

# AGE & EXPERIENCE

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“Brr... The air is a little chilly this morning, isn’t it?”**

**“Did you need me to get you a jacket, Lyria?”**

**“N-No, I’m fine!”**

It wasn’t all that unusual to find the captain of the Grandcypher, Djeeta, on the deck of the airship in the early hours of the morning. It was even *less* unusual to find the two individuals at her side that were there. Lyria, the Girl in Blue with whom she shared a lifelink. As well as Vyrn, their tiny dragon companion – who was practically half asleep as he floated there, hardly weighing in on the conversation whatsoever. But this wasn’t just a *regular* morning. It was special.

**“It’s been nine years since we set off on our journey together, huh?”** Djeeta ultimately mused as she stared off at the rising sun. There had been a lot of good times, but there had been a lot of moments where they had struggled and hurt as well. But wasn’t that just what it meant to live? The struggles may have been different ones, but even if she hadn’t gone on this journey she would have had obstacles to overcome.

The response from Lyria had been a little unexpected, though. **“Yeah...”** Her usual enthusiasm wasn’t there and she was gripping her dress. Was something on her mind? **“But Djeeta, don’t you think nine years is a long time? And in that time...”** The captain *knew* what Lyria was going to say. It was something that had bothered her too, but she also hadn’t thought to bring it up since most people would probably see it as a blessing. **“We haven’t grown older at all!”**

“**Ahaha...**” Djeeta rubbed at the back of her head. She was right, but what was she supposed to say to having it pointed out? She could do little aside from comfort the girl, and so... “**Well you know, Lyria? You’re perfect the way you—**” But she didn’t finish the sentence, prompting Vyrn to suddenly snap out of his sleep stupor.

“**Huh? What were you gonna... HEY!?! WHERE’D EVERYONE GO!?!**”

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“**—are?**” From the captain’s perspective she hadn’t left the sentence unfinished at all and yet? She had ultimately ended it with a questioning tone though, because the biting chill of the early morning air was no longer an issue. Nor was she staring out at the rising sun. Rather, Djeeta found herself staring at a wall – a very *familiar* wall, because it was no doubt in one of the cabins of the ship she had just been standing on top of. “**Huh?**”

She looked around frantically, obviously confused. It wasn’t like this was the first time she had been teleported without warning, but it was the location that struck her as odd. Why elsewhere within the ship? Looking nearby, there was a disheveled bed and a desk covered with arcane items. No, it wasn’t just the desk... The whole room was crowded with things that looked useful in that field. “**Wait, is this *my* room?**” Djeeta blinked. “***My* room? I meant to say *my* room.**”

*But she hadn’t.*

She *knew* that these weren’t her quarters, yet as hard as she tried to think about where she slept every night? Which room did she return to every day? It was the bed near her that she recalled. The room she was standing in. She couldn’t even remember what her *actual* room looked like. And if that was the case? Then could she really claim that this wasn’t her room in the first place? “**I... Uh...?**”

Naturally Djeeta became fixated on this inconsistency in her memories, not yet aware that additional holes had begun to poke their way in as she thought about something as simple as which room was hers. It was her presence in the room that was causing this issue, but it wasn’t even the only complication that had been pushed into motion. Mental aspects

were certainly part of it, but there was a *physical* component that was just as serious.

Case in point? There were changes in color that had begun to clash with Djeeta's usual image. Her eyes, for example, had begun to take a crimson undertone in terms of her irises – though that undertone eventually became the prominent one. On the other hand, elsewhere on her head? It was almost as if the blonde coloration was being drained from the locks of her hair. Strands didn't turn *white*, but instead a shimmering silver that was reflected in her brows, pubes, and just about every hair on her body. But it wasn't *her* hair color.

**“But those tomes... *I read them as a child!* No... No I didn't!? Whose childhood is this? It isn't mine, is it? *But I remember...*”** Desperate to seek out the answers to her defunct memory, she had reflected on her childhood after noticing some books on a nearby shelf. She could clearly remember reading them, but everything about the setting in those memories was different. Even her *hands* looked different in those recollections.

