

STRIX SUCCESS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Operation STRIX had only just begun, and yet it already looked like it was doomed to fail.

That was the mentality that Loid Forger had possessed as he wrote his report back to his head office at WISE. After all, while he was presently playing the part of an upstanding father figure and husband, he was actually the premiere spy of the nation of Westalis. There was no one better in his field than Loid was.

The mission itself was a simple one. In order to get to a high ranking official at the prestigious Eden Academy, he had been required to start a family and have the child rise up among the school's ranks so that he could meet the target in person. The issue? On her very first day of school, that child, Anya? She had already been punished for punching *the son of the man he had to get close to*. It had most certainly appeared bleak.

And the upper ranks at headquarters had agreed. The operation was in peril, and to those ends something needed to be done. They needed to *increase the odds* that it would succeed.

Loid had a difficult time settling into times of peace and quiet. Alone at the Forger home, that was what he had realized. His 'wife' Yor was still at her desk job for the city, and Anya was at school. The two of them would likely both return within the next thirty minutes or so, but in the meantime? There was nothing but sweet silence. Perhaps he could put something on the television? But it was usually Anya's spy shows that populated the airwaves in the late afternoon.

But before he could actually decide on a means of passing the time, his doorbell suddenly rang. “**Hm? Mail?**” Could it have been correspondence from HQ? He couldn’t fathom who else might be at this time, with much of the city still at work. Upon opening the door, though? “**There’s no one...**” Before he could finish his assessment, however, everything faded to black.



The man shot up with a start sometime later, finding himself laying on the floor of what appeared to be a child’s room. With walls painted in baby blue and yellow, flowers and ducks drawn about, he could only assume it was a room meant for a young girl. “**What? How did I...?**” Loid’s memories were groggy, but he was slowly piecing them back together. He had opened the door back at their home, and then... Had he been *attacked*?

He slowly got to his feet, realizing he was a little unstable. A hand immediately reached for a throbbing at the back of his neck. His skin was swollen there. Had he been *injected* with something. Green eyes narrowed. If he had been attacked and drugged, he could at least understand that. He *was* a spy after all. But what he couldn’t piece together was why he’d ended up in a child’s room. There was an open window on the bottom floor, so he could easily escape?

But something deep down told him that he would be *punished* if he left without permission.

That feeling didn’t necessarily make much sense. He was a grown adult, a war orphan, and that feeling almost felt more like he would be punished by his *parents*, which should have been impossible. And yet things began to transpire that should have been *much* more impossible than that. Still slightly off-kilter from the injection and abduction, mind you, Loid didn’t exactly take notice of these things. Or perhaps it was better said that the drug saw to it that he *didn’t* notice.

But there was very clearly something *off* about Loid’s facial features. The chiseled masculinity that gave him his strong jaw was seemingly less so, almost like the sharper edges were melting away to pave way for an undeniable softness in their place. Perhaps softness wasn’t *quite* the word so much as it was *feminine* though. With rounded features her began to strongly resemble his own mother, not that he could remember much of her appearance. Larger eyes with longer lashes, a smaller nose, and swollen lips all contributed to this appeal.

“Ngh... Something’s not...” Holding his head in his hand, the man could *tell* that something was awry, but he stop short of actually being able to figure out just what it was. Despite the fact that some *much* more obvious signs had begun to spring up. Such as? Well, the spy’s imposing stature dropped quite suddenly. A good five inches were shaved from his height, leaving the suit he was wearing to dangle from him with much more room beneath.

Not that this room went wasted. Where there was loss, there would ultimately be some manner of gain. And it was all applied to Loid’s figure – just not in a way that recomposed any of the masculinity he had lost in his face. A shapeliness saw to it that his hips widened, and from that the flower of femininity bloomed in the surrounding area. His ass grew plumper and his thighs thicker and, well...

Her manhood became nonexistent.

