

Spy Swap (Special Agent to Hot Spy Girl TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for AI

Finn Langston is the best of the best, a dashing handsome secret agent who always saves the world and always gets the girl. But when he is called upon by The Agency to infiltrate the private island of Sebastian Whitlock, a devious playboy industrialist who may be angling for world domination, Finn meets his greatest challenge yet: being turned into a raven-haired spy beauty to seduce Whitlock, and find out what he is planning. But the new and beautiful Fiona may find her cover going far, far deeper than she could have imagined . . .

Spy Swap

Part 1: Dr No, No Way!

The helicopter exploded, but Finn was no longer upon it. The air rushed past him as he fell. There was little time. Already, the gorgeous Irena Kupliana was looping in the air, screaming for dear life. The gorgeous scientist normally had her hair up, but the villainous Commander Kremel had forced her into a gorgeous slinky dress when he'd kidnapped her before setting off the nukes.

Of course, Finn Langston had already disabled the nuclear weapon, and Commander Kremel had been on the helicopter just now when it had exploded.

So the day was saved, and all that was left was to save the girl, too.

Finn dove, arcing his body as he descended rapidly, nearly hitting maximum velocity as he sped to the screaming woman. She tossed and turned in the air, all limbs, but even in this moment of pure adrenaline the secret agent had to admire her perfect skin, and the way the slits on her dress showed off her fine porcelain legs.

Focus, Finn. Playtime later. And there will be a playtime later.

He grinned to himself, spreading out his arms and legs to slow his speed. He caught Irena expertly. She clung to him, breathing tightly, but he was already clipping her into his belt and holding her tight.

"No matter what happens, don't let go of me!" he yelled.

The brunette beauty nodded again and again, still looking with desperation at the ascending ground of the Alaskan seaboard. Finn pulled the rip chord, and there was a hard *yank*. Their velocity slowed as an enormous parachute opened up above them, and soon they were descending at a far safer speed.

“Finn!” she declared, holding him, still trembling with terror. “I didn’t think you would come for me.”

“Oh, that’s not showing enough faith, my dear,” he said easily, flashing his trademark smile. “You should know after that lovely night in Vienna that I always come for you.”

It wasn’t his best pun by far, but it was enough to make her relax and cling to him, giggling with relief. He continued to steer the parachute gently, focusing on a particular spot. He knew this geography fairly well from his earlier encampment when looking for the renegade Russian commander’s illegal Alaskan base, and during that time he’d spotted something else rather slyly. He glided them down to it now.

“Oh, Finn. I’m so happy you came back. I - I should never have doubted you.”

“Well, you did a fine job distracting Kremel at the right time. I’ve always said that a woman in heels is not to be underestimated.”

She laughed again, but worry showed on her face. “Where shall we go? We’re far from any contact, and we’ll freeze to death out here if we don’t get rescue.”

Finn put out his legs and expertly ran them along the ground, pulling to a stop along the icy Alaskan ground. Irena didn’t even have to adjust her legs; he had the *tall* part of tall, dark and handsome down pat. Well, he had all those features down pat, really.

Just wait till she sees this, he thought to himself.

“I wouldn’t worry about that, my dear,” he said, unclipping them from the parachute pack. “For one, I’ve already activated the alert to get the Agency chopper to come pick us up in, oh, say about half an hour?”

Her bright blue eyes went wide. “That’s much too long!” she said in her cute Greek accent. “It’s freezing here!”

But Finn just held up a hand. “On the contrary, it may be too short.” He began unzipping his top, revealing his perfect upper torso to the cold, frigid air.

“What are you doing?”

“That’s the other thing,” he said, beginning to lose his boots. “You see, I’ve landed us in just the right spot. Have you ever enjoyed a natural hot spring, Irena?”

“N-no.”

“Would you like to? Perfect for couples, I hear. Very warm. Very . . . up close.”

He gestured to the hot spring that was just thirty or so feet away, one that looked perfectly sized for some intimacy. Irena’s jaw fell, but once she reassured control over it she bit her lip, excitement clearly building on her face.

“Well, Mr Langston, you *are* quite daring, aren’t you?”

“What can I say, Irena, I do my part for King and Country . . . but once the mission’s done, the rest of me belongs to you.”

“In a hot spring?”

“I’ve always had a certain . . . affection, for hot springs myself. Perhaps it’s just the company I keep in them.”

Irena was no longer biting her lip. She was now grinning openly. With one hand, she began to lower the zipper on the back of her dress, exposing more of the wonderful cleavage at her front.

“Perhaps we could . . . disable the signal for just a little longer?” she suggested.

Finn took her hand, leading her to the hot spring. “Actually, I lied. I hadn’t even turned it on yet.”

Giggling, she joined the secret agent in the hot spring. It didn’t take long for the spring to get even hotter.

“Ohhhhh, Finn!”

Finn Langston entered the secretarial office for A, the aptly titled codename of the head of the Agency he worked for. As always, the lovely Miss Honey was situated behind her desk, a warm cup of tea in her hands, curls of sweet-smelling steam rising from its porcelain surface.

I never get sick of the sight of her, he thought. A shame she never became an agent. I wouldn’t mind seeing that shape in a catsuit.

Miss Honey was appropriately named by her parents; her looks could trap any man, but she was also sweet as the tea she drank. Her mocha brown skin was flawless, and her afro was from a different time, vibrant and proud. She favoured bright red lipstick, and on anyone less enthusiastic it might have been too much, but not Miss Honey. She beamed as he entered, her eyebrow already rising with the anticipation of another verbal sparring.

Of course, the physical sparring several weeks ago had been nice also . . .

“Finn! How nice of you to enter my office, and this time without any bloodstains on you!”

He adjusted the tie on his perfectly-fitted suit. “Miss Honey, you know I’d never dare ruin your perfect floors.”

“Tell that to the carpet cleaners from last month.”

“Well, perhaps you’re thinking of one of the *other* single digit agents. One of the messier ones. I only bring gifts, Miss Honey.”

With that, he drew out a flower from behind his back, one that was - conveniently - blood red.

“A special breed courtesy of our dearly departed Commander Kremel. Non-poisonous, don’t worry.”

She raised an eyebrow. "One would hope, Finn. One would hope. But then one can never know with you; perhaps it's laced with some kind of compound, the kind intended for beautiful women."

"Nothing but my own charm is necessary for *that*, Miss Honey, but you should know that my own skills in that department fail in comparison to your own allure."

She beamed, happy to have been bested in their back and forth. She took the flower and placed it in a vase on her desk, then leaned forward so that her perfect face was right before his, their lips on the brink of brushing against one another.

"Oh Finn, even knowing all the . . . adventures you get up to, I can't help but be pleased to have you here before me."

"There are many ways of pleasing, Miss Honey, all of which you deserve . . ."

Their lips *just* managed to brush against one another, only for a sudden buzzer to sound, alerting them both that Finn was expected in A's office.

"Saved by the bell, Finn," Miss Honey remarked, drawing back with a smirk on her lovely features.

"Quite the contrary, Miss Honey," he remarked with a sigh. "You know, next time I won't buy you a flower. It hardly compares to the rest of the beauty in the room."

And with that, he took the door into the next room, where a balding older man was smoking a pipe behind a large desk, his expression serious.

Not nearly as enticing as Miss Honey, but he has his own charm, I suppose.

"Take a seat, Agent Langston," A said brusquely. "Good work in Alaska by the way. Though the rescue took far longer than expected. Was that truly necessary?"

"I was just fixing up British-Greek relations, sir."

The man rolled his eyes. "Ah yes, the famous Langston diplomatic manoeuvres. Funny how they only come out around the beautiful women. Would you say you know women particularly well, of that kind?"

"Are you asking professionally sir, or is there trouble at home that may spill into national security?"

He smirked internally at the frown that followed. *Don't go too far, Finn, or one day you won't get the best missions, even if you are the best agent.*

A huffed, drew from his pipe, and then exhaled. "I ask, Agent One, because the forthcoming mission has need of your particular skills in that exact department. Yes, we've had you seduce the odd female agent or diplomat before, and God and King and Country knows you extend that seduction to any young beauty that moves in your general direction, but this will call upon all your skills in that area, and in a far more challenging fashion than you have ever known."

Finn took the seat he was directed too, lounging back easily.

Well, this is interesting, he thought to himself. *And not at all unwelcome.*

"In that case sir, I can assure you that I am most up to the task. I don't like to boast as a rule, but I have always had a certain charm when it comes to women, and with that charm comes a strong understanding of what women want, and how they want it. In fact, just a few weeks ago off the Aegean Coast I was with this lovely brunette who—"

"Spare me the details, Agent One!" A said, taking the bait. "I just wanted to hear it from your lips, because you may be the only one left for this job. This is going to be a big one, and I'll need your full attention."

"I'm at the ready, sir. All for King and Country."

"And the ladies, no doubt."

"They are the fairer half of the country, no doubt."

A scoffed, suppressing what Finn suspected to be a low chuckle. He then stood and directed Finn's attention to the map of the world behind his desk. With a gesture, it rose, revealing an animated screen showing the same. Another tap, and a face appeared in a little box like a mugshot, showing a handsome Mediterranean-looking man with a well-trimmed black goatee and a single scar across one cheek. It gave him a dashing, borderline piratical look.

"Sebastian Whitlock," A said. "Recognise him?"

This is the fun part, Finn thought. He relaxed in his chair. "Only a little, I'm afraid," he said. "If I can recall, he's a thirty-five year old shipping magnate and industrialist who's been branching out into digital tech and implant technology. Has a few major but hidden stakes in cosmetics and plastic surgery companies, of which he used to frequent to give him his present jawline. Inherited wealth to the tune of some twenty five million, though offshore accounts suggest twice that. Managed to grow that into the tens of billions in the present day. He has several private islands - at least three that we know of - and one of which is located off the shores of Greece. And, if I'm remembering the *right* Sebastian Whitlock correctly, I rather recall that he has a penchant for beautiful women. Quite a large penchant, in fact, up to and including his own rumoured international harem *and* bodyguard force. Some say that his favourite private island has him as the only male specimen oftentimes."

"How much a 'little' is these days," A remarked, "when it comes to your knowledge, Agent One. But your assessment is correct. He is indeed a powerful man, and he does indeed have such a penchant for women, something you both share."

"Whitlock has always pushed the boundaries of the law, but I'm guessing he's become a threat in some way?"

"That's for you to determine," A said, tapping the screen lightly. It shifted to show a private island, the one off the coast of Greece that Finn had mentioned. "*This*, is Arcadia. It is Whitlock's largest and most secretive island, one that used anti-radar and anti-satellite

technology to remain absolutely private. This image is five years old. Recently, our sources have shown a great deal of material being shifted to this island, material of a highly technological nature. This has occurred in the immediate aftermath of Whitlock opening up business dealings with several states that are, to put it lightly, in opposition to our interests, democratic and otherwise. Chief among these materials is a device known as the Sword of Damocles. Heard of it?"

"Only in theoretical discussion, sir. A riff on the mythical tale of the same name; the sword that hangs over the heads of all rulers, reminding them of the dangers of their position. Or, in this case, a piece of technology that would serve as the ultimate weapon of intimidation and warfare. A cloaked satellite that is impossible to detect and find, and yet can deliver payloads of terrible magnitude from above, be they nuclear, chemical, or conventional."

"Once again, your knowledge is on point, Agent One. We believe that Sebastian Whitlock is building a Sword of Damocles, based on a report from Agent Fifty-Three. You remember her?"

I remember her lovely dress, and how she looked out of it.

"Indeed, sir."

"Well, I'm sorry to inform you that she was killed in action smuggling this intel out to us."

Finn halted. The room got a bit more tense. A fellow agent being killed made this more personal. He had only known her for one night, but that was immaterial. She was an agent, and that meant she was one of them.

Damn, she had a bright future. Poor woman.

"I'll do my best to avenge her, sir."

"See that you do, but the mission comes first. Agent Fifty-Three was sent to seduce Sebastian Whitlock. With the exception of just a few of his most trusted male associates, it is women only for the island, and so she was deemed appropriate for the mission. But we've hit a snag." A smoked his pipe for a moment, readied himself what he was about to say next. "She was not the first agent to be lost on this mission. Two others - Agents Thirty-Nine and Seven - have both gone missing."

Seven? They took Cassandra?

She was a delicate beauty, but an expert markswoman and survivalist. The danger of this mission went up another notch, and so did Finn's desire to take it on. Avenging an agent was already of great importance. Saving two more even more so.

"There's more bad news," A said. "Sebastian Whitlock has managed to get access to the entire roll of agents considered for this mission, and not the final selection but the entire preliminary panel. This, in effect, means all suitable female candidates are considered

burned for this mission. We don't know how he received this information, but Agent Fifty-Three managed to communicate this leak to us."

"Dear God, sir."

"Indeed," A nodded. "Which is why we need to turn to the male agents in this desperate hour. To you specifically. You are, and don't let your head explode over this - our most capable agent, and you have the skills and knowledge of women to adjust to the challenge ahead."

Finn smiled. "I should hope so sir."

But something about A's stare discomforted him.

"What is it? I'm assuming this is a covert smash and grab mission? Get in, get the agents, get out?"

A shook his head. "No, this is a full infiltration mission, Agent One. You'll need to get onto the island and stay there. You'll need to get close to Whitlock, rescue his captives, and determine the nature of his Damocles design, his ambitions for it - if he is indeed making one - and then put a stop to it so it cannot be used by anyone."

"But sir, how can I stay on the island like that, get close to Whitlock, if he'll only be taking on women to the island? I don't suppose you're asking me to wear pumps and a dress?"

He smiled with amusement, but the smile faded as A's expression remained serious.

"That's exactly what we intend you to do, Agent One. For this mission, we have no choice but to send you in as a woman. Your mission? To seduce Sebastian Whitlock."

Finn was still in a state of disbelief as he was shown what was tentatively called Tiresias' Cradle. Wrench, a portly man who was head of the Agency's research and development team, showed him the strange device, which looked to be something out of a science fiction film.

"You've got to be joking, Wrench," Finn said, looking at the central pod which was clearly designed to hold a human being. "You know this is insane, right?"

The larger man cackled, slapping Agent One on the back. "The line between insanity and genius is measured only by success, kid! This is one of our best kept secrets, and one we've only just managed to get working recently. She's a tricky thing, and prone to breakdowns, but we can feed a template in and cause you bodily changes to match our specifications. Of course, you need to re-enter to be changed back."

"How have I not heard of this?"

The man rubbed his nose. "Only A and I and a few others know about it. It was confiscated after that fiasco in Shanghai several years ago, when you disrupted that arms-dealing conference."

I remember, he thought. There was one mad scientist type who was particularly dangerous. Dead now, thanks to me, and deservedly too.

"Chang's work," he said.

Wrench nodded. "Chang's work. We don't really know how to build more, and it requires a cooldown, but this will be its first proper test for a mission. We're going to take you, and make you into exactly the kind of 'Langston girl' that you always end up chasing. The kind Whitlock won't be able to resist."

Langston couldn't help but gulp. "Not exactly the mission I had in mind."

"Would you rather fail King and Country?"

Langston thought back to his argument with A. It had reached the point of loud shouting. He'd been furious, red in the face, and so had his boss. The sheer indignity of what he was being asked - no, *ordered* - to do! The embarrassment! The shame! He was going to be unmanned and turned loose as a woman - no doubt a very attractive one - and forced to demean himself. In the end, A had ordered him to return the following day with a clear head. Not even parting words from Miss Honey - who had been listening at the door in her gossipy way - could cheer him up. She'd heard the mission brief, and was trying not to look a bit amused. And like that, some people already knew. But then the ultimate deciding question had been asked when Finn returned the next day, the same one that Wrench was asking now. That, coupled with the desire to keep his country and world safe, and the need to both avenge and rescue fellow agents, had finally tipped him over the edge to going along with the mission.

Looking at the pod now, he was starting to regret that particular choice.

"Do I get to see the template?" he said.

"Just a number of ones and zeroes to you," Wrench said unhelpfully. "But the end result will be viewable in the mirror, fear not. Plenty of time to get used to the sight of female genitalia and tertiary sexual characteristics before you!"

"Not exactly getting me excited for this, Wrench. I can still hardly believe . . . the sheer gall of . . . ah, nevermind. I've already had this argument many times with A. You'd be a poor sparring partner after that. Just tell me when I have to get into this blasted thing so I can get this mission done as quickly as possible and never think of it again."

"Right now, Agent One," came A's voice from behind, stepping into the sealed room which was otherwise intensely private. "The sooner we begin, the better. It's time you became the perfect agent we need for this mission. Are you ready?"

Finn sighed again. He tried to steel himself, but his anger ran deep. This was not the kind of work he'd signed up for. He'd saved the world several times from major threats, prevented nuclear war more times than he could count, and his reward was having his manhood taken away from him.

"No, sir," he replied. "No way."

"You have to be. We need you, Agent One."

"You need Agent One with long hair and an hourglass figure. But like I said, I'm not ready."

"Agent One, may I remind you of your oath to—"

Finn held up a hand. "But I'll do it. So long as I can change back, and have a wonderful holiday after this."

"Granted," A said. "And it would be deserved too, provided you succeed."

"I always succeed A, you know that." Finn tried to put on a brave face as Wrench gestured for him to get closer to the pod. "Just make sure Wrench here does his part successfully too. I'd hate to lose my manhood permanently. I can think of more than a few women who'd be very sad about that."

And with that little wry quip to give him extra courage, he stepped up into the pod that Wrench had just opened. Finn Langston, secret agent, was about to suit up in a way he - soon to be *she* - never had before.

Part 2: To Womanhood, with Love

To hell with this job. If this is how the Agency repays me after all my hard work saving the world. I deserve some time off. A raise. A nice yacht near a tropical beach. A date with Miss Esperanz again, that sultry INTERPOL minx.

These were the thoughts that occupied Agent One's mind as he stepped into the pod and disrobed. Wrench was, at least, very clinical about this, passing each article of clothing to a loyal adjutant who had been vetted and sworn to secrecy over this matter. Finn Langston couldn't decide if it was better or worse that said individual was a woman. She was young and surprisingly pretty, and kept looking at Finn with an expression that was sympathetic. Pitying. He tried to be stoic and maintain his composure, and when the pod glass closed he was thankful for the misted glass that covered his lower half from view.

Not that I've got anything to be ashamed of down there. Well, not yet. Surely this gadgetry can't work? Wrench has pulled off some amazing things before, and Chang was a brilliantly evil mind, but turning into a woman . . .

But deep down, the secret agent knew that if A was serious about it, and Wrench was looking confident, then they were on the level. This was really happening. The Agency's number one agent and number one womaniser was about to become a woman.

"How long will this take?" he asked, again keeping his face serious.

Wrench was behind a panel, and A was by his side. A couple of other engineers and scientists were adjusting various levels and checking gauges alongside the Tiresias' Cradle.

"It should be no longer than a few minutes once started, Agent One," Wrench said.

"Do try to keep still while you're in there. I'd hate to give you a second head."

"I don't know, I've rather enjoyed getting a second head while away on-"

"Oh please, Agent One, be serious for once in your life! Besides, *you'll* be the woman in that scenario for this mission, so best not mention it at all, hmm?"

Damn. He's got me there.

Finn shut his trap. A green light turned on. Steam vented from the machine upon the cold grates beneath it. The interior of the capsule was not warm, but it wasn't freezing either. Soon, however, he was starting to sweat.

"Is it starting?"

"Just about," Wrench said.

"You're doing a brave thing, Mr Langston," A said, using his name for such rare occasions as this. "We're all very proud of you. Rest assured we'll turn you back once the mission is complete, and this entire operation will be classified for decades to come."

"Centuries would be preferred, but I'll take what I can get."

"Very good, Agent One. Be ready."

Finn took a deep breath, glanced at Wrench. The portly inventor nodded, indicating his own signal to an assistant, who pressed a button near the machine. Suddenly, various mechanisms within began to whirl and shift.

"It's starting," Wrench said. "Keep still."

"T-trying," Finn said, gritting his teeth. Already, he felt strange. The pod inside was getting warmer, and various chemicals and mists were being poured into the chamber in gaseous form. Two needles injected into his wrists, pumping him with some unknown serum. He winced - he'd never been good with needles. A helmet of sorts - more like a circular crown dotted with microchips - descended to fall over his head. The secret agent grunted as it pulsed against his forehead, passing information directly to his brain somehow, not that he could understand it.

"Nghhh," he grunted, trying to keep control of himself. "Can d-definitely feel something."

“Try not to talk, Agent One,” A said, though his voice was far away. The machine was loud now, various components spinning, and strange lights were bathing over Finn’s naked form.

“Hard n-not to Wrench, when you can feel - ahhh!”

The sensations suddenly became overwhelming. The light turned a vibrant, crimson red, emanating over Finn’s form as if it were radiation. His cells lit up, and the power of the machine’s energy poured through them. Finn had never before felt like this, not even after that atomic scare back in Laos. He tried to stay still but found himself squirming, his body overcome by whatever chemical, gaseous, and light-based properties were transforming it.

“All on schedule, Agent One,” came A’s voice over the speaker. “At least according to our Wrench. You should start to feel some changes soon.”

Just marvellous. This isn’t even the good bit.

He quickly regretted that thought, because the so-called ‘good bit’ started mere seconds later. Finn felt compelled to take a deep breath, and when he released his entire body seemed to shrink inwards a little. His shoulders pulled in, his muscular pectorals flattened. His abs, strong and developed from years of work in the field, began to melt away. Not completely, thank God, but enough so that his figure became much more taut, much more . . . svelte. Yes, svelte was the right word. He liked it when applied to women, however, instead of himself.

“There’s th-the change,” he muttered to himself. He tensed. His nipples pulsed, throbbing a little. He wasn’t looking forward to that bit, but he had no choice in the matter by that point: they expanded all the same, becoming a little bit pinker and certainly bigger. A set of respectable and attractive areolas developed around them, made all the easier to see by the fact that his body hair was falling off of his chest and to the pod chamber floor. He’d rather liked his chest hair - so had many a woman, particularly that Lady Tanaka during the mission to Japan - but now he was almost entirely bereft of it. It came off of his legs and arms as well, and his shaved face lost its closed shave as even the roots pushed themselves out from his skin.

“Nghhh,” he groaned, barely suppressing a louder noise. It wasn’t torture; he could deal with torture and certainly had across the years. No, this was something far worse. This was . . . alien. Foreign. Discomforting. His body was betraying him, and this was further emphasised by the changes to his bone structure that followed:

His pelvis changed shape, expanding outwards to provide a wider set of hips. The kind of lovely hips he’s caressed more than once on his missions.

His limbs shortened, as did his spine. That last bit was briefly alarming, but after skipping a heartbeat he managed to calm. It made sense. He was six-foot-one, and most women were never that height without sticking out. He was to be an infiltrator. Instead, his

height fell to five-foot-seven at his best estimate; considerably shorter, though still a little above average for a woman. The long legs helped with that, he supposed; his thighs thickened and his calves became more shapely, while his feet daintified all on their own.

“Well, talk about walking a mile in new shoes,” he quipped, though the quip fell quite short as he adjusted on his new feet. His voice sounded all wrong.

Shit, he thought to himself. *I didn't even think of the voice. Adam's apple is already shrinking.*

He touched it, cringing at the way it had flattened. He couldn't see his own reflection in the misted glass due to the various gases, but he could feel his face starting to change shape as well. Of course his face would change: his ribcage had already shrunk down, his waist was in the middle of pulling inwards. He was about to possess quite the delectable hourglass figure, so why not a pretty face too?

Wrench better not have gone overboard on the lips. After all the cracks and quips I've given him in the past, I wouldn't put it past - Mhmm!”

He *had* gone over-the-top on the lips, it seemed, because all of a sudden Finn had some stunners. Even as they blew up, his jaw reshaped, cracking uncomfortably before altering to a new, softer configuration. His hair was gone almost everywhere else, but it cascaded down from his scalp, becoming thick and lovely, though luckily keeping its raven-dark colouring. He gasped, voice now sounding *much* more feminine. There was a strange pleasure building in the agent's form, and not one that he wanted to acknowledge.

“Nearly done, Agent One!” came Wrench's voice.

“G-good! Getting h-hot in here!”

