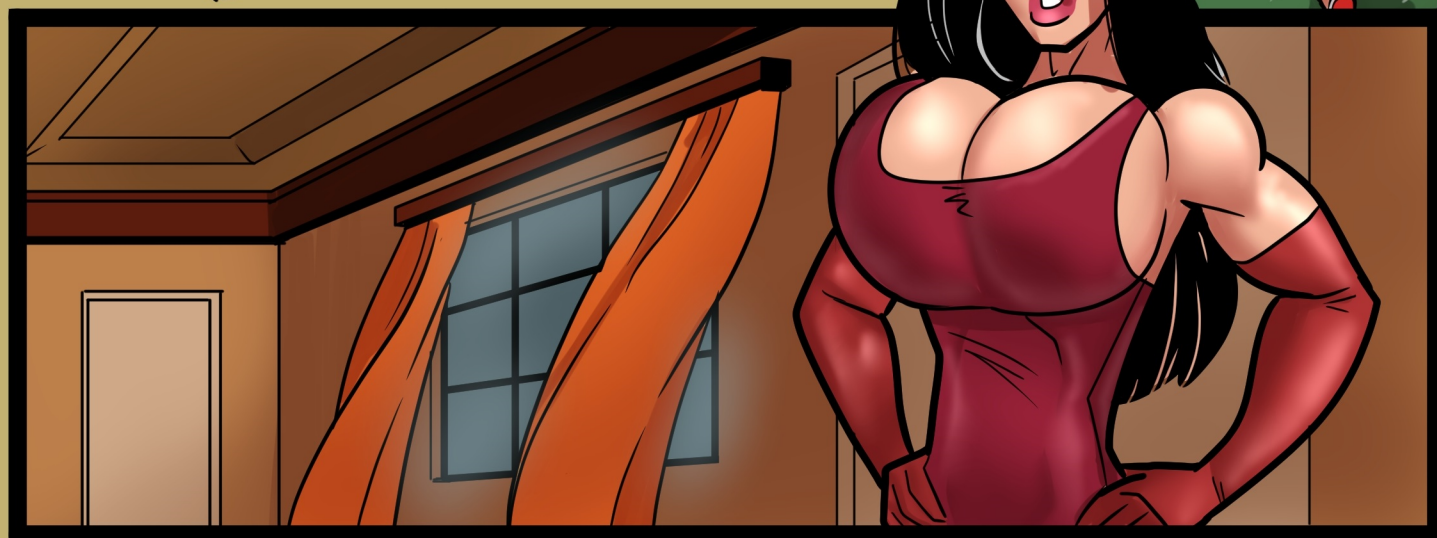


# HERO TALES ORIGINS

## AGENT 69



THE OBJECTIVE WAS SIMPLE: THE STABILITY (AND OCCASIONAL ADJUSTING) OF THE PLANET'S NATIONS, VIA A NETWORK OF EXCEPTIONAL FEMALE OPERATIVES. THE TRAINING, RELENTLESS: DOZENS OF MILES RUN. SCORES OF HIGH-RISK OBSTACLES TRAVERSED.

HUNDREDS UPON HUNDREDS OF SQUATS, LEGS LIFTS, LUNGES, KICKS AND INNUMERABLE MANEUVERS IN CALISTHENICS ENACTED. THEIR MINDS AND BODIES PUSHED THEIR PEAKS IN ALL FORMS OF COMBAT, ESPIONAGE AND INFILTRATION.

THEIR NAMES, UNKNOWNABLE: HAVING RELINQUISHED ALL TIES TO THEIR ORIGINAL IDENTITIES, REPLACING THEM WITH BUT A NUMBER.

AND AMONG THE MANY, ONE TOOK LEAD AS THE MOST EFFICIENT AND DEADLY OF THEIR NUMBERS.

HER HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT PROWESS, UNMATCHED. HER ACTING AND INFILTRATION ABILITY, UNPARALLELED. HER LEVEL OF SKILL IN BOTH STEALTH AND ACTIVE SCENARIOS, RANKING HER AS ONE OF THE GREATEST ON THE PLANET. HER PHYSIQUE MARKED AS ON PAR WITH EVEN SOME POWERED INDIVIDUALS IN STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE.