It was enough to force Loid to lurch, but she did so, too, because a sudden weight upon her chest had forced that gesture upon her. A pair of breasts had bloated from nothingness, seeing the surrounding muscle fade away in tandem with their growth. Sitting at C-cups, and without a bra to hold them up, she really did look like a woman version of herself who had dressed up in her man version’s clothing.

Of course, her hair lengthening to her shoulders didn’t really help much with that impression. But the changes that affected her hair did not end with a shaggier length. The spy’s natural blonde soon darkened towards a chestnut brown that ultimately saw all of those locks dyed, and while it affected all of the hair upon her body? It wasn’t much of a concern for very long.

“Ah!”, she squeaked out with a voice that sounded *much* higher pitched than it ever had before, responding to a sudden and dramatic dip in her overall size. Not that Loid could really *comprehend* that this was the reason, because plenty had been at work scraping her mind clear of any knowledge that would have been *problematic*. Her history as a spy, much less an individual was scrubbed clean while memories of being raised in a normal family came to light in their place. But the odd thing about these memories was that they didn’t reach much farther than early childhood.

Or perhaps it wasn’t odd at all. Her size had regressed so significantly that she had been swallowed up entirely by her suit, those clothes disguising the fact that the womanly curves she had only *just* developed had been erased into nigh nothingness. Well, nothing but the promise of growth with age, at least. Her digits became tiny, her face softer and

pudgier, until finally? There was nothing but a young girl flailing about in a man's suit. **“Let me oooooout!”**

As if that desire had been granted, she suddenly found the suit gone along with her memories of wearing it. Now? She was in a baby blue dress, with a neat bow in her hair. From her perspective no time had passed, but a spy device had been used to stun her temporarily so that they could change her.

“Huh? What was I doin’?” *Leslie Forger* raised a finger to her chin and tilted her head to the side, brown hair bobbing as she did so. At six years old she was the middle child in her family, but her parents loved them all equally so it was okay! She was bright, cheerful, and an average learner for her age. Her favorite things were actually all artistic in nature, because she loved coloring, painting, and observing nature through the big window in her room. **“Oh, I must’ve been paintin’!”**



She eventually noticed the children's painting set on the small table in her bedroom's table, and practically skipped over to it before sitting in front on her knees, making no effort to smooth over her dress upon doing so. Leslie was excited, actually! Along with her big sis, she was going to be starting at Eden Academy tomorrow! It was a little scary, but she'd be okay!



She wasn't aware of it, but Yor Forger found herself waking in the exact same house as her 'husband' – she just hadn't woken in the same room. Her circumstances were largely similar though. Leaving her office to head home, something had suddenly caused her to black out after stepping out into the hallway and the next she knew? She was in a room that looked as if it belonged to a child. **“Where am I?”**

Walls of pink surrounded her, matching furniture contained within. What didn't seem to match the childish aesthetic of the space though was the plethora of scientific devices on a table in the back corner. Well, rudimentary versions anyways.

Being an assassin, Yor was on high alert. Who could take her off guard like this? For what reason? Naturally escape made the most sense, and there was a big and open

window through which she could do it. But something stopped her dead in her tracks.

Mama and papa would be mad.

Yor blinked. “**Mama and papa would...?**” It was strange that she’d have a thought like that, because her parents had died when she and her brother were very young. In fact she had basically taken care of Yuri herself for most of their lives. The woman blinked, naturally confused. And yet *as* she blinked? The red of her eyes appeared to gradually lighten to a soft pink, which obviously escaped her notice without any manner of mirror to look into.

“**Nonetheless, this appears to be a child’s room? A friend of Anya’s, perhaps?**” Perhaps Yor should have assumed the worst, but there was just so much unassuming about her present situation. Something about this room just felt *comforting* to her, and so she didn’t exactly want to write it off as dangerous. Besides, she had passed out before! It was a completely normal thing to happen... so long as she ignored the throbbing in the back of her neck.

