

PSYCHIC TO SADIST

COMMISSION STORY

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Sometimes it was boring to be a child.

That was a conclusion that Anya Forger had come to, seeing as she *was* one and all. And she might as well have been the leading authority on the matter considering her own background. Not only was she a telepath capable of reading the thoughts of others, but her adoptive parents were truly exceptional in of themselves.

Her father, Loid? He was a *spy*. The small child understood why he had initially adopted her. Loid had been given a mission that had required putting together a fake family to get close to someone really powerful and a small child had been required for that. If not, he probably would have *never* taken her in. Nonetheless she was young. Even knowing this she saw him as her true father and treated him as such. Even *if* he was often away on missions.

On the other hand her adoptive mother was exceptional in her own right. Yor was an assassin by trade, having killed plenty according to the contracts she had been given. Sometimes she seemed a little scary at times because of it, but Anya loved her just as much! One day she hoped to be just as strong as her mother!

But the funny thing was that neither parent knew that the other had a secret identity.

“Hm... I think papa put it somewhere in here...” And so because she was so exceptional and her family situation was so interesting, she might as well have been the leading expert on the fact that *any* child could grow bored. To be fair, even with a spy and assassin for parents it

wasn't like *she* was (usually) wrapped up in any of their work. Her role in Loid's plan was just to succeed in school. Which meant, ew, going to school! Doing homework! It was so boring! So after school that evening she had decided to go on a little *adventure*.

Loid and Yor were both still working so the fuzzy man was watching her! He'd fallen asleep on the couch after feeding her dinner though as he often did while babysitting her, and so Anya had an opportunity to put her plan into action. Operation '*Find-the-Thing-Papa-Was-Hiding*'! The name wasn't a work in progress, she just lacked the critical thinking skills to come up with a better name.

"Wah!?" Had the scruffy man not been sleeping he *definitely* would have heard the child take a tumble out of a vent and into the room in the house that Loid had suspiciously locked two nights prior. Her papa had thought that Anya was sleeping when he had come home late, but she *hadn't* been. Plus she could read his thoughts, so she'd heard it!

'I'll put it in here for the time being. I don't have any better hiding spots.'

The room that he had decided to use was the spare bedroom for when company was over. It was furnished but there wasn't exactly a lot of places to hide something inside of it. Probably why he'd kept the door locked – to keep it away from Anya, and since Yor never went in there she wouldn't even realize it had been locked. But there had been a way in that her papa had overlooked! A raised vent that was attached to the bathroom ran into it. She'd fallen a few feet onto the spare bed but had still cried out.



Since she was unharmed Anya slid off of the bed, her tiny feet touching the floor. **"Okay! So where would papa put it?"** In the dresser drawer? Under the bed? What about the nightstand table? Her fun little plan wasn't helped much by the fact that she didn't know *what* she was searching for. For some reason Loid hadn't referred to it by name in his thoughts. It probably *wasn't* dangerous if he was leaving it in their home.

Passing by a piece of wall not covered by furniture, the telepath stopped. **"Huh?"** Had she just heard a thought from inside the wall? It was asking... *for help*? She immediately noticed that part of the bottom of the wall was scratched up. **"Secret compartment!"** The girl audibly gasped and knelt down to open it. Inside was a weird... thingy? A thingamabob? She couldn't really describe it. It looked kind of like an eyeball? **"Is this the thing... thinking?"**

Was that *possible*? She had never heard the thoughts of an object before! But that wasn't *exactly* what was happening. She wasn't really hearing *thoughts*. Her psychic powers were being interfered with by its presence. This item, the Feng Shui Engine, was seeking someone to become its newest host and champion. And Anya's powers had unfortunately attracted it now that she had drawn close enough.

Anya was crouched down extremely close to it, debating whether or not she should pick it up. Could it have been dangerous? But her curiosity was getting the better of her. It was rare that her powers did something that she had never seen before. And so a tiny hand reached out to grab it... only to stop short. Because the strange device had begun to glow a dark purple... as did the child's left eye. "**Um...**" Was it supposed to do that? Was it going to *explode*!?

