

SECRET AGENT LIFE

COMMISSION STORY

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From darkness came light.

But from the perspective of the person who had just been *exposed* to that light, he wasn't sure when things had even gone dark in the first place. The man felt like he had just woken up from a long nap, and when he had? His eyes had been covered, his mouth gagged, and his hands bound. He'd been trapped in a perpetual darkness, worried that he had been kidnapped by someone out to do him harm. The last thing he *could* remember was going out to pick up some groceries, but his memories stopped there. Was *that* when he had been nabbed?

Finally, it seemed like he would be getting some answers. His arms had been bound behind what felt like a chair. Those were removed. And then the gag. “**Who are you!?**” Joseph ultimately blurted out the most obvious question the moment he could freely move his lips, only receiving a chuckle as the hands of what turned out to be a *young woman* finally lifted the veil from over his eyes. She had a shapely body that was dressed in a uniform that had a lot of white, black, and orange. He somehow felt like he'd seen it somewhere before.

“**That's an understandable reaction. Sorry we were so rough with you, but it's unfortunately company protocol!**” Her voice was sweet, and she was speaking in a way that made the man wonder if he was being lulled into a false sense of security. “**You can stand up and move around in here! It's fine! You were just lucky enough to be compatible. I hope you don't mind working a new job!**”

A lot of vague insinuations were tossed his way almost instantly, as the woman slowly walked backwards towards the door of what Joseph now realized was... a *cell*? No, did cells usually have a big glass wall in the front? The walls were otherwise black, not allowing him to see what was on the other sides of where he'd been placed. **“Compatible? New job? What do you mean by— Hey!?”**

The sound of the automatic door closing as the woman walked through it prompted him to lunge forward, but any attempts to stop her on his part were far too little, far too late. He pressed up against the glass and was unable to get it to budge. Making matters worse? The woman walked over to a console in what seemed to be a... lab? And she pressed a button, before holding a separate one that activated a speaker.

“Don’t worry! You won’t have any complaints about your time at Obol Squad once you’re done!”

HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHSS!

Joseph had heard that name before, but he wasn’t afforded much of a chance to process it. A loud hissing sound filled the room, accompanied by what he mischaracterized as orange *gas*. It completely filled his cell, making it impossible for him to see beyond the glass, much less for anyone to see *inside*. He could only cough as he was forced to inhale this substance. A substance that was actually very advanced *nanomachines*.

Common sense dictated covering his mouth, but even *if* he hadn’t already inhaled some (and he had), inhaling didn’t really matter. If they touched the man’s skin and clothes, then they would begin their work. In fact, as the man used a free hand to bang on the glass window? It already was. Had this gas not been obscuring his vision so much early on, he might actually have noticed the earliest signs before his very eyes.

Namely? His skin. Too afraid to breathe in more than he absolutely *had* to, he wordlessly banged on the glass with hands that had already absorbed a fair amount of the nanomachines. It showed in the pigmentation of his olive complexion, which wasn’t really looking particular *olive* anymore. The patches around his fingers that had soaked in more of the ‘gas’ lightened promptly to a *very* pale pink, and those patches promptly multiplied across his body until his complexion was consistent in that regard.

There was a visual contradiction that also formed in the meantime. Joseph could feel the impact of his fist against the glass growing stronger, shaking it more and more. And yet? It didn’t look like his blows *should* have been getting stronger. After all, his hands were

shrinking. His fingers became thin and delicate, and the nails affixed to them all crept an inch past his fingertips in a way that suggested they had been cared for. The contents of his shoes endured a similar shift, with his heels vaguely raising *and* softening, and his toes rounding into cuter forms to boot... no pun intended.

So, where did this strength come from? Nowhere *normal*, but he couldn't exactly ask about it. At the very least? The gas seemed to be thinning, but it was still nearly impossible for him to see. This worked to the advantage of the nanomachines even more, because there was another aspect to the man's blows that would have been very obvious had his vision been unobstructed. Each pound against the glass was slightly *lower* than the last.

Joseph hadn't adjusted *where* he was hitting with the free arm (because one was still being used to cover his mouth and nose). If anything was being adjusted? It was the height at which his shoulder sat. More plainly put: his body was *shrinking*. The man, who typically stood at nearly six feet tall, was slowly creeping downward, his shirt and pants gradually becoming baggier all the while. It wasn't long before he stood at a meager 5'1" instead, so small that his pants were only being held up by the mercy of his... hips? Because his waistline had actually grown narrower as he'd shrunk.