Somehow she felt a little leaner, but she didn’t really piece together why it was odd that she felt that way. Nonetheless there were very clear reasons as to why this was the case. For example? The size of her bust had begun to drain away with gravitas. She was rather top heavy, and while Yor didn’t exactly feel much pride in the size of her breasts, she would have still been sad to see them go had she sported any awareness towards their absence.

And even then... Even though most of the weight *was* in her chest, it shouldn’t have been any less tragic that it appeared to be fading from her lower half as well. The curvature highlighted by the back of her dress’ skirt could be seen lessening thanks to a reduction in the weight of her ass, with cheeks ultimately becoming non-existent in the end. The same could tragically be said of her thighs though, with any excess dissipating so that she bore the bare minimum of curvature to her frame to easily identify her as a woman. Well, without examining her loins that is.

A gurgling in Yor’s stomach brought her to groan immaturely. “**Ugh, when was the last time I ate?**” It wasn’t like her to whine, much less in a way that came across as so inherently childish. Sure, she acted a little like she was a babe when she was drunk, but she was still wholly sober. “**But I’m hungry though...**”

Her childish whining seemingly came with a new hair color, because the raven color that was so typical of Yor’s hair soon began to glow with a

pink not unlike that of her eyes. It was even a tad softer in shade than the pink hair of her adopted daughter, Anya, but resemblance to the esper wasn't exactly what was intended here regardless. The style and length of this hair was all altered just the same, with it shortening to just past her shoulders in general. On the other hand, the volume of these locks appeared fuller and fluffier than even – and this could be observed most keenly in her bangs, which now fully hung over her right eye. “**Pfft! Pfffffft!**” Like a little girl, this prompted her to aim her lips up to try and blow the hairs away to no avail.

“**Wah!?**” With the way things were trending, perhaps it was inevitable that the woman's height would eventually collapse in on itself. His curves had *already* regressed to immaturity, and so her body had just appeared unusually tall for a woman without any real *meat* to speak of. Yor's collapse was quick and substantial, dipping to a height that was even shorter than Leslie while her facial features rounded (containing replaceable teeth) and lost absolutely all of their mature appeal. In the end there was but a young child trying to escape a dress that hung off of her like a much too oversized blanket or towel. “**So... heavy...!?**”

Or so she believed, but the next thing the child realized? “**Huh? What was all heavy 'n' stuff?**” That weight was gone. Looking fown she was wearing her usual jean one piece and pink leggings, with her favorite white coat overtop. Not to mention her pink hair was done up in its usual twin-tails. So what could the problem have been, really? With that settled, her mind eventually wandered over to something *much* more important.

“**I'm huuuungry!**” *Yvette Forger* whined to no one in particular after her small tummy loudly grumbled. She couldn't really remember what she was doing, but seeing as she was only five years of age, it was easy enough for her to dismiss due to her limited attention span. Which was a little funny, because she was actually something of a *genius*. All the scientific equipment scattered midst the toys of her room wasn't there because it was unwanted, but because Yvette had taken an interest in science at a young age.



And she was talented at it. So much so that she was already guaranteed a spot at Eden Academy when she turned six next year. It appeared that the Forger family had created a group of talented little girls. *Three* of them, in fact. But for how talented Yvette was, she wasn't exactly mature nor self-sufficient. In fact, she was constantly relying on her parents and older siblings. “**Why is no one bringing me fooood!?**”

Not to mention she was *very* spoiled.



“I’ve been *KIDNAPPED!*” There was certainly an air of shock to the voice of the young Anya Forger, who also woke up in a room she had never seen before. But on the other hand it wasn’t like this was a *new* occurrence. Ever since she had been adopted by Loid and Yor, she had constantly been taken hostage or kidnapped or *whatever*. And that was *without* anyone knowing about her psychic abilities.

On that note, why was this house abandoned? Using her ability to hear thoughts, there didn’t seem to be any adults around. Just another pair of little girls around her own age. Had they been kidnapped as well? That was the only thing that made sense! Was this her chance to be a hero like her parents? After all, one of the windows in her room was open...!

But that wouldn’t be very *responsible*, would it?

