Skank Works

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

The meeting was called so that a new device could be presented – a device with huge potential. We were initially looking to see that our operatives could be wired for better communication, something that could be concealed beneath the scalp or even under the skull, something that would allow or operatives to think their messages back to base without making a sound; receive messages inside their heads. But this was going to be something much more revolutionary and offer our agents so much more.

“What if I was to tell you that with what we have developed, we have the potential to give agents in the field new abilities that they were not trained for – to be able to fly a plane of defuse a bomb, with knowledge and sense and motor skills all available immediately. What could that do for you?”

Of course, they had our attention. Here were two people from ACS division – a skunk works for new tools of espionage. It was like the holy grail – not just stay in touch with agents on the field but provide them with the tools they might need in real time. We are not talking about training, but instant skills, just available in the moment.

I was only party to this for the assessment of the psychological impact of this new technology on its users. I was assured this would be negligible. This was not mind control, just added knowledge. A person could always reject the information they received. The receiver could use was being provided or not. The only residue would be information, that may or may not be retained.

The whole thing had arisen from discussions with these tech people about language skills. We have to deal with languages all the time, and some of the best operatives seem weak in this area. It is always a challenge to develop fluency in a language and the hidden communications device could help with understanding – an interpreter sitting at a desk and wired in. But then the problem was to give a response – it is the time lag. Following a prompt never works properly. These guys realized that the response needed to be delivered by the fluent speaker using the mouth and voice box of the agent in the field. It required not only direct neural connection at a distance (without voice) with a person with the language needed being wired up to communications in the operations center. It worked. Our agent in the field would form the words in his or her head, and the fluent speaker would say the words in Romanian or Bahasa or whatever, and they would come out of the agent’s mouth.

There was still a lag, but it was very short. For language, this system was serviceable.

But the next step that we were discussing here was applying this technology to wider motor functions. The researchers started with simple things – card tricks like cutting a deck with one hand. There was success in that sort of thing, but when it came to something like flying a plane, the pilot sitting in the operations area might hear the thoughts but he could not access visual signals in real time. The operative would need to describe things and be aware of what they were describing.

We called it “Transmitted Motor Skills” or TMS. It was not perfect, but we were happy to use it for things like language and local knowledge, and to consider places when it could be applied. But having our agents set up with the neural implants became standard practice simply to stay in touch. It proved valuable to have our operatives connected, but of course signals can be blocked, by circumstance or by design, so even this limited use of the technology was a long way from perfect.

From my point of view it seemed to work well, so the only protocol that I put in place was that I should be called if there was a circumstance that administrators became concerned that the use of this tool was producing irregular behaviors.

When I did receive that call, I was very surprised to hear how the circumstances arose. The rules prevent me from using names, but it involved two operators based in a country in Eastern Europe – an ally put one opposed to US internal activities. The operators were a young woman who was to be bait in a “honey trap” directed against a local politician pursuing policies contrary to US interests, and her local handler I can call M. Both of them were fluent speakers of the language of this country, which was always the best policy for long term involvement – in case of communication failure leaving an agent with voice or even understanding. The trap was set to close when our female operative was killed.

The circumstances of her death were said to be immaterial when I was called in. What is important is that her handler made the odd decision to offer to take her place. The problem was that he was a man, so his proposal would seem ridiculous.

“Use TMS to send me through the skills,” said M. “I can dress up. I just need the skills to pass as a woman, and the skills to seduce. I know somebody right there at center who has all those skills. Her name is …”. As I said, I cannot give it, but I will call her F. She was an analyst working in the floor above operations – a very attractive and self-assured young woman. We had no idea that she was an ex-girlfriend of M – he did not say it and neither did she. The truth is that the agency discourages office liaisons.

The operation was time-sensitive. There seemed no time to send out another female to fill the role, including comprehensive briefing. In situations like this the plan suggested by the man on the ground is preferred, no matter how outrageous.

We brought F to the operation room and had her connected up on a neural link to M.

“What exactly does he want from me?” she said.

“He will tell you all that he wants,” the operator chief said. “Just guide him through what he wants to do."

It seems crazy that nobody sought to enquire further as to what was going on here. Nobody called me. It was not until M returned to the US that I was called in, and by that time everything was already done.

