



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# SECTION 9

April Perkins



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A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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# Section 9

**By April Perkins**

## Chapter One

I was completely naked, chained to a large stone altar. I struggled to get out of the chains that secured me to the cold altar but it was futile. The building around me was made of yellowish stone with massive patches of moss growing on it. The building was man-made, or so the expedition had thought, but after seeing the humanoid creatures that inhabited it, many questioned its origin. Now it was too late. They had been feeding on us for days and I was next.

I screamed as one of their black hands touched my D-size breast and ran down my body to my wet vagina. It moaned, feeling the energy locked up inside me. They had held me in a room with my partner, Phil Waters. Both of us were stripped nude and tied just so we couldn't make love. Tension grew until both of us were ready to burst. Then they pulled me into this room. Around me, other human-shaped black forms began to close in on the altar. I could feel their draw on my energy. The massive group coming up to me was hungry; as each grew closer, I could feel the growing sucking feeling in my vagina. I moaned, trying to fight the tension but it was just as futile as fighting the chains.

Soon the circle of human shapes parted, revealing a female dressed in a long black robe. She had long blonde hair; as beautiful as she was, however, she wasn't human. The woman came up to me, letting her eyes run over my body. With a steady hand, she ran a finger over my hard nipples and traced my flesh down my stomach to my vagina. She teased my clitoris, bringing me to a pick of orgasm I had never felt, then stopped. She moved around me, bringing her mouth to my ever-growing wetness. As the woman figure faded, revealing a similar black figure, she put her mouth to my vagina. I gasped and moaned as she brought me back to orgasm but she made sure to stop. When she pulled away, I could see her forked tongue retracting back into her black form.

The black shape turned back into the woman, which turned to the crowd of black figures. "Feeders, prepare to be fed."

She motioned with a hand to something or someone I couldn't see and I heard the rattling of chains. Phil came into view, naked and chained from his wrist down to his ankles, his hard erection taking my breath away. The sexual tension had grown between us, or at least it had on my part. He was my partner and sexual relationships between partners was forbidden but I wanted him so bad. They knew right off the bat, which is why they put us together. They knew the tension would produce a huge feast for the feeders.

Soon, Phil was tied on top of me and forced to make love to me. As he pumped me, I moaned and gasped, feeling his erection dive deep into me. As both of us erupted in powerful orgasms, I watched in horror as the Feeders grew in number. Their numbers grew from about twenty or so to well over a thousand. I looked at the woman with rage. "What the hell are you?"

She smiled with an evil glare. "I'm a Server and your energy will bring us numbers to make everyone in the world our slave."

My eyes bolted open. The history of Section 9 droned on the flat screen in the small meeting room. It was old news; for some reason each time I watched, it I had the same dream. I looked around and I could see other senior agents doing the same. I let out a sigh and rubbed my eyes. I had bought a large coffee before coming in hopes I would stay awake and not venture into Dreamland but even that didn't work. I hated that dream. Each time it made me feel helpless and sexual at the same time. My panties were soaked from it and I would have to change them after it was over. What the hell was it about the damn monotone film that brought that dream on? I took a sip of coffee, feeling relieved I was sitting in the dark room next to my partner, Phil Waters.

Phil had been nudging me every so often but soon stopped. I figured that's when he closed his eyes. I looked over to him and, sure enough, his eyes were closed and he was lightly snoring. I couldn't help but smile. Phil was tall, lean and muscular. His blue eyes were one of his best features. I would get lost in them many times. I looked away from Phil and caught the eye of our Senior Agent in charge, Joe Israel, a no-nonsense ex-army something-or-other with a hard as nails approach to being a leader but a big heart. Even in the dimly-lighted room, I could tell his eyes were on me. I looked away from Phil and took another sip of coffee.