There was a flurry of hushed comments outside the pod, but Finn's focus was already elsewhere. His chest was beginning to push outwards, the flesh pooling there and giving way to pressure. At the same time, his member began to withdraw slowly. He resisted the urge to touch it, to try and pull it back out and leap from the chamber. He was in too deep now, and it was best to keep up appearances, even as he changed his own.

“Ahhh . . . mhmm . . . ohhhh.”

His voice grew ever more feminine, maintaining a borderline sexual rasp to it even as it developed a honeyed sweetness as well. He'd tangled with more than one femme fatale in his time, but now he was sounding like the most sultry among them. He swallowed, trying to hide the odd sexual bliss of these final changes. Still, he couldn't help but cup his developing breasts and admire their sensitivity.

“Are you alright, Agent One?” came A's voice.

“F-fine. Just having a little bit of - ahhh - reaction here.”

Thankfully, A offered no further comment. Finn groaned again, biting his soft lip as his new breasts expanded yet further. They overflowed his palms, becoming full and lovely,

even bigger than most he'd actually had the pleasure of caressing. Soon they were ripe and perfect, teardrop shaped just as he liked them, and weighing on his figure in a way he'd never imagined.

Breasts. I have breasts. The things I do for - ahhhh!

Of course, the *other* development happened. He had to cup his new breasts just to see it due to them blocking off his lower view. His waist stopped pinching inwards, but his main concern was his penis. It withdrew entirely into his body, swallowed up alongside his testicles. The feeling was utterly alien, and accompanying it was a strange, foreign orgasm that caused him to shudder and press his dainty hands against the glass.

"Ohhhhhhhh . . . God. Ahhhh . . ."

His breasts, warm and flushed and full, squashed against the glass too. He'd had women make that pose in the shower as they made love, but now he was treating his boss and the science team to that very sight as his transition to womanhood completed. His cock disappeared entirely, and the embarrassing orgasm continued as his feminine folds formed, and a new organ grew into existence beneath his stomach. An extra layer of fat thickened his form in all the right places - especially his hips and behind - and then the changes were done. He stood there, panting against the glass, his breasts jiggling with each shift. The smallest trace of a reflection showed through the glass, revealing perhaps the most deliciously attractive woman Finn Langston had ever seen. She was voluptuous, intelligent, beautiful, with full lips and perfect eyebrows. Her eyes were piercing, her wavy black hair shining and luscious. She radiated brilliance, danger, and sex. God, she oozed sex.

And that's me, the new woman thought. One final pulse from the headband rearranged some final neurons, and the last insult was delivered.

I'm Fiona Langston now, she thought. *And this stupid machine has me even thinking of myself as a woman.*

The pod hissed open, revealing *her* form to the room, naked and glorious.

"Seems like it was a success, Agent One!" Wrench said, smiling smugly.

Finn, now Fiona, raised an eyebrow as she covered her large breasts with her forearms. "I'll put in a good review, Wrench," she said in her sultry soprano voice. "For now, perhaps I could get a towel? A mirror would be nice too. Oh, and somewhere private to scream. I'd like to scream a little before we get the mission started."

Part 3: Doll Fingers

Fiona couldn't stop looking at his hands. *Her* hands. The irritation of having a more feminised brain that *still* had a very masculine perspective was already causing her to want a Martini in hand. She was on a flight to Greece, having been jetted off only a week after her initial transformation into a woman, and she was still getting used to a lot of it.

I think of myself in female pronouns, I consider myself to be 'Fiona' thanks to the damn machine, but I just can't get used to the sight of these dainty, slim hands. Or two other things, for that matter.

Her eyes lowered to her chest, which was at least thankfully concealed within a woman's suit by this point. Still, there was no denying she had a prominent chest; her new E-cup bras were a testimony to that fact.

I would have at least asked for a reduction, except that Sebastian Whitlock apparently has quite the predilection for girls with large 'talents.' I just wish I didn't have a more impressive bustline than the last woman I courted!

Indeed, Miss Honey had been beautiful, but her chest paled in comparison to Agent One's new pair of so-called 'talents.' Combined with her dark hair, mysterious eyes, and perfect hourglass figure which was fit as a fiddle and with long legs to boot, Langston was caught in the ultimate contradiction of now existing as his ultimate fantasy. It was as if every time he got thirsty, he started smelling like a martini.

Speaking of . . .

She ordered a glass from the service. First-class flights had their perks that both sexes could enjoy at least, and that included privacy. Certainly, Fiona had received more than a few stares, winks, and interested gazes from a great number of men at the airport, and perhaps it was only her fine suit and richly elegant manner that had prevented actual harassment taking place.

I could handle it, of course, she thought as her drink was passed to her. But that doesn't mean I'd like it. I'm meant to be the one giving double entendres, not receiving them.

She ran her fingers through her long, wavy dark hair. It was so silky, and those dainty fingers far too soft in turn.

"Like doll's fingers," she mused out loud, looking at them again. Her thoughts turned inward. *Not the kind of fingers that are made to hold a weapon. Certainly not a P-226.*

Her mind flashed over the previous week, all the preparation to become the female spy she needed to be for this mission. It had only been seven days, and yet it had felt like half a lifetime because of the sheer effort and learning curve involved. Half a lifetime . . . and barely a few minutes at the same time.

“Agent One, it is good to see you again.”

Fiona winced a little as her instructor met her. It was Samantha Hardeen, fighting and weapon specialist for the Agency. She'd only been a woman for a day, having struggled to sleep thanks to the additional curves on her chest (she liked to sleep on her stomach, which was not a possibility now), and she'd hoped to keep the knowledge of her situation as private as possible. But given that Samantha knew, clearly the tight circle that A had promised was wider than anticipated.

“So, I take it you know then,” Agent One said, her voice crisp and seductive, even when not meaning to be.

Samantha laughed. Hard. “Oh, Finn. If I'd have known you were going to sound like that, I would have practised keeping a straight face in the mirror a while longer. I must say, Wrench has done excellent work on you, Finn.”

“It's . . . Fiona now.”

“I'm well aware, I thought it would make you more comfortable, unless they did a number on your brain as well?”

Fiona kept her face cool. “Let's just get this on with, Samantha. I'm just here to get this new body up to speed on my training.”

“I imagine you're missing those handsome muscles right about now, right?”

Again, she kept her face cool, though it was the truth.

“Let's just get this over with. How are we starting?”

Samantha gestured to the training mat. “Same as usual, *Fiona*. Combat round, any style welcome. No need to draw blood, though it can be incidental. Best of three.”

“You know, as I recall, I rather trounced you when I graduated.”

“Then this should be no problem for you.”

Samantha said this while removing her jacket, revealing that she was fighting in just her shorts and sports bra. It was a damn good look, even the scars on her olive skin betrayed a certain rugged beauty. It was, however, the first time Fiona realised something that was indeed fortunate.

Ah, I'm attracted to her still, at least. It certainly . . . feels different. She pointedly ignored the strange warm flush in her lower body, and the way her nipples briefly stiffened. But it's still an attraction. Looks like my desire for a pretty lady has not waned with a new form.

She readied herself, raising her smaller fists and getting ready for Samantha's approach. She focused on her new body but kept her stance how it always was, anticipating what her old instructor would do. Samantha didn't disappoint.

But Fiona did. She was trounced three times over, and was knocked flat on her rather lovely ass twice. *At least there's more padding there, nowadays*, she mused. The last time she was knocked down, Samantha applied her own body's weight down and trapped Fiona's hands with embarrassing ease.

"Don't get back up. What are you doing wrong, Fiona?"

"Evidently, fighting with *Hardeen* is simply not recommended."

She snorted. "Please, I've heard you use that one before. Now be serious, what are you doing wrong?"

Fiona sighed. "I'm not used to lacking upper body strength. I also have no bloody reach. You're rather taller than me, now."

"Well, you're not exactly short for a woman either. But that's not all that's wrong with your assessment." She stood, extended a hand, and pulled Fiona back to her feet. She then adopted a stance for demonstration. "You're a lady now, Fiona. Not a gentleman, a *lady*. That means you've got a lower centre of gravity to fight from, which means new stances. You've still got good power in your legs - nice thighs, by the way -"

"Thank you, I wouldn't mind them on you."

"Please, mine are way better, if less . . . showy. But my point is that there's a lot with your lower body we can work with. Those doll fingers of yours, though, we'll need to toughen them up a bit."

Fiona held up her hands, annoyed. "You can blame Wrench for that. These are far too petite."

"But I imagine your Sebastian Whitlock will like them."

"Don't even joke. This is pure infiltration."

She shrugged. "Not my department. Seduction will be up to Amanda. That'll be a fun one to be a fly on the wall for. But for now, it's time to push your body a little further and show you how a woman fights, and also when she *shouldn't* fight. You have less stamina, less power, less reach, and less testosterone - a whole lot less - to push you through. I always thought you could use less testosterone."

"I never heard any complaints. Not even from you."

She smirked.

Yes, we both remember that time in Istanbul, my dear. And this body still finds you quite the catch, even if the only 'Hardeen' here is in your last name.

"Fine," Fiona said. "Show me what I need to know and need to do to get back in fighting shape. Oh, and how to deal with these damn things so they don't get in the way."

Samantha looked at Langston and couldn't help but burst out laughing again. "Oh Lord, even I can only help so much, Agent One. I'll say this; you can probably avoid fighting entirely if you flash those. You'll hypnotise every man in a visual radius."

Fiona sipped her martini slowly, savouring its taste, or at least what she could while in an aeroplane. The altitude always dulled her senses, and being in a female body made it no different. Of course, she'd also been warned that her ability to withstand inebriation would be quite curtailed in female form as well, much to her irritation. She'd already been accused of being an alcoholic while a man, the reputation damage of getting actually drunk on the job would be a shame she could never live down.

But I need it, to calm these damn nerves.

There was just something about being female that was deeply off putting, and the long flight to Greece was making it all the more cutting. The training with Samantha had ultimately gone well, even if she still wasn't used to the constant jostling over her large chest as she fought. Given time, she could improve significantly. Her new body was fit, but not exactly muscular. It had a litheness to it that would serve well in combat, but overpowering mooks and minions? She'd have to rely on her finesse. That was what Samantha had drilled into her over the busy preceding week, and what she still had to mentally put herself into the mode for.

Not that I can't do it. It's just that I never expected to have to be prepared to jump up, wrap a man's head with my thighs, and twist over his head to slam him into the ground. The worst part is that it was the one move I nailed in training straight away. If things go sideways, some mooks are going to get knocked unconscious in a way there'll be bloody well thanking me for.

She tore her thought away from that. The flight still had an hour left. She checked her documents again, ran over what she needed to know about Sebastian Whitlock. He was a rather handsome man. It annoyed her that her body had that response, though she wasn't entirely convinced it wasn't just a small hormonal thing. She'd liked the look of Samantha still, after all. But then again, there had also been the infiltration training under Amanda . . .

"No, no, no! Stop fighting it, dearie! You need to let your body move *for* you. Let those hips *swing* and that chest bounce where it may! Let your body *sing*, my dear!"

Fiona Langston's body didn't, in fact, sing. It simply burned with a humiliation she was not accustomed to.

"Perhaps if I wasn't wearing a damn dress—"

“Nonsense!” Amanda snapped, hitting her with the end of her cane. “A dress is *exactly* what you must get used to wearing, dearie, alongside the necklaces, the bracelets, the earrings, the makeup, the hair products, all of it! We must make you look the part, and once you look the part, you can learn how to *act* the part. A strong visual will guide behaviour, and you must become accustomed to looking like the raven-haired beauty we have made you into!”

“Then at least less cleavage-”

Again, a *thwack* from the cane, this time along her backside. “Oh, for fuck’s sake, Amanda!”

“Then don’t make ridiculous suggestions, especially when you don’t look as handsome as you used to in order to cover it up.”

Fiona looked at the grey-haired older woman. Amanda was venerable. Amanda was ancient. She was a fixture of the Agency, and anyone that was to become an effective agent was trained by her. She was a master when it came to the arts of cultivation, sophistication, manipulation, and more. She could also be a bloody old battleaxe of a woman, despite her frail frame.

“I’m not exactly covering *anything* up right now, Amanda,” Fiona quipped, gesturing to her ripe breasts and her deep line of cleavage. She was wearing a classy red dress, the kind that a piece of arm candy - the kind she now looked like - would wear while on a powerful man’s army at a classy event. But it was also revealing, with a diamond backless section and a long slit up her left leg which revealed her gorgeous skin. But it was the presence of her breasts which bothered her most; they rose and fell seductively with each breath, blocking her own view of her feet. This was a problem, as she was learning how to walk in heels.

“You’ll learn to get used to it. Remember, the power of a woman is in drawing the eye, in fluttering the eyelashes in just the right way, in knowing when to take a deep breath with your cleavage on display, or arcing your back just so. Do that, and you won’t need to lift one of those lovely, dainty little fingers of yours in brute force. Instead, you will have them eating out of your hand. *That* is the power of being a woman . . . if you can get your steps right. Now, again! Sashay those hips, one foot in front of the other, and don’t care about the bounce in your chest, that is natural! It is good! It is . . . quite healthy. We can get you some good push-ups actually, to really make them pop!”

Great, now my new breasts will be popping. And here I was starting to think they would be good floatation devices.

But still, she moved ahead, walking the circuit that Amanda required her to, and keeping her face seductive as she’d been told. That meant maintaining a curious, interested look in her eyes, as well as keeping her mouth just slightly parted, so that her full lips looked

utterly kissable. It also meant positioning her body in quite sensual ways, even leaning over the counter just right when making a drinks order so that the bartender's eyes would be drawn.

"You never know who you need to seduce," Amanda said. "Plus, you always had a healthy libido."

"I think I'll hold off on taking the woman's side in any dance," Fiona said, raising a perfect eyebrow and folding her arms beneath her breasts. It cupped them slightly, a complete accident, but one she felt she could use, at least.

Amanda just raised an eyebrow in turn. "Well, regardless, it's time you learned how things should go if you ever get that far."

"I don't think I need to learn about the pleasures of female sex. I've certainly caused enough of it to-"

She slapped Fiona with the cane again, though this time Fiona caught it, her reflexes improving.

"Fine," she said. "But no more canes, Amanda."

"So long as you can show me some skill in makeup, that works by me!"

The plan is simple, Fiona reflected, as the plane began its slow descent. Meet up with my contact. Infiltrate Sebastian Whitlock's island. Fine evidence of his plan and what he's built, and shut it down. Use what I have at my disposal - female body and all - to get it done. Then I can change back and put it all behind me.

She pushed some of her dark hair behind her ears, concentrating on her files. Whitlock was certainly planning something, and with the disappearance of Agent Thirty-Nine and Agent Seven - Cassandra - there was also a personal element. Still, it galled her to think she'd have to put Amanda's training to work. Her luggage was far larger than it had been as a man, full of a range of dresses ranging from the classy to the showy, as well as bikini swimwear, lingerie, business attire, stylish summer wear, and even skirts with matching crop tops. There was even a damn tube top in there, and this wasn't even mentioning the parade of bras - many of them push-ups - and see-through stockings and heels. There were also numerous boxes full of makeup, devices for her hair, and plenty of . . . feminine products.

I better not be so long in the mission that I require that kind of aid. Eugh.

Still, she had made it through training, and that was a sort of success. Fiona was now certain that she could switch on the seduction when necessary, though with her killer body, she could probably be a total fumble of a human being and still get Sebastian's attention.

No, his profile says he likes sophisticated, intelligent, but ultimately servile and seductive women. That's the role I must play, and play well.

The makeup could use further work. She'd have to practice that, as well as getting more familiar with wearing female clothing. Having bare legs or wearing stockings was certainly still new to her, and jewellery as well. But there was one benefit to the last one, at least; it meant she could easily wear more concealable gadgets than usual . . .

"Trust me, Agent One, a lack of a classic watch won't be a concern at all to you. Not when half your lipsticks and all of your jewellery contain a mix of weaponry, multi-purpose gadgetry, sophisticated listening equipment, and even miniature explosives."

"Explosives?" Fiona asked R, who was, as usual, excitedly walking through his testing area. An inflatable raft expanded from a climbing jacket in the distance, while an eighties boom tube on the shoulder of one of his adjustants fired an explosive missile at a target dummy. As usual, there were a variety of pens that contained explosives, and Fiona was very, very glad that she at least got to keep one of those, even if it was, for lack of a better word, a bit more 'girly' than usual.

"Oh yes!" R replied, getting excited. "That pearl necklace you're wearing right now has enough miniaturised explosive force to detonate half this laboratory, *which is why you should damn well stop fiddling with them, Agent One!*"

She stopped, letting them sit around her collar ordinarily. "I suppose if they were diamonds I'd be less inclined to fidget. They are a girl's best friend, after all."

"Ha! Already adjusting your jokes to match your gender. The world help us if we somehow do something wrong with the machine and end up with *two* Langstons of each sex in one room. The universe couldn't contain that much ego."

"Nor should it! How are these activated?"

R grinned excitedly. "That's the best part! They're *voice activated*. You simply have to sing the opening bars to a specific song, and the miniature audio devices within will activate the first that was removed. The next three bars, and there goes the second, and so on."

"You want me to sing?"

The man's grin was devilish, by this point. "We thought it best not to waste such a wonderfully musical voice Agent One. Even better is the song we chose."

Oh good Lord, don't let it be-

"It's Man, I Feel Like a Woman."

"Inspired as always, R."

"I rather did like it, yes! Best yet, you don't have to be near the pearls; the necklace itself has a comfeed to the pearls that has a range of nearly three hundred metres, more with good satellite coverage."

"You know, the song could be worst. At least it isn't Pearl Jam."

The man huffed. "Grow up, Agent One, and come with me. I'll show you the rest of what I can offer."

The rest of the gadgets were similarly useful, if often irritatingly feminine to the traditionally masculine agent. The lipstick with its vibrant red for her gorgeous face was a particular point of pride for R, as it doubled as an efficient cutting laser, though the laser itself only had a thirty second timer before its energy was expended and needed recharging. The high heel set with the tracking compartment box was useful if ordinary, though the fact that it stored a small electromagnetic pulse device, or EMP, was of particular interest for Agent One.

"It won't shut down an island or even a city block, but it will absolutely short circuit electrical devices in a thirty metre radius," R explained. He then nudged Fiona in the ribs, something which hurt a little more than she wanted him to know. "And besides, you'll look fabulous doing it."

"I hope not, as it will mean the lights are still on, and it hasn't worked."

"Oh please, Agent One. Now, don't bend these too much."

He handed Fiona some small white cards, the kind used for businesses or contacts."

"Microchipped?"

"Indeed! Crude but difficult to detect. They'll be useful for tracking the location of a target who holds them."

The best was saved for last, though. Fiona was gifted a stylish bracelet that had an appropriately Greek-themed design around it. It was thick, and long enough to be more like a bracer. The reason for that was obvious: before R could even stop her, she flicked a near-hidden switch, causing a bolt to fire out at incredible speed and lodge itself in the wall right near a passing field test agent's head. The poor man promptly fainted.

"For God's sake, Agent One!" R said, grabbing her arm and the device. He pointed at several features. "Grappling hook, bolt fire, and knock out gas. The last is if it comes into possession of anyone else."

"No rocket cigars this time, R?"

"I'd rather you not ruin a new set of lungs, Agent One. We're phasing out smoke, now."

Upon saying that, a distant explosion from a new test caused a billowing of smoke and a new cry from the fire alarms.

"Figuratively speaking, of course," Agent One said.

She had all the gadgets and a few other goodies in a secret compartment in her suitcase, as well as her weapon and extra laser lipstick in her purse. A damn purse, which was annoying to hold in a lady-like manner. Still, it was made by R, so it was resistant to even the best airport security, its tucked away pouch hiding a Beretta Bobcat 22. It was far smaller than her previous handgun, but it could be easily concealed, and that included a second one in her luggage which she could strap to her thigh.

To my thigh, hmm. Certainly it was an attractive prospect when Cassandra did it during that mission to Rio. But then, she was always very good with her legs, even when off mission. Very good indeed.

The thought warmed her, though once more she had to grapple with how distinct female arousal was compared to the male equivalent. At least, for now, she was wearing a classy and smart woman's suit, her heels equally stylish but not too high. Still, as the plane descended, she knew it would all change. Soon she would meet her liaison, the field agent she would be sharing the mission with, who would help serve as her supplier, aid, and potential rescue op leader if things went south. Whoever he or she was, he would answer to the right phrase and contact could proceed from there. But it would also mean the start of the mission, which meant beginning to wear the tantalising costumes in her luggage, and using her new female form for the very seduction that would get her inside Sebastian Whitlock's headquarters. And once there, she would have to rely on her finesse in a fight, not her strength. Oh, and the gadgets R had given her, of course.

Here's hoping that King and Country truly appreciate this one, because as far as sacrifices go, this could well be worse than the torture that former FSB agent handed me back in Belarus. I'll take a beating over breasts any day, at least from this angle.

She sighed and took another final sip of her martini. The landing lights were turning on, and even for first class passengers, the expectation to put such things away was coming. She placed her files back away and removed her glasses, the ones that let her see the *real* information on said sheets, instead of the gaudy model catalogue they looked like.

"Well, Sebastian, I'm here and I'm coming for you. Let's see how you handle this woman. She may not be what you expect."

But hopefully, she'll meet her own expectations. I plan to enjoy a well-deserved mission aftermath in the Aegean wearing a pair of swim shorts and not a bikini.

The plan continued to descend, and the city of Athens came into view.

The mission was about to begin.

Part 4: Thunder Ball Gown

Her contact, appropriately enough, was at a ball for the rich, wealthy, and influential in the Artemia Grande, a luxurious hotel with an immense hall booked out for exactly these kinds of shoulder-rubbing events. Fiona's own room was resplendent, but the enjoyment of its various room services and pleasures was diminished by the fact that instead of gearing up in a fine tuxedo, she was instead wearing a dark blue ball gown with a noticeable slit up one leg and a tight pull around her delectable waist. Her shoulders were left entirely bare, an unusual feeling, and the straps such as they were hung loosely over her upper arms. In fact, her impressive bust was doing a lot of extra work holding up the bodice, though she had been assured it would not fall down.

I always said that the attractiveness of a given woman's outfit is directly proportional to how much it looks like it's going to fall off. I just never expected to be the one providing evidence to that theory.

Still, as attractive as she was, the dress wasn't *too* showy, and she did manage to look classy as hell. Something about the long dark blue gloves sold it. More than that, if trouble started, the skirt gave her legs plenty of movement, and its longer hem was designed to be easily torn off. On her thigh she had her new Beretta, and in her purse her other gadgets. She also had her pearl necklace, though things would be going *very* wrong indeed if she used *that*.

"Time to get this show on the road," she told her reflection. She had just finished her makeup, and despite her frustration at her present situation, there was no denying the flush of cool pride she felt at having flawlessly applied her dark red lipstick, her dark eyeshadow, and her foundation. Even her eyelashes were artfully done.

You do good work, Amanda. Too good, I fear.

She raised a perfect eyebrow, observing her facial expressions in the mirror.

"Oh, I think I can still do debonair. You still have it Finn, even if you're Fiona right now."

She took her purse, put on her heels, and headed for the elevator. The party was waiting, and so was her contact.

And Sebastian Whitlock.

Rich and powerful people everywhere, that was the new woman's impression. She'd been at many of these events, but not ever had so many men smiling at her, or looking at her chest.

She kept her face cool and confident, but just as with Amanda's training, she made sure to smile confidently at the men as well.

"Remember, you must act as if you are used to this, but also above it," she'd said. "Enticing, but out of reach. Sebastian will be intrigued."

She followed the advice, and it wasn't nearly so bad as Agent One had imagined. It wasn't altogether different from being a man among beautiful women (like that wonderful week in India when infiltrating Khan's private palace with its own harem). During those times, women looked to him with clear attraction, and though he'd never say it aloud, it was quite the ego boost for Agent One. Here, it was the same. Only the genders were inverted.

Not all the genders, actually. I see a few women with intrigue. I don't blame them.

