

## Operation Undercover: Ines in Paris - Part 2

**For Halima Abdi**

**ByTheSpiralledEye**

*It has been several months since she assumed her cover and Ines has settled into her new role well. A little too well as it turns out...*

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Ines sipped at her cappuccino, watching out the window as the plane descended through the cloud cover. She had grown quite accustomed to the jet setting lifestyle over the last few months as her new cover job as an international reporter; even more surprisingly she had found herself well suited to it.

Thanks to the clever programming, learning social graces was a breeze, and she found herself in possession of quite the silver tongue. She had travelled to Germany, Portugal and the UK already and tonight she was set to land in her most far off land yet; Japan.

Yet, Tokyo did not feel like a stranger to her as it came into view, in fact she almost felt as though she were coming home. Perhaps it was the Japanese part of her celebrating a return. As she finished her coffee she suddenly realised she had quite the craving for soba noodles and made a mental note to go in search of a good restaurant once she was settled at the hotel.

Her front was covering a business merger between a French fashion company and a new Tokyo upstart but in reality she was here to investigate the death of agent Aya Minoru. Yet another female international agent hit by the same assassin that had claimed all the others. She felt a pang of sympathy for the poor woman, she never met Aya, but according to Watcher she was an excellent agent. Ines sighed, feeling slightly guilty for being more excited about the cocktail party she was attending tomorrow night over investigating the woman's death.

The plane landed and she walked through the usual series of events; collecting baggage, going through customs and walking out onto the taxi rank. It was packed as per usual, with quite the line up. If she got in line she would be here for hours and her stomach grumbled. If she was still Roanoke, she would simply walk to the front of the line and give all those behind a hard stare; nobody would dare question him but that was no longer an option, nor did it feel particularly appealing.

With a sly smile she approached the officer working the rank, helping direct passengers to a driver whenever one became available.

“Excuse me, do you think you could help me get a taxi?” She asked sweetly, demurely lowering her eyes as soon as he turned to face her.

“You can get in line with everybody else, ma’am.” The man said firmly in Japanese, which of course she spoke fluently.

He would be a hard nut to crack but Ines knew she was more than capable of doing it.

“It’s just...” She hesitated, “I am supposed to meet my grandmother in the city soon, my flight was delayed and I am worried about her standing all alone in the middle of the hustle and bustle of Shinjuku all by herself. She’s from the country you see, she doesn’t really understand how modern Japan works.”

The words came easily, along with a burst of endorphins in reward for using her words over her fists. She subtly twisted her torso, a gesture that made her look nervous, perhaps guilty for even asking for special treatment, yet at the same time showed off her ample bosom.

“You would be doing me such a favour.” She sighed, watching the man’s eyes struggle to stay on her face and not slip lower.

A few minutes later she was reclining on a soft leather seat as the taxi driver loaded her case into the trunk with a small smile of satisfaction on her face, basking in the mental reward for her good behaviour.

Casually she scrolled through the messages that she had received on her phone while flying. Kate wanted her to come to a luncheon next week and some of the ladies from work were having a get together a few days after that. She replied yes to both of course and was once again basking in her reward. With a happy sigh she leaned against the car window and watched the city pass by. They drove past an outer suburb of Tokyo, dozens upon dozens of grids of houses intersected with train lines.

For a moment a vision filled her mind; running along streets just like that in a little yellow hat with a backpack on the way to kindergarten. She blinked in confusion; that wasn’t right surely. She went to school in the states, he never went abroad, certainly not as a small child. Still, the strange false memory sent a wave of nostalgia flowing through her; part of her wished it was real.

“Here we are ma’am.”

The taxi driver broke her from her reverie and she realised they had arrived at the hotel. It was a cosmopolitan affair, with marble walls and plush carpets; the exact opposite of the tiny, hole in the wall place she stayed in for previous jobs as Roanoke. She had developed a taste of the finer things, how she had ever stayed in those roach infested motels and not cared was beyond her at this point.

She gave the man a grateful smile, enjoying the slight blush that dusted his cheeks at being noticed by such a pretty woman. He took her hand and helped her out, insisting on carrying her heavy case inside. Yes, Ines was quite happy with the luxuries this new cover afforded her.

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The party was a thing of splendour. As expected for a merger between fashion companies everybody was dressed to the nines and Ines was no exception. She’d taken great care to pick an outfit made by neither company in order to remain neutral; it was black with dark silver and grey sequences patterned around the hem.