It was growing harder to be a female in an all-male Section 9 camp. By strict regulation, all Section 9 camps were separated into all-female and all-male camps. I was the oddball and the only reason I was in the Saratoga Springs, New York camp and not the all-female Albany camp was because I had been a man at one point. Joe allowed me to stay but strictly warned me not to get sexual with any agents. It didn't matter if the male agents came on to me or not. They would hold me accountable and I would have the book thrown at me. I actually laughed at Joe when he said it but now I was starting to have to fight to keep my feelings hidden. I pushed it out of my mind and started looking around at the other agents, seeing who was awake and who was sleeping. I loved this place and didn't want to go anywhere else.

Our building was located in downtown Saratoga Springs in Upstate New York and held not only Section 9 but the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, the Drug Enforcement Agency, and the Naval Criminal Investigation Service, or NCIS. The Central Intelligence Agency also shared a room but they were rarely there so we used their office for our storage. The reason we shared our office with so many other agencies was because the Feeder network was in virtually everything. It seemed best that a Section 9 building should have representatives from every agency surrounding it so we could track the Feeders and share notes. The partnership had worked very well and Section 9 seemed to be the glue that allowed all of us to work with each other. This building, however, was crazy. It was fun as hell to work here, which is why I had to keep my feelings buried deep.

I nudged Phil and watched him sit up, rubbing his sleepy eyes. "Why do we have to hear this again?" Phil asked, shaking off the sleep.

I shrugged. "So if the flat screen breaks down, we can tell it to the new agents."

Phil shook his head. "So, is it just as boring to listen to as a woman?"

I smiled and noticed one of the new FBI agents to the building—he had a bald head and black mustache—turning toward my direction. His eyes traveled from my face down, then he looked away. I felt my face go red. I couldn't help but smile. The one thing about being a woman I loved was being admired, or as they say, "checked out." A few other new male faces turned to look in my direction. It started to wake me up but didn't help the wetness spreading through my panties. I was one of a handful of women in the building which tended to mean that I got a lot of attention, not from my fellow agents but the others in the building. I didn't mind, in fact I loved it. It was one of the many perks I was discovering about being a woman.

I had started life as Larry Chadwick, and grew up in the cornfields of southern Indiana. I never once thought of myself as anything other than a man, even when at a young age, I started to pretend being female. This pretending only happened when I was alone. Other times, I would play with G.I. Joe, Transformers and toy guns. I found a few friends who shared my love of fantasy and we would pretend to be police officers or spies, which gave me the desire to be a Federal Agent one day. During these days of play, I would pretend to be male characters but on the inside, I would be wishing to be a female. Sometimes it would get the better of me and I would tell my closest friend that I was going to be a female, which he didn't mind.

During school, I was labeled a crybaby which would haunt me later in life. I hated sports and dreaded gym class because of the testosterone-fueled muscle heads who showed their masculinity with displays of athletic abilities for which I had no wish to be a part of. I was picked on a lot until I got to high school when I learned to blend into the crowd and stop trying to be popular. I was pretty much a loner with a small, select, group of friends. I still pretended to be a female privately, creating my own character named Lidiya. I pictured her being everything from a government agent to a sex slave on various planets. I would look forward to Fridays when I could play all night. I never had any actual women's clothing but made do with whatever male clothing I had that resembled women's clothing. Even with all this, I never once thought myself as anything less than a man.

My family moved from Indiana to New York and I found myself an outcast in my new school. The only thing I looked forward to was nights as Lidiya. One day, I met the girl of my dreams. Her name was Mindy Fredrick. I found myself not knowing what to do so I ignored her, expecting her to initiate talk with me, which never happened, of course. I didn't know it then but I was acting like a female waiting for a man to come to me. I soon became obsessed with Mindy. I did everything to try and get her to talk with me but it never happened.

I dated a few girls but none of them were Mindy. Every time I saw Mindy, my eyes would flock to her and I couldn't pull them away. I could never figure out why she didn't talk with me. After I graduated, I finally had enough. I called her and told her I wasn't wasting any more time on her. I didn't realize it then but I was acting the female calling the boy to tell him he was losing out on something special. Mindy responded by saying, "Hey, you never once talked with me or let me know how you felt."

I was devastated by the news. All that time, I could have been with her. Because I never said anything to her, I let the one thing I wanted more than anything slip right through my fingers. It haunted me even after I meet my wife, Karrie.