She moved, mindful of her heels, searching for her contact. It didn't take her too long: at the edge of the ballroom, where numerous individuals were mingling, there was one individual who was far more private. He was tall, with light brunette hair and handsome features, if slightly nerdy. Indeed, he wore glasses and his grey suit, while crisp, didn't seem to quite suit him. Most importantly of all, he had cufflinks with green gems in them, and he occasionally raised a pair of opera glasses to inspect the magnificent sight of the dancers on the floor and the architecture of the roof above.

That matches the description of what he'd have, though part of me expected a woman. At least he's cute.

She froze, losing her balance for a moment. A man nearby caught her.

"Watch it!" he said.

"Th-thank you," she muttered, before smiling. "Haven't been in heels in too long!"

"Well, you look lovely in them!"

She nodded thanks, then continued to her target.

Whatever that thought was, I'm going to kill R for allowing this change. The word 'cute' and 'man' don't belong in this mind together, no matter my body.

"Interesting party," she said to the man who was her contact. "I rather think last year's had more flare."

"Ah, but you stand corrected," he said in a smooth, lightly-accented voice. "Last year's was a bore. There was no flare to be found."

"Not even the woman in the red dress who gained the crowd's attention?"

"Far better the blue, in times such as these."

She nodded, and so did he. The exchange of codes was complete, and now they knew they could trust one another. He extended a hand.

"I'm Adrian," he said. "Adrian Spiros."

"Langston," she replied. "Fiona Langston."

He took her hand and, despite her training with Amanda training her to expect a kiss, he actually *shook* it. Her surprise must have been clear, because he gave a sheepish look.

“I thought it best to go for the humble handshake, given your . . . condition.”

Her shoulders sagged. *Shit.*

“Ah, so you’ve been informed of . . . that.”

“Sorry, I assumed you knew. I can still hardly believe it. They weren’t pulling my leg, were they? You used to be man?”

“I still like to imagine I am, when my new feminised brain isn’t getting in the way. They have a . . . device, back at the Agency. As you can say, it worked wonders.”

He adjusted his glasses, looking at her. “I’ll say.”

“Well, as women all the world over have evolved to say: my eyes are up here, Mister Spiros.”

“Sorry. Well, I imagine it must be a strange situation.”

“You have no bloody idea. It’s taking a lot of effort not to track down the bar right now.”

“Still, you’ve done well. I never would have believed you used to be a ‘Finn’ if I weren’t told. You move and dress just like a woman, and talk like one too.”

“I’ll choose to take that as a compliment,” she said, snatching a drink from a passing tray. “So, where’s our target?”

He handed her the opera glasses. She’d seen their design before. Mostly used at the actual opera, but at a ball like this it seemed pretentious enough to fit with the theme.

“Up there, on the second story by the gallery. He’s mingling with several politicians of the conservative party, including our ex-prime minister.”

“You’re a local?”

“I have dual American-Greek citizenship, but I love the warmer months here.”

“Hmm. Ah, I see him.”

He was bigger than the pictures made him seem, towering over the other individuals in the group. His well-trimmed goatee was styled appropriately, and that single scar was present. Indeed, he appeared every part the powerful capitalist, magnate, and alpha male. At least, when Finn wasn’t in the room. Fiona looked down at her chest.

Well, I doubt I’ll be provided a counterpoint this time.

“Any major moves yet?”

“My listening devices have caught nothing more than the usual wheeling and dealing.”

“Listening devices?”

“On the ex-minister’s bodyguard. The lap dog stays close, but lacks finesse.”

She smirked. “Well done.”

"Thank you."

"Now keep your eyes up."

"I am."

"I can feel them on my backside, so get off it. Has he mentioned anything about 'Damocles' yet?"

"Nothing. I've read the brief four times. I would have mentioned it if he did."

"Hmm. But he's talking to a power broker."

"Former power broker. Former leader. It's odd; Alexander there lost office in a landslide, and won't be coming back to power anytime soon."

She creased her eyebrows. "Unless he has help. Tell me, does this ex-prime minister have any sex scandals? Problems with women?"

Adrian laughed. "I'm surprised you don't know; the stories are beyond libertine! Rumours abound of porn stars, starlets, private harems, the works."

Then that's what it's about.

"Whitlock is a great womaniser," she said. "It's why I'm here as a woman, after our female agents were burned. And if he's making friends with similar views and attitudes, then perhaps he's already at a stage where Damocles is near-functional. It implies he already has an idea of who he wants in charge for a new world order."

"That could be a stretch."

"Consider it a feminine instinct," she quipped. "I'm heading up there."

"Are you kidding?"

"I need to make an impression. We need me on Arcadia, his private island. So time to make an impression. Do you think I won't, looking like I do?"

Adrian looked over her again, and this time she let him.

Hmm, he really is cute. That's frustrating. It seems this body goes both ways. Best not to think about it.

"I rather think you'll make quite the splash," he admitted.

"Then listen in, while I make contact. And if you can get that Greek pervert cornered, see if you can get anything from him."

"Um, how would I do that?"

She gave him a look. Irritating that this man was taller than her. "You're a field agent, right?"

"I'm mainly a techie, actually. I only passed a field test by the skin of my teeth."

She sighed. "Just do your best, and take this speaker. It will communicate into my earring if there's trouble. Now go."

Fiona knew she was doing something right when Sebastian looked her way as she passed down the hall, turned back to the former Greek prime minister, but then turned back again. He couldn't help himself, and she couldn't blame him: she was swaying her hips from side to side and letting her prominent chest show. More than that, she gave a look of raw, confident interest his way, before stepping straight past him, past his female bodyguard who gave her the stink eye, and then continued to the outside promenade to look over the city. She placed her hands on the smooth railing, made sure she was leaning over far enough to present a pleasing but tasteful profile from behind, and then waited. She smirked as she heard footsteps approaching.

Got you.

"I must say, to see a woman of such beauty here in Athens would invite discussion that its patron goddess has returned."

She turned her head, letting her hair fall delicately to one side.

"And how do you know I'm not her?" she said, turning her lip up cheekily.

"Indeed," Sebastian said, his voice low and cultivated. "I should step carefully, lest I invite a powerful wrath upon myself. And so I must ask with a degree of worship if I may stand beside you and talk a while."

"You may," she said, gesturing for him to join her.

He did so, stepping slowly, his eyes glancing over every perfect contour of her body, pausing as he looked at the slope of her breasts. She could feel his gaze, and she wondered if this was how it felt to be one of the many women *he* had once looked at similarly. It was akin to being a piece of meat, though there was also an element of power to it, *if* she could be successful in manipulating him.

"I'm Sebastian Whitlock," he said, extending a hand.

She let him take it and kiss it. Not the most usual mode of meeting; she was usually the one doing the kissing.

And he's looking at my breasts again, the sly dog.

"I know who you are, Mr Whitlock," she said, keeping her voice just a little demure, but also a little on the femme fatale side. "You are the billionaire shipping magnate. You own entire islands."

"Just the one island, actually," he replied, chuckling. "But perhaps I should make it a collection. It's called Arcadia."

"A perfect land. Like a utopia. Only . . . reactionary, yes?"

"Not reactionary," he said, "just traditional. It is my place for thinking on better times. But I didn't get your name, Mrs?"

She smirked, leaning back up so that he could take in the swell of her breasts.

I really wish I wasn't so damn good at this.

“Come now, Mr Whitlock, that’s an old schoolboy’s trick. There is no ring on my finger.”

He bowed in a faux apology. “I prostrate myself before you, Athena. Sometimes a man must be a schoolboy again, in the presence of such a fine woman.”

“Oh, you are quick. My name is Alexandra,” she said. “Alexandra Goodchest.”

A secret identity that Miss Honey would never stop laughing at. I don't care that he's my boss, I'm going to kill A for signing off on it.

Sebastian grinned, clearly enjoying the appropriateness of her name.

“It is excellent to meet you, Alexandra. What bring you to Athens, other than this party?”

“And the fine company of a magnate? I’ve used your makeups before, Mr Whitlock-”

“Please, call me Sebastian.”

“Very well, Sebastian. I’ve used your products. They are most enchanting. I’m using your lipstick right now. As for *why* I am here, that is entirely cultural. My wealth is hardly comparable to your own, but I am something of a socialite, and Athens is nothing if not a city of religious, cultural, and historical intrigue. And, of course, wonderful parties.”

The man grinned. The calculated persona she had been given was indeed Alexandra Goodchest, a woman of great intellect but no political or business affiliations. She was officially an heiress, but one whose exploits involved the patronage of numerous arts collections, technological innovations, environmental concerns, and so forth. Her academic history was one of brilliance, and it was clear that her current jaunt across the globe was as much for intellectual nourishment as it was for the finer things in life.

“You are not wrong,” Sebastian said, shifting slightly closer. He was a very big man, almost bear-like beside her. It was almost intimidating. “This is a wonderful party, but I assure you it is not *the* party, Alexandra.”

“Oh?” she asked, circling her finger around the wine glass. “This isn’t one of the debauched Dionysian parties of the ultra, mega elite is it?”

He smirked through his fine black goatee. “Not exactly debauched, but certainly . . . hidden. Niche. One that I personally oversee on Arcadia, alongside many other figures who have come to interest me.”

She turned, leaning against the railing so that one leg was very visible through the slit in her dress. “Ah, so I intrigue you already, do I? I will warn you, Sebastian, I don’t suffer shallow men. I know how men are.”

“I am anything but shallow. My ambitions reach to the stars. But in truth, any man who looks at you and does not find interest would be blind. And you *do* intrigue me. At least

enough to pull me away from an important meeting. I'd like to get to know you more, if you were willing."

"I could be persuaded," she said. "I do admit to liking interesting and ambitious men."

"There are *none* more interesting than me. Nor any more ambitious."

Now that was said with fanaticism.

She smiled sweetly, and let the conversation continue. They talked of many things, ranging from Greek classical culture to the exciting trips she had been, to the way he had grown his wealth to their shared love of arthouse European cinema. Many of her interests had been tailor made to gain his investment, and it seemed to be working. The act of seduction was very familiar for her, but instead of taking on the dominant masculine role she simply had to recall her memories of what women were like on the other side of that situation, and imitate them.

Particularly Yasmin Hart. She knew how to wrap me around her finger. Probably how she nearly got me killed in that piranha trap when it turned out she was working for the other side the whole time. Very much worth that night in Vienna, though.

By the time the conversation was drawing to a close, Sebastian Whitlock was very near her, and his minted breath was against her face. He was a man captivated, and it was clear that their turn to politics and world events fascinated him in turn; the profile on him that the Agency had put together was right; he was indeed obsessed with beautiful but intelligent women. And then, finally, as she gazed up at the clock and began to withdraw, the offer she'd expected came.

"Miss Goodchest, I simply must inquire . . ."

"Please, call me Alexandra," she said demurely, thrusting her chest out just a little, enough to keep him off step. He strained not to look at her bust, and she couldn't blame him; she would have been the same. Mind, *she* was struggling not to look at his broad shoulders and impressive square jaw.

Damned mental changes. Got to keep that particular part of my new self compartmentalised.

"Alexandra, then," Sebastian said smoothly. "I would love to show you more of the pleasures of Greece, particularly its seas and islands. One island in particular. My Arcadia is open to you, and I would adore showing you the great displays of art and science, cuisine and culture that is there, alongside the brilliant views and perfect beaches. It is a true getaway, unspoiled by the corruptions of this modern world, while still retaining all its finer qualities. Please, if you are not busy, I have a boat leaving there in three days hence, and I should like you on it."

"I think I should like to be on it," she said. She withdrew a card from her purse and quickly wrote on it before handing it to him. "My number," she said, handing it over.

He took it gladly, examining her writing. A momentary look appeared on his face, something like brief but meagre disappointment.

Ah, my calligraphy is not exactly feminine.

But it passed, and the billionaire magnate placed it in the breast pocket of his suit jacket carefully, patting it down so as not to lose it.

And now, thanks to the chip inside it, I've got your location.

"You'll call me to arrange this magnificent island trip?"

"Of course," he said. "It may be a few days. Eventful days, if you are up to it. I promise the best of care and—"

At that very moment, she received a shrill sound in her ear that she just barely managed to cover up as if she were adjusting the earring. It was Adrian.

'Fiona. Agent One. I need help. I was tailing the former Greek prime minister and now some men are following me. I think they're - oh shit!'

Shots rang, and Fiona once again had to contain the tension within her. She shifted back from Sebastian offering apologies.

"I'm afraid I must go, I'm sorry. I promised a few friends I'd make an appearance, and you have enchanted me so greatly I didn't notice the time!"

He smiled at this, raising a glass. "It is fine. I have calls to make myself, and here comes one now."

She turned to leave, but not before noticing who the 'caller' was; a gentleman with a vicious scar over one eye and a deeply gaunt face. He wore a quasi-military regalia, and his movements were practised despite his older age.

That's Petyr Offrick, the arms dealer who specialises in rocket weaponry. What on earth is he doing here?

But then the call for aid came from Adrian again, and she had to swear under her breath. There was valuable intel she could have secured, but there were more shots, and she needed to go.

It was a damn good thing she'd slipped one the tracker cards on Spiros as well, because she was about to save him.

Heh. I'm the girl saving the male agent for once. How amusing.

Part 5: You're Only a Lady Twice

He was being pursued through the tight alleys of inner Athens. Fiona ran with darting speed, having ripped off the hem of her ball gown so as to free up her movement. Her thighs, at least, were up to the challenge, and the Lord knew they were on display; the slit up her leg gave her the flexibility required to vault up over fences, something she achieved with a near dancer-like grace. Unfortunately, she was running barefoot. Her heels had to be discarded due to their sheer impracticality, but because the machine the Agency had used had given her quite dainty feet, they were getting scratched up something fierce as she took the fastest possible route her phone could track to Adrian's location.

Damn fool. Failed field agent. How close were you tailing them? A single metre!?

Still, an agent didn't leave a partner behind, no matter how incompetent. She raced across the cobblestones and through alleyways, gaining the attention of several pedestrians and loiterers, each of whom were shocked to see such a beautiful raven-haired woman darting through the shadows, her breasts bouncing as eager to escape the confines of her showy dress. She herself was getting concerned about that; they actually hurt a little as they jiggled quite heavily, and she had to adjust the bodice of her dress several times to prevent any embarrassing wardrobe malfunctions.

Damn this body! Bloody tits! Far too big!

But they had worked on Sebastian, enough to get him to hint at all manner of things. Whatever he was planning was likely to go ahead within a week, or at least a stage of it.

But for now, Adrian Spiros.

She was closing in, and soon she was near enough that she could hear the sound of gunfire. She quickly retrieved her Beretta from her thigh, halting for just a moment before rounding the corner into a dark section between two apartment buildings. It was thin, but she could easily see Adrian running straight towards her, worry in his eyes.

"Duck!" she cried, and he did so just in time. She fired a shot that landed a slug right in the brick wall by his assailant. She briefly cursed her lesser aim in these smaller hands, but with a small correction to her stance, she fired again. The man was just raising his own weapon to her, but the slug landed right between his eyes and he fell.

"Got him," she said. "Are you okay?"

Adrian got to his feet, looking at her with amazement. "I am, thank you. That was incredible. You're incredible."

Strangely, she could feel herself blushing at his compliment. Something to do with his slightly nerdy personality making it so sincere perhaps. She looked down, and realised that

not only was her gown showing more cleavage than it was meant to, but her corrected firing stance had one bare leg stepping right out to the side, like the cover of a pulpy novel featuring a gorgeous woman. She rolled her eyes.

“Ridiculous,” she said, fixing her stance. “Now come and let’s find out who-”

“Agent, watch out!”

She raised her hands just in time; an assailant from behind slid a sharp wire over her head, intent on wringing her neck. Instead, it caught on her bracers, which had the effect of firing one of their bolts off into the wall. At the same time another man ran past her to swing a knife at Adrian. He backed up, adopting a fighting style she recognised as Krav Maga.

So he has had some training. Well, let’s see how I go in this new body.

“Shame to ruin such a pretty body,” her assailant said in a thick Greek accent, grasping her around the waist and raising his hand up to reach her breasts.

She struggled against him momentarily, but her lack of strength now was clear.

Finesse, Hardeen has said. So use some damn finesse, Fiona.

She did so, and in a big way too. In the tight space of the alley she managed to get her feet up against the wall, pushing him against the other. Then she quickly vaulted herself up, running up the wall using him as leverage before vaulting backwards, literally flipping over his head. The man tried to keep hold of her but she was quicker, wrenching him forwards with the momentum as he was slammed against the wall she’d just run up. He spun on the spot, face bleeding, trying to withdraw a gun. Once again, she was quicker, firing a quick shot to put him down. She turned to the man Adrian was fighting, but needn’t have bothered. The man was holding his own and then some, and with three quick strikes, the last to the jugular, the man went down. He grasped one final time with the knife, but it was already sunk into his own heart.

“Nicely done,” she said.

“Right back at you, that was amazing. Hard to believe you were are-”

“Shh! More coming! Run!”

They did so, her pulling him along and trying to get clear of the men. Police sirens were wailing, so their pursuers had stopped using guns, but as they tracked them through the alleys they nevertheless had to be dispatched. Adrian managed to take out one with a well-placed dagger throw, and she took out two more who ambushed from the side, both times with her bracer.

“How did you do that?” Adrian asked, astonished, who hadn’t even seen how they’d died. From his perspective, they’d just . . . flopped.

She smirked, shifting her long hair to one side in a way that was accidentally quite attractive. “It’s all in the wrist,” she mused, before pulling his head down, sliding over the

surprised man's back, and lashing out with a bare-legged side kick that clocked their last would-be surprise attack right across the jaw. The man folded like a sack of potatoes.

"Thanks again," he said. "Damn. Who were these people?"

"Let's find out," she said, hearing the sirens out on the main streets. "Come, there's a building we can break into over there. We'll see what we can learn from this man."

Adrian figured out quickly who he was based on his identification.

"National Intelligence Service," he said, checking his wallet and weapon, as well as his other material.

"How can you tell?" she asked, gesturing to the man strapped to the chair in the second-hand bookshop they were using as an interrogation chamber. He hadn't woken up yet, but would stir soon. "It's not on his ID. He could be a mercenary thug, or private military type."

"If he is, he's either ex-NIS, or still has strong contacts there. Trust me, I may not be great at tailing, but I am great when it comes to mission-critical intelligence and deduction. And everything about his kit, his approach, even the way they avoid local police, it screams of intelligence training local to here. The garotte is standard-issue for assassinations, though this is not publicly known. We don't share it with your Agency, either."

She narrowed her eyes. "Good work then. Shall we wake him up?"

"Do we have an idea of what we want from him, or how to approach this?"

She chuckled under her breath. "I've done a few of these, don't worry. Improvisation is its own skillset. Just play good cop to my bad."

"Um . . ."

"What?"

He gestured to her body, and the slow realisation came.

Damn.

"Ugh, I see your point. Fine, I'll play . . . seductress."

"When in Athens, play Athena?"

"More like bloody Aphrodite."

Still, they placed the smelling salts beneath the man's nose and he woke, startled.

"Who are you? You have no right to detain me!"

Fiona sighed internally, then used the training Amanda had drilled into her in a most humiliating way; she lowered herself so that her chest was quite close to the man, her gorgeous face right before him. She was a show, she knew, and she wished she could have

been the Greek assassin right now, instead of the woman pressing her breasts right up against him. Even Adrian looked quite fascinated by the sight.

Lap it up. I'll be getting rid of this body soon.

"Oh, but honey," she said to the man, whose ID stated he was George, but that was unlikely. "You're the one who tried to hurt us."

"Not you, him. He was trying to hurt a very important man."

"Is that so?" she asked him

Adrian cocked a smile, shook his head as if it were obvious.

"Well, seems it's sorted. But since we got the upper hand, now you have to answer our questions."

The man's face went stoic. "I'll say nothing. I'll die before I do. You should flee, because we will find you."

"You're the only one left, honey," she said, her voice dripping *like honey*. She ran a soft finger down his cheek, and it was clear the man was incredibly aroused at the sight of her. He was straining not to check out her tits, so she did something daring. Completely daring, and embarrassing; she actually got up on his lap and spread her legs over him, placing her forearms over his shoulders and giving him the greatest view any man had ever had. She gave him a brief tap on the nose before placing her hand back on his shoulder.

"That's right, you're the sole survivor. But as you can see, I can be real good for you, honey. Really, really good. If you treat us right, I can maybe treat you right. I can get you *off*, honey. Right off. You won't be in trouble at all, at least not . . . the kind of trouble you don't want."

She grinned, fiddled with her necklace to tease her cleavage a little more. The assassin swallowed. Adrian swallowed, gulping beside her, clearly taken by the sight.

"If you let me live . . . if I could go over to your side. The people I work for are dangerous. Mad, even. The things I have seen. But . . ."

Nearly got you.

She moaned sensually, running a hand up his chest. "Don't worry honey, we work for powerful people too. We can help you get free. *I* could help you get free. Wouldn't you prefer that?"

The man cracked like an egg, enough so that Fiona couldn't believe the sheer power her new femininity had. No intense one-liners, no need to fight or intimidate or put on a fancy show - other than using her well-endowed chest for the mission.

"I - I think I would," the man said. "If I get asylum. If *you* take me to asylum. Then I could give some information."

"About Petyr Offrick? The arms dealer?"

“About *all* the arms dealers,” he replied. “And the politicians. And the scientists. The ones I have seen.”

She threw a smile to Adrian. The cute man grinned back.

Victory.

It was two days later, and she was awaiting the call to get to Sebastian’s boat. The pair were currently holed up at an indistinct hotel room at a seaside resort, and both were going over the information presented by the would-be assassin. It was very useful stuff; Sebastian Whitlock had been wheeling and dealing with numerous politicians, ex-politicians, statesmen, media group leaders, heads of think-tanks and the like, and through them procuring access to scientists and rocket programs that would previously have been off-limits. Others seemed to be powerful men like him, many of whom had storied pasts of sex scandals and the like, which Fiona couldn’t yet figure out the significance of in the grand scheme of things. It all gave evidence that he was trying to construct a true Sword of Damocles weapon, perhaps not just to ransom the world, but to literally place his allies and friends in power and control it. Or at least to get a piece of the pie.

“I still can’t believe you managed to get that man into custody,” Adrian said. He was on the couch opposite her in a casual white-button shirt and slacks. It was a good look. She on the other hand was wearing a green summer skirt and fashionable cream blouse. It was also a damn good look, and she found herself liking the skirt more than she expected to.

“I just used some mission critical ‘assets’,” she quipped, rolling back her shoulders to emphasise her large E-cup breasts.

Adrian’s eyes widened a moment, and she nearly giggled. Actually giggled! She enjoyed teasing him, especially since her new body found him very cute to tease.

“Well, it’s a good thing you put them to such use. That was a performance, all right. Same as when you managed to get us free of those other pursuers. Think they spotted you?”

She shook her head. “I made sure of it. Trust me, they weren’t looking at my face. Just like you’re not doing right now.”

“Oh, sorry.”

“Well, I can’t blame you. If I don’t get that call from Sebastian soon, it won’t be from a lack of effort or presentation on my part. I can be Fiona and I can be Alexandra, but I doubt I’ll manage to have any covers than that.”

“You’re only a lady twice, then?”

“Hopefully,” she replied. “If all goes well. If not, I’ll just have to live with the humiliation of being turned into a bloody big-titted woman all for n-”

Her phone rung. Adrian paused, so did she. She picked it up, got into character, took a breath, and then waited a few more seconds before answering it.

“Alexandra Goodchest speaking,” she said in purring tone.

‘Miss Alexandra, it is me again. I wonder if you would like to visit my island today?’

She nodded to Adrian, who gave a private fist pump worthy of even the most dramatic Greeks. It was, like with much of him, very cute.

“I would love to, Mr Whitlock.”

‘Please, call me Sebastian.’

“Well, I very much hate this, Agent Spiros.”

Adrian gave a sympathetic expression as he adjusted the hidden recording device on Fiona. It was in a rather . . . delicate location, and he was clearly making an earnest attempt to place it along the edging of her bra without actually making contact with the prodigious amount of flesh there.

“I sympathise, Agent One, but if this really is the only way and our newest source is right, then perhaps Whitlock really is planning to unleash some kind of destabilising weapon upon the world. If that is indeed the case, isn’t some discomfort worth it?”

