

# Operation Undercover: Ines in Paris

For Halima Abdi

By TheSpiralledEye

*Roanoke is a spy, a white man used to shooting first, questions never. In order to complete his latest mission he must go deep undercover as the seductive Ines Yoshida; a French born Asian reporter living in Paris. But what happens when the cover starts to become his new reality?*

~

Roanoke was getting restless.

To any outside observer he would look calm as a still pond but underneath the cool veneer was a man itching for action. He had been 'home' for three weeks, if this empty apartment could be considered his home. He had learned from an early age to never get too comfortable in one place. Once his training had started he had abandoned any idea of 'home' or 'comfort' and instead surrendered himself to the job.

According to census data, he didn't exist; any neighbours who bothered to take note of him probably thought he was some sort of reclusive businessman. Rarely seen but always with a sleek suit and briefcase when he did make an appearance. He never made small chat, never met the neighbours; he had no attachments of any kinds, not even a fish. His apartment walls were bare of photos or any art, in fact, the only furniture he owned outside of the basic utilities, were his bed and his guns. The latter of which was sequestered away in a secret compartment beneath the former.

The reality was that Roanoke was a ghost, a government spy and assassin who worked much like the guns he kept under his bed. His handler pointed him in a direction and he took out the target. The truth was he was closer to assassin than spy; his training had taught him the ins and outs of espionage but they had never been his strong suit. He could steal a computer file easily enough but when it came to gathering intel without the use of his fists or tools, he was useless. Oh he always got the job done, but with more bodies than perhaps his government would like.

Perhaps that was the cause of this infernal delay. Normally he was only back for a few days before he got a call and he was off on another job. Now for three weeks he'd been

rotting, he'd even resorted to watching films for the first time since he was a teenager in an effort to fill the boredom. He did not get the appeal.

So when his phone finally rang he jumped off the couch like a wound up spring and grabbed it with an eager smile.

"Roanoke."

"New job, no need to pack your weapons, we'll provide everything you need. Car is out front."

"Understood."

Roanoke never questioned his orders but secretly he was curious. He rarely got called into headquarters unless the job was big, perhaps a multiple agent affair but it had been years since he had been on one of those. Teams of agents working together, ironically, required a level of trust. Something he was incapable of. He had never been a good team player and after the last mission he'd been forced to take a partner on he had made it quite clear to his handlers that he would prefer to work alone in the future.

His fingers twitched as he walked down the flights of stairs to the car; he was so used to holding something with him outside the bulletproof walls of his apartment. A briefcase, a gun, a knife; something. He was trained in no less than six different martial arts so being empty handed hardly made him vulnerable but still, there was something in the air tonight. Something he didn't like and set him on edge. Something was coming, change was in the wind and his well trained agents instincts told him something big was about to happen.

~

"Somebody has been offing our female agents." Watcher stated, the moment Roanoke sat down in the briefing room.

He'd always liked Watcher; he was like him; professional and to the point. An older gentleman who had long given up field work he nonetheless had Roanoke's respect and admiration.

"You want me to tail female operatives and take the assassin out?" Roanoke cracked his knuckles, this was the sort of job he'd been waiting for.

“Not exactly.” Watcher sighed, flicking through pictures of the various female agents still in the field and those who had been taken out already. “We’ve tried that, we’ve even had our female agents on high alert but nothing is working. The boys down in tech have been working on something new for undercover missions and they want to use this as an opportunity to test them.”

“Me? Undercover?”

Roanoke could count on one hand the number of times he’d been undercover; acting simply was not his strong suit. Again, he was a blunt instrument, he was sure that after twenty years of active service his handlers would understand that by now.

“Yes. Your missions have been getting done...poorly, as of late and the big guy upstairs thinks it's time for us to change. For you to change.”

“I got everything done, didn't I?”

“With twice as many bodies on the floor as requested. And Several dozen extra broken bones.” Watcher said seriously, “It cannot continue. Hence, undercover work. No violence, you are going to be given a new identity which you will follow to the letter unless ordered otherwise and then we wait for our new assassin to strike.”

“Why me, why not a woman if that's who is going after?”

“No matter how deep we send our girls, whoever this assassin is keeps getting to them. We think he somehow has access to our files and knows their whereabouts. We need a new girl, a person he doesn't know the background of yet and can't predict.”

“And where do I come in exactly?”

“You will be that new girl.”

Roanoke blinked a few times, caught off guard for the first time he could remember.