I attended college and once I graduated, finding no jobs, I joined the Army and regretted every second. From the moment I walked into the military, I realized I didn't fit in, and my fellow trainees knew it. It was like a glorified gym class filled with older testosterone-fueled muscle heads. One even bragged that he had been in jail. I felt out of place with all the jocks and Neanderthals, all eager to show the sergeants how tough they were. Even with all this, I never thought of myself as anything other than a man.

The memories of the many times I showed tears rather than acting like a man would haunt my mind and make me angry. I started hating myself for not acting more like a man. I found myself growing angry at people who did anything that challenged my manhood. I would ignore them and give them evil looks. I wasn't violent. One time, a fellow soldier knocked me to the ground during a physical training session. I waited until I was out of sight, then cried my eyes out. I was trying so hard to tell myself I was a man when it was painfully obvious something wasn't right with me.

I met my wife soon after leaving the Army and beginning my training to join Section 9. I figured getting married would solve my problems. Joining Section 9 would prove I was a man because of the nature of the business. There were things about Karrie that I completely ignored, one being her laziness. Her apartment was a mess every day and she would give a hundred excuses as to why she couldn't clean it. I was so much in love and so lonely it never once sunk in that I would be her maid.

Life went on with me still struggling with my masculinity. Marriage turned into a nightmare with me having to clean up the house even after a long day of training and, eventually, as an agent. The bedroom was the worst for me. I needed love and desired attention on a daily basis but it was only given to me a few times. Even when she and I did make love, I would have to do all the work, making sure she came to orgasm.

I wanted something no woman could give me, to be admired, to feel sexy, to be lusted over, but she wasn't doing it. Women don't have to get a man, they come to them. A woman doesn't have to go looking for sex, it comes to her. A woman is looked at and ad-

mired when she walks into a room. Nobody pays any attention to a man. Deep down inside, I wanted that attention too. I didn't want to take charge of our sexuality and stopped asking her to make love to me. One time, I remember coming out of the bedroom in a thong because I wanted to be loved so much. She continued to watch TV and told me she wasn't in the mood. I felt ignored and unwanted. I would touch every part of her body but she would touch nothing of mine and I wanted her so much. Her lack of sexuality was driving me crazy.

My new partner, Phil Waters, who had only a year on me, loved to torment me. He would have me search the areas where there would almost certainly be a Server waiting. I would be caught and tied more times than any other agent. Phil and the other agents would mock me and I would yell and scream at them. This was just for show. Later, when I was alone, I would cry my eyes out. Once, I almost teared up in front of Joe but luckily he was called away suddenly, getting me off the hook. I hated myself and my marriage. I thought of suicide often until I discovered something about myself that put my whole life into perspective: I was a woman.

One night after coming home from being tied up not once but twice in a single day, I came home, turned on the TV and watched a show about a man who was transgendered. What this man was going through matched everything I was going through, from joining the Army, getting married, doing anything to prove to himself he was a man. His emotions, feelings, and thoughts all resembled mine. I shut off the TV and sat in the dark. Was that it? At that moment, my life flashed before my eyes. As if a light had turned on, I realized I wasn't a man, but a woman. My life and all its non-manly attributes suddenly made sense. I was a woman on the inside. Suddenly, the memories no longer held their sting. I felt a weight lift off my chest. I was a woman. I was a woman in a man's body. The problem was I was married and I was a Federal Agent in a all-male section.

For the time being, I tried to get on with life as if nothing was different. At night, I started pretending to be Lidiya and dressing the part. I didn't dare dress up at work because I got tied so much. Since the Servers stripped you naked, it wouldn't have been good to be seen with women's clothing on. I did my best to keep Lidiya hidden. Then a case turned my world upside down.

We needed a female agent and no one, not even in the FBI, would agree to help us. They knew us too well. Joe put in a request for a female Section 9 agent but the Albany branch was too busy and couldn't spare anymore for a month. We needed a female now. Joe made the announcement, "One of you sorry asses will have to be a female. Who will it be?"