She sighed, which only made the placement more difficult for Adrian; her bust rose and fell prominently with the breath. “Fine, fine, you’re not wrong. Still, I’d really like to get my manhood back and say ‘so long’ to these . . . mission critical ‘assets.’”

Adrian snorted. “Well, if I may say so, they are very impressive assets.”

“Oh, give that here.”

She snatched the miniature recording device and attached it to the interior of her bra, then rubbed it over with the colour-matching gel to disguise it as best as possible. Then she slipped her green crop top on, the one that revealed much of her tantalising midriff. She already had an airy skirt made of expensive material, and her heels (the ones with the EMP in them) were on her feet also. She donned her sunglasses for the warm light outside.

“How do I look?”

“Honestly? I’d fall for you myself.”

She rolled her eyes. “I suppose that’s one kind of form of encouragement. I’ve been on more than a few post-mission escapades with women that look like me, you know?”

“Really? Quite the lucky man!”

“You have no idea. Just remember that part the next time I catch you ogling my damn rear, got it?”

Adrian blushed. “Sorry. It’s just . . . well, I *am* part-Greek. We invented arousal.”

“Let’s hope Sebastian Whitlock remembers that while he’s here,” she quipped, placing her hands on her hips. “Stay in contact while I’m on Arcadia. Anything I find, you need to report forward. And we know Whitlock has enemies everywhere, so be careful.”

“I will,” he said, standing up to face her. He was annoyingly taller than her, due to her height loss. “And you be careful as well. There’s likely to be danger there.”

“I’m no stranger to danger, Adrian.”

“As Finn Langston, yes, but while you did far better than I the other night, I’d still hate to see you fall into trouble.”

She raised an eyebrow and crossed her arms beneath her impressive breasts. “Is that a protective instinct for a lady I’m detecting?”

Why did I just say that? I refuse to end up flirting with a male field agent just because I’m in the body of a female one.

“Call it an attachment,” Adrian said quickly. “You did save my life after all. Twice. Trust me when I say I’ll do everything I can to help you while you’re on the island. I’m good with technology. Very good.”

He extended a hand. Cautiously, she took it. Once again, she was surprised by the strength of him. Despite him not being the most capable field agent when it came to self-defence, he had still been good. And his forearm was quite . . . impressive.

Since when have I had a thing for forearms? I’m going to kill you, R.

“Best of luck, Agent One,” he said.

“And you too, Agent Spiros.”

She grabbed her things and headed out, casting him one last smile as she did so. The true mission was about to begin, the dangerous part. The infiltration. This was what she thrived upon, and the part that always excited her.

Just have to cling onto that thought while I’m wearing a bloody skirt and crop top.

The island was impressive, looming on the horizon as they approached via one of Sebastian Whitlock’s private catamarans. The warm wind whipped at Agent One’s hair, causing it to unfurl behind her. She wished she’d brought a headband or something, but it was too late now. She was about to enter the lion’s den, and her mind was trained on the nature of the island itself, with its vaulting cliffs and borderline-tropical forest covering, as well as the expansive beaches off to one side. The enormous white complex with its large domes was in

the centre of the island, and off to one side was something like a private resort or paradise estate. Already she could see some figures moving about.

They'll be pretty much all women, she mused, before looking down at her petite and busty form. Just like me, now. And Agents Thirty-Nine and Seven might be there too, somewhere in the facility. Captive.

It was a greedy thought, but she immediately began to think of ways of rescuing them without them ever knowing who she actually was. Even the great Agent One had her own pride.

"Wonderful, isn't it?" shouted a voice over the wind of the racing catamaran. "Arcadia is a true paradise on Earth!"

Fiona looked to the current captain of the ship and gave a smile. The woman's name was Carla Volpe, and true to her last name she had a rather canine appearance about her. She was tan, with her brunette hair in a ponytail and her bare arms clearly displaying a lot of muscle. Well, *one* arm at least. The other on her left ended in a stump, from which a crude mechanical substitute with a sharp grasping hook extended, one that was clearly capable of simple operation and looked to have a strong grip. She wore red shades, but Fiona could *just* manage to see the amusement in her eyes.

This is a woman to be wary of. She'll be one of Whitlock's female bodyguard. Perhaps the head.

"It looks magnificent!" Fiona managed, gasping at the island as if she were a much more naive individual, and playing up her apparent femininity all the while. "I can't believe the size of it! I thought it was so much smaller."

"It is fully self-sustaining," Carla boasted. "The island supports itself entirely, though regular shipments are made to keep up with the exotic culinary desires of its populace. Mr Whitlock is a true visionary; it is here that his greatest ideas and innovations are made for all his businesses and enterprises, and part of that brilliance comes from his muses."

"Yes, the island has a mostly female population, doesn't it?"

"Indeed," she said, smirking. "Most are vetted more thoroughly before arriving, however. The brilliant and beautiful who can serve to inspire him. You must have left quite the impression. Perhaps two impressions."

Both women looked briefly to Fiona's bust.

For God's sake, is it too late to get a reduction? These things are ridiculous!

They were also being shown off; the crop top had quite the v-neck as part of it, and revealed part of her shoulders too. The end result was that her dynamite figure was on display, and the few men on the island would likely be staring at her often, especially their leader.

"We mainly talked," Fiona said icily.

“Yes, Sebastian likes women that talk,” Carla said. “Just make sure you do not talk too much over the coming days, Miss Goodchest.” At that, her eyes went to Fiona’s chest, flaunting their own amusement. “There is much happening, many cogs turning. He is about to unleash a new . . . product. One that will change everything. So please, do not distract him too much. He has a weakness for the bimbo type.”

Agent One had been called many things by friend and foe alike - cad, jock, dinosaur, a womaniser, a walking libidinous liability - but he, or rather *she*, had never expected to be called a ‘bimbo.’ It actually brought an embarrassed blush to her cheeks, courtesy of her new feminine emotions.

Well, fuck you too I suppose.

“It’s a good thing I don’t match the description then,” she said, walking down into the catamaran. “Tell me when we arrive. I look forward to seeing Sebastian again.”

Carla just gave her a chilly gaze. Her clawed hand bent one of the metal railings.

Better steer clear of her. Real henchman type, that one.

“Alexandra! You are indeed a sight beneath the Greek sun! Whatever beauty I witnessed the other night pales in comparison to the vision you bring now!”

Sebastian was nothing if not enthusiastic to see her. He was in a casual white button shirt - top button undone to reveal his hairy chest - and swim shorts as he descended the white steps towards the dock they had just arrived at. With him was a small entourage of four women, each of them quite beautiful and athletic, each quite clearly trained in security judging from how their eyes swept all about them and their own rigid postures. No guns were visible beneath their stylish two-piece outfits, but she had little doubt there were at least knives and likely a small weapon like her own Beretta Bobcat 22. He didn’t seem concerned about them though, just her; he approached, made a small bow, and took her hand and kissed it. It felt oddly quite nice.

Okay, keep it in your pants, Sebastian.

“It is so deeply enchanting to see you again,” he whispered to her, rugged handsomeness showing on his face.

Okay, keep it in your pants, Fiona, she thought as she fought a smile. She decided to let it happen anyway.

“The same to you, Mr Whitlock. Sebastian. Thank you for inviting me to this island. It is spectacular. I wish . . . I wish to see everything!”

He held up a finger. “All in good time, though you cannot see everything. Trade secrets for my companies are on this island, after all. But come, come! My lovely

bodyguards will take your bags to your room - one of the best rooms on the island, with the greatest of views! - and I will personally show you around Arcadia. It truly is paradise, believe me.”

“So I have heard,” she replied meaningfully, side-eyeing Carla Volpe, who began whispering to the bodyguard as Fiona’s luggage was handled.

What followed was a grand tour, and one that was very different from other such tours Fiona had experienced, namely because she had a man’s eyes ogling her form with every step, and she herself had a mission to emphasise that very fact. It took great effort at times not to act like a man, particularly when Sebastian sat her down in the little two-person monorail pod that shepherded them across the island. It was instinct for her to have her legs spread like a man, but she managed to catch herself in time and place one leg over the other. Sebastian smiled at this, enjoying the way her skirt pulled back to reveal more of her delicious thighs. At points, she had to remember to keep the sway in her legs. She had walked like a man all her life, and while her lower centre of gravity and wider pelvis made some sashay inevitable, she got into a good pattern of playing it up despite hating having to do it. It left her perfect derriere swaying from side to side, outlining against the fabric of the skirt. Adding a slight bounce to her step gave a much more major bounce to her breasts also.

They’re so damn active. I always loved a good pair of breasts as a man, who doesn’t? But I had no idea how ‘active’ they feel once you’ve actually got them. I swear they never stop.

Indeed, just the night before she’d rolled onto her stomach again and gasped awake at the soreness of lying upon them. A big chest came with its own difficulties, not that Sebastian currently cared; he was magnetised by her beauty, even staring at her hair from time to time, which made Fiona feel oddly flattered.

“You truly belong here,” he said rather forcefully, sweeping his hand daringly through her hair. “You will see what I mean soon. Come, I will show you the facilities.”

“I would love to see them,” she said. “And hope they are up to my high standards.”

He guffawed at this, and the manliness of his low voice sent a chill down her core, a kind of flavourful shiver that her female body was evidently receptive to. She cursed R internally again, but continued her female charade.

Arcadia was indeed a splendid island, and no expense had been spared in making it Whitlock’s private retreat, laboratory, secret headquarters, and place of utter pleasure. While the first three were of her foremost concern, it was the last factor that was most immediately obvious as the powerful magnate gave the tour. There were dozens of other women on the island, likely numbering a couple of hundred, in fact. All of them were beautiful, though with no small amount of smug pride she did not that she was likely the most attractive among

them. Still, women of all races and cultural backgrounds lounged on beaches, swam in the ocean, played tennis and golf and other games across the island. Many bathed in the sun, others lounged naked near the baths, others were in the artificial hot springs. It was like a modern day harem, though there was no element of oppression to it: the women grinned and waved to Sebastian, calling out his name and wishing him well as he passed, and he in turn occasionally stopped and shared a joke or anecdote, introducing Fiona to them.

“Ah, Alexandra, meet Dr Denise Christmas. She is an expert physicist whose work captured my attention four years ago. She’s been living here ever since, helping my business grow and making the world a more innovative place. Isn’t that right, Denise?”

Wait, that’s a physicist? As if! Someone’s pulling Santa’s sleigh on that one.

The woman in question looked to be in her mid-twenties at best, with brunette hair and slight latina heritage. Her lips were full and pouty, her breasts impressive double-D’s, her figure a gorgeous and slim hourglass. She was wearing a blue bikini that left little to the imagination, and she giggled at Sebastian’s words.

“I just can’t bring myself to leave!” she said, clearly delighted. She leaned forward and kissed Sebastian briefly on the lips. “Our dear patron is just too attractive, don’t you think?”

He is, but damn it all if I’ll admit it. But no one is ‘stay on an island for four years as a personal bimbo’ level of attractive.

She hoped Adrian was getting this. She almost wished he was here, even if his own eyes would still wander her form.

“He is captivating indeed,” Alexandra said, “though I still reserve some judgement. I like my men to truly impress me with their brilliance.”

It was bait, but he seemed to take it. “Ah, then I shall simply have to do my utmost to surprise you, Alexandra. Come! There is more to see!”

Indeed, there was. Just about every pleasure, leisure, facility and invention was available on the island. There were even a couple of helicopter landing pads complete with his own personal choppers. The main facility on the island was barred by security, but he did gesture to it and explain it as the “one off-limits area of the island.”

“Hmm, a real shame,” she said. “I do like a good secret. Are you sure I can’t see inside, even for a moment?”

“I’m afraid not, my dear. Only a few can, and those are my most trusted friends.”

God, I have to do this, don’t I?

She pressed her body against him, placing her forearms around his neck - he was much taller than her, and stockier too, so there was a strange comfort in it.

“We could be friends,” she purred. “Very close friends.”

There was a stiffness in his pants that should have disgusted her, but didn't. Instead, her nipples tingled. She was no prude - far from it - and had already experimented with her own body per Amanda's instructions. It had been . . . illuminating. But experiencing arousal at another man was something she'd rather not delve into, so she pulled back a little.

"I should like that," he said. "I am very busy tonight, but tomorrow we shall have dinner together, yes? I would discuss my visions, and I always appreciate new perspective."

"I would like that very much," she said. "For now, may I see my room? I wish to . . . slip into something more comfortable."

Sebastian smiled deeply, his imagination likely running wild. He clicked a button on his left lapel and spoke into it.

"Carla? Yes, show Miss Goodchest to her room, please."

Agent One may not be used to being a woman - even the sensation of absence between her legs was somehow becoming *more* noticeable, not less, in these surroundings - but her new sex was no barrier to one crucial part of her training; detecting all manner of bugs in a paid-for room. She found five listening devices and two cameras, all as part of a delicate sweep that she made look totally casual and unrelated to any spy activities. She draped one article of clothing on a chair to block one camera view, but left the two others to avoid suspicion. It left her with a few deadzones to avoid being seen, and that was enough, even if it meant that when she changed she'd occasionally have to let her handlers see her terrific body.

Yeah, drink it in. I'll have a martini myself later and forget all of this once it's over.

She retrieved her luggage, and checked that the x-ray proof sections had not been opened. Indeed, it was clear they had been thoroughly checked and then repackaged - she had used the old 'sealed hair' trick to see if they had been snapped open - but the crucial contents had not been spotted. A true relief. Which meant that she had her Beretta Bobcat 22, her laser lipstick, and a backup stylish wrist brace with extra ammunition and grappling hook. She also had her device for connecting to Adrian, if it were even possible with the stealthing field on the island that blocked standard satellite coverage. She tried a few times to connect and found no luck, but that was expected. She'd have to find a hack. Instead, she repackaged everything and then re-entered the camera zone, observing herself in the full-length mirror of the luxury suite. It overlooked the ocean and beach where numerous beautiful women were relaxing.

And I'm one of them. Alexandra Goodchest . . . and Fiona Langston. You're only a lady twice, indeed.

She sighed, looking at her busty form, the perfect contours of her breasts in her top, the way her hips flared out in her skirt, her perfect midriff. And she was about to show off a lot more than that too, if she was going to do reconnaissance *and* find out about the missing agents *and* seduce Sebastian Whitlock. It was time for her ultimate test of women's wear.

It was time to don the dreaded bikini.

Part 6: On His Majesty's Suntanning Service

If I thought I was showing off the goods before, then I didn't know what I was thinking. This is . . . nightmarish.

Alexandra Goodchest, at least as far as the crowd was concerned about her identity, walked down the stretch of warm sandy beachline. Numerous beautiful women were relaxing or swimming or playing beach ball, among many other activities, but many stopped to take in the sight of the newcomer as she passed. She was wearing a black and white zebra-striped bikini, and it complemented her figure wonderfully, perhaps too much so. There were a few men on the beach, several with women on their arms, and Alexandra made sure to look their way and get an image of them through her sunglasses - one of the few gadgets that hadn't come from R but instead from Adrian Spiros. It could only hold a limited number of photographs, so she made sure to turn her head towards the men and smile flirtatiously, waving at them to get their attention before taking a shot; an act that wasn't difficult to achieve. While they had their own women on their arms - or two, or even three of the beautiful women on the island - there was no doubt straight away who was the most voluptuous and fertile-looking woman on the island.

And aren't I just showing it off? I swear, this bikini could snap off at any moment.

Indeed, her large teardrop breasts bounced with each step, and each step also gave a perfect sway to her childbearing hips, which in turn left her rear bouncing gently as well. Her long raven-black hair swayed in the gentle breeze, and she ran her fingers through it for emphasis, lifting her arms in such a way that the deep cleavage of her ripe E-cup breasts were emphasised even further.

"Wowee, who are you, babe?" a Russian-sounding individual called out.

"Call me Goodchest," she replied, smiling without a trace of obvious irony. "Alexandra Goodchest."

"I'll say you are!" another man called, and several women giggled.

"Are you new to the island?" a woman called out, having just scored a point in beachball. She had dark skin and a rather ripe pair of breasts herself, though only half as large as Fiona's own rack.

Ah, to be a man on this island. I can see the appeal of being Sebastian Whitlock. To bad he's a threat to international security or I might ask to return as a man.

"I just arrived this morning," she said, extending her hand. "This place is incredible. I've never seen anything like it."

"You're telling me. I'm Hayley Ryder. I came here six months ago to aid with the engineering program. I can barely remember what it was anymore because I've been having so much fun. I never want to leave."

"You can . . . barely remember what you were working on?"

"Oh, it's just some internal machinations for the facility, I'm sure. We've all done something here. Well, not all of us. Some are muses. Is that what you are?"

"I suppose I am," Fiona said, gesturing to her fine form. "He enjoyed our talk about the arts."

"Well, he is looking for the one, you know!"

A few other woman approached, also in their bikinis, all beautiful.

"Please, he'll choose me, when the time comes!"

"Nonsense, he'll want several muses!"

"So long as he doesn't choose that Denise, I can't stand her!"

"But then why bring another to the island . . . and she is very pretty."

"Very *forward*, you mean."

"I can hear you," Fiona said. "I'm Alexandra Goodchest. I'm just here to have a good time and get to know people. I assume this is a lovely social circle of female friendship."

A few smirked, some others guffawed. Others nodded in agreement. Soe couldn't get over her last name.

"You're not entirely wrong," Hayley said. "We do support one another. But it's still a competition, of sorts."

"What sort of competition?" Alexandra asked. "The secret kind?"

"I'll tell you what. You prove your worth here on the beach, and I might tell you what I know. We all hear whispers, though none of us know the full picture, only that Sebastian and his male friends have such big plans, and we're at the centre of them. It's going to be *wonderful*. I could hint at more, but I think we should test the newcomer, right girls?"

A number of them voiced agreement.

"Very well," Fiona said, crossing her arms and emphasising her bust, this time deliberately. She was putting on a show of power and display of beauty at the same time, courting women and men at the same time for her own purposes. "What challenges do have for me?"

Hayley grinned. "Enough that I doubt you'll win."

Oh, doubt away, sister. You may be surprised at what this woman can do.

There were three trials, and she smashed the first two of them with incredible ease. First up was swimming, and while there were more athletic women on the team, only Fiona had actually crossed the English channel personally during the great rogue Russian submarine threat two years ago. She annihilated the competition, applying her freestyle and breaststroke with such expert fashion that she pulled ahead of even the fittest of the women. Indeed, more than a few comments were shouted by the few men (and a couple of women) about her style being a 'true *breaststroke*,' a comment that she wished she'd had the chance to make. Still, it made her feel better about donning the bikini, even if she was briefly concerned about a potential wardrobe malfunction.

After that was, predictable, a game of beachball. She was paired with Denise Christmas, the beautiful physicist, and while that might have been an intended handicap by Hayley, once more Fiona was prepared. She'd played her fair share of games and had a strong set of reflexes, but there were initial stumbles in the bout due to her still getting used to her deeply female body. As Finn, she'd been no stranger to enjoying the lovely sight of a barely-clad woman leaping up to hit the ball, her chest bouncing enthusiastically with her movements. That was, until she was that woman. Now her very large E-cup breasts were more of an impediment, defying gravity up until the point where they wobbled heavily, practically tugging her shoulders forward. More than once she made an embarrassment of herself, and occasionally there was laughter over where the real beach balls were; the one being tossed around or the bouncing mammaries on her chest!

Damn it all. How do women put up with these things?

But she quickly adapted, figuring out how to best angle her shots and straight up ignoring the pain in her shoulders and the slap of her breasts against her own body. She was taller than most women, and in beachball that could be everything. She also had the ability to analyse her opponents, and in this she was stellar. Hayley was the strength of the other team, but the woman named Chee-un was a weak spot; confident and brash but favouring her left side too much. Fiona targeted it to victory, and once the final point was won she couldn't help herself; she leapt into the air, fist raised in victory. She didn't even care that she was giving the few men on the island a fantastic view of her tits bouncing. In fact, part of her enjoyed providing the sight, and knowing the power she had over them.

Well, thank you zebra bikini, I guess. You know the strangest part is how comfortable it actually is once you get used to it. And with a surprising amount of support when not playing beach ball.

“Well, what’s the third challenge?” she asked Hayley, grinning smugly at the other woman. “A race across the beach? Sand castle building, perhaps? Pitting hermit crabs against each other?”

But the crowd had become oddly serious, and Hayley gestured for one of the men to approach. He had a small box in his hands, and Fiona blinked as it was opened. Inside were two very sharp, very real combat knives.

“Bloodsport,” Hayley said, taking one of the knives.

“Well, I guess a good beach never truly is what it’s cracked up to be,” Fiona said.

Nor this unfolding situation, given how apparently normal this is to these strange women.

She took the other knife, held it in her hand before switching to the other to test the grip. It was indeed real.

“We don’t have to have a catfight, you know,” Fiona said.

“Actually, Alexandra, I think we do,” she replied. “It’s what we’re trained for.”

And then she lashed out at Fiona, quick as lightning, enough to deliver a sharp cut across her arm. Fiona leapt back, slicing out herself, not intending to get Hayley but wanting to keep her distant. The women cheered, forming a wide circle on the beach around the pair. When Fiona backed off too much they pushed her back in, and the insanity of this situation fell upon the new woman.

This is by far the strangest mission I’ve ever been on. And why do I have the feeling that Sebastian is watching this? Or at least that one-armed minion of his.

She decided to put on a show. “Name the rules!” she cried. “I’d like to know how I’m going to win!”

Hayley laughed. “Very cocky! Very well. First to draw blood three times. No deliberately fatal strikes, but in the heat of battle we understand if there are-”

She gasped as Fiona lunged, slicing the collarbone of the other woman. It was a shallow cut, but it caught her off guard, and her parry came too slow to make counterdamage. Fiona danced to the side as she steadied herself and launched forward, and for a long, almost slow-motion moment their knives clanged and clashed, each of the two gorgeous women managing to catch the knife of the other. Hayley got a punch in, striking into Fiona’s left tit and leaving her gasping.

Bad enough they’re huge, getting sucker punched on a breast takes the wind out of me. Let’s try that on her, or . . .

She made to make the same move after deflecting a knife strike, but instead kicked Hayley’s legs out and made another shallow cut across her thigh. Or least she thought she did; because the women *screamed*.

“Are you okay?” Fiona asked, but realised too late that this was an act, because Hayley used the moment to plunge her knife into her thigh, which really did fucking *hurt*.

“Agggh!” she cried, hating how weak and womanly her voice sounded. She staggered back as Hayley advanced, victory in the other woman’s eyes.

“*Blood! Blood! Blood! Blood!*” the crowd shouted, their eyes manic. There was something wrong with them. Something utterly wrong, in fact. Far too wrong to be a simple bloody tradition on this island. Fiona wished she still had her sunglasses on, but her earring at least recorded the chant. She managed to spy the men now among the crowd, and one of them she recognised: *Alexander Peterson*. He was a British magnate himself, though not in Whitlock’s ballpark. But he owned numerous medical companies, some of which had been investigated for illegal research.

What the hell is going on here? And why are they affected but not him or the other men?

The chant continued as Fiona attacked, and once more Fiona barely ducked away. The pain in her thigh was lancing upwards, the blood pouring from the wound terribly. She decided to go for a dirty trick of her own as Hayley lunged again. She feigned weakness, then threw a handful of sand straight in the woman’s eyes. It worked a trick; Hayley growled, briefly blinded. She slashed the air with her knife, but Fiona was already ducking under. Her wound howled with pain, searing the edges of her vision, but she pulled through to victory just barely; as one of Hayley’s slashes snipped some of her raven hair, she placed a small incision of a cut along her side.

Instantly, something in the crowd drained away. The bloodlust was gone completely, and the women stopped cheering. Even Hayley seemed to sway, clutching her head for a moment.

“I’m sorry, I don’t . . . well done! You are the victor, and a very surprising one! Someone get the doctor off of her sunbathing chair and over here. We’ll get you patched up, Fiona, and then I’ll answer your questions.”

“Good,” Fiona said, nearly collapsing, her glance briefly going over to the men who were gesturing for their harems to return to their sides. “Because I’ve got a damn lot of them.”

