then slipped into a pretty house dress with a floral pattern, quickly did some light make-up. Put my hair up. I found sleeping pills in the cabinet and slipped them into my bra, then put on a pair of heels, draped some pearls around my neck, and I looked in the mirror, smiling. I puckered my lips. Blew myself a kiss, then headed downstairs.

Peter sat on the couch smoking, a ring of grey smoke around his head. He glanced at me as I came down the stairs, his eyes lingering on my legs appreciatively. “How about fixing me a drink, babe?” He said.

“Of course, dear,” I chirped back, thinking-- way to hand me the gun. Men. Always thinking with their dicks.

The bar was along the wall behind him, but I still worked as subtly as I could slipping the sleeping pills into his drink and stirring until they had dissolved. I handed him the drink, smoothing my dress under me and sitting

next to him, our legs touching, staring up at him, letting my face beam with feminine admiration. “Thanks again for rescuing me,” I said.



“You look really cute in that dress,” he said, taking a big gulp of his drink. He looked at the glass, eyes narrowing, and my heart skipped a beat.

“Thanks, I said, and I put my hand on his junk, squeezing. “You want to get me out of it?”

He smiled, then he kind of shrugged and took another gulp. “I’d kind of like to fuck you in the dress, heels. It turns me on to see you dressed up so sweet, knowing you used to be a man.”

“My father always told me a girl had to please her man,” I lied, smiling, squeezing his stiffening junk. I felt myself getting wet, but I didn’t care. A man has to do what she has to do, and I kept working his junk, happy to distract him, cloud his brain. Men. So weak.

I squeezed his bicep. “You think you’re strong enough to carry me upstairs?”

“Little girl,” he said, finishing his drink and slamming the rocks glass on the end table. “I could carry you halfway to California.” He slipped one arm under my knees, and lifted me up, cradling me like a child. I felt so light, and I giggled, throwing my arms around his neck, kissing him on the cheek, totally playing the girl. “You’re so strong.”

He grunted and carried me up the stairs, stopping once and wobbling woozily. I felt scared. The pills were kicking in, but he rallied and made it to the bedroom, tossing me onto the bed. I looked up at him, pulling up the hem of my dress, up and up to reveal my wet panties. But he shook his head, plopping down on the bed next to me, and he nodded toward his groin. “Let’s see what you can do with those big, soft lips of yours.”

Shit. I looked at the tent in his pants. I felt my stomach roll but smiled and licked my lips. I undid his belt and his pants, pulled down his underwear, and his member popped out, sticking straight up in the air. His member. It was mine. This was my body, and my dick. I had never seen it from this angle, obviously. The thought of putting me in my mouth revolted me. Endurance. Courage. A man does what she has to do. I glanced up at Pete, hoping to see him passed out, but while his eyes were glassy and distant, was still conscious. “It’s not so bad, babe,” he said. “I had to do it when I was a woman.”

I winked, opened my mouth and took him into me, feeling the ridges of his member against my hot, wet tongue. I started bobbing up and down, as woman had done on me so many times, and I just thought courage,

endurance, courage, endurance, a man does what he has to do as I went up and down on his dick, and then he grunted, and he popped off and I felt him cumming into my mouth, the spunk hot and sticky, and I started to gag, wanting to pull off, but he put his hands on my head, holding him down, forcing me to keep him in my mouth, and as my mouth filled I finally swallowed, feeling his jizz slide down my throat and settle into my stomach.

I had just given myself a blow job. How did I feel? I felt like a badass. I had done what I needed to do, and as I sat up, pulling my hair back from my face, wiping some jizz that was leaking out of the corner of my mouth, I knew my father would be proud of me.

Pete snored. I went in the bathroom and quickly gargled some Listerine, then dried myself and changed into a fresh pair of panties. Then, I went back into the bedroom and tied Pete to the bed, spread eagle, and ripping open his shirt, I took a tube of lipstick and wrote—BITCH in big letters. She may have been a male, but I was the real man.

The ocean breeze tossed my ponytail. I crouched on the roof of Convention Hall, Rasputin in my sights. Not the body double, but the actual Rasputin, who stupidly had chosen to stand on the boardwalk and watch his own assassination. I'd used my big, soft lips to get one of his bodyguards to tell me all about it. It was really easy to get men to talk now that I was such a sweet piece of ass.

How dumb of Rasputin to give me a body that was a weapon.

A fully orchestrated version of The Star-Spangled Banner began to blare over the sound system, trumpets blaring, cymbals crashing. I watched as a rocket rose from a barge on the ocean, then exploded into a flower of white that cascaded back down to the water. The body double slumped over, I saw Rasputin grin, and then I watched as his head exploded in a cloud of blood and bone.

I'd worn a strapless dress with a neckline that guaranteed no one would even pay the slightest attention to my face. Everyone—gay, straight, male or female, loves to look at a great pair of tits. Another benefit of being a gorgeous



woman: despite decades of films depicting hot, female assassins, in real life no one ever suspected a girl with a pretty face of violence.

I walked away, found myself downstairs, vanished into the crowd. I felt my thong riding up deeper between my ass cheeks. I didn't bother with it. Not at all. The feeling of my panties riding into my crack reminded me I was man. A man who did what she had to do, who paid the price she had to pay to live by her code.

Courage. Honor. Endurance. I had all that, and in spades. I could look at my pretty face in the mirror and know I was a man among men. How many would have the courage to do what I did, to face my feminine future? Damn few.

Mission over, I figured I'd go dancing, hook up with some guy, and then in the morning I'd get my nails done and hit the beach. Despite everything I'd been through, I still loved sunbathing. It was my favorite thing in the whole world. That was one thing they could never take away from me.

End

Bonus

I toyed with the idea of the main character deciding to dye his hair red for the last scene, but one of the themes for the whole story had been—guy gets turned into a tan, blonde bombshell.



A slightly different take of the second pic for this section where he is looking directly at the camera. I felt like the other one worked better. Something about this angle didn't quite work.