My heart jumped up but I didn't dare give in. After all, I was hiding Lidiya. If I had jumped up, it would have been obvious what was going on in my world. I was still trying to keep my masculine side but I really wanted this assignment. I wanted to give Lidiya a chance in the real world to see what it would feel like.

When nobody responded, Joe said, "Don't volunteer all at once." He came up with the ideas of drawing straws.

Then Phil said, "Why don't you make Chadwick? After all, he's been tied the most." Phil looked at me. "How many times, Chadwick? At least thirty, right?"

I gave him a nasty look but on the inside, I was thanking him. Joe agreed and ordered me to be the female. This was a reward to me and not a punishment. Still I gave the 'I don't want to do this' look just for show. The other agents laughed and would buy me gag gifts like a bra, pantyhose and a garter belt like those that, secretly, I had been wearing at home. These were a lot nicer than the ones I owned and I ended up wearing them on the mission. The funny thing was they fit me perfectly.

I started my temporary transformation that day. The agency brought in a Hollywood makeup artist to turn me into a female. The man was thin, bald, with brown eyes. He was a miracle worker. For the rest of the day, I sat in a chair in the forensic lab because it had the best light, letting him find the best way to turn me into a female and erase my manly features. The whole time in his chair I wondered what I would look like. When he turned me around in the chair, I started crying. The man was not prepared for my reaction; luckily nobody other than the two forensic technicians had seen anything.

"What's wrong?" he asked me, seemingly dumbfounded by my reaction. I noticed he took a step back from me.

"It's so great," was all I could get out through the tears. The face in the mirror was the person I had always dreamed I was. "She" had long red hair, very nice round breasts, and a beautiful face. It was me, the true me, Lidiya. I wanted to enjoy every moment as her. As she became more real with help from a speech coach who helped me lose the masculine voice and a clothing specialist, I found myself forgetting I was once a man. This became even more apparent when a trainer was brought in to teach me how to walk. The trainer, a blonde-haired female in a black dress, walked up to me and asked who she was supposed to be training. She had seen me walk into the room and was stunned when I told her it was me. She was amazed at how good I was. She only had to point out a few details to me to make my transformation official.

When my training was done, I got dressed in a feminine suit with black stockings, which I always loved feeling next to my freshly-shaven legs. Luckily, the other agents never realized I have been shaving my legs for a year or before this day. I was about to walk into the Section 9 squad room as a female. My heart felt like it was about to jump out of chest. I wondered how I would look to them and how they would react.

I walked up the stairs feeling alive and full of energy. I knew I would never be able to live this down. My male peers would torment me with this but as I walked up the last stairs hearing the clacking of my heels on the steps, I realized I didn't care what they said. I loved being this person. I was comfortable in this body and didn't feel like I had to prove anything anymore. I didn't have to put on an act to make everyone happy. I, for the first time, could be me.

When I entered the Section 9 camp, nobody realized it was me. All eyes in the room turned in my direction, which I loved. When I sat down, even Phil gave me a strange look.

"Miss," Phil said, eyeing me, "who are you?"

I figured he was joking. "Very funny, Phil."

His eyes grew wide as hell. "Larry?"

I actually cringed at the name. "Please call me Lidiya."



My camp did nothing but stare at me along with the other gents. Once the initial shock was over, the jokes began, which didn't bother me at all.

Moe Williams, our tall black agent, walked over to the desk. "Hey sweet thing, how about a date?" The camp laughed along with me.

I locked eyes with him. "Whenever you're ready."

The room laughed as Moe gave me a look and sat back down. I loved the jokes and the comments and I would shoot back at my fellow agents. The other agents soon found themselves outwitted and began leaving me alone. It was fun being a female surrounded by men. I actually caught an agent looking at my ass to which I cried out, "Are you looking at my ass, you ass looker?" The agent turned and walked away but I called back, "Not that I mind."