The child's imagination naturally got away from her and she dove away cartoonishly, covering her head with her hands with her bum hoisted in the air as if this would somehow protect her if the device *actually* exploded. She remained in this position for almost thirty seconds before she turned her head to look behind her. "**Huh? It didn't blow up!**" Not only had it not, but the glow had faded away. For some reason the thought struck her. Was it because she had gotten close to it? And so she tried getting close again. But it *didn't* light up a second time.

Because its energy had already been spent. There was no mirror or reflective surface in the spare room to speak of for Anya to check her own face. Had she, she *definitely* would have noticed her left eye and the eerie purple glow that it *continued* to emit. If she'd noticed and it had been harmless she *probably* would have gone around pretending to be 'Dark Anya' or something, but alas...

Then it clicked. "**DID I BREAK IT!?**" If it wasn't working then could she have broken it somehow!? That was a terrifying thought! Her papa would end her entire existence if he found out! She needed to slide out of the room and fast! But being so small, reaching the door wasn't an easy task! "**...Ah?**" Anya had glanced over at the doorknob to ascertain its height, expecting it to be out of her arm's reach as the doors in their home usually were, and yet it *wasn't* too high.

She was eye level with it.

"**Wait, is Anya seeing things?**" Thinking that maybe there was an issue with her vision she reached her hands up to rub her eyes. But that lifted her entire uniform dress to show off her belly. ...Her belly? Looking down... the floor was so far away! And it was getting *farther* away the longer she stared! Not to mention that her dress had lifted

really high and really tight! But Anya wasn't a fool! She knew being naked was a no-no, so she hastily grabbed a curtain off the window and yanked it off so that she could wrap it around her body!

...Which unfortunately concealed much of the phenomenon, but seeing as she was still technically a child that was for the best. "**Am I growing up!?**" The uncharacteristic departure from referring to herself in the third person was actually a telling sign that she was, in fact, *growing up* like she had suggested. Her body was getting taller, sure, but it was also broadening in the hips and shoulders. This left her with the shapelier frame of a woman (relative to her compact, child size prior) that stood at 5'5".

"**Woah... How old am I?**" Still wrapped in the curtain she was curious about checking underneath of it. Tatters of her school uniform had fallen around her feet beneath her along with her teddy bear underwear, so she was definitely completely naked underneath. But Anya was also under the impression that because she had stopped growing taller that she had stopped getting older. This wasn't true at all.

Her face had preserved her identity as she sped through her twenties and in turn crept into her thirties. Her lips were a little fuller and her face a little leaner, but she still looked *like Anya*. By the time her aging up had completed she was roughly thirty-seven and had inherited all of the knowledge and experience that one might associate with a woman of that age. "**Thirty-seven...**" The memories of her teens and adulthood were vague at best, but she knew how to carry herself as an adult woman and everything that came with it like sex.

With her childish nature absent she shunned any need to keep herself uncovered and, ultimately, cast the curtain she was wearing aside. She was expecting to see a full, voluptuous woman's body beneath it! "**W-Wait, why am I so flat!?**" It was anything but. In fact she didn't have any chest or butt definition at all, her body only having inherited the bare minimum curvature to look like an adult woman. This androgynous build didn't last long, but it also didn't evolve into the 'big bang body' she had deep down been hoping for.

Take Anya's chest for example. "**Oh, hey!**" Her nipples swelled as she stared at them, widths stretching to rival her eyes. She could *feel* weight gathering beneath them and there was a surge that shaped the beginnings of a bosom. A-cups, B-cups... but they didn't grow larger than that. "**HEY! WHAT THE FUCK GIVES!?**" The woman startled *herself*. Why had she just yelled? Where had that *rage* come from? Even recognizing it she couldn't seem to quite calm herself down now that the cork had flown off the bottle.

