

# **CUAN**

**A TG story by Alloner**

Since the times of the OSS, espionage has been more about proving technical capabilities rather than actually acquiring information; in a world of secrets, of hidden agendas, and of constant danger, the greatest deterrent is making your enemy paranoid that you could be everywhere.

Agent “Percival” was a just the current generation of the CIA’s “top” agent: diligent, smart, unscrupulous and “patriotic”; nothing was too much for the young man. And so it was that he found himself deployed on a simple infiltration mission, one that was supposed to be easy. The mission was nothing special, just a simple test of a new piece of technology: the Cloaking Utility and Alteration Nanosuit, or *CUAN* for short. Supposedly, the *CUAN* could retrieve information from the surrounding environment, both from visual inputs, odors, sounds, and even internet traffic, to come up with the perfect disguise for its user: using an advanced quantum engine, the suit could bend the light around the user to make them look like someone or something else. The mission was a test flight for the suit, Percival had to infiltrate a gala where a bunch of well-known international weapon smugglers would be closing some deals, collect some info but most importantly, prove that the *CUAN* worked as intended. If the suit worked, the CIA would be centuries ahead when compared to other agencies, not only in terms of infiltration technology, but would also be quite a few steps ahead into the realm of fabricating new realities.

Agent Percival stood in the luxurious hotel room, his heart pounding with excitement and anticipation. He had been preparing for this mission for weeks, honing his skills and studying the targets. As he slipped into the sleek suit, he immediately felt that something had gone wrong.

As soon as he activated the suit, he felt a strange sensation spreading through his body. The suit began to transform him, slowly and painfully. His bones shifted, his muscles stretched, and his skin changed color. He could feel his entire identity slipping away as the suit took over. Percival tried to scream, but his voice was muffled by the suit. He watched in horror as his hands transformed into delicate, feminine fingers, and his broad shoulders shrank into a narrow frame. His hair grew long and silky, cascading down his back in waves.

Finally, the transformation was complete, and Percival stood before the mirror, staring at his new reflection. He was breathtakingly beautiful, with porcelain skin, almond-shaped eyes, and long, jet-black hair. He was no longer Percival – he was a South Korean woman, and he had a new

name – Ji-yoon. As the CUAN continued to malfunction, Ji-yoon's memories began to shift. She no longer remembered being a CIA agent or even a man. Instead, she remembered growing up in Seoul and working as an escort. She knew how to flirt, how to seduce, and how to please her clients.

Ji-yoon walked down the hallway, her high heels clicking on the marble floor, her hips swaying. A security guard cautiously opened the door to the suite... Ji-yoon smiled seductively at the man, almost as if all the skills and training Percival had once possessed had been twisted by the CUAN into the skillset of the perfect seductress.

The mission was a success for sure, the CUAN had perfectly allowed its user to infiltrate a unique environment, however, the CUAN project was deemed “too risky” for practical uses. The transformed suit would eventually be retrieved, Agent Percival would be deleted from any and all records and Ji-yoon would be left to live her new life. Surely nothing wrong would come from this.