It was backless, with spaghetti thin straps holding it in place on her sloping shoulders. The dark fabric matched her hair perfectly and contrasted with the bright gen ruby sitting just above her cleavage. She lifted a champagne flute to her ruby red lips and smiled, her notebook was filled with enough information to write three articles, she found charming the saucy details out of the various executives laughably easy leaving her plenty of time to look dedicated to her real mission.

Aya Minoru had been undercover as a consultant for the Japanese company in the merge when she had been killed. Like a good spy, she had been keeping a low profile and few of her fellow employees even knew her, but she was sure one of them must have known something.

Her eyes scanned the crowd, noticing a handsome Japanese executive in a suit that looked more expensive than some cars. She wasn't sure why, but something about him caught her eye; she was sure he was the one to talk to. Call it gut instinct, something she'd never experienced before.

For a moment she entertained how she would get information out of the man. Her old tactic of cornering him and threatening him with a knife until he squealed seemed so...needlessly violent. She looked down at herself, her lithe body in this sparkly; yeah, that

was not going to happen. Instead she finished the last of her champagne and walked over to the man, eyes heavy lidded as if to imply she had imbibed just that little bit more.

“Good evening.” She greeted in fluent Japanese with a thick French accent, “My name is Ines, I am the reporter from the French Journal.”

“If you want an interview you can speak with my secretary.” The man said curtly, though Ines noted how his eyes lingered on her figure.

“Oh I finished working hours ago. I am very efficient.” She giggled, “I came to talk to you for pleasure, oh, I mean for fun. Sorry, that was such a poor choice of words.”

There was nothing poor about it, in fact, her words seemed to be having exactly the effect she wanted. Already the man’s stance was relaxing and his pupils dilating at the beautiful, exotic woman before him.

“In that case, I think you need a drink.”

Ines sipped her champagne while talking to the man, who’s name was Kenzo. After getting through the usual pleasantries she brought up her target.

“Did you know Aya?” She asked innocently, “She was an old friend of mine.”

“I am sorry for your loss,” Kenzo said seriously, “She was a good woman, such a shame what happened to her. I hope the police catch whoever it was that cornered her in the alleyway that night.”

Ines held back a smirk, as if a simple mugger could ever kill a highly trained agent but the cover was necessary. She also couldn’t help but notice how...rehearsed that response seemed. Perhaps it was because this man was so high up in the corporate ladder and was adept at giving such responses but something about it itched in her mind. There was something he wasn't telling her.

“Did you know her?”

“No, I just heard about it.”

Liar. That was a bold faced lie, she was sure. Roanoke would have punched him in the mouth but even thinking about it now made her feel almost queasy.

“Oh that’s such a shame.” She sighed dramatically, “ I was really hoping I could find somebody to connect with here. Somebody who could understand my grief...perhaps talk to me privately?”

She let her eyes trail over to the hallway; to the series of offices that were now empty while the party went on. Dark, secluded, perfect for a little rendezvous.

“Well, I knew her a little.” Kendo admitted, gulping down another mouthful of champagne.

“I would love to hear about her. Could we go somewhere a little more private?”

“Certainly, my office isn’t far.”

Ines hid her smile behind her glass; of course he wanted her in his office. Big men like that always did, some sort of male powerplay. She had to follow the thought up with a reminder that she was technically a man as well, funny how easy it was to forget that sometimes.

Ines let Kendo take her hand and lead her away from the party, enjoying how solid and warm his fingers felt threaded through her own. As Kendo unlocked his office Ines knew the implication she had given, they were not going to be talking about Aya; but now she was in his office, if she could keep him suitably distracted perhaps she could find some information, or at the very least sneak her USB full of spyware into the computer and snatch the files.

The moment Kendo closed the door he was upon her. Lips crashing drunkenly against her own and to her hock, Ines found she did not find the sensation unpleasant. Quite the opposite in fact. Her body was so soft now, feeling that song body pressing her hips into the hard wood desk sent a thrill through her.

She could feel her new pussy getting damp as heat began to build between her legs, with ease she slipped one leg through the slit in her dress and wrapped it around Ken’s legs leaning back against the desk and subtly pulling the micro USB from hidden in her ring and sliding it toward his computer.

Doing so exposed her chest and Kendo surged forward to take hold of her pert breasts. Feeling those strong hands pressing against her nipples, even through the dress

made her gasp. USB almost slipped through her fingers and for a moment her mind went blank. Perhaps it was her getting distracted she needed to worry about.

She managed to slip it into the port without looking and quickly brought her arms forward to loop around Kendo's neck, running her nails through his short cropped hair.