Anya blinked. **“Responsible...?”** Now why had she said that? Her papa was always telling her to be responsible at school, but this wasn’t school! So distracted by this unusual thought, she didn’t quite notice that the thoughts she could hear were fading. Not because the other girls had been removed from the equation, but because her own ability to read thoughts was disappearing little by little.

And as it did? So to did physical indicators begin to spring up across the child’s body. Anya had not been injected like her parents fortunately, but she *had* been administered the same drug through her mouth while she had been unconscious. The effects were very much the same, but it just took a little longer to properly activate. Fortunately since Anya was *already* a child, there wasn’t all that much work that really needed to be done in the first place.

But it did begin with a darkening of her hair. The pink that Yvette had inherited in some fashion began to dwindle away strand by strand as a dark brown, much more mundane in its existence, gradually replaced the much more exciting hair color. As it darkened, though? Anya’s hair not only grew longer, reaching halfway down her back, but also took on thinner, straighter qualities that meant it would be *much* easier to take care of overall.

“Oh, right. I need to be responsible?” Why did that somehow sound *right* to her? Did she have something she had to look after? At

her age? The girl's posture slowly changed, growing more confident as fingers rested on the sides of her hips. Upon closer observation, though, there was something off about those hands. Her fingers appeared to be growing just a tad longer, with nails that were properly manicured as opposed to being frayed from all of the nibbling she had a tendency to do when nervous.

Anya's voice had become just a touch deeper as well, and while it didn't necessarily *explain* it, the fact that she looked to be growing ever so slightly *taller* certainly helped in accepting it. Her short and stout body thinned significantly once her limbs and torso were stretched, longer legs turning her thigh highs into what were essentially socks now that she had grown to a height that was taller than Leslie and Yvette.

While it could hardly be called 'mature', her facial features developed what could at least be considered an 'older' look though. She did look a couple of years older than she was meant to be, with a narrower face and slightly more pronounced facial features. The childish chubbiness that Anya possessed had thinned out some, and as her bangs parted in the middle, much of a larger forehead was now on display. "*Hmph...*"

The sparkling light of childhood had seemingly dimmed from the girl's eyes, too. There was a much more serious air about her while green eyes began to find themselves colored crimson, highlighted by very thin eyebrows. Taller, a little older, and much more mature – it would have been extraordinarily difficult to identify her as the childish girl she had once been now.

That was helped with a change of clothes that happened without her knowing. A spotted, blue headband decorated her hair now along with a bunch of red clips that kept brown locks out of her eyes, while she wore a small, white dress shirt beneath a black vest. She even wore a plaid tie, having learned to put them on with her daddy's help. It matched her skirt, which in turn had black shorts beneath it so she didn't accidentally show anything off.

Memories came rushing back to her. Memories that were similar yet different to the ones that she already had. Or, at least, her family name remained consistent. For a brief moment the memory of her parents blurred, and with time she forgot she had been adopted. She forgot the pain of growing up in that lab. As far as she knew now, she had been born and raised by the parents she could recall.

There wasn't much of a reaction from *Allie Forger* once



her transformation had been completed. She was the oldest Forger sibling at seven years of age, and in turn she was also the most mature of the three. She *had* to be, seeing as their parents were always at work and she had more or less been left to take care of Leslie and Yvette. She was a hard worker, if not a little quiet. It wasn't like she played a lot with other kids her age since she had to look after her siblings.

She could already hear Yvette screaming for food, and Allie let out a sigh. “**I guess I should make dinner...**” At the very least she was hopeful despite the responsibility that had been thrust onto her. Their family was getting a caretaker tomorrow because, well, they *had* to. Allie and Leslie were starting school at Eden Academy. Though she couldn't remember applying, for some reason.

And that was because WISE had arranged it all. If Twilight could not complete Operation STRIX with one child, then what if the organization used three? Three very talented girls, shaped as individuals that would thrive in Eden's economy. So what if they lost one of their top agents in the process? There were plenty more of them in the shadows.