Part 7: Live and Let's Dine

Adrian watched the video recording of Hayley's responses. Fiona sat beside him, looking for any new clues. It was two days after the beach fight, one which Sebastian had profusely apologised for, all while admiring her win and clearly indicating that he knew her self-defence capabilities based on Alexandra Goodchest's (fake) history files. She had spent the next day in comfort, and just as Hayley had promised, the darker-skinned woman had pulled Fiona aside after a wonderful morning banquet and taken her to the private gardens to speak. What she had said carried a lot of foreboding, and now that Fiona was on a 'shopping trip' off the island, she could give the details to Adrian.

"Here's the important bit," Fiona said, placing a hand on Adrian's shoulder. He looked over her quizzically, stiffened a little, then continued to watch.

"There's weird stuff going on here," Hayley said in the recording. "But it truly is wonderful. Sebastian is such a brilliant man. His genius is so extraordinary that it makes a woman want to know her place, y'know?"

"I don't," Fiona said, also in the recording. "At least, not yet I don't. What makes him so brilliant, in terms of what he's doing here? Just between you and me, of course."

Hayley sighed and smiled. *"Well, beyond how dreamy and rich he is, he has a vision. A grand plan. None of us know it, and I swear we all have such awful memories when it comes to this sort of thing, because after a job's done it barely plays in our minds anymore. We've got girls here who work in engineering like me, rocket scientists like Plenty O'Honey - that's her real name, by the way - and chemists and biologists and all kinds! He has us work, and when we're done, it's off to a new thing. Of course, I haven't had a new thing in months. I think my work's done. And now I'm here and beautiful and stunning, right?"*

"Right. But we did just have a knife fight."

"Which you won! Congratulations. It's just a bit of fun, honey."

"You looked hypnotised. Or brainwashed. You all did."

Hayley giggled. *"It's just a funny effect that comes over us sometimes. Don't worry about it."*

"But you have some idea about this vision?"

"It's something to do with space. And women. Oh, and those wonderfully handsome friends that Sebastian pairs us with. Not me, of course. I'm all his. At least I hope I'll be. He tells us that not all of us can stay with him, and so we should enjoy the time we have. Quite a few of us will have to be the wives and girlfriends and concubines of his close friends, once everything is completed."

Fiona in the present day clenched her fists together, accidentally scratching Adrian's shoulder a little. She apologised and pulled back. This already sinister plot felt much more

sinister now knowing that it targeted women; the gender she now had to fill out. From how Sebastian looked at her, she feared she would be stuck close to him in whatever ghastly plot he had.

“Here is it,” she said to Adrian as he watched the tape from the microfilm.

“So you’re not allowed off the island?”

“I think I can leave, but who would want to? We’re all prettier now. My boobs didn’t used to be nearly so big, and my ass is amazing, don’t you think? Of course, you don’t need any changing, but I did before. You wouldn’t believe how some of us looked before.”

“Why does Sebastian leave the island then?”

“Oh, he’s such a busy man. And he has business on the mainland. The only time he took me off there was when I started to remember . . . something. He took me to this warehouse, but it wasn’t on the mainland, just one of the little islands around Arcadia that he owns. It had a big ‘forty five’ on it. Yeah. But that’s all I remember.”

The tape continued, giving more suspicious details about what was happening on Sebastian’s island of Arcadia. Transfers of technology, projects for spaceflight tests that were seemingly abandoned or forgotten despite having their pre-tests and projections completed, secrecy involving the inner workings of the facility areas. And, of course, the strange memory issues that came with all the women there, as well their overwhelming devotion to Sebastian Whitlock.

“Not to mention how incredibly attractive they all are,” Adrian noted. “If you’ll excuse me saying.”

His eyes lingered on her form. She was wearing a plain shirt and pants, but she would have looked devastatingly gorgeous in a paperbag.

I’d pull it off, too.

“Not at all,” she said. “It’s simple fact. What are the odds of so many specialists and geniuses in their fields looking like that, do you think?”

“Not exactly something I can run with numbers, but I’d say extraordinarily low, that’s for sure. Wait! Stop!”

She paused the film. In it, she had been talking to Denise Christmas again, the rather gorgeous latina woman who was a theoretical physicist. She was giggling as she answered the questions, half-reclined in a sunchair in her blue bikini, showing off much of her attractive form.

Of course, I rather think I look better. Especially in the chest department. Hmm . . . a strange thought to be having. Here’s hoping the mission goes quick.

“Fiona? Are you listening?”

She snapped to attention, irritated at herself for getting lost in her own . . . whatever the feminine version of suaveness was.

“Of course. What did you say?”

“I said that I know Denise Christmas. I’ve worked with her. Her work in theoretical physics is *brilliant*. She’s been missing for years now, though. We assumed she died in a yachting accident.”

Fiona turned to Adrian. “Are you saying that Sebastian is faking these women’s deaths before brainwashing them?”

He shook his head. “Worse, and until I knew about your particular case, I would have thought it impossible. You see, Denise Christmas, at least as I knew *him*, was Denny Christmas.”

Fiona’s eyes widened, and she stared at the beautiful woman frozen on the screen.

“I need to get to that warehouse forty five,” she said. “It’s our best lead. Especially if he might be doing *this* to them there.”

Adrian nodded. “I’ll come with you.”

“No you won’t. Women only, remember?”

But he reached out and grabbed her forearm with surprising intensity. “Not this time. We’ve got evidence that they’re doing freaky shit to the women on that island, and I’d rather not see you go that way and leave me in the dark. Besides, you’ll be breaking his security protocols anyway.”

Fiona could see the logic in that, but she still smirked. “If I didn’t know any better, I’d say you were getting protective of me, Adrian. Don’t forget, I’m really a man.”

He looked her up and down.

“Well, to be fair, it *is* very easy to forget.”

She couldn’t help but chuckle at that.

“C’mon. We’ve got a lot of planning to do and little time to do it. Sebastian wants me back on the island soon.”

“It’s just a little . . . appointment,” Sebastian said, passing her a glass of wine. “I hope you understand, Alexandra. Everyone on my island has to receive a sort of vaccination. There are little diseases and conditions specific to all island ecosystems, and this is our way of addressing it. I know it’s a big ask, but I truly want to keep you here. I’ve only known you a few days and already I find myself utterly admiring you.”

Fiona smiled delicately, trying to hide her inner disgust. Worst, there was also an inner arousal; his words really were making her feel quite beautiful, and he himself was damn handsome to her feminine brain.

“Of course, Sebastian,” she said. “I’m happy to do anything to spend more time here, so long as there aren’t any more catfights on the beach! I can hardly believe that happened!”

“I’m so glad you’ve healed up nicely,” he said. “I didn’t expect that to happen at all, but the experience should leave your mind entirely after your next medical checkup, during which this little vaccine will be delivered of course. You have shown rare talent and hardiness for a model such as yourself.”

“I suppose it comes as a surprise to your aide.”

“Hmm?”

She smirked, placing her elbows on the table. “Carla Volpe, the one with the robotic arm. She doesn’t appear to like me very much.”

She nodded her head to one side, indicating the stoic woman who stood out by the balcony, keeping watch of the proceedings but hopefully out of earshot.

Sebastian just chuckled. “Oh, that’s Carla alright. A fantastically . . . useful woman. A woman, heh, of her own mind, in fact.” He chuckled to himself again. “But not one to like many other women, or at least socialites like yourself, no matter how brilliant you prove to be. And how lovely.”

His gaze one more fell upon her body, and she fell under his scope.

This would be much easier if he wasn’t so damn handsome. As it is, I feel like I need to take a damn cold shower once I get out of this dress. And not with him, no matter how rock hard these nipples are.

She was having a private dinner with Sebastian, a large space of his own personal restaurant cleared for just the two of them. Exotic fish swam through the aquarium that served as the floor and ceiling, and the ambience was only increased by the powerfully intimate lighting. A shark swam by, and it reminded her very much of Sebastian.

Powerful. Handsome. Captivating. And predatorial. This is the man who still possesses Agents Thirty-Nine and Seven. Or worse . . . killed them.

She kept her smile up, adjusting her pose in her chair to emphasise her magnificent looks further. She was wearing a darling blue dress that showed all her best features. It hugged her magnificent curves, cupping her breasts so that they appeared even fuller and larger than they were; and they were plenty full already.

“Mr Whitlock, if I didn’t know better, I’d say you were seducing me.”

Ugh. What a line. I bet it works, too.

Sebastian indeed chuckled earnestly. “I would hope that would be obvious, after the last several days. I’m only sorry I haven’t been able to make it my full time profession. Once this great business is conducted, things will be different, and I can devote all my energies to you, dear Miss Goodchest.”

She thrust out her chest a little deliberately, even as she plucked at her fine venison and took a sumptuous bite. She made sure to provide a delicate moan as ate; her ruby red lipstick only emphasised her raw sensuality as she ate. She needed to butter it on thick to ensure Sebastian fell hook, line, and sinker.

“What is this grand project, anyway? I’ve a mind for these sorts of things, and I’d love to devote resources where possible, but no one on this island seems to know what it is! Funniest thing!”

“I employ my own security concerns in order to make the project as decentralised as possible. Let’s just say it will be a wonderful surprise, and it will take the world by storm. One might argue it will never be the same again.”

“Is that why all those important gentlemen keep visiting the island? I’ve seen foreign secretaries, ministers of defence, and several leading businessmen! And not just from one place, but from all over the world.”

He tapped his mouth with a finger. “Hush on the details, dear. You never know who is listening. Suffice to say we have many interested parties, most of whom will be here tomorrow for the grand opening.”

Tomorrow. Damn. If only I could get the word out from here, but getting off the island will be near impossible, and I still have much to do. And Agent Spiros will be arriving soon.

“I just worry that I’ll be left behind, Sebastian. All these beautiful women on the reactionary island of Arcadia. Well, it makes a girl think she’ll have to share you.”

He dabbed at his chin with his napkin, cleared his throat. “That will not be a worry, I assure you, my dear. You are far and away more magnificent than the others. I can sense this sort of thing, when it comes to women. And tomorrow morning, when you receive the treatment, all will be assured. I know that’s all very vague, but I simply ask that you trust me, Alexandra. I truly want you, body and soul.”

Yikes. Creep alert. I think I’m starting to understand this woman’s intuition, if that crawling sensation on my skin means anything. Which it most surely does.

She bit her lip, extended a hand out to his. “Tomorrow then.”

“There is always tonight?”

“Oh, but a girl needs her beauty sleep. And besides, I can’t give in too easily, can I? You’ve got to earn me, Sebastian Whitlock.”

She stood, placing her fork and knife down expertly, and waltzed over. She couldn’t help herself; she was playing her part *too* well. She gave him a brief kiss on the cheek, cupping his magnificent goatee just briefly.

“Tomorrow, then,” he said, absorbed in her.

“Tomorrow,” she repeated. Then she took her purse and walked away, her hips swaying delightfully, her dress showing off every curve. It would be a sight to see, if she could see it. She envied Sebastian Whitlock that, at least.

But now her mind turned to more immediate concerns. Adrian would be arriving by the north shore under cover of darkness soon, and she needed to be there to greet him.

And, just in case, she needed her Beretta. And her heels. And her lipstick.

And her rather explosive pearls.

Part 8: Pants Are Forever

Anyone else would have been caught, but Fiona Langston was an expert infiltrator and was trained for this. In fact, she found that her female body actually made it *easier* for her to hide and duck security cameras and sweepy. She was smaller, more able to squeeze herself into hiding spaces, and her dark hair obscured the light skin of her neck. Her footsteps were also less thudding, and her movements more naturally graceful.

Almost makes me thankful for the mental changes. Almost, Wrench.

She flitted from one nook of the exterior island walkways to the next. She'd spent several days studying the security of the place, and had done her best to shed anything that could have had a tracking beacon on it. She had made up her room so that it appeared that she was sleeping in her bed, mindful of the camera equipment and listening devices there as well: Adrian had supplied her with a sleeping track modulated from her own voice, and mixed it with the light rustling of bedsheets to simulate an ordinary sleeping pattern.

Still, there were some guards whose movements could be unpredictable. As she began climbing her way down a cliff face towards a remote beach area she was forced to cling to the wall as a torchlight swept near her. Thinking quickly, she used her stylish wrist brace to fire a metal barb onto the rock face furthest away from her. The slight *pwit* of the metal embedding was enough to distract the guard, and by latching the end of her grapple to a hanging piece of rock she quickly descended by spooling out the line.

Talk about a cliffhanger, she jested to herself, wishing someone else was present to hear that particular one-liner.

She reached the beach. It would still have cameras on it, but from what she could detect there would be a brief window where she could dive beneath the waters and make it far enough out that she would be undetectable. There was a reason she had some of her more hidden luggage cinched around her waist. Fiona took one last glance around, took her heels off and placed them in the plastic bag clipped to her belt, and checked the time.

It was 1:30am. The meeting time. There was no light on the distant water, but perhaps Adrian had deemed it a risk. Beyond the island was nothing but blackness.

"I always did like a night swim," she said to herself.

She ran for the ocean.

The sea may have been Mediterranean, but this was the dead of night, and so the water was frigid.

And now my nipples are hard. Wonderful little thermometers, aren't they? Well, not exactly little . . .

She moved as delicately and quickly as she could, getting low enough that she was beneath the waterline, which thankfully became easier once she hit the drop off and the true sea began. Her lungs burned, her form far less muscular than it had been.

These ballast tanks on my chest aren't exactly helping either.

Indeed, while she was dressed more practically, it was still not exactly the best swimwear. Simply a dark bikini. The risk of bringing a professional scuba suit or even something padded was deemed too great a risk despite their plan. She would simply have to tough it out until she reached Adrian, provided his boat was present.

Unfortunately, the seabed had other plans. The island had a lovely reef of red coral around parts of it, as Sebastian had pointed out to her previously, and now she became thoroughly more acquainted with it as a jagged edge sliced part of her leg.

Damn!

She continued on, hoping she wasn't leaking too much blood. Her lungs continued to burn, but she held on as well as she could for as long as she could even when the pain threatened to burst them open. Only when her vision finally began to blur did she finally raise her head. Her leg was pained, but the island's shore was further away than expected; the waves now batted at her, as if threatening to send her back.

No thanks, I'm not becoming one of his prized girls. I'm finding where he has this Damocles weapon.

She looked around, trying to find evidence of Adrian. She cursed her lack of strength again as she struggled a little to stay afloat, gasping in the water like a new swimmer. But then she saw him: a small black dinghy with a little light that was turning on only occasionally. She swam right to it.

"Fiona!" came his hushed but concerned voice as she got closer. "Swim faster! There's sharks in the water!"

Shit!

She used the last of her energy to reach him, and he gripped her with a surprisingly masculine hand, pulling her up with such speed that she immediately knew that one was right behind her. She looked back just in time to see a rising snap of a great hungry maw. It

frightened even the normally unflappable agent enough to send her sprawling forwards, collapsing on top of Adrian Spiros so that he was on his back on the bed of the boat, and she positioned over him.

With two rather large, rather *rounded* parts of her hanging right over his face. Her hair framed his face, and she took a while to get her breathing back under control.

“Th-thanks,” she gasped. “Saved my rather impressive rear back there.”

“Well, I’m looking at some other rather impressive parts of you now, Agent Langston,” he said, grinning sheepishly.

Fiona looked down and realised just how much she was showing off. She pulled herself up quickly, no longer straddling him.

“Well, think of it as the best - and only - thanks of its type you’ll ever get.”

“It’s a good thanks.”

She raised an eyebrow, smirking. The flirtiness of the relationship could actually be quite fun. Certainly it echoed her own experiences from the male end whenever she had an attractive female agent to work with, which was fairly often. It didn’t hurt that with her mental agents, the former ladykiller of an agent was now finding Spiros quite attractive indeed. His lithe but muscular form, his somewhat nerdy appeal, his Greek olive skin. He was rather pulling off the tactical turtleneck with a dark beanie look as well.

Try to avoid ending up how your girls end up, Agent One. Usually with a lot less clothing, for instance.

Of course, she wasn’t wearing a great deal, really. She was looking forward to slipping out of her bikini and into something more comfortable.

For the mission of course. Not in that other sense.

“You’re bleeding!” Adrian suddenly said. “Shit, did the shark?”

“Just some coral,” she said, looking down at her left calf. Sure enough, it did have a rather nasty gash on it.

“I’ll bandage it for you.”

“I can do it myself.”

“Please, I insist. You may not be a woman originally, but I am simply too Greek not to offer my services for a lady.”

She smirked, then extended her leg with perhaps a bit more demure femininity than she really had to. For his part, Adrian took her leg gently and, getting his first aid kit out, patched her up. His hands were surprisingly gentle, and she found it oddly comforting. Occasionally he looked up, and he even did rather a good job of pretending not to admire her gorgeous body. Certainly, she was still recovering from the swim, which only meant that her heavy breaths emphasised her magnificent bust. She soldiered on, trying not to bask in the attention *too* much.

“Did you bring everything?” she asked as he attended to her wound.

“Of course,” he replied. “I may not be the most highly proficient field agent, but I’m a damn good analyst and a frankly thoroughly organised individual.”

She chuckled. “I can do with organised at the moment. Do we know anything about the smaller island’s defence?”

“Just that apparently some of shipments heading to the main Arcadian island go here first, and that it apparently has its own personal guard. And thick walls.”

She played with the pearls that were still on her neck.

“That won’t be a problem, if the worst comes to worst.”

“Good to know. There, wound’s all better. Nice and dressed.”

Fiona stood and placed her hands on her broad hips. “Then time for me to get nice and dressed. Turn around.”

“Hmm?”

Cute, but a little slow when it comes to women. I’ll have to teach him when I change back . . . or before.

She gestured at her body, and his eyebrows raised comedically high. “Oh. Oh! Of course, sorry! Here’s your change! I’ll, um, get the engine running.”

“And no peaking.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it.”

She slipped out of her bikini, towelled her overdeveloped body parts dry, and quickly set to work putting on her new costume. She was surprised at how well it fit, though it was a little . . . too comfortable for her tastes. She zipped it up, finding it to be something like a spy catsuit. Not exactly that ridiculous, but it didn’t exactly hide her figure, and it was just one front zipper away from becoming the outfit of more than a few seductress villainesses she’d tangled with before.

“Okay, you can pretend to stop peeking now,” she said.

“I’ll have you know I was simply admiring the ocean of my homeland. Let’s hope it doesn’t become Whitlockia or something any time soon.”

“Well, I now know that whatever he’s doing, it’s happening tomorrow.”

Agent Spiros nodded. “That accounts for why so many VIPs are flying and boating in. I managed to perform some light hacks and get in touch with some people I trust, and it seems our Mr Whitlock will have a veritable gallery of ministers, arms dealers, business leaders, and psychopaths tomorrow.”

“Let’s give them the sendoff they deserve,” Fiona said.

“Let’s. You look spectacular by the way.”

“Always do. Now get the motor going. Let’s hit this island.”

Damn thing's a fortress. No proper way in.

They had circled it from a far distance, using their night vision binoculars to see any weakness. It was quite a small island, and clearly had artificial reinforcement to make the bunker on it possible. But just as Adrian had indicated, there was little way in. The number 55 was printed in stencil on the large concrete square and several other adjacent squares that made up the facilities here, but the place appeared largely unguarded, at least. Why have it guarded much at all, when this place looked like it could survive a nuclear bomb?

"The walls are thick," she said. "And the entrance is shut. Those are reinforced blast doors. This place must have been some kind of Cold War bunker, if it isn't actually dating back to World War II."

"I'd say the latter, judging from how it's been refurbished. Possibly Nazis made this place. But it's obviously got more tech since then; the doors are pretty modern vault stuff."

"Nice to know the kind of historical company Whitlock keeps, the creep."

"The front door isn't an option, then. No quiet infiltration."

Her mind raced quickly. She fingered the pearls around her neck. "Maybe not, but we need to get in regardless. In and quick. We can't know what's inside, so perhaps shock and awe is simply the way to go."

Adrian frowned. "That doesn't seem advisable. I don't have much in the way of explosives."

"I do. Find me a weak point then."

"We can only hope there's no one home. Or at least not many. I don't see any lights, but who knows?"

Too many damn variables. Just need to get in there. Whatever he's doing, the truth is in there. Damocles. The women. The mind control or brainwashing. It all comes together, somehow.

"Wait, I've got it," she said suddenly. "Get me my heels."

"Going for a night walk?"

"You wish. There's an EMP inside."

It only had a range of thirty metres, but thirty metres was apparently enough. With the compartment box thrown against the bunker wall and them hiding out of view of the cameras outside the EMP radius, she only had to remotely activate them.

Ironic, really. If they'd just left the original bunker entrance in place this might not work.

She clicked the button. There was a low hum, and the cameras by the front dropped. The bunker doors seemed to almost sag slightly, shifting just a little open. That was okay. She didn't expect to actually get in. She just wanted someone to investigate. Sure enough, less than five minutes later, the doors opened to allow two guards out.

Agent One and Agent Spiros were quick. He strangled one guard unconscious silently, and she leapt from above to do the same with her more powerful thighs. Unfortunately, she no longer possessed the height or upper strength to do it traditionally, so this guard got to be knocked unconscious in the happiest way possible: his face right near her lap as she cut off his oxygen supply. He went down like a particularly thankful sack of potatoes.

"That was . . . remarkably attractive," Adrian noted.

"Just something I picked up from a rather terrifying Russian assassin," she replied. She got out her Beretta. "Now come on, we need to work quickly and silently."

"After you," he said, gesturing in a gentleman-like manner.

"No, you first," Fiona replied, well aware of the view he'd get. "I'll cover *your* ass this time."

Part 9: The Woman with the Golden Tranq-Gun

The pair moved through the facility quickly and dispassionately. Agent One took the lead. She'd been in more than a few places like this on her many missions, and it always required ruthless efficiency. Adrian had brought a silencer for her Beretta, but even that would only obscure so much sound. Far better to knock unconscious and incapacitate. Adrian proved up for the challenge; he was not as quick or expert as her, but then she wasn't quite used to her female body still, and so they worked to take out guards along gantries and walkways in a paired fashion, watching each other's backs and removing obstacle after obstacle. They had to hurry: Adrian needed to find the security box. Thankfully, it didn't take too long.

"Shit," the man said, ducking behind a wall next to Fiona. "It looks like bullet-proof glass. Perfectly shielded. No access unless he brings the door down."

This would usually be the time where I'd advise a lovely female helper to . . . ah. Of course.

Fiona sighed and began to unzip her catsuit, stirring her weapon at the rear of her belt so it was out of sight when faced from the front.

"What are you doing?" Adrian said, partly spellbound by her incredibly cleavage.

“Hoping to achieve *that* effect, evidently. Stay here, and come when I signal. You’ll know when.”

She adjusted her breasts in her catsuit, making sure they wouldn’t slip out entirely, but ensuring that they *looked* like they could at any moment. Then, shaking her still-wet hair out behind her back, she sauntered around the corner, putting on the most sexually attractive strut imaginable. It was surprisingly natural how well she could rock her hips side to side, how she could make her breasts bounce just that little more with a subtle wiggle of her shoulders, how she could give a sultry smile as she approached the security box. The man within looked up, the blood running from his brain to his groin to judge from his expression. He pressed a button on the control panel.

“Halt. Uh, identify yourself!”

“I’m Jessica,” she purred, drawing so close that her breasts were almost pressed against the glass. “Jessica Lane. Sebastian said I was coming. Said there was something that needed . . . fixing about me. Something to make me all . . . better. He didn’t tell you?”

‘No. I would have heard - we had a security outage not long ago. Some of our radios aren’t responding.’

Ha, she thought. And neither will the men if you see them, unless you wake them.

“Ohhh,” she said, sounded positively *sexual* in the way she moaned, “that’s so . . . disappointing. I really don’t want to let Mr Whitlock down. He sent me here as a . . . gift. Said you big strong security boys are doing such a fine job that you could use some *lift* to your spirits, among other things.”

She bit her lip deliberately. *God, I’m really damn good at this. Seems I’m a natural seducer in any form.*

The security box man swallowed. She tempted him further by playing with her zipper, lowering it suggestively to reveal her bare navel, her perfect toned stomach.

“Um, uh . . . sure. I’ll just need to evaluate your-”

“He told me to come straight to you. I’ve had to turn down all the other guys, but if you don’t want a bit of fun . . .”