The room would roar with laughter at my many comments, something that never happened while I was Larry. I loved being Lidiya. Lucky for me, the current case was undercover which meant I could be Lidiya for some time. I didn't have to worry about going back to being Larry. I told Karrie I was undercover and wouldn't be able to come home. That way, I could stay as Lidiya for the time being. I loved going to bed and waking up as this person. As the days went by, I soon found myself realizing I couldn't go back to being Larry. There was still much work on the case but I knew my decision would come with consequences.

The case went well; not even the Servers, who normally can pick out a man playing a woman, saw through my disguise. The Servers can pick out someone pretending to be the opposite sex but since deep inside my soul I was female, it couldn't figure out who I was. The Server in the case, a male named Reno, didn't notice anything and we were able to topple the South Network without a problem. It went so smoothly that even Joe was walking around with a smile on his face. I got a commendation for my efforts. For the first time in my career, I felt happy but then it was time to face reality. The case was over and I needed to go back to being Larry. When I walked in the next day as Lidiya, the Section 9 camp gave me some strange looks. Joe pulled me aside and asked me why I was still dressed like a woman. I told him Larry wouldn't be coming back.

"Say what?" His eyes were full of shock and something else which I couldn't identify. I thought it looked like dread.

"I mean it, Boss. Larry is not coming back."

"Are you sure you want to do that?"

I nodded.

I expected him to be angry but he wasn't. He sounded almost caring. "Okay. I'll let Ezra know your intentions and we'll go from there. Understand, once you become a female, they might move you to Albany or they might let you go. Are you sure you truly want this?"

"Yes, I want to stay in Saratoga and be an agent but if I have to give it up, I will."

"That bad huh?"

I nodded.

"I knew something was up when the Server couldn't figure out you were a man. Anyway, go, and we'll see what happens." He led me to the Section 9 camp and let me sit down. The rest of the agents eyed me. When they asked Joe if we had another case involving a female lead, I told them I wasn't going back as Larry. To my surprise, they didn't react with anger or resentment. They laughed and Phil said to me, "You know, you look better as a female." It went from there. My wife, however, was a different story.

I didn't go back to being Larry; instead, now as Lidiya, I had to face my wife and children. At first my wife didn't even know who this strange woman was. Once she figured it out, she took the kids and went to her mother's place. I did my best to explain what was going on but she would hear none of it. It was tough for me to face a life without my children. The first month or so living alone was hard; I cried most nights from missing them. Even with that pain, though, I still loved being Lidiya. I wouldn't see my kids till well after my transformation was complete. In time, Karrie found a new love and decided it was better for me to be in my kids' lives as an aunt rather than a 'dead' father.

At work, on the other hand, I was happier than I had ever been. The foam dart war soon took off with every camp gunning for the next. Surprisingly, Joe and the other senior agents let it go. It made the hard work of being a federal agent more enjoyable. We still got our work done and the senior agents would regulate when the battles could commence. I found myself loving being in this camp. I only dreaded what Ezra Jones, our Section 9 building director, was going to say; after all, I was now a female. It wasn't completely official yet but I was counting the days.

I didn't do any therapy; instead, I asked a few female agents to help me do some shopping and help me figure out makeup for the time being. They loved to help and we quickly became friends. I started my official transformation a few days later by meeting Dr. Raymond Trillion. He told me about a revolutionary new procedure that could turn me into a woman with no need to get breast implants, or sexual reconstruction surgery. The procedure was an atomic-level reconstruction of my body. In thirty minutes, this machine would rearrange my mass and turn me into a female. Don't ask me how it worked but it worked. The problem was that I had to live as a female for two years instead of the standard one year. The other problem was that the procedure cost about a year's salary. I took out a loan and got some help from my friends.

My life as Lidiya Chadwick was wonderful. I had a few rough times, mainly with my family. My father wouldn't speak to me and neither would Karrie. She refused to let me see the kids but nothing changed my mind. I lived as Lidiya for two years and had the procedure done two days after my two-year obligation was over. As promised, the procedure created a perfect body and I was now a full-fledged woman with one exception. I couldn't get pregnant. As a kind of compensation, my sexuality would be heightened and more intense. This had been explained to me before the procedure and I had accepted. I had lived with sexual want for almost thirty-five years. How bad could this be?