“What?”

Watcher clicked to the next slide showing a series of diagrams and what appeared to be machinery parts.

“This is what the boys have been working on,” He explained, “A combination of chemical solutions will be injected into your body, paired with this new machine programmed to stimulate genetic markers in the body. You will be transformed into a woman down to the very cellular level; even your brain chemistry will be altered in order to make adjusting to and performing your role easier.”

“Once you are changed we will enter your new alter ego into the system as a newly trained agent who has been sent undercover as a reporter in France. You will perform this job to the best of your ability, aided along by the dopamine reactors in your brain, then when the assassin comes he will be faced with not a green agent fresh out of training like he expects, but our very best assassin. He will be taken by surprise and we will finally be able to put an end to this and find the leak in our system.”

Roanoke could only gape; looking at the formulas and equations in front of him. He was smart, a genius really, but even he could only understand about half of this. He had never been particularly attached to his sense of self; hell, he couldn't even remember what his name had been before it was Roanoke. He always saw himself as a tool, an extension of the agency who raised him but even he felt a little uncomfortable about this.

His masculinity had never been questioned, but now the idea of his physical and mental self being shifted to fit a role left him feeling uneasy. For a moment he wondered what Watcher would say if he refused. He'd never refused a mission before, no matter how dirty or hard, never even been tempted honestly. He looked down at the folders before him, half a dozen black and white photos with women's headshots crossed out in red ink.

He knew a few of them; he had no strong feelings or attachments to them but they were still his sisters in a way he supposed. Killing did not bother Roanoke but he did not delight in senseless violence; sometimes it was necessary but not now. He swallowed his doubts and pride before standing and clearing his throat.

“When do we start?”

“Now, tech is waiting for you on floor B12.”

“Understood. I will see you when the change is complete.”

Watcher smiled and for the first time Roanoke could remember the hard facade cracked and the man looked at him with genuine affection and thanks.

“Thank you. I knew we could count on you, Roanoke.”

~

Roanoke chuckled, watching the boys down in tech tremble slightly as he walked in. At almost seven feet tall his muscular frame towered over most of them. He watched as they hurried crowded around what looked like an MRI machine, or at least it would were it not for the several coloured phials of liquid being plugged in around it.

He didn't let it show but he was nervous; yet another first for him tonight. Perhaps that instinct had been right back at his apartment, there certainly were a lot of first times happening for him on this job.

“S-so Watcher explained to us that you're not very good at undercover work.” One of the scientists, Nigel judging by the badge, stammered.

Roanoke narrowed his eyes and the man gave a small squeak.

“I mean, of course you're amazing but acting isn't your strong suit, heheh...So anyway.” The scientist smoothed his sweaty hands across his jacket, “Part of this process will be dopamine injectors, we have them programmed to go off under specific stimuli-”

“Cut the scientific babble, get to the point.” Roanoke cut through.

“Right of course, sir! Basically, when you act in a way that is considered correct for your cover, you will be rewarded, this will help you subconsciously take on the role to the point that it will become second nature. Think of it as method acting on steroids. Almost literally.”

Roanoke nodded, resisting the urge to bite his lip. They said he wasn't a good actor but he was portraying a calm man with ease right now when on the inside he was buzzing with nerves. He didn't like it; this weakness. He decided the best tithing was to just get it over with.

“So I just lay here?” He said, removing his clothing without batting an eyelid and pointing to the bed which stuck out of the machine.

“Y-yes.”

A few of the scientists blushed as he stripped down, revealing muscles upon muscles. He had never felt shame for his naked body like most people; it was flawless. He could only hope the body they gave him with this machine was as good. He laid down, flat on his back and allowed the scientists to attach several diodes to his forehead and temples. Then the bed slowly rolled backwards into the hollow of the machine and closed him inside.

He'd had plenty of MRI's before, head trauma was a part of the job after all, so he didn't feel claustrophobic inside even as the machine whirred and buzzed around him in the gloom. There were a few sharp pricks as needles poked under his skin but almost instantly they were numbed by some sort of anaesthesia. An unnecessary kindness, but one he secretly appreciated.

He sighed as the familiar sensation of drugs entering his bloodstream forced his muscles to relax. His eyelids fluttered closed and for a second he thought he might even fall asleep until the nausea hit. His body was being flooded with such a cocktail of drugs that it didn't know how to react.