“No! I mean, yes! I do! Um, come on in. I’ll be able to evaluate you better in here anyway.”

“Mhmmm. And I’ll be able to . . . ‘evaluate’ you too, sexy.”

He hit a series of buttons and the door slid open. She sauntered in, still putting up the pose of a deeply attractive woman who was as kittenish as they came. She grinned, finger on her teeth in a coy pose as he approached her.

Then she swept his legs out from under him, brought out her Beretta, and placed it against his temple.

“Adrian!”

He came in silently. "That was . . . quite the performance to hear. I wish I'd seen it."

"It was a one-time performance," she quipped, though she took a little longer than she should have pulling up her zip again. The man squirmed beneath her.

"P-please don't kill me!"

"We won't," she hissed, so long as you help us. We're looking to find out what Whitlock's up to. What is this facility?"

"It's . . . it's reprogramming and testing."

"Reprogramming what?"

"The - the women! Mr Whitlock's women! They come here after completing some kind of job for him on the main island, then we wipe their memories. Sometimes he asked us to change them. You know, make them a bit younger, give them more attractive features. Sometimes we lower their intelligence. Other times, if it's a man, we . . ."

"Denny Christmas," Adrian said, exhaling. "It really was him. You turned him into a woman."

The security figure, whose name tag read 'Milos', managed to cough back a sob. "N-not me. I just work security. In the facility proper is where all the-

Fiona made a point of pulling back the pin on the gun just to stop the excuses.

"Tell my friend here everything he needs to know to take the controls of your little security box. Access codes and everything. And how to stop anything reaching the main island. We'll also need to know the layout of this place, and where to find this testing facility. Are there any subjects here?"

"A - a few. I don't know all their names!"

"Agent," she said, indicating Adrian to get to the controls. "And if you lie, Milos, I'll put a bullet in your lap first, do you understand?"

He nodded. In the next few minutes, he squealed like a pig and gave them everything they needed. Adrian worked the console expertly, and soon they were set up.

"The security system is down, but no alerts can go out," he said. "We should get personal alerts if visitors are coming our way, at least."

"Good," she said. "You've got a layout of this place."

"I do. We're not too far from this brainwashing location. Or the transformation area. It seems to be the same place."

"Any need for this man?"

He shook his head, disgusted at the security figure. Fiona was too, but . . .

There's a difference between assassination and murder, and this is it.

She clocked him out cold with the end of her beretta. Perhaps he'd just have sweet dreams of her in the catsuit, fully taking it off. If he did, he didn't deserve them.

"Ready to go then?" Fiona asked.

“Yeah,” Adrian said, adjusting his glasses. “Holy shit, this is bigger than I thought.”

“We’re not to the end, I suspect. This Damocles tech hasn’t even come into it yet, but I feel they’re connected somehow, and not in a good way.”

“Indeed. We’ll move quickly. Um, your zip is still a bit, uh, low.”

Fiona looked down and realised that she had left the catsuit zip descended just enough that it hinted at her very impressive cleavage. Giving in to that flirtiness, she raised her eyebrows at the nerdy but cute agent.

“I think I’ll leave it,” she said. “Gives me some breathing room.”

She left the box, and this time, she *did* let him have a view. But then it was back to infiltration, and the pair fell into perfect sync. Most of the guards were taken care of, and only two more had to be dispatched before they reached the entrance to the facility. The door to the testing area indicated as much in stencilled typeface. Using the access Adrian had got them they scanned their stolen keycards from the security guards they’d just taken out. The moment the doors opened, the pair burst in, brandishing their weapons.

“Nobody move! Get down, get down! Hands on your heads!”

The room was impressively large, the walls covered in pipes and panels and electrical outlets. Advanced technology was everywhere, and the floor was clearly cooled, a chill mist rising just to keep the tech from overloading. There were three scientists in full protective garb who fell to the ground on the main area, and a third near a pod-like thing up a small flight of stairs. Three women were also present, each wearing hospital gowns. One was sedated, the other two were waiting nearby, their looks panicked.

“Who are you? What are you doing!?”

“I’ll be asking the questions here,” Fiona said, sweeping the room. Adrian took the other side, but as far as they could tell, there were no combatants or other security measures they hadn’t dispatched with or turned off already.

“What’s happening here?” Adrian asked one of the scientists.

“R-reprogramming. Whitlock sent us three new women whose roles in preparing the facility are completed. He wanted them altered.”

Fiona’s eyes widened. She recognised the sedated woman.

“This is Amelia Novak. She’s a world-renowned astrophysicist from Czechia. She helped design the *Launch II* rocket. I’ve met her once. She’s also a classic pianist too.”

A scientist nodded. “She - she’s due to be changed. To be made appropriate for the next role!”

Adrian stuck a pistol right in the man’s face. “Which is what? As Sebastian’s concubine?”

“N-no! As the Czechian foreign minister’s wife! He . . . he has an arrangement with Whitlock, I think. I don’t know all the details, nobody does! But whatever support the minister is giving him means-”

“Means he gets a perfect Stepford wife,” Fiona murmured. “And more, perhaps.”

The scientist stammered. “I don’t know any other details. We just program the Machine. We -”

Fiona silenced him with a hand gesture. She stared up at the pod, and now that the adrenaline had gone down, realised what she was seeing.

There’s no way. Oh, but there is. And it makes perfect sense now. Everything does.

It was the same Machine as the one that the Agency had used to transform her. Tiresias’ Cradle The same one that Wrench had worked out. And Sebastian had a duplicate. Or perhaps even another original, pilfered off of the black market or something.

He must have had it for years.

“Is that what I think it is?” Adrian asked.

She nodded. “It is. It explains everything.” She lowered her voice to a whisper even as the scientists were all motioned to a corner of the room near the conscious and terrified women. “When the Machine changed me, it didn’t just turn me into a woman, it changed my mind. I think of myself as female, Adrian. I *am* a woman, for all intents and purposes, until I changed back.”

“You have seemed rather comfortable in your role.”

She ignored the light jest. “The man who worked the Cradle - this Machine - at the Agency indicated to me that our own understanding of it was limited. If Sebastian Whitlock has managed to go far further than we have, it makes sense that he can not only fully change and program men and women into new bodies, but alter their personalities beyond the extremes of what I’ve dealt with. And more than that, he can apparently program a sort of . . . coded bloodlust or brainwashed mass hysteria into them as well. Think of the beach knife fight I told you about.”

Adrian’s expression turned to deeper concern. “Do you think he’s going to assassinate all these important individuals, then? Use these women as honey traps in order to kill them upon a single activated trigger?”

“Perhaps. But what’s the gain? And how does it coincide with the Damocles technology he may be constructing? So many of these women are physicists, engineers, scientists, programmers.” She raised her voice. “You two! What do you do?”

The women stood to attention, their expressions terrified. Whatever pretext they’d been brought her under, they clearly had no idea of what was going on. Both were rather plain, the left one rather plump. It was unlikely to be a permanent state of affairs if Whitlock had his way.

“We-”

They were interrupted by another voice.

“They’re communication specialists. The real question is, who are you?”

Fiona turned, as did Agent Spiros. Both brandished their weapons, but the two figures who had entered the room were not presenting themselves as a threat at all. Fiona had to blink, realising who she was looking at.

“Agent Thirty-Nine? Agent Seven?”

Both women gave a brief look of confusion, clearly not recognising Agent One in her new feminine state. They were both wearing infiltration suits, and it ‘suited’ them quite well. Nothing so daring as Fiona’s own catsuit, but definitely svelte black outfits that conformed to their athletic-yet-attractive frames. Agent Thirty-Nine’s long blonde hair was put back in a professional ponytail, her tall Nordic frame making her quite the sight to see. Her skin was pale as ever, but beautiful. Agent Seven’s own dark pigmentation was a contrast, and her tight curls were likewise pulled back; into a bun, in her case. She had an hourglass figure and an impressive bust that Fiona was very well-acquainted with, though it was not as impressive as her own now, she realised. Still, their history together came as a punch to Fiona’s gut, one that hit an emotional nerve. She nearly lowered her weapon.

“What are you two doing here?” she demanded.

Adrian whispered in her ear: “Friends of yours?”

“Agency members. Ones who have been missing, while the rest of our female agents were *burned*, their identities leaked out.”

Cassandra held out her hands. “Wasn’t us. Besides, how do you know about that? Are you Agency? I would have recognised a cute thing like you.”

Fiona gritted her teeth. *How much can I trust her? But seems like her. She always did like to bat for both teams. And they both appear unchanged.*

“I don’t recognise her either,” Thirty-Nine said. Her name was Sonya. She also raised her hands. “But you appear to be enemies of Whitlock like we are, and trained field agents of that. From your companion’s dialect I’d guess he’s local Greek intelligence, at least?”

“You might be right,” Spiros said. “But that doesn’t tell us who you are. If you’ve been missing all this time, how can we trust you, given the nature of this facility?”

The two exchanged a glance, and it was Cassandra who sighed. “I suppose you can’t. We’ve had to go deep. Real deep. Feeding information off this island is nearly impossible, especially once Sebastian has you chipped. Both of us have already fallen prey to this machine. It took great willpower to resist it, and even then entire *weeks* were wasted, stuck as his submissive armcandy to show off to his friends. But after everything we’ve heard about something big happening tomorrow, we decided we had to act, even if we didn’t have our full minds back. It seems we chose a good time.”

“Well, you always did know how to have a good time,” Fiona quipped, before realising what she’d let slip loose.

Cassandra’s eyes widened, and finally she recognised who she was talking to. “Oh my God . . . Finn? Agent One?”

Fiona blushed furiously, aware of just how curvaceously female and tightly dressed she was at the moment. “I’m Fiona now. *For* now, I should say. It’s just a temporary situation.”

Cassandra giggled, and the more stoic Sonya smirked, her interest clearly piqued by this sight. “Well, I can’t say I ever imagined this sight! But it’s not a bad one - is it wrong to say I’m jealous? I don’t think I could handle that chest though.”

“Wait until you hear her secret identity while on the island,” Adrian added.

“Shush!” Fiona snapped, before sighing. She lowered her weapon, as did Adrian.

“Okay, I have to hear this,” Sonya said.

“No you don’t.”

“It’s Alexandra Goodchest,” Adrian said.

The two women burst out laughing, and even Adrian had a chuckle. Fiona simply folded her arms beneath her breasts as she waited, but this had the unintentional effect of emphasising her wonderful globes further, which set the women laughing yet again.

“Oh, that is good,” Cassandra said, wiping her eyes. “Sebastian will love that.”

“Not if I can help it,” Agent One said, reaching up towards her pearls. “Not once I -”

She paused. She had only looked away for a second, and suddenly Cassandra had a gun trained on her. Sonya also. Adrian froze as well, having put his gun away.

Shit. Shit.

“Cassandra-”

“Sorry, *Finn*,” the other female spy said. “Sebastian got me long ago. Thanks to this machine, I’m all his. We both are. And soon, you will be too.”

“You’ve been brainwashed this entire time.”

“Not brainwashed. Just . . . enlightened. Don’t move, or I’ll fire.” She indicated to the gun in her hand, which gleamed a golden colour. “Nice little thing, isn’t it? A present for Sebastian when he made me part of his all-female bodyguard. He gave me a golden dress and golden jewellery and then this golden gun. He told me that I’d be one of his finest concubines, but only once the mission succeeds. I cannot wait.”

Agent One grit her teeth. “And what is this mission?”

“Oh, you’ll find out soon enough,” Sonya said. “

Fiona’s mind ran through a hundred scenarios, but Cassandra was a crack shot and a trained sniper, and the same was true of Sonya as well. She cursed herself for letting her guard down; the other brainwashed women had seemed uncharacteristically peppy that he

had started to make foolish assumptions. He lowered his hands, trying to ready his brace to fire of a shot when-

Pwit! Pwit!

Fiona dove to the ground, raising her gun to fire several wounding shots at her former allies. But they were just as fast and had as much cover, slipping to the sides behind a thick control panel. She rolled as well, stuck her hand up to her neck to check the wound, which should have been terrible. Instead, she found herself removing a single golden dart.

Oh, a tranquiliser. Of course. At least with a dose that small I'll have a few minutes to

. . .

She began to go drowsy almost immediately. Opposite her Adrian was managing to fire back, though he now had a second tranquiliser on his arm. He was looking a little inebriated, but she was already worse off than him.

Stupid female body. Smaller. Takes less . . . to be . . . affected . . .

"Cassandra!" Adrian cried, but it was already too late.

Agent One fell to the grated floor with a thud, and soon after so did Adrian. She was only loosely aware of this, however. The last thing she saw was two beautiful, brainwashed women standing over her, a space between them.

She imagined she'd be filling that space soon.

Part 10: The Spy Who WILL Love Me

When Fiona woke, it was with quite a lot of drowsiness in her system. She noticed several things pretty quickly though.

The first was that she was trapped in a pod, one that could only be Tiresias' Cradle, and not the Agency's version. But in all other respects, she'd been here before.

The second was that she was no longer in her spy catsuit, but rather wearing a two piece costume that almost seemed to mark her out as a concubine: a tight gold two piece outfit that exposed part of her midriff, with her skirt going only to her upper thighs. Her shoulders were barely covered, and as always there was a prominence of cleavage. It was exactly the kind of thing that Sebastian Whitlock would like her in.

The third was Sebastian Whitlock himself, on the other side of the glass, examining a very large computer screen that dominated a big section of the wall of the facility. By his side were the two former Agency women, both of them now dressed far more formally. Agent Seven - Cassandra - was in the golden dress she had bragged about, a sequined thing that hugged her curves delightfully, a golden purse on her arm, and a golden gun in one hand.

Sonya's dress was more flowing and regal, suiting her sometimes haughty manner. Fiona couldn't help but notice that her own dress was of a similar design.

Ah, so that's it. I'm going to be changed into the newest member of his bodyguard.

She began looking over herself, trying to see what they had taken from her. Her gun was obviously gone, as was her laser lipstick and other items. Even her bracers were done away with - placed on the table in the centre of the room. The only thing they hadn't taken were-

My pearls. Yes! Who said diamonds were a girl's best friend when I have these?

Unfortunately, before she could think of what to do with them, she had to lower her hands, because Sebastian began speaking.

"How wonderful to have you awake, Miss Goodchest. Or should I call you Fiona Langston?"

He turned, gesturing to her vital signs on part of the enormous monitor, one of which must have indicated that she was now conscious. With a grin, he stepped forward a little, and both agents Thirty-Nine and Seven stepped beside him, their arms hooked through his, hanging off of him like eye candy. Their simpering looks eliminated all doubt that they had been brainwashed by Sebastian's version of Tiresias' Cradle.

At least they didn't betray King and Country willingly.

"Call me what you want, Whitlock," she said. "It won't matter much. Not when the Royal Navy, the Greek Navy, and just about every other Mediterranean, European, and NATO force gets here to stop you, and that's just a headstart on the Americans."

Whitlock shrugged. "A fine lie, I suppose, and said with much conviction. But you won't fool me again, Agent One. That *is* your designation, isn't it? Though I doubt you ever planned on being so . . . perfectly hourglassed. Hm. As for military assistance, my friends in high places would be the first to alert me. More than that, you haven't got a signal out of here. You and I both know that my island defences make that literally impossible, for the same reason that the only communication available to you is between this island and my full paradise of Arcadia."

Fiona grit her teeth. He was right, but she'd hoped the bluff could at least stall things. She looked down, trying to see a way out of the machine. There were several panels beneath her feet, though how useful they would be in escaping was not clear.

"Don't think of escaping," Sebastian said, folding his hands behind his impressive frame as his two bodyguards took their stations. Evidently, they knew how to work Tiresias' Cradle, and Whitlock was having them operate it as a further twist of the knife. "We can activate the process at any moment, *Fiona*. How astonishing to know that a device like this one exists in your Agency, and that it was the last resort of your government to stop me. You are too late, of course. Not that you'll appreciate that, once you become my first-wife. Yes,

that's what I intend for you, Fiona. How ironic, the most fantastically suave and dashing debonair agent of your country shall become sumptuously gorgeous and submissive Alexandra Goodchest, just as you pretended to be. I imagine you'll bear me many strong children. When we master the science of the Machine in a few years, we'll have an immortality together for you to raise an entire legion of dashing reflections of the man you once were. Let's begin that process now, shall we?"

Visions of a terrible future where Fiona was not only forced to stay a woman, but *Sebastian's* woman, full and pregnant with his children, her breasts riper than ever, filled her mind. It horrified her. There was, perhaps, the smallest amount of intrigue, but the presence of Sebastian eliminated it entirely.

Have to say something. Ah, there's one old chestnut they always fall for.

"At least tell me your plan!" Fiona exclaimed. "You can't tell me you've gotten this far and don't want to gloat a little? I came all this way myself, you know. Had a sex change and everything just to hear this spiel, and you're going to deny me it?"

Sebastian scratched at his beard. "Yes, I suppose I do owe you that much. You did successfully infiltrate my island, crack many of my secrets, and nearly ruined everything, were it not for my lovely Cassandra and Sonya here. In that respect, I suppose you have a right to know, if only so that when you become mine - my first-most wife, dear *Alexandra* - you will find yourself praising the very plan you came to stop."

Yes, yes, get to it.

She worked her bare feet, keeping one in front of the other. The glass was more misted at the bottom, and she used that distraction to pull her toes against the slight gap in the metal, prying it upwards. It was painful work, and no doubt she would cut the skin soon, but it was all she could do, even as she listened intently. The enormous panel altered to give a visual demonstration of Whitlock's plan as the villains stepped back to demonstrate it.

Of course. He has a presentation and everything.

But her mood became a lot more serious with what it displayed a moment later. A missile. One with a satellite compartment.

"Behold, *Damocles*," Sebastian said. "A form of technology that outrivals any other when it comes to military might. And it has come under my sole province, thanks to the careful and steady work I have maintained with numerous partnerships across my illustrious rise to corporate power. As you can see, *Miss Langston*, my army of now-quite-delectable scientists, engineers, and physicists - among others - have helped construct a satellite that can disperse micro-transmitting nanites across the globe, with said nanites being impossible to intercept. The satellite itself will be impossible to bring down due to those same defences, and it is all thanks to my Machine - what your Agency apparently calls a 'Tiresias Cradle' - that this level of technology is possible. Once it is in orbit - safely obscured by our Greek

cabinet friends who will prevent it being shot down - its own nanite network will give it a pure defensive screen.”

“And you plan to blackmail the world with it?” Fiona asked, stalling for time. She kneeled down just a little, acting as if she were fascinated and horrified. She continued to pry at the plating, and it began to loosen.

Sebastian chuckled. “Hardly. I’m not going to blackmail the world, Agent One. I’m going to *rule it*. This entire island of Arcadia is a blueprint of the future I shall carve. A world in which men have the deserving female mates they deserve, of which there shall be plenty, as all men who cannot be trusted or represent a threat to my power shall become the very beautiful concubines they wish to free. More than that, the entirety of the female sex - which by then will represent over three-fifths of humanity - will not only be mentally altered to be entirely loyal to the whims of myself and those I choose, but will also have backup programming to make them a lethal force where necessary. In fact, I’m counting on that bloodlust when *Damocles* first comes online, in order to make some necessary . . . culling. All the better to ensure no one takes down *Damocles* while it is still building its defensive screen.”

Fiona nodded. She pried at the bar behind her, glaring at Sebastian. “Of course. You activate women across the globe to assassinate and remove any immediate obstacles from power. No president will expect his first lady to take him down, at least not outside the form of a tabloid interview.”

The villain chuckled. “You understand! A brilliant mind you possess, Fiona. It is why you shall be my Alexandra.”

“And it also explains how you bought off so many interested parties to aid you. You couldn’t change them all without arousing suspicion, and you needed some in their high places with their minds unchanged. So you had a team of experts perform psychological profiles I imagine, and put together a list of men who would rather live in *your* world than in this one. After that, it was merely a matter of training up women to become their future harem of wives . . . once your mission was completed, of course.”

“Indeed,” the man said, clasping his hands together. “Of course, I keep the best to myself. You know, it rather arouses me to know that my closest wives and mothers of my future children shall be former members of the Agency. What do you think of them so far, knowing you will be one?”

“Your golden girls?” she quipped. “You certainly named them appropriately, given how *pliable* you desire them to be. And gold is an electric conductor too. Another parallel, since you give them the electroshock treatment of the century.”

“You make it sound so brutal.”

“Just uncivilised,” she said, glaring at him. “Where is Agent Spiros? Another future woman to the collection?”

He shook his head. “I have enough, and little use for him. No, I’m rather afraid his end will be coming soon, though it shall be a spectacular one. He shall have front row seats to the launching of *Damocles* from our main facility. Unfortunately, the front seats can be a little . . . crispy.”

Damn you. You won’t get him. You won’t.

Whitlock continued, his voice growing ever more maniacal. “And now that I know your Agency has its own Machine, I can configure a pulse to destroy it as well, all while my device stays safe in its bunker. I will be in full control of all such technology, and with my army of brainwashed women behind me, capable of serving the needs of men the world over provided that *they* give me their loyalty, then all will be secure. Any who oppose me can join my harem, and I will live as an eternal, immortal *God* above all, remaking humanity as I see fit thanks to the Damocles technology infecting all human life, everywhere. A *God*, Agent One! My final destiny, and one that shall never end.” He grinned triumphantly, raising a fist before him and clenching it. “Do you see now my brilliance?”

“Of course,” Fiona said slowly. “I understand now fully. You are completely, utterly, *insane.*”

Whitlock’s smile was wiped away instantly, replaced with a glaring sneer. “The difference, Agent One, between insanity and genius is measured only by success.”

“And what is success in your case, Whitlock? Tyranny over the world? An emperor surrounded by concubines? I’m a bit disappointed, really, to learn that a man of your brilliance is slave to such base impulses.”

Whitlock sauntered over to Cassandra, Agent Seven, and cupped her chin. He kissed her passionately, and she in turn moaned with arousal as he lowered a hand down to her rear and squeezed it.

“Base impulses is what we *are*, Agent One, as you have no doubt grappled with. But I am still master of them. I have resisted my golden bodyguard and many of my brainwashed women, holding off until I am finally successful. Then I shall have earned them. I control my actions. It is you who are a slave to your own base impulses as a woman. Did you know that before falling unconscious completely, you dragged your body across this very grated floor towards Agent Adrian Spiros, calling his name. We had to pry your hand off of his shoulder. What affection you show to a man, even being a former man yourself! Ah, but becoming a member of the fairer sex has weakened you, and even on an instinctual level you recognise that man should be your master. You just picked the wrong man.”

He grinned smugly.

“There’s a saying,” Fiona said, still prying at the floorplate in her pod. “Behind every successful man is a woman. In your case Sebastian, you’d better hope she isn’t holding a knife.”

Whitlock was about to give a no-doubt witty response when the entry doors to the room burst open. Through them stepped Carla Volpe, his muscled henchman with the robotic arm. She grinned just momentarily at the sight of Fiona stuck in the pod, before turning to Sebastian.

“Sir, you are needed on Arcadia. The launch is ready to begin at your command.”

“And I would not miss it!” he announced. “How sad that I must choose between witnessing my own ascension to Godhood and your own ascension to my dutiful first wife, Fiona. But soon you shall be Alexandra, and I shall taste your sweet fruits from the position of the highest power any man has ever known. For now, I bid you adieu. Ladies, activate the Machine. Carla, stay here and ensure that our guest ends up every bit the submissive woman she was meant to be.”

“My pleasure, Mr Whitlock,” she said, flexing her mechanical claw-like fingers. She had changed prosthesis again, and this one looked even deadlier.

Another thing to think about, but perhaps with them gone -

Agent Seven, the woman who Finn Langston had so many passionate and caring memories with, flicked the switch. Instantly, the familiar hum of the Tiresias Cradle began, only this time its focus was centred entirely on Fiona’s mind. Her very core thrummed with energy as the machine cycled up. Her breathing quickened, and Sebastian simply waved her goodbye and headed off, his two trained agent bodyguards in tow. All that was left was Carla Volpe standing across the room, watching the process with amusement, even as mist began to rise within the machine and various needles and tubes began to enter it.