And why did her childhood feel like it had taken place so much longer ago?

Almost like she thought she was *older* than she actually was?

In an act of change that intended on complimenting what was becoming of her memories, further change was triggered in the young woman's face and head. Her now silver hair began to elongate at an alarming rate, waves of silky locks inching and cascading far past her shoulders, falling past even her butt and the backs of her knees. This disheveled her hairband slightly, but it wasn't enough to draw her attention away from the disorientation everything mentally had caused.

And when it came to her face? An aura of newfound maturity spread across it as facial features aged. The captain's lips puckered unintentionally before softening into a point, wholly brought about by an increase in glossy swell. What's more, her face was longer, cheekbones higher, eyes narrower – until her face didn't quite match the teenaged shaping of the rest of her body. Instead? She looked like a woman in her early thirties at best.

If she truly *was* over the age of thirty, then that would explain the unusual belief that her childhood had occurred *much* longer ago. **“*I studied the arcane from a young age? But I'm the captain of the Grandcypher, that couldn't be...*”** A huskier, sultrier quality had crept into Djeeta's voice it seemed, and she raised fingers to her chin as if she was deep in thought. This wasn't one of the captain's

habits, but she didn't exactly take note of that fact with everything else transpiring in tandem.

While she had been woefully ignorant of what had been happening to her body thus far, though? Something finally happened that prompted her to examine herself. Namely a strange pressure that was building atop her chest. A pressure that almost felt *pleasurable*? **"Hm?"** Mentally though, at first she seemed confused about *why she was so small*. At least until she corrected herself.

**"Wait... Why is my chest so...?"** Small? Big? The intention behind those words seemed to be lost, but her reaction had been prompted by what was happening to her tits regardless of the meaning behind her words. Because that pressure brought insurmountable change in the form of insurmountable *weight*. The modest neckline of Djeeta's pink dress folded almost immediately as jiggling tissue saw the size of her bust inflate exponentially over a few short moments.

They swelled larger and larger, and as skin stretched around their increasingly bulbous shapes they began to *ache*. Not with pain, but equally engorged nipples rubbing against the cloth of her dress saw them ache with need. **"My, they're so full..."** The woman couldn't help but touch her breasts, though she hadn't been afforded much of a choice once the sound of cloth ripping saw their flesh spill out. Perky and individually larger than her head, saying these tits were O-cups might have even been an understatement. They looked *exceptionally* out of place with her height as it was.

Arousal burning in her breast inevitably provoked its burning elsewhere too, and Djeeta felt aroused as fingers sank into her teats for a touch of curious breastplay. While her bosom was huge, something in the back of her mind had *clicked* so that she believed it had always been that size despite the fact she was still so desperately trying to cling to the idea that she was Djeeta.

The more her loins ached, the more the regions around it swelled to compliment her hefty teats. Her hips swung wider for example, prompted by a combination of thighs that doubled in girth and the swell of an ass that curved keenly from her back – cheeks full and inherently bouncy, which would be easily demonstrated when she walked. Of course, this meant that her white panties were flossed both into her pussy and the crack of her ass, silver pubes poking out from the sides in the front.

**"No... Mmn... I'm not... I'm... Djeeta..."** She repeated this several times while she continued to massage her breasts, but each time she moaned her conviction sounded less convincing than the time before.

Now lost in the sensual nature of her new curves, she didn't even notice that her height was climbing. The skirt of her dress was hoisted from her hips, showing off the lewd state her undergarments were in until her height finally peaked at almost 5'7". A substantial gain, but not an excessive one.

Eventually she grew bored of playing with herself, likely because the high of her transformation faded.

**“Ah. Why was I so certain that I was the captain just a moment ago? Even to go so far as to put on her clothes knowing that they wouldn't fit...”** Plenty struck *Magisa* as odd about her circumstances, such as how keen she had been to explore her own body within a dress that was torn and tattered since it *certainly* didn't fit this tall, voluptuous body of hers. The moment of heat had passed though, and now that she had her wits about her once more? She carefully peeled what was left of the outfit from her body before moving over to a nearby closet and picking out her usual dress and hat.