The diodes at the side of his head buzzed and vibrated making him feel dizzy as a strange prickling sensation began to spread across his skin. He felt the hair on his arms stand on end as the muscles there slowly but surely began to change.

He expected pain but none came, he knew it wasn't the anaesthesia as he could still quickly easily feel every part of his body. Yet the sensation of muscles flattening and bones changing seemed to almost tickle rather than burn. He felt his fingers stretch and nails lengthen along with his feet and legs shrinking to match. The soft material of the mattress he was laying on began to bunch and he realised it was because he was shrinking, becoming shorter and ever so slightly wider in places.

His hips spread and his thighs smoothed, torso shrinking in the middle while his shoulders sloped and spread further apart. He resisted the urge to shift and fidget, lest he accidentally pull a diode free but it was getting harder and harder not to move as his whole body started to tingle and change.

He felt an odd itch spread across his skull and a moment later hair tickled at the side of his face, then his shoulders before it began to bunch up with nowhere else to go. The long strands tangled in the wires and diodes by his temples as they continued to vibrate and make him feel even more lightheaded.

His body was changing so rapidly he could not keep up with all the changes. Suddenly though, it was the last thing on his mind as he felt what could only be described as a break. Something in his mind seemed to crack and twist, wrapping in a way he couldn't understand. His thoughts changed, no, the language he was thinking in changed. He had never learned any other languages bar the pleasantries needed to purchase a coffee to drink while waiting for a target yet now he realised his thoughts were entirely in French.

He still knew English, of that he was sure but even as he was coming to terms with the French thoughts other languages were flooding in, German, Dutch, Japanese a smattering of phrases in various continental languages. It all made his head spin.

This was incredible, if somebody could learn an entire language this quickly, who knows what other skills a machine like this could be used to teach. He gasped in shock, feeling his lungs fill with air and noting the new weight atop them.

It wasn't great but it was ever present. That tingling had spread to his chest and now that he was no longer distracted by the changes going on inside his head he could feel it stronger than ever before. It felt as though with each breath he took, more air was left behind as he breathed out, causing his chest to balloon.

His nipples hardened in the cold air of the tube and he couldn't help but shiver, not from the cold but the sensation of the skin there tightening. He had never realised quite how sensitive a woman's nipples could be. No wonder the few women he had gone to bed with over the years loved when he touched them there. He was alarmed by just how big his chest was getting to be honest, he was no expert but he was sure he'd passed the average dimensions several cup sizes ago.

He would worry about being top heavy were it not for the subtle lift of his hips as he ass swelled to match. At least he would not need to worry about whether or not his new body was attractive. He chuckled at the thought but instead of the deep, baritone sound he was used to a breathy giggle escaped his plumping lips. A second later a wave of pleasure moved down his body as the dopamine reward kicked in and he quivered. That would take some getting used to.

He spent several minutes basking in the afterglow of his reward, feeling the subtle changes, such as his eyelashes lengthening, entertain him. Though he could not help but wonder; he had been in here for quite some time now and the changes seemed nearly complete and yet, there was still a length between his legs. Surely they were changing that *to-oh*.

"Putain!" The French swear slipped out before he could stop it as a sucking sensation formed deep inside his abdomen.

Feeling breasts swell out of your chest is one thing but it was quite another to feel your cock being sucked up into your body. Roanoke shivered, hips wiggling slightly as the sensation grew and his length began to disappear. He felt his balls melt back into his skin, the dark hair there seemingly to shorten and rearrange itself as a warm hole formed and around it, a wet pussy. Once again the cold air wafted against the open folds and he had to resist the urge to slam his legs closed.

The subtle breeze made his whole body come afire for a moment before he forced himself back in control. He could feel what had to be his clit in the same way he used to feel his cocks tip; the most sensitive part of his bulging and exposed. It felt wrong and so right all at once.

His skin continued to tingle and more of those mental shifts took place over the next few minutes. He felt his tongue go limp and numb in his mouth and a wave of exhaustion washed over him; having every nerve in your body stimulated and changed at once was quite tiring it seemed.

Finally, the sensations ended and he was left in blissful silence and dark for a few long moments. His eyes were still closed and he felt sleep threatening to take him until the machine whirred and opened, light poured in front near his feet and he blinked away the dazzle as he was slowly revealed to the outside world.