When I walked into the agency for the first time as a real woman, I got applause and two FBI agents asked me to marry them. I didn't know if they were kidding or not but my face turned red. I notice those first few days that a lot of the agents tended to look down at my chest. I didn't mind it; in fact, I loved catching them doing it. I would find out later that my doctor made my breast size bigger than I had wanted. I wanted a C size but my doctor

made my new breasts D's. Was I upset? Trust me, I didn't lose any sleep over it and neither did my fellow agents.

It felt so great to be a woman. I was living the way I had always wanted to and everyone realized how happy I was. Even Karrie saw how happy I was and came to realize how wrong she had been about me. She and I are practically sisters now. My kids call me Aunt Lidiya and I spend as much time with them as Section 9 allows.

Then one day, Joe pulled me into the office with Ezra. My heart was pounding in my chest. It was official, I was a female in an all-male camp. This was against regulation because of the sexual nature of hunting Servers and Feeders. The separation of camps came about when a female and male agent fell in love. A Server was able to lure the two agents into a feeding and because of the sexual tension created by the no-relationship rule, the Server was able to use their sexual energy to gain access to the federal building where the two agents were assigned. I was never clear about all the details but it was important to keep males and females apart. I knew this was true but didn't want to go to Albany and I most certainly did not want to be let go.

Ezra handed me a piece of paper, which I read. It was a transfer to Albany.

My heart sank. Ezra was a tall black man with frameless glasses and a love of expensive suits which he wore everyday. He played golf on Mondays and every other day he could spare. His office was decorated with golf trophies and pictures of expensive fairways on country clubs around the world. Ezra was the director of Section 9 in Saratoga and he loved his position. We only saw him a handful of times; mostly, he would just let Joe do his thing.

Joe spoke, Ezra's job being only to hand me the piece of paper. I couldn't remember ever hearing Ezra speak prior to this. "Listen to me, Lidiya," Joe's brown eyes locked onto mine. "You have this one chance to transfer. After this, you'll never get another chance again. You know what a bitch it is to transfer people in our business."

I eyed him, confused. "I don't understand."

Joe sighed, "It would take months for me to get another agent and Albany is crowded as it is, so they don't really want you."

I felt my heart lifting. "So I can stay?"

Joe walked up and stood right in front of me. "Yes, you can stay but I'm warning you," his finger found my face, "you are the odd ball in this camp and the only reason you can stay here is because you were once a man. That being said, do you have any feelings for any Section 9 agent in this camp?"

I laughed. "Of course not."

Joe nodded. "It had better stay that way. I don't care if one of these agent comes to you with a bundle of flowers and tells you he loves you with all his heart. You had better to him to go pound sand. If I find out you have had any sexual relationship with any agent, I'll make sure you won't be able to get a job at McDonalds."

I was taken back by his words. "I don't understand."

“Don’t fuck anyone in my camp. I’m telling you if you so much as look at one of these agents with a sexual look, I’ll blow you right to Mars.” His eyes were hard as nails. “I’m risking a lot by letting you stay but I’m willing to go to bat for you because even though you are a woman, your past will keep anything sexual out of my camp. I don’t need what happened to the Yakima camp to happen here, understand?”

I nodded. “What happens if I’m tied to an agent?”

“Then it better look to me like you fought like hell to not let it happen. Remember, I don’t care what the other agents do but this is all you. If anything happens, like a Server getting in, they will look right at you and then they’ll hit us for letting you stay. You get it now?”

I nodded.

I left the office and started my career as a full female in the Saratoga camp. At first, there were no feelings for any agents on my part. I was close to Phil but never thought of him in that way. Also, my heightened sexuality had yet to show its face. I went from being the agent always getting tied up to the agent that never fell to the Snake Ropes of the Servers.

Phil and I started solving cases and taking down Servers like they were going out of style; everyone made fun of us but only because we were so good. We had gone from two men trying to outdo one another to a team trying to help each other and get the bad guy.