Still, it nagged at the back of her mind. She could remember waking up, and yet she couldn't recall what had led her to wearing *Djeeta's* clothing or believing herself to be the captain. Had she fallen under some sort of arcane spell? A side effect of one of her own experiments? In the end she was unharmed, and so... **“Mm... Perhaps I shouldn't worry about it if everything is fine and carry on with my day.”**

That was what her *age and experience* told her, anyways.



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**“What was that *Djee*— *Uh...*”** From *Lyria's* perspective *Djeeta* had been cut off mid-sentence, but much like the captain the *Girl in Blue* had been prompted to re-evaluate her priorities thanks to a change in scenery. Although, contrary to what had happened to the *Singularity*, her surroundings were nowhere near as familiar once she managed to look around. **“Where am I...?”**

She was definitely on an airship – the reverberations that wracked the room, while subtle, were still typical of what could be felt from an airship’s engine while in flight. But she was in a luxurious looking bedroom lined with gold and red. There was expensive looking furniture about the room, including a large canopy bed that could *easily* fit two grown adults.



**“Oh, I’m in the private quarters of the Jewel Line Casino, aren’t... I?”** Lyria had felt proud for a moment, and she had dismissed it as feeling proud that she had realized where she was. But she immediately realized that this was wrong. Not her understanding of the location itself, but *how* she had come to realize it. She had never seen this room in her life, so why was she so confident that that was where she was all of a sudden?

Lyria bit her lower lip gently, a sign of frustration that she didn’t typically exist. **“How did I know that? It’s not like I sleep here every night. But I do though. Often with a partner. E-EH!? I wouldn’t!”** Why could she remember sleeping on that fancy bed? Why could she remember sleeping *with* people? She’d even licked her lips seductively as she’d said it! Her skin was practically crawling from the memories. It all felt so gross and foreign, yet nice and familiar?

With her hands clutched in front of her chest, Lyria had begun to pace slightly around the bedroom. Though as she did? It seemed that change had come for her – or at least the part of her that had been bothering her all of this time. Each step introduced a slightly longer stride, and she had to bend her elbows more and more to maintain the posture of her hands in front of her chest. Yet simultaneously? The base of her skirt was lifted higher – first giving a peek at her white panties before eventually giving away the entire show.

**“A-Ah!?”** The girl had noticed the draft and immediately moved to hold the base of her skirt down as much as she could, but it took her a second longer to realize just *why* her dress wasn’t fitting properly. It was tighter around her waist, too! **“Wait... Am I taller!?”** She certainly *was*, and in the time since she had removed her hands from her chest, her otherwise flat bosom had grown into B-cup breasts. Her thighs and rear were fuller too, giving her a more mature look that was only enhanced by fuller features.

Now standing at a height of nearly 5’7”, she had the look of a Lyria that had been allowed to age into her late twenties.

“**No way...**” Her clothes didn’t fit, yet Lyria was in awe of what had happened to her. She’d been so scared that she would *never* grow up, and now she had a body that was more mature. Perhaps she hadn’t grown into abundance where she had *dreamed* of, but... “**With these long legs, it’ll be so fun to step on misbehaving kittens!**” The comment was so strangely perverse and sadistic that lengthened, manicured fingers reached up to cover her lips. “**Did... Did I just say that?**” Not only had she said it, but she had started to think it might not be such a bad idea.

It came with a newfound confidence, but that confidence was twisted. It held none of Lyria’s innocence, and her head gradually filled with thoughts of indulgence. The taste of wine was on her breath now, and her body had begun to ache needily. But that was no surprise considering the changes she had endured thus far, as well as the *additions* that had begun to settle into place.