“It seems I was right to be suspicious of you, Alexandra Goodchest,” the vicious woman said. She raised her mechanical arm and its fingers clicked together, leaving a set of very sharp claws. A miniature flame bloomed from a port, lighting up the cigarette she held out to it. She puffed on it, enjoying her dramatic smoke. “But not for very long, it seems. Hm.”

The mist rose, and Fiona openly began to pull at the plating, now desperate.

Something gave way, and for a moment she was victorious as she saw the inner workings of the machine through a grate, its cogs and gears and elements extending far beneath her feet.

But then a needle reached her neck, and the halo circled over her head, and the mental changes hit her. She was suddenly elsewhere, far away.

She was suddenly a new woman.

Alexandra Goodchest lounged upon a sundeck chair by a resplendent pool, soaking up the sun's rays and living up to her last name with how well she presented her bosom. Her black bikini matched her dark hair, and she wore a pair of equally dark sunglasses to complete the effect. She was in perfect contentment, perfect bliss. There was no action that needed to be taken, no world in need of saving. She was happy to simply *be*.

"Ah, my beautiful first wife, I knew I would find you here."

She opened her eyes, turned to one side, and placed a hand on her marvellous hip. She knew exactly what a show she was putting on.

"Sebastian, my love. I missed you."

The tall, square-jawed and dark-goatee'd man was disrobing down to a pair of swimshorts. On either side of him were Agents Thirty-Nine and Seven, themselves looking divine in their golden housewife dresses with little white spots. They were the very image of feminine submission, their power taken away.

Just like mine. Fight it. Fight it. This isn't real.

Alexandra was momentarily bothered by a stray thought, but pushed it aside. Thoughts were not her business these days anyway; she left that all to her handsome man. To her master. The master of the world and its God: Sebastian Whitlock.

The man himself stepped over to her, knelt down, and caressed her neck. She cooed submissively, and when his lips locked over hers it filled her with purpose, and even more so when his hands ran down over her large breasts, across her hip, and then down to her stomach.

"I missed you both," he said. "How is my little heir growing, Alexandra?"

Heir? I'm not pregnant! Just because I can be doesn't mean - it's not happening!

She frowned briefly, but again pushed the strange thoughts away. This was reality, surely? This was where she was meant to be. Her baby was growing within her, her bump starting to become visible. She would be the first to swell with Sebastian Whitlock's children, and that was good and right.

"He is strong, my love," she replied, caressing her own belly. "I cannot wait to grow bigger, though. I want to be everything you want me to be."

"Good," he replied. "Because that is how it should be. That is why I am your husband. Your master. Your *God*."

She moaned demurely, as did the two other agents. She sat up to appreciate her husband's form, and it allowed her to look over the edge of the deck and down to the beach. They were no longer in Arcadia. That time was over. This was Athens itself. The city had been converted to become one almost entirely of women, all there for Sebastian's appreciation and use as he saw fit. An entire population who had been enhanced, or even

reassigned in sex, and then bent to his will. All for him. It was a new world, one where a handful of men ruled over the population as they saw fit, and punished those who went against them by making them into women thanks to the Damocles and Tiresias technology paired together.

It's evil. It has to be stopped. You have to fight it. You're Fiona, not Alexandra.

"Why don't you show your appreciation for your God?" Sebastian interrupted, slowly pulling her up to her feet. He placed his hands upon her rear, and it feel *good*. So damn good. "Why don't you make love to me right now, Alexandra? Far better to show that you are no longer the agent you once were, yes?"

She was aroused. Her nipples were hard. Her womanhood was moist. His hands upon her elicited delicate moans. She raised her hands up to her own neck to undo the bikini top and paused, eyes suddenly open again.

Her fingers were touching pearls.

Pearls.

There was something about the pearls.

H-have to use them b-before it's t-too late!

"What's the matter, my dear?" Sebastian said, smiling gently yet forcefully at the same time. "Just focus on me. Just *give in*."

"N-no," she replied, stepping back a little. "S-something's wrong. I'm not meant to be here. I'm Fiona. I'm Agent One."

"No, you're not. Not anymore. That was months ago. Now you're my first wife, my Alexandra. And with a very good chest, I might note."

He grinned, and it made her melt a little again, but a resolve was hardening.

Yes! Fight it! Fight him! I can still stop him! Just n-need my whole head in the game!

But Sebastian was stepping forward again to kiss her, and she knew that if he did she would be his, all his, for eternity. It would be game over. He placed his hands around her gorgeous waist and lowered his face to hers, cupping her chin. She pursed her lips too . . .

. . . and shoved a pearl right down his throat.

"What? What was - what did you do!?"

Fiona stepped back. This wasn't real. This was the machine.

And I'm ending it.

"You are Alexandra Goodchest!" he screamed. "You are my wife!"

"I'm Langston. Fiona Langston," she replied. "And *man*, I feel like a woman."

Sebastian reached out his hands to squeeze her neck.

He promptly exploded.

BWOOOOOOM!!!

Fiona opened her eyes just in time to see the aftereffects of the explosion. Even in that horrid brainwashing program she had done it: she had managed to pry loose an explosive pearl from her necklace and drop it down the great. The lower workings of the machine were on fire, and her own pod filled with smoke. Fire alarms blared across the room, and the previously calm Carla Volpe was angrily muttering in Greek, pacing to the controls to see what had gone wrong.

It gave Fiona all the time she needed. There were still some lingering changes to her mind, she sensed, but she needed to act fast. The structure of the Machine whined, its mysterious cogs and wheels clashing against one another, screeching as more sparks flew. It was falling apart, and she decided to help it a little by tearing off another pearl and dropping it down.

“Man, I feel like a woman,” she sang with her rather lovely voice, activating the detonation Wrench had put together. It exploded, and small shards of debris erupted up near her feet, causing some light scratches and bleeds along her legs. But the effect was more than enough. The numerous screens around the facility room swiftly changed.

MACHINE COMPROMISED. ALERT! MACHINE COMPROMISED. ALERT!

It was enough to trigger a reaction from the failing mechanisms of the Tiresias Cradle; the front casing of the pod slid open partially. Carla Volpe was too concerned with getting the systems under control to see her, and the smoke obscured much, but there was limited time.

Now or never, Fiona Goodchest, she thought to herself. *Wait, I’m thinking of my last name as Goodchest now? Well, it looks like Whitlock got one minor victory over me. Let’s see that it’s his last.*

She kicked the casing. Kicked it again. With one final kick it smashed apart, collapsing onto the stairs that led up to the Tiresias Cradle. Fiona leapt into action immediately, jumping down the stairs and rolling. It was a good thing too: Fiona was damn quick. She extended her artificial arm and a barrage of bullets fired from it, lighting up more of the consoles. Fiona didn’t manage to get hold of her Beretta upon the table, but one of her bracers was knocked loose, and she scrambled to get it fixed into place.

“I knew we should have killed you when we had the chance, Agent One,” Carla sneered. “Now I must prove to Sebastian that you were not worth the trouble. Tell me, would you prefer to die by the bullet, by the garotte, or by *fire?*”

Something mechanical shifted in her arm, and suddenly an enormous plume of flame expanded from Carla’s extended arm, which had become a miniature flamethrower. Fiona dove over several desks and landed in a heap behind a small piece of cover. Part of her hair

was definitely singed, and the lower half of her two-piece golden dress was now even shorter. A series of bullets impacted near her as the arm changed again.

“So many choices!” she quipped, readying the bolts on her bracer. “Can I ask the audience?”

“I *am* the audience, and I choose fire.”

Carla ran forward, firing flame. This time was even closer, and Fiona felt the heat of the flame singing the skin of her legs. She somersaulted over one of the consoles and quickly hurled a monitor at Carla, but again her pistol was impossible to reach.

“Well, you know what they say about fighting fire with fire, eh, Carla?”

She ripped two more pearls from the necklace and flung them.

“Man, I feel like a woman, oh, oh, oh, oh!”

Volpe’s expression changed from victory to shock. She leapt just as quickly as Fiona had, moments before the pearls exploded, sending debris everywhere. The room was utterly on fire by this point, the flames spreading to the doors.

Need to get rid of her fast and save poor Adrian. And stop Whitlock, the psychopath.

She threw another pearl and ran out from cover. It detonated in midair as Carla targeted it with a flamethrower, her face maniacal in its bloodlust by this point. Fiona hadn’t expected that, and so she was caught like a deer in headlights as Carla levelled her arm in Fiona’s direction.

Her arm clicked. Then clicked again.

No bullets, and no flame.

“It happens to everyone from time to time,” Fiona said. “I wouldn’t worry about it.”

“All the better, I’ll kill you up close! I’ll watch the light die in your eyes!”

Her arm whirred, revealing the sharp claws again. Fiona reached to grab a pearl but Carla was faster. She clamped the claw upon her neck and it was only the necklace itself that allowed Fiona to slip out. But Carla fought back, thrusting her against a wall of screens, smashing half of them, and causing the rest to play a propaganda video from Whitlock. The claw snapped at her jugular, pressing ever closer to it. Carla screamed.

“Why. Won’t. You. Just. DIE!?!?”

Fiona gripped the other woman’s arm and used her free hand to remove her own bracer. Acting quickly, she placed it on Carla’s human arm. As the claws began to scratch at her throat she hit the button to fire the grappling hook, aiming it back into the Machine itself. For just one terrible second, Carla realised what had happened, and then she was pulled back upon the grapple cord, screaming as she was wrenched right across the room at rapid speed.

Right into the burning furnace of the Cradle.

For a moment Fiona just panted. In her other hand was Carla's mechanical arm, now completely detached.

"Talk about defeating an unarmed opponent," she said. The still-panting, still-bleeding Agent One took a moment to look at the burning wreckage of the Tiresias Cradle which marked Carla Volpe's overheated grave. "Poor woman, she had a bad case of burn out."

And then, with the two standard quips delivered, she raced out of the burning facility and through the bunker.

She didn't have long to stop Whitlock.

I don't even have time to change out of this ridiculous golden two-piece dress. At least I'll look fabulous saving the world. As always.

Part 11: Moonbreaker

Arcadia was on heavy lockdown when Fiona hit the beach. She'd taken Carla's military patrol boat, and thankfully there had been quite the bag of heavy equipment in it. She made quite the sight, no doubt, her busty form wrapped tightly in her gold-sequined dress, her midriff exposed, her legs on display, but with two UMP submachine guns strapped over shoulders and a number of grenades around her poorly-fitting belt. She even had two tranq guns trapped to her side.

If only I could get a signal out. For now, I'll have to be a one-woman army. No time to get outside his radio shield. He has protections against airstrikes anyway.

The beach was empty of women for once, empty of anyone. Clearly, Damocles was about to launch, because almost the entirety of the island exterior was bereft of human lift. Except for, of course, the pathways and catwalks that led up to the island leisure resort and its accompanying facility. Numerous guards, some female, some male, patrolled in case of any last-minute danger.

That'll be me, of course, she thought. Fiona Goodchest. Ugh, I can't believe that's my last name in my mind now. Let's make my displeasure known, shall I?

She raced up, taking the most direct path. She had the element of surprise, which allowed her to ambush the first two female guards. She fired two tranq darts into each of them, and they went down. She had no interest in killing the woman, almost all of whom she was certain was brainwashed. Carla had been the notable exception, but she wasn't interested in gambling on these lives. The men, however, were more open game. Sebastian had all but said that these were the figures who would benefit in his new world from their loyalty to him, gaining all the ladies they desired.

For them, she brought out the submachine gun.

“Hey! Watch out!”

She fired, gunning them down, before racing further up. Her muscles were not as strong as a man’s, and she was feeling the pressure, but the race against time made her push her female body to its limits. She ignored the heavy bouncing in her chest and swaying of her long hair. In that moment, all that mattered was that she was an agent in service to King and Country.

And I’ll be damned if Whitlock gets crowned.

Two more women tranquilized, too more men downed. One cried out as she ambushed him and she clocked him on the side of the head with the butt of her gun. Perhaps he had been brainwashed; he looked more like a technician than a guard, so she knocked him out instead. But the delay cost her; an alarm began to ring, and a strange signal called out. She recognised it; it had a momentary effect on her brain.

Defend your master. Defend your God.

“Damn. It’s the bloodlust code.”

She ran further up the island’s walkway, ascending the cliff-face. She took out several more guards, just managed to avoid a grenade, and flung one back in return. A section of the cliff-face exploded, and she had to leap over the gap. She thrust out a fine leg and realised that here, at least, her strength was still valid. The man went down after she collided her foot with his jaw, and with a sweep of her leg she knocked the next man backwards. Way backwards: he went tumbling down the hole to his doom.

But the alarm wailed again, the signal screeching in her ear. If she didn’t reach the main facility soon, she knew, she would be stuck on these thin walkways against a veritable army of trained fighter women. Worse, if Agents Thirty-Nine and Seven were with them. She took a lungful of breath and ran forward, throwing a grenade further up to hold off any advancing forces. She dispatched three more enemies before arriving at the top where a sun tanning deck hung over part of the cliff-face. It was empty, but she could see into the private resort, and what she saw chilled her to the core.

Good lord, there’s a lot of them. I’d normally celebrate the sight, but right now, it’s doing nothing for me in more ways than one.

Beautiful, brainwashed women were *pouring* down staircases, running down halls, emerging from elevators, erupting from hot spas, and so on, and all advancing towards Fiona’s position. Some were in bikinis, some wore gorgeous dresses, others in cute two-piece outfits like her own. And others still were partly or wholly naked, caring nothing for modesty and everything for the protection of their master and god. The destruction of the Tiresias Cradle had evidently not undone their brainwashing, and so it fell to Fiona to hope that Damocles would be the thing to undo it.

Think, Fiona, think. Where can you - there!

The women broke through the glass windows while others poured through the open door that led to the outside, but Fiona was already running. She leapt up against part of the wall, gripping the stone architecture of the wallface and climbing as rapidly as she could. Women screeched, baying for her blood. Some ran back, no doubt to grab weapons or to try and cut her off. Two women climbed up near her with surprising rapidity - perhaps they were gymnasts? She tranqued them quickly, then used her submachine gun to fire a barrage of bullets into the second story window. Smashing it to pieces. She climbed in, cutting her hands just a little, and then kept on running. She was familiar with this part of the resort. It wasn't far from the Facility where no one was allowed to go without permission.

I'll use my hall pass, she thought, reloading her weapons.

A security guard raised his hand, readying his weapon at the terminal gate.

"Hey, you need an access pass to -"

She shot the gun out of his hand. "That good enough? Get up against the wall, all of you!"

Three more guards joined him, holding their hands up. One reached for his weapon and she downed him with ease.

"Anyone else want to try something?"

They shook their heads.

"Good! There's an army of crazy women coming this way, and I want you to keep this gate closed. If you don't . . ."

She placed an explosive pearl in each of their front jacket pockets.

". . . these little explosives go boom. If you try to remove them, they go boom. Got it?"

It was a bluff, but the men clearly fell for it. Besides, if they betrayed her, she could always whistle an explosive tune.

"Good! Now open this door and then close it behind me. Don't open it again, and you might just make it out of here alive."

They did as she asked, and she ran through the terminal gate into the facility proper. It was a place of white walls and slick hallways, and scientists moving back and forth with excitement. She ran past these, tranquilizing anyone that might have a gun and taking out any guard in her way. She was running low on ammunition and needed to conserve it, however, especially with the news playing from the speakers.

"T-minus 10 minutes until Damocles launch. I repeat, T-minus ten minutes until Damocles launch. We are making a new world, and Sebastian Whitlock will be its ruler. T-minus 10 minutes until launch . . ."

She grabbed a scientist, remembering Whitlock's words from earlier. "Where is the launch pad? Where!?"

The man - clearly one of Whitlock's beneficiaries - was quick to tell her with a gun against his neck.

"It's - it's down this hallway! Right at the end! But it's been sealed! You can't breach it, or else -"

"Let me worry about that," she said. She threw him to the side and continued to run. Her heart pounded, and she found herself wanting to save Adrian not just because it was the right and heroic thing to do, but because it genuinely terrified her that he might be harmed. His wry humour, his nerdy good looks, his sheer efficiency in his field, and his kindness all made her feel almost . . . infatuated.

Keep it together, Agent One. First get the mission done, then fun and games.

Two guards rose up at the barrier breach at the end of the hallway, what looked to be a bloody *vault* door.

"Hey, is that -"

"Shoot her!"

She shot the first, incapacitated the second.

"Open it!" she declared.

"Are you joking?" the man said, clutching his bleeding leg. "We'll all die!"

She pulled back the trigger on her Beretta. "Die now or in seven minutes. What's your preference?"

He took a moment to decide, so she made ready to kill him.

"Wait! Stop! I'll do it!"

He stood, punched in a code, then overrode the warning. She kept her gun trained on him, and only after the vault door cycled open, hissing as it did so, did she knocked him unconscious with the butt of her gun. She moved into the chamber.

"T-minus five minutes until Damocles launch. A new age will rise. The age of Sebastian. Women will worship him. Men will aspire to serve him. The world as we know it will be forever changed into a perfect utopia. T-minus five minutes until Damocles launch."

And now Damocles was before her, or at least the rocket that contained it. *This* was what Sebastian Whitlock had been building all this time, what he had been kidnapping and recruiting and brainwashing hundreds, if not thousands, for. The immense rocket stood tall and proud within this shielded section of the facility, its point stopping just shy of the domed ceiling. That same ceiling now opened, separating into four sections and peeling back so as to allow the rocket to launch into the open morning sky.

"Damn," she said.

Things got even worse when she spied Adrian's location: he was shackled with thick manacles to the flooring directly beneath the rocket. He wouldn't just be incinerated by the rocket's exhaust, he would be *atomised*.

“Adrian!” she called. She fired her grappling hook to a pylon, and used it to swing artfully down right next to his location,.

“T-minus four minutes and counting. A new age is upon us.”

“God, he even hired a professional voice actress for that bit,” she complained, pulling the stuffing from Adrian’s mouth.

“Pah!” he exclaimed as soon as it was out. “Agent One! What are you doing here! This place is about to be filled with rocket exhaust. Leave me, damn it, and get yourself to-”

She kissed him. It was a nice kiss, full of passion. It certainly shut him up.

And it feels damn good too. Very good. Did that time spent in the brainwashing pod make me a bit more susceptible to this kind of play?

She decided she wasn’t entirely un-okay with that.

“There,” she said, pulling back. “Does that settle the argument?”

“It - it most certainly does,” he remarked. “And I’m not complaining about it. But these are strong, tensile steel. A bullet from a gun won’t do it.”

“Then it’s a good thing I’m not using one,” she replied. She got out her purse, the one that she had made sure to carry all this time. It was a good thing Carla Volpe hadn’t looked too closely at its contents. She drew out her ruby red lipstick.

“I hardly think now is the time to be putting on lipstick,” he said as she applied it quickly, activating its interior contents.

“On the contrary. I rather think a good lipstick *lights* up proceedings. Observe.”

She screwed the lid in just the right way, and a red laser fired from its other end, right against his manacles. Adrian’s eyebrows rose, impressed.

“Well, remind me never to underestimate a lady like you again. If you don’t mind me saying, you look good in gold.”

She smirked, burning through the metal. The timer was making them both nervous, but they covered it with their back-and-forth witticisms.

“Then it appears that Sebastian Whitlock was right about just one thing, I suppose. I’m nearly through. Then the leg one.”

“T-minus two minutes and counting.”

“I really think you should go,” Agent Spiros repeated. “I’m ready to die for this mission, and the world is at stake.”

She snapped through the metal cuffs, then immediately moved the laser down to pry apart the leg cables. It didn’t have much power left, she knew.

“That’s what makes me Agent One, Spiros. I always save the world *and* get the girl.”

“I’m not exactly female, you know.”

“Thank God for that. I have a new perspective on things, and seeing you all tied up is doing things for me.”

He managed an anxious smirk. "Really?"

The chain snapped. "Really," she said. "But let's get out of here before things get *too* hot. Grab on, and try not to cop too much of a feel, thank you."

He chuckled. "Darn."

"T-minus one minute and counting. Whitlock is our master. He shall reign supreme and all women shall be supplicant to his will."

This'll be closer than ever, she thought, raising her arm quickly to fire her grappling hook at a high point above the entrance. It connected, and she shot into the air. Her arm strained to hold them both, and the coil whined, clearly becoming exhausted under the strain. Adrian held on for dear life, wrapping his strong arms around her.

Not the worst feeling in the world, I suppose.

What *was* a bad feeling was the way the grappling coil *snapped* from the weight, sending them spilling on the entrance. They disentangled immediately, racing for the door and diving through it. Without a word the two of them grabbed the vault door and pulled it shut, but even then it was a slow thing, the enormous weight of the metal taking time to seal. Adrian cycled the lock as fast as he could, and then the two of them fled further anyway.

They were one second away from the door when an enormously powerful rumble quaked through the entire building.

"We have liftoff. The new world begins now!"

"Not if I have anything to say about it," Fiona exclaimed. She brandished her beretta. "Are you coming or what?"

Spiros looked positively over it. "You never stop, do you? Ladies first, I think. Let's go kill a supervillain in his lair."

They took off together. The timer was still on. Damocles was rising, and it would hit orbit in less than half an hour. And then everything was game over, for everyone.

Time to kill a would-be God, she thought. She adjusted herself in her dress, making sure she looked as ready for action and beautiful as ever, and then continued to shoot down the corridor. *If I don't, I'll be a woman forever, and a brainwashed one to boot. We all will be.*

Part 12: For His Eyes Only

The agent pair moved fast. Whitlock thought he'd won, and he practically had. But there was still a crucial time window, Fiona knew, before he could get the defence screen for his Damocles weapon primed, making it impossible to hit via missile. It would also take time to

disperse its nanites and begin changing the population to follow his will, and the will of his adjutants. She explained this to Adrian as they moved together, as well as his wider plan.

“Revolting. What a madman,” he said. “I have three sisters and was raised by a single mother. You don’t need that to appreciate that women should never be slaves, but it certainly serves to make me a hell of a lot angrier.”

Armed with submachine guns, field agent training, determination, and a perfect marriage of wit and grit, both Agent One and Agent Spiros moved up through the facility, facing gunfire and explosions, taking on Whitlock’s forces within the secure area. His horde of female followers were no doubt attempting to gain access, but the men at the terminal believed their survival rode on not letting that happen, so for now at least they were out of the game.

“Where will Whitlock be?” Spiros said. “You said you’ve never been in here before. We could be going the wrong way entirely.

But Fiona just shook her head. “I’ve got a hunch, and my hunches are rarely wrong. Paired with female intuition and I’m practically psychic. Watch out!”

She pushed Spiros aside and fired at a guard, downing him. Another popped out from the corner and nearly caught her. It was just a flesh wound, however, and she was once again happy to have a body that was a smaller target than her broad male one - she might well have died as a man there. Another shot sprayed from a guarded location, and she pulled back with a surprisingly feminine gasp.

“What is it? Are you hit?” Spiros asked.

She padded over her large breasts and sighed in relief. “Not here, at least. He almost got me in the chest.”

“That would have been a war crime, in my opinion.”

“Flirt.” She grinned, took out a grenade, and chucked it to where the guard was positioned.

BWOOOM!!

The guard was launched over the railing he was hiding behind, and the pair advanced. She was leading them further up into the facility, to the very top of the highest-most tower. Men like Whitlock were all ego, and there was no doubt in her mind that his control centre, the very nerve centre of his operation, would be in the tallest reaches of his island of Arcadia.

Now that I’m a dame, it’s not hard to see the rather Freudian implications of that either. Boys and their suggestive toys.

They reached the stairs, skipping the elevator for the obvious dangers it presented. Numerous guards were on the stairwell, thinking they were ready for them. They weren’t

ready for a musical rendition, however, when all but one of the last remaining pearls were thrown up into the stairwell.

“Man, I feel like a woman, oh, oh, oh, oh!”

Spiros looked at her momentarily like she'd grown an extra head, but he quickly realised what was happening when a series of explosions rocked the tower above them. They burst from the smoke and ash, leaping through enemies and tackling them. Fiona once more leapt up and strangled a henchman with her thighs - the lucky bastard - before using deft strikes to sweep another off his feet and then off the side of the broken stairwell entirely. She drew a knife and flung it at an enemy holding Spiros, and after seeing that he was alright they marched up the final sweep of the stairs together.