Neither of us would allow the other to be tied up on an investigation. There were times I did start to think he was attractive but I would quickly shoot it down, hearing Joe’s voice in my head. If anything happened, they would blame me for it and not the other agent. It was rough but the same would apply to a male in an all-female camp. The oddball was always the target. So with the prospect of utter devastation from Joe, I was able to keep my feelings under lock and key until that day.

I never dreamed I would have feelings for Phil. How wrong I was. As I sat next to Phil in the dimly-lighted room listening to the monotone voice drone on about the history of Section 9 and the threats the Feeders and Servers, my mind drifted back to that day:

The black humanoid shape came out of the shadows, taking me completely by surprise. It came out from behind a pillar, knocking my gun out of my hands. It hit the carpeted floor with a thud. It tumbled before stopping somewhere on the floor in the darkness around me. I turned to my attacker and swung out with my arms but caught nothing but air. The darkness around me only made the Server invisible. It was around me but I couldn’t see it or hear it.

My eyes scanned the darkness as I felt my heart begin to pound in my chest. Phil and I had gone almost a full year without being tied up once. It was a record for our camp and I didn’t want to end the streak today. Phil and I kept out from the Snake Rope’s grip, a Server’s special form of rope that acted like a snake, by staying together. Section 9 preferred agents split up because getting tied was inevitable. There was no way to find a Server in a dark place. By splitting up, the Server would only get one of you, leaving the other to sneak up on the Server while he or she was tying up the other agent.

The other agents in our camp called us cheaters and told us we would have to split up eventually. They were right. The warehouse Phil and I were called to was too big and would have taken us all day to go through together. It was Friday and both of us wanted to get this call done so we could enjoy the weekend. I should have been more alert but with the weekend on my mind, I let down my guard. Joe was going to kill me. The other agents would be happy because Phil and I wouldn't win the No Bondage For A Year Award.

I looked around in the dark, trying to calm myself. It was still in the room. I had broken away from the main warehouse and headed into the office area. None of the lights worked, which meant that a Server was hiding or the shipping company that owned the property turned off the power to that section of the warehouse. The building was still being used for storage. The owner we talked told us he wasn't sure what was still powered.



The attack came with a sudden rush. I felt the Snake Rope wrap around my neck. A violent yank on the rope came from behind, pulling me deeper into the dark room. My hands flew up to the rope, trying to stop it from cutting off my air. As I fought to regain my air, I felt the cold hands of the Server touch my body. The Server began stripping my black pants, sweater and shirt off. I tried to move away from it but another snake rope wrapped around my legs, making me lose my balance. I toppled to the floor and another snake rope gathered my wrist and bound them in front of me. The Server, once I was in its control thanks to the snake ropes, had no trouble removing my black lace bra, revealing my breasts, my thong, stockings and black garter belt. It didn't stop until I was naked. To

finish me off, it shoved a gag ball in my mouth and wrapped the leather strap around my head. The snake rope around my neck eased up, giving me back my air.

I still couldn't see the Server but I did feel it suddenly take my hand. The snake rope let go of me, then the Server moved my hands behind my back. I didn't feel it touch me any more, then I heard it run off down the hall, leaving me in the dark room. I let out a long sigh. It had been so long since I had been tied I had forgotten how humiliating it was.

The gag ball made sure I couldn't call for help. I didn't know if I wanted to be helped. I began to wiggle and struggle to get out of the ropes in hopes of getting out before Phil found me but it was no use. The more I struggled, the tighter the ropes held me. I rolled on my side, frantically trying to see where the door was. I couldn't see it. The room was too dark. I couldn't see two inches in front of me. I let out another sigh. What was Phil going to say?

Phil loved tormenting me when I got tied but that was back when I was Larry. This would be my first time as Lidiya. I wondered how he would react. I didn't know how I was going to react. The thought of Phil suddenly brought up something that I wasn't prepared for: he was going to see me naked. As Larry, it didn't matter, we were both men but that wasn't the case anymore. We were partners but it bothered me. I didn't want him to see me naked. He always made fun of Larry's body. Would he make fun of Lidiya's?

Suddenly, the lights kicked on, filling the room with bright light. My eyes shut, being overpowered by the light. When I felt comfortable opening them, Phil was standing in the doorway, his eyes scanning the room and finding me on the floor.

