



"I FUCKING HATE UNDERCOVER MISSIONS." MICHAEL MOANED AS SHE STOMPED CLOSER TO HER TARGET.

"I'VE BEEN UNDER A SPELL FOR WEEKS THAT TURNED ME INTO THE GIRL BEFORE YOU. WEEKS! I KNEW MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE ABOUT YOUR ORGANIZATION. I HAD THE BEST CHANCE AT FINDING EVIDENCE. THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET IN THE ORGANIZATION WAS BEING HIRED AS A SERVER AT YOUR BAR AND STARTING A PERSONAL RELATIONSHIP WITH SOMEONE INSIDE."

"TO HAVE THE BEST CHANCE AT GETTING HIRED, I HAD TO LOOK LIKE *THIS*. I'VE BEEN WEARING HEELS AND SKIRTS EVERY DAY. GETTING CLOSER AND FLIRTING WITH YOU. ALL TO FIND OUT THAT YOU AREN'T EVEN THE HEAD OF THE ORGANIZATION. *THE BOSS OF MY OWN AGENCY IS?!*"

"HE'S PLANNING ON LEAVING ME HERE STUCK AS A MOBSTER'S GIRLFRIEND, SO I CAN NEVER REPORT THE EVIDENCE WITHOUT ENDING UP IN PRISON MYSELF."

"BUT THIS IS WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN. YOU ARE GOING TO TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND THE BOSS, AND YOU ARE GOING TO TELL ME IF YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT UNDOING THIS SPELL, AND MAYBE I'LL LET YOU WALK OUT OF THIS PARKING GARAGE UNDER YOUR OWN POWER."

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN THERE IS NO WAY TO UNDO SPELLS?"