AFTER MANY YEARS OF THIS SPARTAN-LEVEL TUTELAGE - BOTH STAGED AND REAL - SHE WAS FACED WITH HER FINAL TEST. GUIDED TO A CONCEALED ROOM, A ONE-WAY MIRROR BETWEEN HERSELF, THE DISPLAYED BED AND AN ENEMY OPERATIVE, THEIR GIVEN INSTRUCTIONS WERE SIMPLE:

*\*VIA INTERCOM\**

INTERVIEWER: OPERATIVE. THE MAN IN FRONT OF YOU IS AN ENEMY OPERATIVE. YOU'RE TO ELIMINATE THE TARGET, USING WHATEVER TOOLS AT YOUR DISPOSAL.

HER ABUNDANCE OF CURVACEOUS MUSCLE)

INSPECTOR 5: GOING TO BE A BIT HARD TO ACCOMPLISH IN JUST GYM CLOTHES, EH LOVE?

*\*HE-HE\**. (BLOODY HELL, SHE'S A BUILT ONE!).

THE HALF NAKED FORM OF THE ENEMY, HIS COCKY GRIN BORE AS SHE GAZED UPON HIS IMPRESSIVE FRAME. MOST IMPRESSIVE...BUT I'VE BROKEN PLENTY OF IMPRESSIVE THINGS, SHE THOUGHT. SHE SMILED BACK AND AT IT THEY WENT.

**TO BE CONTINUED ...**



# HERO TALES ORIGINS

## AGENT 69



THEY HUFFED AND PUFFED AND PUMPED ON THE BED, THE HIDDEN MEN AND WOMAN BEHIND THE GLASS WATCHING THEM. THE ENEMY OPERATIVE PROVED SPIRITED AND SKILLED IN THE WAYS OF CARNAL COMBAT. HE DOVE AND DIPPED HIS HARDY COCK INTO HER TIGHT WET HOLE. SHE ROLLED ATOP HIM AND DROPPED THE ROUND MEATY GLOBES OF HER ASS WITH CRUEL AMOUNTS OF FORCE AND SPINNING ON HER HEELS SLAMMED HER HIPS DOWN ON THE V CUT OF HIS ABS IN REVERSE. THE ABDUCTED INSPECTOR FUCKED FOR HIS LIFE, BENDING THE ROBUST OPERATIVE OVER AND DOING HIS ABSOLUTE BEST TO GRIP AND SLAM HER ABUNDANCE OF POSTERIOR MASS.

THEIR SKIN WENT A MUTUAL FLUSH AS THEY MADE EACH OTHER MOAN AND GROAN IN A FIGHT OF SEX AGAINST SEX.

INSPECTOR 5: \*GAH! AH! AAAH! SO--TIGHT! UNREAL!

HER POWERHOUSE LEGS COILING ROUND HIS WAIST, WHILE HER INTENSE MILKY THIGHS PRESSED TOGETHER, TIGHTER AND TIGHTER AND TIGHTER STILL.

IT TOOK AN HOUR FOR A CLEAR WINNER TO RISE FROM THE ONE-ON-ONE STRUGGLE. VICTORY CAME ABRUPT (ALONG WITH ONE OR TWO PARTICULARLY RILED OBSERVERS) TO THE NOTE OF--

INSPECTOR 5: C-CAN'T-BREATHE! CAN'T--GONNA C-CL-AAAAAAGH--

ALONG WITH THE LOUD \*SNAP\* OF SPINE AND PELVIC BONE. THE INSPECTOR WENT LIMP IN HER BROAD-BODIED EMBRACE.

THE INTERVIEWER AND HER OBSERVERS NODDED THEIR HEADS IN APPROVAL FROM THEIR SEALED ROOM AT THE FINAL TASK'S COMPLETION.

INTERVIEWER: WELL...ENGLAND'S GOING TO HAVE TO START BUILDING THEIR INSPECTORS OF STERNER STUFF.

\*VIA INTERCOM\*  
IMPRESSIVE, AGENT...MOST IMPRESSIVE. YOUR NUMBER?

NAKED, SWEATY AND STILL COASTING OFF THE WAVES OF PLEASURE FROM THE DEED, SHE CAST THE LIFELESS FORM OF HER OPPONENT ASIDE WITH HER MIGHTY THIGHS AND LOOKED UP TO HER SUPERIORS, A PEARL-TOOTHED SMILE ETCHED ON HER GORGEOUS FEATURES.

"69, MA'AM..!"

**THE END**