But then how were his hips solely holding up his pants? It was a feat that was only possible because those hips *widened*, pulling about four inches apart in preparation for what was to come. And what *was* to come? Well, looking at his loose, bunched up pant legs – or at least the upper halves – you could easily observe that his *thighs* were rapidly filling those pantlegs. They expanded to make use of the gap between his legs that his widened hips allowed, and in the end? Each (now hairless) thigh was roughly as thick as his thinned waistline.

“Hey! Let me... out...?” It was around this time that the ‘gas’ had thinned enough for him to no longer view it as a threat. He could see through the glass, at the woman still presumably watching him on a tiny screen on the console she'd activated before. But Joseph's voice lost all of its energy once he heard how it sounded. High and dry. Where was the energy he needed for this moment? Why did it sound like a *woman's*?

Well, it was already more than obvious that this was his fate. His facial features had not only slimmed when they were entrenched amidst the gas, but their overall designs had softened too. Puffier lips were etched beneath a petite nose, and his eyes above were bigger, more expressive, and bore lengthier lashes. Their increased sizes made it much easier to see that the colors of his irises had darkened to a mixture of orange and

green. They were neatly framed by his hair – hair that lengthened into a chin-length bob and dyed a light silver. His thinner brows fared similar in terms of color, as well as a bush of pubes above his crotch that pulled into a neater trim. Why? *They can be itchy during an operation.*

An *operation*? This really made Joseph think. Why was he in this cell? Was it not *her* responsibility to do as she was asked? She became so hung up on this question that the woman was ignorant to the other changes that had occurred beneath her hips. The dick and balls that had made her a man were just... *gone*. They shrunk until they were little more than a nub, and then they folded into what became a woman's slit. The cheeks of her rump simultaneously swelled, inflating into a bubbling peach shape that pushed out the back of her pants.

“Wait. I should remain calm in scenarios where I’m lacking all of the context. I must be at HQ for a reason.” HQ? Was *that* where she was? The young woman wondered this while the final addition to her body was gifted upon her, as the front of her shirt was pushed out by the inflation occurring within. A once flat chest was met with womanly meat, growing into a pair of perky, yet hefty *C-cups* that her body's musculature had hardened to support.

Evidently, nanomachines really *could* change more than organic matter. Because once Joseph's body had finished its reshaping? Her clothing was altered, too. She was eventually dressed in a pair of skintight, black spats beneath a silver skirt, a gap revealing her plumper thighs before black socks gripped their bases and flowed into armored, titanium boots. Her upper body was dressed in a short sleeved uniform top that hugged her boobs with white with black covering her cleavage, matching the colors of her sleeves.

Fingerless gloves accessorized her hands, while a pair of orange and yellow checkered scarves hung from the uniform's shoulders. The final piece was a black headband that lifted her hair in the front. Centered upon it was a metallic emblem; one that was indicative of the new workplace that she now believed she had *always* worked at.

With the door to the cell finally open, *Anby* stepped out and looked around at what had become *familiar* faces. **“How were my test results? I feel a little**



off. Is it a side effect of that gas you administered? You said I'd been immune." There was *plenty* that was off, but nothing that the silver haired maiden herself recognized. As she saw things, she had been an agent working for Obol Squad for a long time now. She could name every face in the lab, because they were helping her maintain her physical condition.

Elnora, the woman by the console, smiled kindly. **“Well! Side effects can still happen, Miss Anby! That’s why its imperative you rest up after these sessions!”** She clapped her hands together excitedly. Excited because her experiment had been a *resounding* success. **“Take a few days to rest up! You can borrow one of the resort rooms upstairs before your next mission! We’ll have your partner ready by then!”**

Anby nodded in response to these orders. She didn't really have any reason to question them, and the resort had a great restaurant. She got to have a few days off while feasting on the *delicious burgers* from that establishment? **Alright. I'll do that.** Any opportunity to get rest was a good opportunity. But she wondered who her partner was going to be, and why they had to get them *ready*...

HIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISS!