Seduction came so easily; but keeping focused was proving difficult; every time she did something right, her programming rewarded her with a burst of pleasure which mixed with the feelings from Kendo's touch. Getting her hotter and wetter with every passing moment.

A hand gripped her hips, the other was unzipping Kendo's fly. This was the sort of affair that happened quickly, only undressing as much as was needed. Ines caught her reflection in the ceiling to floor windows beside the desk and moaned at what she saw. The woman in that glass looked exquisite; like the spies on the films rather than reality. She was glamorous and her cheeks were flushed red with arousal.

Kendo lowered his pants so that she could feel his length pressing against her thigh. A strange hunger passed through her; not for food but for this man leaning against her. Sex had always been an afterthought, something done with prostitutes if her own hands couldn't deal with the pent up tension but now she found herself actively desiring it.

The USB would take a few minutes to copy all the files and passwords from Kendo's computer anyway. Why not just enjoy herself in the meantime? A bolt of pleasure from her programming told her that was indeed the right decision and she slipped a hand beneath her skirt, sliding off her panties and spreading her legs.

Surprisingly, Kendo slid in slowly, almost gently despite his obvious desperation. The gradual stretching of her inner walls Made Ines almost dizzy; it felt much more...intimate, than she was used to. She found herself clinging to Kendo's shoulders, hips rocking to try and get more of the length into her faster. By the time he was fully sheathed she felt desperate herself, her hips rolled and Kendo began to thrust. For the first time in her life, Ines forgot about the mission entirely and fell into the moment.

The movement inside her felt glorious and she had to bite down on Kendo's shoulder to stop noises escaping her. She swore in French, making the man shiver with delight as he pounded into her on the desk.

"Oh...Ohhhhhh I can't keep going m-much longer." Kendo groaned, "I'm going to..t-to."

Ines wrapped her legs around him tight.

"Go on then."

With a groan and a shudder Kendo came and Ines felt something splash against her new womb. It awoke something in her, something primal and uniquely gratifying; it was all she needed to follow suit. Cumming hard and quivering around his cock, milking it for all it was worth.

Kendo shuddered as he pulled out, reaching over her shoulder and grabbing a handful of tissues to tidy himself up. Without knowing it, his fingers came within inches of Ines' USB; but he was too busy basking in the afterglow of his orgasm to notice. Without missing a beat Ines grabbed it, tactfully slipping it into her bra under the guise of fixing her dress.

Mission accomplished.

She stood straightening slightly, knowing she only had a brief window before Kendo's faculties were not clouded by alcohol and post coital bliss.

"You're sure you didn't know Aya?"

"Well...I asked her out once maybe." Kendo admitted awkwardly, "But she already had a partner."

Ines didn't let her surprise show on her face; a boyfriend? No agent was allowed to date while on active duty, especially not when undercover. At least not seriously.

"Do you know who he was, it was so unlike her not to tell me something like that." Ines said carefully. Knowing exactly how hard to push.

"She didn't tell me, I saw them together, some older woman."

"A woman?"

"Yes, I saw them with their heads together behind a fan, I didn't peg her as a lesbian but there we go. I wasn't going to waste my time any longer."

"Understandable. Did you see what this woman looked like?"

“Not really, I think she was foreign though, her hair was white blonde. Don’t see many Japanese ladies like that.”

They parted ways and Ines easily slipped back into the party; chatting away aimlessly with other attendees but underneath her thoughts were racing. Was Aya in the closet or was there something else going on? Was this woman a wild goose chase or something worth pursuing? The good thing was, she was trying to make herself a target for the killer, so at least she could be a bit obvious in her investigation.

It was a rookie error to start asking about this woman so obviously. Even with her silver tongue she knew it was an obvious sign she was up to something. It felt wrong, but if she wanted that killer to come after her it was the best way forward. To any normal person she looked like a reporter who’s found a thread and was now tugging in search of a story. But to this assassin? He’d surely know she was an agent sent to investigate Aya’s death.

Once he came for her, she’d bust out the Roanoke moves and he’d be toast; then she could go back to her old life. The knowledge made her stomach feel oddly queasy. That was what she wanted...wasn’t it?

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Ines took a deep breath and sighed, closing her eyes to savour the scent of proper Parisian coffee again. If there was one thing Europe had over Japan, in her opinion it was coffee. She’d always hated it as a teenager when her father had insisted they go visit Tokyo because there was never any good coffee.