I waited for the laughter to come but it never did. His deep blue eyes started with my face, slowly traveled down to my breasts, following the curves of my body to my bare feet before heading back up. His eyes lingered on my breasts and back to my curves. He said nothing, he just looked at me. That's when I saw it. In his eyes, those deep blue eyes, was something that took me totally by surprise: desire.

I knew that look because I had had the same look looking at Mindy. It was a look of utter want. What this man in front of me, my partner, the annoyingly self-centered Phil Waters, saw was something he not only wanted but lusted over. I could see the sudden lump in his pants grow larger by the second. He kept trying to look away, knowing he shouldn't be staring like he was but he couldn't pull his eyes away. It made my body come alive. I felt wetness between my legs. I loved the way he was looking at me.

His sheer desire made me feel like a woman, a sexy woman. He liked what he saw and I wanted to please him. I never thought I would see that look in Phil's eyes. Now that it was there, I wanted it all the time. I wanted him to lust over me and desire me. I could only imagine how he would act out that desire, running his lustful hands over every part of my body. I could almost feel him taking my ass into his hands and touching it like he was on fire. It was at that very moment that my feeling for Phil changed from being just his partner to something more. I loved this man.

I slapped myself mentally, pulling myself out of the thoughts. I didn't love Phil! What was I thinking? Phil seemed to be thinking the same thing. "Are you okay?"

I nodded. "I'm fine." I shook off my thoughts, telling them to go away. Joe's voice thundered in my head, reminding me of what would happen if I played out the thoughts

running through my head. The problem was that even after Phil and I got out of there and had to explain to Joe what happened, I couldn't shake the feelings for Phil. I kept screaming at myself that I didn't love him and he was just doing what any other man would have done upon seeing a naked woman tied on the floor. It was nothing more than that, or at least that's what I was telling myself. Something kept nudging me that it was more than that but to keep my job I had to tell it to shut up.

"Hey," I heard Phil say to me.

I looked into his deep blue eyes. "What?"

He eyed me with an eyebrow raised and said with his best James Bond impersonation, "Where did you go, my dear?"

I smiled. "Well, Mr. Bond, I was daydreaming."

Phil came back, "About me?"

I smiled. "Of course I was. You are so sexy, Mr. Bond." I felt my heart begin to pound in my chest. Phil's blue eyes were on me and I got lost in them. There were so full of life and happiness that I just couldn't pull myself away from them. I slapped myself mentally again.

He smiled and looked back at the screen.

The movie was almost over. Moe was fast asleep but nobody bothered to wake him. If the big guy wants to sleep, let him, was the rule of the room. His partner, Jack Mitchell, was his leaning post. Jack looked like he was about to collapse. Jack nudged his partner sharply and Moe jumped up, looking around.

Joe stood up. "Something to add, Agent Williams?"

Moe looked around, confused. "Huh?"

Joe shook his head. "Never mind." The room gave off a low chuckle.

Jack was moving his neck and I could swear I could hear his bones going back into place from across the room. Jack was tall and his blonde hair was long but not enough to be out of dress code. He was in his thirties with strong masculine features. He loved to lift weights and work out. We called him Agent Fabio. I thought he was cute but he was a little too heath crazy for me. Every time I saw him eat a salad, I want to hit him with a Ding Dong. Mark Saunder and Kurt Lambert, the other partners in our group, were wide awake. At first, I wondered how they were able to keep awake but then I saw the cup containing the double shot cappuccino. Next time, I would get one of those. Regular coffee just wasn't cutting it.

Mark was a computer geek with rimless glasses, a very thin body and brown hair trimmed every two days. Kurt was shorter but only by an inch or two. Kurt was the only one who was bald; to make up for his absent hair, he had a black goatee. We called him Section 9's rock star. Ironically, Kurt played bass in a hard rock band and he was really good. I went to a few of his band's sets with the rest of the guys and loved the music.

The movie finally ended and Joe stood. "Does anyone have any questions?"

I raised my hand.