As I have said, at any time during everything that happened, according to all the material we had on TMS, M could have stopped at any time. Why let it get that far? M’s position after the fact was – “I put the operation first. The operation required the presence of a woman, and in the absence of the intended charmer, I stood up and filled the gap. I had access to the skills. I used those skills. We got the intended result. In fact, the kompromat that we obtained was even better that we had imagined.”

It was true that the foreign politician was brought very firmly under control. We had images of him having sex with a man. For sure it was a man dressed very convincingly as a woman – M, but these were not images that could see the light of day. The operation was a success. But I was called in because M was never the same person as before, and I was there to work out why.

Going back to when F took the seat in Operations, it was clear that she was ready to take control, and she may have had her own scores to settle with an ex-boyfriend. It was also clear that M may have had motives other than the mission, for surrendering to her control. But what was remarkable was that in the hands, or should I say in the grip of the mind of a woman, the transformation of M into a woman was truly remarkable.

In practical terms, given the limited time the physical transformation had to be effected within 3 days, which meant F being in that chair most of that time, directing and subjecting M to the whole exercise. She had determined that his body needed to be plucked clean of hair and that the hair on his head needed to be moved forward and extended. That meant surgery and chest surgery on the first day, arranged urgently.

F also insisted on enormous doses of hormones, although these would be unlikely to show any significant effect. F insisted that these were essential for M to feel physically female, and by all accounts they had that effect in spades.

But the key to pulling of the ruse was that M surrendered his thoughts and actions to a real woman, and even an imperfect body, if controlled by a female it will appear female. This was really TMS as it was intended to be used, without the necessity for awareness. The mannerisms of the newly created Mata Hari were flawlessly feminine because they were those of a woman. M just let things run, and as he had said, F’s skills of seduction were impeccable. Even the voice was perfect, although it did require practice to effect. It was a husky purr that went perfectly with the large but devastatingly striking woman that F and M had created. The mark never stood a chance.

After a successful operation such as this the practice is to remove the (usually) female operative from the country to return to base for debriefing once the kompromat is revealed and the terms of it remaining secret are agreed upon. So M was on his way, which was when I was called in.

I was in my office with nothing more than the information I have described above and M’s personnel file in front of me. He was a dependable but not outstanding agent, more often deployed in a support role. The image on the file showed a non-descript young man, which is just what the agency likes. I was expecting that person to walk in the door when I heard the knock.

I called out for M to enter with my head down, and when I raised my head, I realized why I had been called in. Standing in front of me was a woman – statuesque, with long dark hair and huge painted eyes and red painted lips. I was startled, and I am sure from her immediate smile of satisfaction, that she knew it.

“I have to go by the name of Maria these days,” she purred. The voice was feminine, and sexy beyond all understanding. “Otherwise, all of this would be too hard to explain.” She gestured perfectly with elegant hands bearing long nails painted red, from the full breasts on display by a V-neck dress, down her tight waist and wide hips to her long legs – the hem was short and the heels not so high.

“Do you have operational reasons for maintaining this appearance,” I said matter-of-factly, trying to take a grip on whatever was going on in my loins. It was clear that this person was still “in character” with no reason to be. It was a psychological issue. I was the psychologist.

“Well, that is the problem, isn’t it?” she said, because this was a she. “Not that it is necessarily a problem for me, but it seems that it is for everybody else around here. It looks as if I am stuck like this, and how I propose to fix it is raising eyebrows.”

“What are you proposing?” I asked. I fumbled around to take some notes. “How will you get back to normal?”

“Well, my new normal cannot include the present anatomy. The male genitals will have to go. I want genitals to match who I have become.” Her demeanor was calm and reasoned. Her eyes sparkled somehow, as if leading me to her bed.

“Have you had any transgender feelings in the past?” I asked. “Any gender dysphoria in your youth? Are we talking about something pre-existing that may have been brought to the fore by your recent experiences?”

“No,” she said. “Whatever happened has changed me.”

“These are just skills that you acquired,” I explained. “You learned how to walk and talk like a woman. You immediately acquired the knowledge of how to style your hair, or to apply makeup as you have today – I assume that you did your own?”

“Well, you can’t unlearn what you have learned,” she said. “It is just that what I have learned is more than just skills. I have learned what being a woman is like, and not being one doesn’t seem to be a part of my future.”

“When did this happen? I mean, can you put a time on when you realized this change you are talking about?”