From *my* perspective, a lot had certainly gone wrong incredibly quickly. I'd gone out to grab something for dinner, only to... What? I had no recollection of it whatsoever, but I *must* have been knocked unconscious and dragged away at some point. That was the only explanation for how I had ended up bound and gagged in an unknown location the next I knew. In fact, my experience had unfolded rather similarly to my friend, Joseph's. But it was a full twenty four hours later that I awoke in the exact same cell in the exact same lab.

“H-Hey, wait...” I didn’t react *quite* as strongly to the woman in uniform sneaking out of the cell and leaving me alone, though I also felt like I’d heard the name ‘Obol’ somewhere when she gave me the very same cryptic statements over the speaker. What unfolded next was an unleashing of the very same ‘gas’, but its orange was a little yellower to indicate the ‘formula’ uploaded into the nanomachines was different. **“Cough, cough! Come on, let me out!”** Was I going to *die*?

Not technically.

The gas quickly obscured my vision until I couldn't see much of *anything*, but in actuality? Things took a much *darker* turn than that in

the *literal* sense. Little by little? My eyes began to *burn* and my vision gradually dimmed. “**Agh!?**” Until *finally*? I couldn’t see *anything* at all. It was dark. “**Did the gas burn my eyes!?**” Had I been so alarmed that my voice had cracked all of a sudden? That was hardly as alarming as being (hopefully temporarily) blinded by the gas, though. Unfortunately? It *wasn’t* temporarily.

It went without saying that I couldn’t see what was happening *with* my eyes as my vision had waned. Not only had the veins in my eyeballs popped, their redness causing the burning sensation, but those veins were etched *around* my eyes as the skin darkened and my eyelids were finally slammed shut. It looked like it was the side effect of some kind of *infection*, maybe? But would an infection of the eyes caused eyelashes to lengthen and the shapes of those eyes to alter? *Probably not*. Had I been able to open them, there would have been an air of *femininity* to them.

“**Let me out!**” Because I already attributed the gas to my blindness, I wasn’t going to sit there in silence with my mouth covered. A cried out, hardly noticing that my voice really *did* sound lighter now. Was it related to a changing facial structure? Maybe in a *way*. My Adam’s apple *had* smoothed away, after all. But more than that, my lips were pouty and swollen, my nose had narrowed, and my face had lost any of its extra weight. I looked *like* an adult woman from the neck up.

A fact that certainly wasn’t helped by my hair. Because I couldn’t see, I couldn’t really make sense of anything I *felt*. Like what was tickling the base of my neck? My hair was always kept short for a reason – I didn’t like how it tickled my skin when it was longer. And yet, there existed the problem in that particular moment. “**My... hair?**” I reached back and grabbed some. Something that I *shouldn’t* have been able to do. It had already fallen so much that it reached my *butt*, and I definitely couldn’t tell that its color had lightened from dark to a light blonde in the process.

“**...Was my hair always this long? No, maybe there was a time where I wore it shorter?**” *Eh?* What was I saying? Why had I moved past my blindness so quickly, on second thought? Something didn’t feel right. My *memories* didn’t feel right. What *was* right? What *was* wrong? Things had become jumbled so quickly that I evidently hadn’t been able to process them in a sensical manner any longer. This just made it easier for the nanomachines to do their work, though.

Loss was what plagued me in the interim. Physical loss, because my tall and rotund body lost not only height, but weight as well. In actuality? The loss of height wasn’t all *that* much. I was typically nearly six feet tall, but I only shrunk down to 5’8” comparatively. My loss of stature was seen a little more in how my hands and feet were slenderer, or how

my waistline was pinched in – though this made my already bulging gut seem all the more distended for a short moment.

Luckily, I was also losing *weight*. It was just taking an extra bit of time to suck away all of that mass. My stomach eventually pressed flat against my body with only the slightest bit of softness remaining, but even then, it would be negligible once clothed. Oddly, though? Not *all* of the weight was tugged away. The weight in my chest, ass, and thighs was all retained and, in ways, it *increased*.

“Hm... I seems the gas is starting to thin.” I couldn’t see, so how did I *know* that? The scent and taste of the air felt more vivid to me, and I could pick up the sound of the vent fading when I hadn’t noticed it before. Some people said if you lost your vision that your other senses would naturally enhance... but was that really the case regarding what had happened to *me*?