Those same scientists gasped and clapped as he rolled out, many of them talking excitedly as the others removed the various wires and diodes; allowing him to sit up. He shivered feeling long hair spill down his back to brush at the top of his ass. The movement made his head spin, he was lower down than he was used to being in this position and he looked down to see that he was indeed shorter; sitting on the edge of the bed his toes only just brushed the floor where before they sat flat.

Speaking of toes, he held up a leg and foot, examining it with fascination. His skin was no longer pale white but a deep olive tone, gone were his muscles and leg hair and instead smooth, shaved legs met him. He held out his hands to see the same and ran those now long fingers through the locks trailing down his back, pulling some forward to reveal silking black hair that was shockingly straight. Not so much as a kink or wave to be found.

“Would you like a mirror?” Nigel asked, “How do you feel?”

“I feel...fine.” He spoke slowly, his tongue felt odd in his mouth, the voice that came out was not his own but something almost sensual.

English, but with a thick French accent. He concentrated, whispering a few words under his breath and found that he could speak with his usual American one if he tried but it seemed



that for whatever reason, French was his native tongue now thanks to the new mental programming.

Nigel handed over a small mirror and Roanoke held it up, expecting to see a continental beauty. He was shocked to see that while he was indeed a beauty, it was of the Asian variety. Pretty almond shaped eyes with double lids, a pearly white smile and high cheekbones. Somehow though, the voice he had heard seemed to fit this face perfectly though were they to ask he would not be able to say why.

He got to his feet and accepted the hospital style gown offered for him to cover his nakedness. Before he could stop it a blush spread across his cheeks, realising he was naked in front of so many men. A warm wave of dopamine was administered and he shivered, prompting yet another scientist to offer him a jacket.

“Here.” Nigel said, seemingly no longer intimidated, “I have a dossier here Walker passed down for you, it’s your cover and your cover’s cover, so to speak. I recommend you get some rest then read up on it.”

“I’ll read it now.” He said simply, grabbing the file and walking over to a free desk, grateful to sit down; his legs still felt a little shaky. He was still adjusting to his new centre of gravity.

He flipped open the file and was greeted with a complete agent profile, the only thing missing was a picture. Ines Yoshida, a French born Japanese woman who had recently been recruited as a foreign agent. She had family across the globe and had been travelling since she was a little girl. Her cover was that of a reporter, working in Paris and keeping her ear to the ground.

“Ines...” He whispered, the name rolled off his tongue as though it were made for it.

He could do this. It was just another job. If he was lucky, he would only need to stay in this body for a few weeks at most. All he had to do was hope the leak picked up on this new agent quickly so he could take them out.

~

The next two weeks were a welcome change of pace. Roanoke spent his time preparing for the trip to Paris, learning as much about Ines’ backstory as he could and trying to get used to his new body. The first time he went to the gym to practise his hand to hand he got his ass

handed to him. His punches were so much weaker than he was used to, now that he was almost half his former body mass. Not to mention he was wider at the hips and shoulder, more than a dozen times he would dodge a blow only to be knocked down because he didn't move far enough.

He never accepted defeat though and kept at it. Honestly, he was welcoming the distraction. Training, preparing for admission; these were things he understood. The strange warm feeling between his legs, the irritation that was trying to manage his now long hair...these were things he very much did not.

He felt distinctly out of place as he strode through the halls of headquarters each day, heels clicking on the floor as he desperately tried to master walking in them. His presence had always commanded respect before, people would glance at one another in awe and whisper in hushed tones as he passed by. Now they stared for all the wrong reasons. Some, a scant few, knew who he was and couldn't help but stare. Even Watcher seemed shocked each time he walked into the meeting room for another briefing. Others who didn't still stared but always below his eyeline.

Why the scientist had decided his cover required such large breasts he didn't know but there wasn't much he could do about it now. Though he swiftly learned the push up bra he'd been given was a bad idea. Even the sports bras which squashed his bosom down slightly did little to hide the shapely mounds beneath.

Though training was a comfort he was glad when it came time to board the commercial flight to Paris. Perhaps French people might be a little more discreet in their admiration of his body. He hated being the centre of attention, it was the exact opposite of what a spy wanted most of the time. His hopes did not last long though as the male steward on his flight found every opportunity to walk passed and slid his eyes down to Roanoke's chest.

In protest he covered himself in a blanket and leaned against the window, pretending to sleep. This was just another mission; all he had to do was get it over with.

