

Ames Bond Revised! The name was funny when his parents named him...

Amanda Hawkins

SRS: complete. Cosmetic surgery: complete. Genetic resequencing: 99.9875% female. Feminization makeover: complete. Subliminal conditioning: complete. Subject is now a fully functional woman in mind and body. Name: Jayla.

AMES BOND:  
REVISED!

For God's sake, I'm not him! I never was! I'm not a secret agent at all. My name is---or was... Ames Bond. My buddies used to ride me all the time about working for MI6 or whatever, but I never thought... Christ, how could this happen?

Good news, Ms. Bond. Your transformation is complete. You are no longer a man, no longer the pride of the British Secret Service. You are now female, right down to the strands of DNA in every cell of your body. No medical test known to man could detect that you were ever male. All of your biomarkers have been altered, including fingerprints, voice and the shape of your irises. No one will ever be able to determine who you once were, and you will soon find that you're physically incapable of communicating your former name in any way whatsoever; including morse code or even by pointing at it. Like it or not, you are now and will be Jayla Bond for the rest of your life.

Who the fuck are these lunatics? Don't they know that James Bond is a fictional character? How can they have this much money and this much power---and not know that?

So now I'm a woman... Well, isn't that just great. What the hell am I gonna do now? The only info I can give this guy is tips on how to save a few bucks on his next tax return; assuming the fucker even files a return. Shit, why would a wackadoodle supervillain bother paying taxes? I am so screwed.

I did warn you this would happen---if you continued your stubborn and infuriating refusal to cooperate. All we wanted was information. Names, locations... everything MI6 knows about our group and our plot. Yet you gave us nothing; less than that, in fact. You wouldn't even confess to being the man we darn well know you to be! So let me tell you this, Ms. Bond: you brought this upon yourself. Always remember that.

Nothing to say, hmm? Okay, here's what we're going to do. Bruno here will take you over to the Soho flat, so you can see how lovely it is. Your job at the brokerage will begin next week. And there's a tracker buried in that gorgeous butt of yours, so I wouldn't think about running away. In a month or two, once Bruno gets bored with doing you six ways from Sunday, you get to choose: sing like Tweety Pie, or you'll find yourself back in that damp cell you've been calling home. It's your life, my dear. I do hope you make the right choice.

Now... the doctors assure me that your memory is intact. Hence, you will now provide us with the information we seek: names, dates and so on. As a woman, you are now aware of what my men can do to you---far beyond what you've already experienced. Cooperate and you will be given a life most women would envy: a comfortable flat in London's Soho district, a modest bank account, and a job at a brokerage firm I happen to own. You can start at the reception desk and work your way up. However... if you insist on maintaining this absurd charade that you are not 007... suffice to say that would be most unwise.

Holy crap... is that Bruno? He looks like a cross between Hulk Hogan and the actual Hulk---plus he's staring at my boobs like a kid in an X-rated candy store. His tool is gonna split me right down the middle. A month of that and I won't want to be a guy again. Uh-oh... am I turned on? Did these whackjobs somehow manage to turn me into the kind of girl who's attracted to... him? Okay, new plan. I'll just make sure Bruno never gets bored...

Amanda  
Hawkins