I lingered on that thought for a few moments, and that was enough time for my body’s weight distribution to finish its work. The added weight to my chest, for example, did *exactly* what you would expect it to. What were once a pair of fatty mounds typical of an overweight man firmed up as they grew, the areola of my nipples puffing up until they were almost as large as my eyes. A canyon of cleavage ultimately formed between a pair of *E-cup* tits, which pushout forward my very *oversized* shirt.

Speaking of clothing malfunction, how was it that my pants had managed to remain up despite how much weight I’d lost? Something that had been grazed over at the time was that my hips had *flared out* roughly *six inches*, a fairly dramatic increase. At the time, it had felt a little heavy handed, but now that the fat in my thighs and ass was *changing* in both amount and firmness? It made sense that they had grown that ample.

I picked at a wedgie forming in my boxers without even wondering *why* that wedgie had formed in the first place. The weight that remained had tightened, with the skin around them pulled tauter. My cheeks then swelled so firm that you could make out the impression of my ass crack through my pants, and my thighs similarly filled saw to it that my pant legs were pressed around them. But lost in all of this was another loss. One that probably should have been expected, and one that was *fortunate* because my swollen thighs and ass had compressed my boxers and pants so much that they would have crushed it.

That is to say that I’d lost my *manhood*. I was biologically a *woman*.

“Oh. There we are. Why did the visor even malfunction in the first place? Was it the gas?” All of a sudden? I was able to *see* the

inside of the room again. No, that wasn't quite right. I wasn't seeing naturally, I was receiving aid from a flat, black visor that had appeared instantaneously over my eyes. My emotions had become rather subdued over the course of my transformation, but that was helped by the lights in the bottom corners of the visor.

That visor's appearance was actually a small part of a broader change to my outfit, however. My old, oversized men's clothing had been replaced by a set of tactical gear that went above and beyond to highlight my adult, feminine figure. Black camo pants of the skintight variety did even more to show off how thick my thighs were and how big my ass was. A single step on my new armored boots saw my cheeks jiggle plainly and proudly.

The subtle softness of my belly was ultimately revealed, because only a pair of belts crossed over my otherwise exposed midriff. There was a tactical vest now hung across my chest, obscuring my boobs, while the puffy, black camo sleeves of my new jacket could be seen sticking out the sides – ultimately attaching to fingerless, black gloves with raised edges. As I turned my head, my long, blonde hair that was now pulled into a ponytail turned with it, held up by a futuristic hair ornament that coincided with a pair of red triangles in my bangs.

But everything I wore felt right. Just like my name.

Trigger. My new name. I knew it.

I owed it to my visor that I was able to tell that the door to the cell had finally opened, considering the damage that my eyes had sustained in the past. **“Well, that was a rather odd test. You didn't tell me there'd be gas involved, Elnora.”** At no point did I think I'd *die* (and I only thought that because I couldn't remember otherwise), but I still had to express my distaste towards these *surprises* towards my higher ups as I walked out, my ass wiggling in my skintight pants as I did so. The lights on my visor were red too, indicating that I was slightly agitated.

“Sorry, Trigger! It was an order from up high! We just had to make sure everything was up to snuff for



your next mission! We assigned you with Anby, you know? You good with that?” Was she trying to make it up to me by giving me a job with one of the agents I actually liked? Though, Anby had her own reasons for staying with Obol Squad for the time being. Reasons only *I* knew. **“You can spend a couple of days with her at the resort before your next mission, though! Harold will give you a room key!”**

I always wondered why they were using a resort as a front for their military operations.

“I figured I’d find you here. Anything good to eat?”

“The burger is good.”

“That so?” It hadn’t taken me long to find Anby once I reached the upper floor resort. The restaurant was highly acclaimed, and Anby certainly had some very specific food tastes. That was why I berated myself for even bothering to ask what her recommendation might be. **“We have a couple of days. Something about shaking off the side effects. Do you have anything in mind? The resort has plenty to do...”** Restaurants, a pool, even a theater – though she likely wouldn’t ask me to do that for obvious reasons.

Anby looked up thoughtfully while slowly chewing the next bite of her burger. **“Want to lounge around the pool and order burgers? You have a swimsuit, don’t you?”** She was being a little more transparent here than I had honestly expected. I’d caught her checking things out before. And by things, I meant me.

“Do you just want to see me in a swimsuit, Anby?”

“...N-No. I also want to eat burgers.”