“Ready?” she said, as they reached the door at the end.

“Ready,” he said.

With a powerful kick from each, they flung the door open and burst into the room. Inside, they were greeted by two guards at the other end of the room, who were dispatched before they could fire. The rest of the room was dominated by a very large table that spanned its entire length, ovoid in shape and adorned in many dishes. Numerous men were at the table, most in their middle age or even older, and they looked to have come from all corners of the earth. They looked immediately shocked, then terrified, at the presence of Agent One and Agent Spiros.

Ah, these are the powerful bunch of bastards who stand to gain everything from helping Whitlock achieve his dreams.

From one side glance at Spiros, she could tell he'd made the exact same calculation himself. Disgust spread across his face, especially when the Greek foreign minister stood.

“Agent Spiros! Yes, I know who you are. I demand you put that gun down immediately. These matters are not your concern, and I will have you - AGHH!!”

Spiros shot him in the kneecap. Then, just to really shut him up, he shot the other one as well.

“You're a better marksman than you give yourself credit for,” Fiona remarked.

“It takes a special kind of hatred to make my aim that cold,” he replied. “Where's Whitlock? If we're not told in ten seconds I'm mowing down every traitor to humanity in this room.”

At this point, Fiona wasn't even sure he was lying or not. Clearly, his time beneath the rocket and his own fears for his family were putting him on edge. Still, it was often expected of the woman to play the 'good cop,' so that's what she did, for once.

“Adrian, you shouldn't,” she said, raising her voice to be a sweet soprano for him to play off of. “They're unarmed. It would be . . . *murder.*”

He thrust the gun forward, and his side look indicated that he recognised what she was doing. Within the crowd she even recognised an important British parliamentarian and powerful shipping magnate. Thankfully, he didn't know her own situation.

"I have to, Alexandra," he said. "These people are all sick. What they're doing is sick. If they can't tell me then I'll just kill them all."

"Wait!" someone cried from the back.

That's Olaf Shmesnk, the arms dealer.

"He's in the control room above us. I've only seen it once. There's a private elevator that goes up. I have a key, but it requires a password."

"I know the password!" another said, cracking.

Using their guns, the agent pair followed them to a blank wall. With the twist of a statue head, an elevator was revealed. Olaf and the other - a Japanese celebrity with powerful social pull - gave them access.

"Oh, and just in case anyone thinks about going anywhere," Fiona said, chucking a pearl into the middle of the room. "That's set to go off with a very big boom if anyone tries to leave without my say-so. Don't believe me? Try and find out."

The elevator rose, leaving the traitors to humanity behind them. Glass windows showed the expanse of the gorgeous island as they did so, and the smoke trail of the rocket that slowly dissipated away. And still the elevator rose up the enormous crane-like structure to where Whitlock's control centre was, still entire flights above.

"He'll be ready for us," Adrian warned.

"I know," Fiona replied. She took out her Beretta and shot the security camera in the upper corner. "Help me open the service hatch."

"What? Why?"

"Because he's expecting us," she said, "just like you said. So let's take the element of surprise back."

The elevator opened, and a squad of loyal female guards fired into it, ripping the interior apart with hundreds of bullets. They raised their guns and destroyed the upper sections, tore through the sides where they might be hiding, and even tossed a tear gas grenade in for good measure, just in case they needed flushing out. When the smoke finally cleared though, there was no one to be seen.

"Where are they?" demanded their squad leader, dressed in a gorgeous golden gown that in no way made sense with her current actions.

Agent Spiros and Agent One broke the glass above together, smashing through the bubble-like dome roof above. Fiona fired tranq darts at the figures on the left, Adrian on the right, and he only missed one which she quickly corrected. They landed, rolling from the plush couch on the corner and knocking out three more guards. The control room was expansive with its large domed glass ceiling and immense television screen upon a dais. There, seated facing away from them, now all alone, was Sebastian Whitlock.

“I see that you continue to defy my attempts for an amusing fate for you, Agent One. You’re hardly a man anymore, so why did you break off your encounter with my brainwashing machine?”

“You know how it is with women,” Fiona said, training her gun on the back of his seat. “I just couldn’t commit.”

“That’s a male problem, actually,” he replied.

“Ah, well perhaps I danced on both sides of the aisle too much. Turn around now, Sebastian, and put your hands up. It’s over.”

He did so, swivelling around. “A pity,” he said. “You look so divine in your golden clothing. And you destroyed my machine, so that Damocles is its last remnant but for yours. Too bad then, that its first order of business is to ruin the functionality of your ‘Tiresias Cradle’ before changing the world to my liking. One must eliminate all threats before victory is achieved.”

Fiona sneered. “I couldn’t agree more,” she said. She began to pull the trigger.

“Fiona! Watch out!”

She dodged the thrown knife just in time. Agent Seven - Cassandra, hurled herself forth from a hidden place across the room, howling in anger.

“You won’t stop him! He’s the master!”

Great. Just great.

Fiona jumped back just in time to dodge another thrown knife, then quickly deflected another using her metal brace. She fired back a bolt at Agent Thirty-Nine - Sonya - but she was likewise very quick, and already advancing on Adrian.

“Normally I’d celebrate two beautiful women vying for my attention, but unfortunately work calls, ladies!”

She fired a bolt at Sebastian, and for just a moment she saw fear in the villain’s eyes. But Cassandra - Agent Seven - jumped in front of it, taking the shot to the shoulder.

“The control panel! It’s the only thing that can - ahh!”

Sonya slashed him across the leg, then disarmed him. He was doing his best to fight back, but it was clearly a losing battle. Meanwhile, Fiona was up against Cassandra. Normally she would come up on top after a hard battle, but now that they were the same general size and body shape, it was a much harder contest. Worse, Fiona’s huge bust

continued to wobble and bounce distractingly with each strike and quick shift of her movements.

“Still unused to your female form, I see,” Cassandra teased with a smile. “Don’t worry, you’ll get used to it, when we elevate you to Sebastian’s wife.”

“Indeed,” Sebastian remarked, resting back against the console and looking at the battle spectacle with amusement. On the huge screen behind him, Damocles’ trajectory was being tracked. It had just reached orbit. “I look forward to unwrapping that golden dress and taking my prize.”

“I’m afraid I’ve already been taken,” she snapped back. Whitlock looked at her quizzically, and Fiona smirked in response, gesturing to Adrian, who had momentarily gained a second wind. “All this?” she said, gesturing to her body before deflecting another kick from Cassandra. “It’s for *his* eyes only.”

“Then he shall die.”

She got enough distance back to fire another bolt. It was the one of the last ones available, but it caught Sonya across the arm. Unfortunately, it allowed Cassandra to sweep her across the leg, smashing her against the floor. She just barely managed to pull back before Cassandra could knock her out, and once again she was thankful for a much more lithe and agile form.

Not bad, being a woman sometimes. Let’s kick this into high gear.

She fought back with ferocity, but it was a losing battle. Adrian wasn’t on the same level, and both were exhausted from the siege of the island that had gotten them to this point. Worse, the screen was showing that Damocles was now fully separated from its rocket, its solar panels unfurling, its guidance system working perfectly, its dish pointed directly to Earth’s surface. To Fiona’s horror, she realised it was already starting to position itself over Britain. Sebastian caught her expression and grinned from the dais at the end of the tower control room.

“I think it’s time your United Kingdom had another Queen,” he mused. “Though perhaps I’ll make *you* my new queen, Alexandra Goodchest. So first order of business, let’s ensure you never turn back again. *Damocles, eliminate the Agency’s Tiresias Cradle, immediately!*”

“Firing upon enemy designation ‘Tiresias Cradle.’ Powering up. Activate console switch when ready.”

More fighting, but she couldn’t get to him, or the console. It was powering up far too quickly.

Don’t lose focus, Agent One. If he wipes out our Machine then you’ll never turn back. You’ll be stuck as a big-breasted leggy bombshell for life.

Fiona managed to grab Cassandra's hand, swing her around, then kick her behind her. It didn't put her out of commission, but it gave her enough clear space to rush at Sebastian and take him down.

"Ready to fire nanite stream."

Sebastian's hand moved, as if in slow motion, to the console. But even as Fiona ran at full speed towards him, she saw the choice she had to make. Sonya had a sharp tactical knife in her hands, and had Adrian pinned against the viewing glass of the circular wall. He was preventing it from sinking into his heart, but the tip was seemingly millimetres from puncturing his skin, and any moment it would be game over. She knew, in that micro-split-second decision, what she had to do.

Damn. Well, I guess I save the guy and the world, this time.

She turned at the last second, launching into the air and thrusting her perfect leg right out. It slammed into the back of Sonya, crashing her against the glass and knocking her unconscious immediately.

"Th-thanks," Adrian managed. "But you lost your opportunity to-"

"So long as you're alright," she said. "You look ridiculous without your glasses on, by the way."

"Well, she kicked them off and - shit!"

Fiona spun around, but Cassandra was upon her, performing strike after strike, battering the pair of them. Adrian had lost all fight in him, and she herself was wavering. In the background, Whitlock was assembling a pistol idly on the console, just in case things didn't go his way. He seemed confident, though.

"What a shame, Alexandra. Soon you'll lose, and your mental transformation will be completed."

"Ready to send first package of nanites," the console spoke.

"Wonderful! Send them to this location, Damocles. I think it would be best for my inauguration as God of this world to include the elevation of my Goddess wife. Just keep her busy, Cassandra, and this will be all over."

Keep her busy. Of course!

Fiona let Cassandra get her blows in, no matter how much blood was spilled and pain was delivered. All that mattered was freeing her arm and aiming her wrist at Sebastian.

Cassandra's eyes widened. "No!"

She jumped back and took the first bolt in the shoulder. Fiona shifted to the side, shot at Sebastian again, and once more Cassandra blocked it with her body, her brainwashing making her the ultimate fanatic. She took the remaining three bolts, by which point Fiona had regained the initiative. She launched against the injured woman, crashing her into Whitlock at the very moment the magnate had assembled his pistol. It fired a stray shot that tore loose

some threads of her long, dark hair, barely missing her. The sound was horrific, blaring in her ears.

“No!” he screeched as Cassandra was finally battered aside, bleeding but not fatally wounded. “You can’t win! Not when I’m so close! Damocles, target nanite stream on Alexandra Goodchest! Specification: *Loyal Goddess Eternal!*”

“Sorry, Sebastian, your mail order wife just got cancelled!”

She cracked him across his jaw, sending him sliding back.

“Tie him up, Adrian!”

Spiros, battered and bleeding, grabbed Whitlock and managed to subdue the larger man. He was raging in his impotence, glaring at Alexandra, but a smirk slowly grew across his features.

“It matters now. Soon you’ll be mine, and then I win all over again.”

“Gag him.”

Adrian did so, leaving the villain fuming.

“Tell me you can take control of this thing,” Fiona said, seeing that the nanites were flowing down from space in a mere three minutes.

“I can try,” he said.

“Good, because if you can’t, you’ll need to shoot me. I won’t become this creature’s pet puppet wife.”

Adrian looked at her with shock. “I - I can’t do that, Fiona. I would never-”

But again, she kissed him, this time briefly, but no less passionately.

“You have to,” she said. “Now come on. Be a gentleman and don’t leave a lady waiting.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

He worked quickly, typing on the console and exploring its features. It was voice-activated, but he was a damn good hacker and computer expert, and he was able to dig into the files and restore the administrator permissions. As he did so, the clock ticked down, lowering to a minute to go . . . and counting.

“Shit!” he said.

“What is it?” she replied, placing a delicate hand on his shoulder.

“I can’t stop it from hitting a target. The payload *has* to arrive or else it will disperse among the general population.”

Fiona bit her lip, then realised. “Do I have to be the target?”

Adrian seemed to realise too. Both of them looked back at Sebastian, who at that moment managed to spit out his gag.

“You wouldn’t dare! You can’t! I built up this fortune from nothing! I mastered this technology! I am destined to rule over this world! You wouldn’t-”

“Thirty seconds until delivery.”

“And you don’t have the time, Agent One and Agent Spiros!”

“Then you don’t know Adrian like I do,” she said, squeezing her partner’s shoulder.
“Do it, agent. I know you can.”

He typed quickly. The countdown continued. Time raced and slowed all at once. Sweat dripped down her forehead. Her large bosom rose and fell with each heavy breath, presenting quite the view.

“Now!” he said. “Hit the green button, Fiona!”

She smashed her hand down upon it with just four seconds left on the timer.

“You won’t succeed!” Sebastian cried. “You’ll be mine, Alexandra! You’ll be - uugh. Ohhh. No! NOOOOO!!!”

His body began to warp and change right before them, hair getting longer, wide shoulders shrinking, beard falling off while his face smoothed over.

“Noooo! You can’t - ahhhh! My - my mind! Stop this! I won’t b-become - agggghh!”

Fiona breathed a heavy sigh of relief, placing an arm around Adrian’s shoulder.

“Looks like it’s time for you to get in touch with your feminine side, *Sebastiana*.”

The changing would-be woman howled, voice rising in pitch. He was becoming a very female version of himself, with a bust not dissimilar to her own.

Mine’s still bigger, she thought with a little pride, placing her other hand on her hip.

And then it was done. The new woman fumed. She knew entirely who she was and should be, but thanks to Adrian’s programming she would now be as submissive and harmless as, well, a dutiful wife.

“There’s still some spare nanites,” Adrian said. “I need to disperse them.”

“Send them to our friends downstairs. The traitors to humanity. Can we undo all the changes to the rest of the women on the island?”

Adrian tapped at the controls. “Difficult to say. The machine isn’t liking my hack. It could be dangerous. I can - shit!”

“What?”

“Sebastian didn’t get the defence screen up - that’s good. But it also means that the satellite is now detected, and missiles are heading its way. Seems the Agency wasn’t happy about losing their Machine.”

Sebastian groaned in the corner, the new woman looking incredibly lovely and shocked at her large bust and curvaceous form, all of which was hidden in the folds of her now too-large clothing.

“You - you m-made me a woman. I w-won’t stand for this!”

“Shut up,” Fiona said, and the submissive woman, who had become everything she lusted after, immediately shut her trap. “Adrian, what can you undo before it gets hit? Can you clear the radio comm?”

He shook his head. “That function is elsewhere. I imagine one of the other towers has the jamming cloak. Best thing I can do is undo the brainwashing: it seemed like Sebastian had a general blanket program for that, as compared to the numerous individual physical changes.”

Fiona sighed. *Definitely not turning back then. The things I do for King and Country.*

“Do it,” she said. “And before these two wake up.”

He activated it, and the signal was sent, dispersing the rest of the invisible nanites.

“Dispersal success. Reverting all changes to brainwave activity across Arcadia.”

“NOOO!! You’ll ruin his vision!”

It was Cassandra, and she had managed to get hold of a grenade. A small dark cloud became visible as it swarmed around her brain, beginning to infiltrate her and undo all her brainwashing. But she still had enough of a mind to hurl the grenade straight at the two agents.

Part 13: Octofemme

“Adrian, watch out!” She grabbed him, and using the last reserve of her energy managed to haul him to the side. She threw her Beretta at the grenade, knocking it down between two sections of the console, where it promptly exploded.

BWOOOM!!

Debris flew everywhere, but they were okay. When Fiona rose to deal with Agent Seven though, her eyes were wide open as she looked around herself.

“A-Agent One. I’m - my mind is mind again. I - I’m going to kill that bimbo shit!”

She advanced towards a now-terrified Sebastiana, but was halted as the entire structure began to groan, the metal twisting.

“I’m afraid we’ve got bigger concerns right now,” Fiona said. “It seems that grenade blast was the final straw for this tower.”

The entire platform buckled, causing them to slide a moment as it tipped to a twenty degree angle.

“I’ll get Sonya!” Seven called. “There are emergency escape hatches over to your left! Sebastian showed us: they’re in the event of an aerial attack.”

“Take Sebastiana with you,” Fiona said. “But don’t kill him. He’ll have a lot to talk about.”

Cassandra exhaled. “Fine. You look good by the way, Agent One. I’m sorry you’re stuck like this, but I always did like to swing the door both ways when entering the saloon.”

Oh, I could tell from the way you looked at that charming cat burglar in Vienna.

“Next time, then,” Fiona said. “Come on, Adrian. We’re nearly out of this! Just have to escape a falling tower, alright?”

She grabbed him, helping haul the injured man to where the emergency pods were. She’d never seen anything like them: the interior was plush, with splendid couches with safety harnesses, a fridge and stock of delicious looking supplies - including caviar - as well as a small shelf of classical books.

The man really was pretentious. But I can’t deny his taste.

“Well, looks like we’ll be ejecting in style, Adrian,” she remarked.

Another explosion came from the now-destroyed console, and the tower shook as further flames spread. The sprinkler system activated, but it too was already half-mangled, which only caused the water tanks to disperse to one side alarmingly quickly, speeding up the destruction yet further.

“Um, did you say ejecting?” Adrian asked. “I’m not - well - this might be a bad time to mention this, but I’m afraid of heights.”

“Good!” Fiona said, pushing him back into the couch and strapping him in. She slapped him on the knee. “Because very soon we’ll be on the ground and you won’t have to keep worrying about it.”

She strapped herself in with one buckled motion, checked that Cassandra had gotten Sonya and Sebastiana to their pod, then hit the button to close the door.

“No, I mean I’m *really* afraid of heights.”

Fiona laughed. *God, he really is quite adorable, isn’t he?*

“Well, just hold on tight and try not to scream like a woman. That’s my job.”

She pulled the lever, and then suddenly the enormous capsule *rocketed* out from the tower. The circular windows inside their little metal bubble gave them a perfect view of the control centre, the pride of Sebastian Whitlock, as it collapsed down upon the facility, crumpling in sections of the roof and falling into the hollow space where the rocket had exited. Everywhere, women were pouring out onto the beach and out of the facility, many of them gathering into groups and hugging one another.

Glad to see you free. Sad that I’m not my male self or I could stay here for weeks without getting bored.

But their concerns were more immediate, because after ejecting several hundred metres sideways like a mad, railless rollercoaster, the pod finally began to succumb to

gravity and fall, fall, *fall*. Adrian clutched her bare thigh tightly and screamed. She screamed with him, though not nearly so . . . ecstatically, as he did. It was only when it seemed like they would be crumpled upon the ocean's surface that there was a sudden slowing of their descent, the parachutes of the pod activating. They landed with an awkward thud upon the water, whereupon a detaching sound indicated that the parachutes were safely disengaged from the pod. This was followed by the expansion of a rubber exterior ring to keep the pod fully afloat.

"Oh my God, that was by far the worst thing I've ever experienced," Adrian said. "I'm so very glad I don't have my glasses."

Fiona chuckled, pulling herself out of the straps and getting Adrian's off as well.

"Tell me, Adrian, since I keep forgetting to ask. Are you near-sighted or far-sighted?"

"I can see fine up close, hence that lovely hack I performed. Things that are far away, on the other hand -"

She bent over to open the fridge, happy to give him a view of her magnificent rear, particularly since the hem of her already-short gold-sequin skirt was torn suggestively.

"So what you're saying is that you can still . . . *appreciate* your immediate surroundings."

There was a momentary silence before he replied.

"Yes. I can *very* much appreciate them, in fact."

She found what she was looking for and withdrew it from the fridge.

"Um, not that I don't appreciate the marvellous sight before me, Agent One-"

"Please, call me Fiona Goodchest," she said, sliding next to him again, her indeed very good chest thrust out for him to admire her bountiful cleavage.

Adrian swallowed. "It's just, I noticed that our escape pod's radio is functioning. We're out of range of his cloak, it seems. That means we can radio in my government and your Agency."

He went to touch the radio, but instead Fiona just placed a glass in his hand, then her own, and brought out the drink she had taken.

"Mhmm, *Octofemme*. A bit on the nose but looks like a good vintage."

Adrian was baffled. "Fiona, are you listening to me? We can get a signal out, finally."

"Oh, we can leave that to Agents Thirty-Nine and Seven, I'm sure. They're just a few hundred metres that way and seem to be doing well. For now, I say we celebrate with a drink."

"I would have thought you'd want to get home."

Oh, Adrian. Flirtatious right up until you've got her right before you. I always was the lead seducer, I suppose.

She shifted, and to Agent Spiros's surprise she planted her legs on either side of him, facing him so that her large boobs were right near his face. She lowered herself a little, spreading her thighs suggestively so that his own hardness was very much evidence against her excited womanhood.

"Please, Adrian," she said, flipping her hair to one side in that manner she had appreciated in so many women. "You and I are currently off the coast of Paradise, in warm tropical waters, with everything we could ever need right around us. And it looks like this couch can fold out to a very, *very* comfortable bed. I say we have a drink, enjoy some caviars, and savour a little bit of well-earned paradise. What do you say?"

She pressed her lovely chest further against him. The handsome, nerdy Greek agent's eyes roamed south over her 'hills' for a few moments, then a few more, and when his eyes finally met hers again, the man smiled, suddenly more confident.

"Cheers to paradise then," he said, raising a glass.

"Cheers," she said, clinking her own against them.

They didn't drink much, of course, because not long after they were on the unfolded bed, her upon him, and he ravishing her. Fiona gasped as his strong hands caressed her soft form, gripped her peachy rear, and she moaned long and high when he squeezed her breasts and played with her nipples. It was unlike anything she'd experienced before, but what little remained of the mental conditioning from her own Tiresias Cradle experience in his sub-lair had remained with her, being a separate program to what was undone by Adrian. She still thought of herself as Fiona Goodchest, still felt strangely comfortable in her female form, and she was *definitely* possessing a strong instinct for how to be the perfect lover.

But then again I always was the perfect lover, she thought.

"You know, this is the best mission I've ever been on," Adrian said, between bouts of kissing her lips and her buxom bare chest.

"It's not over yet, Agent Spiros," she cooed, prying apart his shirt buttons and beginning to unbuckle his belt. "We still need to make sure it ends with an appropriate . . . climax."

"Damn, is it wrong of me to say I'm glad you're staying this way?"

She giggled softly. "Only if you don't do your duties, Agent."

And with that, she placed herself fully upon him, gasping as he entered her, and she began to ride him, absorbing the foreign-yet-wonderful sensation of being penetrated by a man.

"Ohhhhh, Adrian!" she cried.

It was hours later, and after quite a bit of lovemaking, that the radio activated.

'Agent One! Agent One, this is A! Do you hear me? This is A! We have your radio signal, can you please respond? Agents Thirty-Seven and Nine have contacted us. They have Sebastian Whitlock in custody. We are sending ships to pick you up and deal with the Arcadian situation. Do you read me?'

Fiona smirked to herself as she lounged, her perfect body naked against Adrian. She played with his chest hairs, knowing now how appealing it was for women to do that.

"Should we respond?" Adrian murmured, head resting on his pillow.

Fiona sighed, stroking his chest lovingly. Her hair was a mess from all the wonderful introductions she'd had to the world of female sexuality, but she didn't mind.

"I suppose they will need details on the island," she said. "Poor Denise Christmas will be realising she's stuck as an attractive woman for life, along with many other former men. And the women all looking like supermodels."

"Including you."

She smirked. "I think I'm okay with it. This was my biggest mission, and I pulled it off in style as a woman."

"And finished it with a climax."

She caressed her left breast and kissed him on the cheek. *"Multiple climaxes, as I'm sure you'll recall."*

"And quite vocal about it too."

"Blame Whitlock for that. A bit of prima donna programming on his part, though you didn't mind at all."

He was starting to get hard against her, and she didn't mind *that* either.

"So, radio?" he suggested, voice flat.

But Fiona just bit her lip, reached over, and turned the radio off. She grabbed the wine bottle of *Octofemme*, the name of which was printed on the side of the pod, apparently, and rested back in bed against her lover.

"They'll come find us," she said. "Besides, it's A's fault I'm stuck like this, so he can go to hell. Let's enjoy some time off, drink some more of this fine vintage, and have some more fun together."

"What kind of fun do you suggest?"

"Oh, nothing out of the ordinary. We're both field agents. Let me just have a play around with your gun for a while."

And with that, they were back under the covers together, the radio forgotten.

The End

FIONA GOODCHEST WILL RETURN IN . . . A VIEW TO A KILLER BOD