~

Charles de Gaulle airport was not welcoming. Everybody seemed to be in a hurry, even more than in the US airports he was used to. Even the man holding up a sign with the name Ines Yoshida on it simply nodded when he walked up to greet him. No smile, no words, a simple wave to indicate he should follow. Normally he would have appreciated such directness but for some reason such actions were more irritating as of late.

He slid into the car and allowed the driver to take him to the new apartment which had been acquired for him. Normally, he would spend this time thinking, planning ahead for

the mission but at the moment there was nothing to plan for, save living Ines' usual life. There was also something building inside him, a strange compulsion. The silence of the car was stifling and before he knew it he was opening his mouth.

“Quite lovely weather today isn't it?” He said casually in French, the driver huffed in agreement.

“Do you enjoy the summer? I suppose it's much easier than driving in the winter with all the snow.”

What the hell was he doing? He hated small talk; yet even as had that thought a warm wave of euphoria passed through him. Ines, it seemed, loved small talk, even with strangers. The driver on the other hand, was a lousy conversationalist and getting more than two words out of him was a major victory.

He was actually glad to arrive at his new apartment building if only to get away from him. The man dumped his bags, filled with items decided for him of course, on the curb, nodded and got back in his car and drove away. Roanoke put his hands on his hips and huffed; some people, honestly.

He froze for a second and slowly lowered his gaze, taking in his stature. He was standing with his hips off slightly to one side, toes pointed, hands resting in the hollow just above his hips themselves. It was so alien, he normally stood ramrod straight and yet this more casual, feminine pose came so naturally. He smiled a little; perhaps this undercover job wouldn't be so bad after all in little affectations came to him this easily. It was a tad weird, he had to admit but...it was all for the job so no issue. If anything the better he did, the more likely this assassin would come after him and then he could get back to what he really liked doing, kicking some ass.

He gathered up his things and rode the elevator up to his new apartment. He opened the door and was struck at just how different it was to his proper home. The furniture was plush and slightly old fashioned, the floorspace was easily twice the size of his tiny box and there were pictures on every wall. Fresh flowers perfumed the air as he walked through the shared living and kitchen area and he breathed in the scent with a contented sigh.

There were chopsticks in a holder on the island bench, pictures of Swiss alps in stunning greyscale on the living room wall and tiki statues on the shelves; this was the home of a modern, cosmopolitan woman who'd travelled the world and then some. There were even a few articles in frames apparently written by Ines herself. She was quite the journalist it seemed. The oldest one was from five years ago and Roanoke whistled, impressed. This

cover had certainly been in the works for quite a while; waiting for just the right mission to put it into action.

He set about unpacking; laying his suitcase on the plush duvet and unzipping the bag to reveal a forest of fabric and colour. Ines was the stylish sort with expensive taste by the looks of it; Chanel dresses, Versace handbags and several sets of earrings and necklaces. Though he did have to question the negligee; there was deep cover of course but that details seemed like a bit much.

Unpacked he sat down on the bed and twiddled his thumbs. Normally he would clean and unmake his weapons, timing how long it took him to put them back together or watched Tv until it was time to go to sleep. He wasn't used to having downtime while on a mission. He tried watching TV but found himself restless and unable to pay attention, the same when he tried to read some of the books on Ines' shelves. He wasn't due to start work for another three days. What was he supposed to do with his time?

Something felt missing. He chalked it up to the strange circumstances but no, there was more to it than that. It was then that it clicked; this was the first time he had been truly alone since his transformation. All that training, missing briefings, even the plane ride; all of those had other people around but now he was alone and for the first time in his life...he hated it.

Roanoke bit his tongue. Him, lonely! How pathetic! He'd never needed anybody before now. The sound of laughter outside in the hall made his ears perk up; what sounded like women's voices echoed under his door and Roanoke felt himself get to his feet. Dopamine rushed through his system and he smiled; that was right, in his file it stated that Ines was a confident, social woman. No wonder he felt compelled to meet people.

Riding high on his reward Roanoke opened the door and stepped outside, two women his own age, one blonde the other brunette were standing in the open doorway of the apartment next door. They turned to face him with curious looks before one gave a friendly smile.

"Hello," She greeted in French, "You must be the new neighbour, I saw the men moving your things in a few days ago."

"Ines." He replied, rewarded once more with a shiver of pleasure and happiness, "So nice to meet you."

"I'm Chloe," The blonde said, "This is my sister Kate, would you like to come in for coffee?"

A smile spread across Roanoke's features and he felt his heart flutter in excitement.

"That sounds lovely."