She was appeased somewhat, but only because the sensation of her ass bloating coaxed her into turn to look over her shoulder to get a good look at it. Her cheeks swelled nicely and perkily, the depths of her ace crack vast and the fullness of her thighs abundant – it had even forced her hips wider. The woman knew all of this intimately because, well... she had managed to completely bend her back backward, twisting her neck and torso in a way that probably wasn't humanly possible under normal circumstances. **“Wait, how the hell am I doing this!?”**

It hadn't been done intentionally. It was almost instinctive, like she just *knew* how to twist her body. While straightening herself up again she could feel it. Her body growing stronger. It certainly *looked* stronger, what with her arms swelling and her pecs and abs becoming much more deeply defined. Thighs, which were *already* incredibly thick, grew thicker still as muscle tensed up and expanded, bulging with rock hard definition.

Anya *looked* strong. She *felt* strong. She *was* strong. Hands and feet hardened with rough callouses – functioning as 'scars' that spoke to just how much and for how long she had trained to perfect her techniques. Though strangely? Finger and toe nails were painted an icy blue. **“This is fucking weird. But I feel awesome!”** The martial artist examined her arms and crouched down to poke her own rock hard thighs. Her voice was coarse but she didn't really care.

The changes were wholly embraced. Compared to the tiny girl she had been before she was hardly recognizable, and even the very little of her previous self that remained was in the process of being usurped. Her pink hair was one of these things. Shaven down below, it was only really the hair of her brows and her face that was visible. But it steadily darkened *and* lengthened, spilling down to her armpits while the bulk of it turned a pitch black. Bangs were swept to cover her glowing purple eye, but in those bangs there was a streak of *very* vivid purple.

She felt *amused* and almost chuckled manically. Her attempts to do so were thwarted by a numbness to her lips and a tingling to her face that ultimately gave her momentary pause... as what little remained of Anya Forger was sapped away. Her eyes narrowed and the one that didn't glow took on a dark purple color, the bridge of her nose thickened, and the shapes of her lips bulged dramatically. Rather than a girl born and raised in her homeland, she resembled a woman from across the sea.

“Ahahaha! I see! So this is my new body, hm?” The woman that stood in Anya's place completely in her birthday suit flexed her fingers and toes to limber them up, soon pulling her foot behind her *head* in a feat of flexibility that would have surely been impossible for her in that small, stubby body she'd possessed before. It also appeared highly

inappropriate considering her current lack of clothing, but *Juri Han* hardly cared about that.

With her special eye hiding behind her bangs, the Feng Shui Engine's influence was largely unseen. Juri would never admit that she had been a runt minutes prior even though she *did* recall her life as Anya. But she was older, stronger, and *sexier* now! Why would she double back on that and go back to that life she had been leading before? It didn't make any damn sense for her to think that way.



She stretched her other leg like she had the first. **“Man! I have so much pent up energy! Is there anyone strong around here that I can fight?”** With or without the Engine Juri was a *powerful* combatant. That flexibility and muscle mass of hers were wielded in conjunction with South Korean Taekwondo martial arts. She was always looking for strong opponents and always *would* be.

The Korean woman's memories were a mix of old and new. There *was* a woman nearby that was strong, right? **“Yor Forger...”** She was an *assassin*? Now *that* was interesting! While thinking, she managed to scratch the back of her own neck with a toenail. **“Sounds exciting! Alright then, all I need to do is wait around here and she'll show up, right? Bet I could make her real mad by saying I kidnapped her kid!”** Even though she *was* that kid. Not like anyone would believe her if she admitted it!

“Guess I need to find something to wear though.” Not even Juri wanted to fight naked. If she could recall correctly Yor kept her clothes in her bedroom. Were they the same size? Probably not. But she could also probably make something work if she tried! **“Heh! I bet stealing her clothes would piss her off too! It's the perfect plan!”**

This whole thing sounded like it was going to be one big mess, actually.