Because she was taller and broader, the child-sized dress that she wore typically was already clinging much too tightly to her aged figure, but that tightness felt crushing around her chest given another moment. “**Nngh!?**” The size of her bosom had begun to swell past the meager showing it had developed as she had grown older, and flesh had begun to muffle out over the sides of the dress while eye-sized nipples dug beneath the white cloth. *I don’t enjoy pain! I’d much rather inflict it!*

Such was a *very* unusual thought to have all things considered, but it did prompt the woman to grab the base of her dress and pull it upwards. Naturally it got caught on the swelling heft of her tits, because each breast had already grown into a D-cup. By the time she managed to pull it off completely, allowing perky flesh to bounce freely, they were Es. “**I should get my staff to send me up another bottle at this rate...**”

Lyria’s voice was huskier, and her throat was dry. She was craving alcohol all of a sudden and knew *exactly* how to get it. Something about what she had just said *had* struck her as odd, but she felt a little dizzy? Like she’d already had something to drink that night and was reaping its tizzy. It certainly helped to dampen the resistance from her previous self.

It wasn’t simply her breasts that had grown past the initial blessing granted by her age progression, either. The skin around the woman’s thighs was pulled tauter than ever as the tissue that composed them expanded. The thicker they became, the more thoughts filled Lyria’s mind of entangling them with others... or choking a bad kitten out by wrapping them around their neck. Likewise, her ass plumped in a

similar fashion, full cheeks prompting her to slide panties down before they were eternally flossed within her cheeks.

**“No... This is wrong. I don't know this place. And my memories are... I have too many? Too many good ones, maybe!”** Any struggles on the Girl in Blue's part to maintain the purity of her thoughts and memories seemed to be futile by this juncture. Fingers twitched with desire, smacking her own ass and fondling her own tits now that she was completely nude. This nudity allowed another striking change to be seen though; namely that her pubic hair was longer and *pink*.

Thus far, despite her changes? Lyria had still resembled Lyria. Yet the pinkening of her pubes set into motion the final pieces of the puzzle that would take even that away. After all, the very same pink had settled into her eyebrows and the locks that gave her the moniker of *Girl in Blue* in the first place. They swept throughout the entirety of her lengthy mane, never interfering with its length but seemingly thickening the style while the scent of perfume, booze, and cigarette smoke clung to it more prominently than her skin. This style was slightly messy, and bangs were left erratic.

The blue of her eyes likewise dulled, irises fading to silver. But those eyes themselves were pulled into narrowed shapes complete with thickened lashes – part of a wider set of changes to her face that completely stole away her old identity. Her chin was sharper, her nose pointier... But her new lips stood out upon a longer face more than anything. They had a glossy sheen by the time that had practically tripled in plumpness, making them kissable and desirable.

Standing completely nude in the confined of *her* private quarters, *Christina* place a hand on her hip confidently, shifting her weight to the side so that both the meat of her ass and her breasts jiggled slightly from the suddenness of the movement. **“Hm... Why did I get the impression that someone might have mistaken me for a child? With a body like *this* and a reputation like *mine*, that's the farthest thing from the truth!”**





The woman certainly exuded confidence, and that confidence grew once she managed to dress herself in a familiar dress, hat, and jacket from a nearby dresser. Brandishing a whip from on top of it next, she felt stronger than ever. Which in of itself was an odd thing to feel, because shouldn't she have felt like this *every* day? **“I am the empress of this casino. There are no pleasures on this ship that do not belong to me!”** That, of course, included physical pleasures. Something that she was very much in the mood for now that she had come off the high of being transformed.

Such were the desires her *age and experience* had brought. **“I suppose I could pluck a pretty lady off the casino floor.”** Everyone that gambled here were essentially her slaves. Most would grovel before her and do whatever she asked, and so to be pleased sexually? That was simple enough. But as she went to set out, her mind *did* momentarily wander.

**“I sure hope my favorite kitten stops by soon.”**

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Neither the new Magisa nor Christina knew that they had changed, but neither would the world. Because while Vyrn had been left momentarily confused by the absence of his friends back on the deck of the Grandcypher? His concerns were soon alleviated as Djeeta and Lyria stepped up onto the deck. He was none the wiser to the fact, of course.

The fact that they were actually the original Magisa and Christina.

Robbed of their *age and experience*.