Ines’ eyes blinked open in surprise; where had that thought come from? Her father had been an asshole bum, she’d not even seen him after leaving as a teenager to join the agency’s training program so what the hell was that oddly nostalgic memory? Must have been from one of romance films she’d seen last time Kate came over for movie night.

She had been pulling all-nighters trying to get this report written up about her trip to Japan, hence the coffee. A bit of sleep and she would be right as rain. She read over the piece one last time before deciding it was finally perfect and set about translating it into her other languages; part of why she was paid so well as a reporter was her ability to send off her various stories to other international brands of the paper. She couldn’t help but smile and hum to herself as she did it; she was feeling productive.

A knock at the door startled her and Ines realised her coffee had gone cold. Again.

“For goodness sake.” She sighed, getting up and tipping the cup down the sink on her way to the door.



Kate stood there smiling with a look that Ines had since learned meant she was up to mischief.

“What is it?” She asked with a rueful smile, something told her she wasn't getting any more work done today.

“We're going out!” Kate announced, “You, me and Chloe.”

“Oh? And what is it we're doing?”

“Karate!”

That made her stop. Normally when Katie came around and invited her on an impromptu outing it was to visit a winery or go clubbing, not a self defence class.

“Why on Earth do you want to do that?”

“Oh come on, it'll be fun and think about how hot the instructor must be if he's a black belt.” She wiggled her eyebrows suggestively, “I bet it'll be fun if he tries to pin us doooooown.”

Ines smirked; trying to ignore how enticing that sounded. It would be good to do a little exercise though. She hadn't been doing any training since arriving in France. The realisation made her brow furrow; she spent all her free time training back in America, how odd that it had never occurred to her here. She'd just been busy, that was it.

“Hey, you okay?” Kate asked, looking concerned and Ines realised she'd spaced out.”

“Oh fine, just thinking about my latest story.” She lied smoothly, “Karate sounds fun!”

“It'll give you a chance to wear that new workout gear as well!” Kate beamed, “The yoga pants and crop top you got on our last shopping trip.”

Ines beamed at the memory. Ever since befriending the two sisters she had gone shopping with them every fortnight and had amassed a truly astounding wardrobe. Something about

this body was just fun to dress up and well, it wasn't as if she could keep them once she changed back so why not have a little fun.

"I'll change and meet you downstairs in five."

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The three women walked, arm in arm doing their best not to giggle as they passed people on the street. Apparently a new dojo had opened up only a few blocks from their apartment complex so there was no need to drive. Something Ines was secretly happy about as it meant she got to walk through the streets in her new workout gear and count how many people stared.

She had picked the colours to perfectly contrast her olive skin and dark hair; light grey yoga pants patterned with little yellow blossoms and a tight, pale pink and yellow striped crop top. She loved tights; she loved how they felt like a second skin to her, how they hugged her curves and showed off all her best assets. And workout gear was one of the few times people didn't sneer at her for walking around without a skirt over the top.

When they arrived for the free trial class Ines did her best not to laugh at how generic it all was. The tatami mats in the entryway, the display full of gi; the guy who ran it was probably a blue belt at best just pretending he was a master. She was going to have to make sure to hold back or she would out herself immediately; Ines after all, had never been trained to fight in hand to hand combat.

They all shuffled in and sat down as the class was called to a start, Ines caught herself before she knelt in the traditional way and instead sat cross legged. A serious looking blonde man who couldn't have looked less like a karate instructor if he tried walked out. Ines did not at the very least, his gi was old and worn; he must have at least some experience then.

"Welcome, students," he said, bowing deeply. "I am Sensei Jean. Today, we will begin our journey into the art of Karate. But first, we must start with the basics."

He gestured to the tatami mats on the floor.

"Please line up, facing me."

Ines, Kate and Chloe jumped to their feet with the rest, Chloe giggling as she blushed looking at Sensei Jean's handsome face. Ines stood with the rest of them, perfectly adopting

the proper posture without thinking. Jean noticed and gave her an approving smile that made butterflies dance in her stomach.

"Good," he said, "Remember to keep your shoulders relaxed and your weight centred."

Ines felt herself blushing, suddenly realising how stiff she was, how she was balanced on her toes. After so many weeks of wearing high heels she had done it unconsciously. Perhaps she was even rustier than she thought.

"Karate is not just about fighting. It is a discipline that requires patience, perseverance, and respect. Before we can begin learning techniques, we must learn to control our bodies and our minds."

She resisted the urge to roll her eyes. He was one of those. The truth was, self defence was pretty useless against anybody using a different style to you; anybody who had spent five minutes watching MMA knew that. But as Roanoke she had studied them all anyway, learning the various ways to move her body in order to best take advantage of the situation.

