



A sharp pain lanced through Special Agent Peter Abaya's skull. He grabbed the side of his head, wincing, and let out a breath—but something wasn't right. His voice was not the usual baritone but softer and distinctly feminine. Also, his hand was not clutching his normal close-cropped hair but a long cascade of wavy tresses.

“What the hell?” he muttered, then looked down and gasped in horror.

In place of his lean, muscular physique, he saw a soft, curvier frame. Breasts swelled from his chest.

“No...” He clutched one of them and bounced it experimentally; they were real. “What the fuck is this? What happened to me?”

Peter tried to make sense of his surroundings. He was in a nice car, either a Lexus or a Mercedes. The passenger side door

was open, and the men standing there seemed to be waiting for him to emerge.

“C'mon, Maya, you know Mr. Navarro hates to wait,” one of them urged.

Mr. Navarro? But that was the name of the cartel boss!

And then, like a thunderclap, everything came flooding back.

The F.B.I. had assigned him to infiltrate the drug kingpin's organization, but he'd stumbled upon something far more sinister than heroin. Navarro had discovered a way to force people to do his bidding by implanting them with a device that tapped directly into their brains, effectively overriding their free will.

He'd told his contact at the Bureau about it, and then... Nothing.

Peter gasped at the realization. He'd obviously been one of the victims of Navarro's



brainwashing device! And they'd made him...

“Oh, God. How far did he make me go?”

Peter whimpered as he bit his lip and squeezed his thighs together. Just as he'd feared, he was now a woman in every sense of the word.

“Jesus. Let's go already! We don't want him to lose his temper.”

Peter nodded and took a deep breath. No matter what they'd done, he was still Special Agent Abaya of the F.B.I. — even if he was

now deeper undercover than he could have ever imagined.

He opened the car door and stepped out, his six-inch pumps clicking on the concrete. Disconcertingly, he found he could stand and walk in them with ease.

“I'm sorry, boys,” Peter cooed. **“Had a migraine attack. But I'm fine now. Let's go see the boss.”**



Mr. Navarro grinned as he appraised Peter. “Maya, my dear, you’re as beautiful as ever. And I understand you made quite an...” The crime lord’s voice trailed off as his gaze strayed to Peter’s chest. “...impression on Diego Sandoval. He’s boasting about ‘nailing the hottest, tightest piece of ass in the city.’ That’s a direct quote, I’m told.”

It took all of Peter’s self-control to keep his cool. The Sandoval’s were rivals of Navarro’s cartel, and young Diego was the empire’s heir apparent. And Peter, or rather, Peter as Maya, had slept with him!

Peter forced a laugh, covering his mouth with his hand and hoping no one noticed the slight shake in his voice. “**Thank you very much, sir. It was... um... fun!**”

Fun? What the hell was that supposed to mean?

But Navarro only smiled wider. “Well, I’m glad you had a good time because I think you’ll be spending more time with Diego. Much more time if everything goes as planned.”

Peter’s blood ran cold. He had to keep a straight face and push ahead.

“**Sir?**”

Navarro leaned back into his leather chair and met Peter’s gaze. “I want you to marry Diego,” he said plainly.

“**N-Now?**” Peter blurted.

Navarro burst up laughing. “I hope the implant isn’t affecting your intelligence, my dear. No, no. You must first make him fall in love with you, but I can’t imagine that will be a problem. After all, with a body like you now possess what red-blooded male could resist?”



Peter's mind reeled with the horrifying possibilities. **"And after we're married?"**

Navarro shrugged. "You will need to endure a few years of marriage. I do not think they'll be a hardship. They are very rich. But once Diego's father dies and the throne passes to Diego..."

Peter nodded slowly. **"You'll have him killed."**

"Of course. And because you are incapable of bearing children and there are no other successors, the Sandoval cartel will fall to you—which means it will fall to me."

Peter grinned, but inside, his brain was on overdrive. This was an incredible opportunity. He had never expected to be in a position to take down both the Navarro and the Sandoval families. Yes, he'd have to remain as "Maya" for a while, but the end result would be well worth the sacrifice.

Besides, judging from the foreign sensation between his thighs, his manhood was gone forever, no matter what he did.

Peter took a deep breath, trying to steady his voice. **"Of course, Mr. Navarro. I'd be honored to help you."**

Navarro smiled warmly. "Excellent. I knew I could count on you, Maya. I believe God brought you to us! I sometimes find it difficult to believe we used to be enemies."

Peter clenched his fists, his long, painted nails biting his palms. **"Yes, but I'm a changed, um, woman now."**

Navarro laughed, the sound echoing in the room. "I'm glad the implant has not robbed you of your sense of humor! Anyway, off you go, my dear. Contact your new love and begin your undercover work—or should we call it your 'under the covers' work?"



The crime lord winked, and Peter's cheeks burned. This was going to be even harder than he'd imagined.

"And if you're ever in the mood for a more... private... meeting, feel free to drop by my office."

Horrified by the implication, Peter meekly nodded, then turned and walked out.

The men who'd brought Peter to Navarro's estate now drove him to a hotel. Peter was in a daze, his mind racing with the implications of what he'd just agreed to.

As soon as he was in his room, Peter stripped off his clothes and examined his new body. The body was that of a petite

woman, with small, pert (real!) breasts and a slim waist. His manhood was gone, replaced by soft folds of flesh.

Feeling sick, he collapsed on the bed and buried his face in the pillow. He knew he had to get used to his new body, but the thought of living the rest of his life as a woman was almost more than he could bear.

Still, that was a problem for tomorrow. For tonight, at least, he needed to get some sleep. But as he closed his eyes, all Peter could think about was Diego and what he'd have to do to get a man to fall in love with him.