

It had been months now. Months of dressing up, playing dumb, giggling on command, and getting helplessly fucked by Julian's cock. The mission was supposed to be a short-term infiltration—but with every week, every moan, every sloppy orgasm, Agent Smith could feel his real self slipping further away. The heels felt all too natural now. His makeup routine? Practically muscle memory. And Julian's cock... oh god, that cock.

Smith had gotten other chances, sure—slipping out of the bedroom into the hallway, sneaking toward Julian's office like a proper little spy—but nothing ever worked. Not since that first time. Not since he got caught. The office door was always locked tight, and there always seemed to be a guard nearby.

Smith tried to stay focused. Tried to stay in control. But the moment Julian's cock would flop out, it was over. Smith would forget everything. His whole world narrowed to that thick, gorgeous cock.

Now here he was again, bouncing on it like his life depended on it. Nails clawed into Julian's shoulders, fake lashes fluttering, tits bouncing shamelessly as he squealed through another brain-melting orgasm.

"Uhhnnnng!! Yes, Daddy, give it to meeeeeee!!"

His head lolled back, lips parted in a dumb, blissed-out smile as Julian came deep inside him. That thick, hot load sent a shiver through his whole body, and he gasped out a desperate little whimper as he clung to Julian's neck, trembling.

He loved that part now. Feeling full. Feeling claimed. And as his own aftershocks faded, he let out a contented sigh and collapsed against Julian's chest.

Julian gently petted his head, stroking his hair with a warm smile. "God, you're perfect... will you be my wife?"

Smith's brain short-circuited—wife? WIFE?!

A thousand alarms blared in his head. Abort! Abort!! But he couldn't blow his cover—not now. So he forced a gasp, made his eyes go wide, and let the words slip from his lips.

"Omigosh, y-you really mean that?! Y-Yes! Yesyesyes!! I-I'd love to marry you, Daddy!!" he squealed, hands fluttering to his mouth as his cheeks flushed with humiliation, a little worried at how giddy he felt saying it.

Later that evening, he met up with his handler behind a trendy little wine bar, dressed in a cute cropped cardigan, flouncy skirt, and a pair of stilettos that made his hips sway. He blushed, embarrassed at how natural it all felt now.

"I, um... I think I need to, like, extract?" he said softly, glancing around. "The mission's getting, like, super complicated."

His handler raised a brow, already looking annoyed. "You're too close to quit now."

Smith glanced down, nervously twisting his heel against the pavement. “Julian wants to, like, marry me though...” he mumbled, lips trembling just slightly.

The handler rolled his eyes. “That’s perfect. If you’re getting married and moving in, you’ll have more access than ever. At that point, finishing the mission should be easy.”

Smith hesitated, mouth open like he wanted to protest—but he couldn’t say it. Couldn’t admit how bad it had gotten. How the second Julian’s cock was out, he lost himself completely. How much he liked it. Needed it...

So instead, he just pouted. “O-Okay...”

He turned to leave, heels clicking softly on the pavement—and as he walked away, a strange little flutter stirred in his tummy, realizing he was about to become a wife.

A week later, Tiffany sat quietly on the velvet bench in the honeymoon suite, dressed in nothing but white bridal lingerie. The delicate lace hugged every soft, feminine curve, the garter straps taut against her silky thighs.

She couldn’t believe how out of hand this simple mission had gotten. She was a wife now, legally Tiffany Stroud. She couldn’t even pretend to be a man anymore—at least not right now. Not with her pussy dripping and aching, hungry for her hubby’s big fat cock to pump into it.

She bit her lip, trying to refocus. Her handler had been right. Now that she was married, living with Julian, she’d have plenty of chances to sneak into his office. She just had to stay sharp. Be patient. Finish the job. Get his manhood back.

But her resolve wavered the moment the bathroom door opened.

Julian stepped out, naked, his cock fully erect—thick and heavy, bobbing slightly with each step, somehow looking even bigger than usual.

Tiffany gasped softly, her breath catching in her throat as her thighs rubbed together on instinct. Her mind blanked. That deep, dangerous need flooded back instantly.

“Daddy...” she whimpered, hips grinding gently against the seat as she stared up at him with wide, hungry eyes.

She reached down, fingers teasing the hem of her lace panties, her lips parted slightly as if the words were just slipping out on their own. “Please...” she breathed. “Come fuck your little wifey...”