“It may have my first experience of sex as a woman, or rather as a recipient. But then it may have been before that, when he kissed me.”

“But of course, all of that was just a ruse. It was a trap to catch a fly. It should have meant nothing. Can I ask – was this the first time that you received anal sex?”

“Yes,” she said. “I didn’t like it much. It made me feel that I wished I had a vagina, although maybe not for him. I have never wanted to change my body before all of this. I used to be proud of it, or at least comfortable in it. Now I hate my groin. I just want to clean it up, and look right. I want to be able to sit down to pee. I want to be complete.”

This all seemed disconcertingly genuine, but the thing was that when calling for TMS, M had seemed all too ready to do something that most men would regard as very difficult. I had to ask why.

“I put the operation first,” he said. He gave his reasons. It was all very logical and even admirable. He was prepared to compromise his manhood to do his duty, but on the basis that it would be temporary. Now it appeared that it was permanent. So permanent that he was looking forward to being castrated.

“I want to talk about your relationship with F,” I said. “You called for her to be your TMS mentor. You told your handler that she had the skills. How did you know that? How well did you know her?”

“Well, the truth is that when I was … who I used to be, we had been in a relationship … of a kind.”

This was the first time that I had heard of this, but it seemed to confirm the seed of a suspicion. He had described her as having “the skills to seduce”. How would he know that? Was he talking about himself being seduced, or about her pursuing other men?

“So when did this “sort of a relationship” end between you, and in what circumstances?”

“To be honest I thought that she was a bit of skank,” she said. “You know what I mean – she slept around. But she knew how to present herself, and she knew how to get laid. It just seemed that she had the skills that I needed … and she was in the building.”

It seemed to confirm that he felt wronged by her. But why respond like this? It seemed drastic and overly dramatic if he was trying to make a point. I had to explore further.

“But the skills of a skank do not persist with you?” I said. “You don’t sleep around?”

“I have only slept with one man,” M said, looking genuinely affronted. “And I did that in the service of my country. I can assure you that when I get my pussy it will be reserved for the man I love, unless duty calls for me to use it otherwise.”

“You want to continue as an operative?”

“If I am wanted. If I am effective. Yes.”

“You understand that part of my purpose is to assure our superiors that you are fit for the task, and I have to say that what has happened to you gives me cause to consider things in more detail. A mind so easily modified may be a flaw. Now, if you were transgender beforehand then this would not be a weakness. Perhaps you should cast you mind back and consider this again?”

“No. Let me be clear – before TMS I was not transgender, and it seems that I am transgender now.” She gave me a stare of pure determination that I found somehow exciting, despite all my professional training to remain unaffected.

I tried to remind myself that this was a man. I had already slipped in to thinking of her as “she”. Maybe it was something about the reference to her “pussy” and being faithful to a man. But there she sat, right in front of me, flicking her long dark hair from her painted eyes, moving in her seat slightly to let her new breasts jiggle slightly, and to draw attention to those long shaved legs.

“Your relationship with F is contrary to agency policy,” I said. It was an observation out of place. Its purpose was clear – a warning to self: Do not fall for this woman! It already seemed too late. Somehow the fact that M had once been male and was now every male’s dream woman, made her more rather than less, attractive.

“Maybe I am a bit skanky,” she said. “I find myself attracted to men. Suddenly I find myself living in a world full of potential partners that I had never taken any notice of before. It is like being trapped in a lolly shop. So much to choose from, but you can’t go overboard. I want just one – the sweetest in the store.”

Her eyes seemed to draw me in and I found myself wish that I was taffy to be taken into that mouth.

“I am not sure that I can recommend you for active duty,” I said. “I am sorry, but if you want to continue here then there may be other positions. Naturally should you wish to leave then the agency will pick up all the medical expenses. Afterall, what has happened to you happen in service of your country, so there are obligations to you.”

When I had said I started to wonder if that might be a reason for everything that had happened.

“It’s a big world out there and I am a woman who is ready to take it on,” she said. “But so much better knowing that the state is behind me.”

“As I said, the policy about relationships is absolute,” I said. “But once you have left perhaps we could re-establish contact? I would be interested in seeing how you grow as a woman. I hope you don’t consider me too forward for asking.”

“Not all,” she said. “I would look forward to that.”

The End

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