As sensei Jean began showing off the basic punches and kicks she found herself in the awkward position of... not knowing them. She found instead of having to force herself to stay one step behind, she actually was falling behind. She couldn't remember these forms at all! Surely this was some strange French version of karate, that had to be it. A few months as Ines wouldn't have made him forget this much surely?

"Good, good," Jean encouraged them. "You are all doing very well. Remember to breathe deeply and focus on your movements."

By the time the class was finished Ines felt thoroughly humiliated. Jean must have seen her cheeks burning because he came over and placed a hand on her shoulder.

"You did very well for your first time!" He smiled, "Everybody is a beginner some time, sign up for one of my white belt classes and you'll have this down in no time."

Ines' hand tightened to a fist, her frustration boiling under her skin when a pang of regret from her programming kicked in. She forced herself to smile sweetly, thanking him for the class and giving a humble comment about how she hoped to improve. A burst of pleasure, her reward. She left with Chloe and Kate feeling oddly confused about the entire encounter.

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It had been several weeks since that free karate lesson and Ines was aware something odd was going on. Roanoke was a perfectionist, a killing machine in every way. The idea that a beginner karate class would be beyond him was unthinkable. He'd have fallen into a frustrated rage and practised day and night until he was back on top. He would have gone home and ruminated on the experience, full of anger; Ines had gone to a cafe, ordered a pastry and promptly forgotten about it for the rest of the day.

She was not bothered by the class, or her lack of skill and that was what was grinding at her. She knew she should care, she should care a lot and no matter how hard she tried she just didn't. She spent less and less time looking into the disappearances.

Outside of a few calls from Watcher to check in, he'd had no contact. Normally an undercover agent would be on radio silence but they were still hoping she could draw the killer out. They were using the guise of keeping a closer eye on their female agents as the excuse but perhaps they were being a bit too obvious, maybe the killer knew a honeypot when he saw one.

Ines shook her head, clearing away the odd thoughts and focused on the task at hand. All she needed to do was finish organising this expense report from her trip to Germany last week and she was free to head home for a much needed bath. Perhaps she'd add some of that scented bubble bath Kate had bought her as a gift last week.

With a spring in her step she shut off her computer and bade goodnight to the security guard as she swiped her ID card and left. It was only a short walk back to her apartment and so with a light step she headed off.

Ines frowned, realising it was already dark out, she really had to stop working so late, she was going to get bags under her eyes. There was a cold chill in the air too that made her wrap her thin spring coat tighter around her body and quicken her step. Yes, a bubble bath was sounding utterly lovely right now.

She was only a few blocks away from home when she felt it. Something over her shoulder; she turned to find nothing. Nobody on the street at all. Odd. It was late but not so late that a city street in Paris would be completely empty. The reason came to her a moment later; the streetlights. All of them were out. She took a step and heard the crunching of glass, somebody had broken all the bulbs.

"Bloody teenagers." She sighed, everybody else was going around for the sake of safety no doubt but Ines was not in the mood to add an extra ten minutes to her journey. She was a trained killer under all this skin after all.

She kept walking but that odd feeling wouldn't go away. It was this nagging feeling she was being watched. She looked over her shoulder time and time again and still nobody was there, not even the sound of footsteps. Her heart began to quicken and she grit her teeth.

“Get a hold of yourself Ines, You’re a trained agent for goodness sake.”

“That’s all I needed to hear.”

The voice came from an alleyway to her left, she barely had time to turn when suddenly the sound of a gunshot made her flinch and she felt something tear through her coat; where her heart had been a moment later.

Out of the gloom came a figure, wearing a heavy coat and hat that obscured most of their features, a scarf around their lower face. She could see their hair though; long and blonde. A woman.

“You really are green, to say that out loud.” The woman taunted in a gravelly voice, re-aiming her gun towards Ines’ chest.

There was a silencer on the end; enough to muffle the shots almost entirely, or at least enough that somebody in the nearby buildings wouldn't be able to hear. Ines waited for her instincts to kick in; she'd never had to think in order to fight before but...nothing was happening. Her body was filled with fear, her feet rooted to the ground. She was scared of a single woman with a gun!

How could that be? She was a Roanoke, trained killer, she took out single assailants with ease. Yet as her chest began to heave and her soon to be killer took a step forward she realised that was wrong. She wasn't Roanoke, she hadn't been for a long time now; somehow her disguise had become reality; she was Ines, she was a civilian and she had no idea what to do.