

AGE INCEN(S)TIVES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“You drank the last of the milk, so it’s *your* responsibility to buy a new carton!”

“Yeah but *you* drank most of it! So why am *I* on the hook for it!?”

This entire argument was basically the epitome of ‘first world problems’, honestly. Two housemates that were arguing over the most trifling of matters, and for what reason? Maybe one of the two had been in a bad mood that day. Maybe *both* of them had been in a bad mood that day. But there was one undeniable fact, clearly: that there was most certainly *no* milk within the confines of their shared fridge.

And who were ‘*they*’? Based on the description of the scenario, you would assume that they occupied a modern space, wouldn’t you? And they did, in fact, yet there was something about the two women, and the world at large, that was different from the modern world that *you* are familiar with. Well maybe it wasn’t all *that* different. It was much like the world you knew, except the people? Well, they had the traits of animals.

“Ugh, you are such a *brat*.” Arms crossed beneath her chest, Ranka was a fox woman, a kitsune as some referred to them. The fur on her ears and tail was the same blonde as her hair, and her crimson gaze pierced the back of the head of the younger woman that stood across from her with the kitchen island between them. **“How hard is it to take responsibility? It is *not* about how much was consumed!”**

But the ruby-haired woman stood her ground, her feline ears colored similarly to her hair twitching here and there. **“Oh? And if some *old hag* is always drinking most of the milk and I’m always the one getting the drops at the end, why should *I* be the one to always replace it?”** Her long, cat-like tail swished around behind her too. In this world, those with feline features were called Miquo’té. But other than the Kitsune and the Miquo’té, you could find people with all manners of animal and monster traits.

“*Hag!*? Why you...!”

“Hey, you called *me* a kid first!”

The irritation between the two of them was practically palpable. You could almost see those sparks flying as they leaned in towards each other with sharp glares abound. While it looked like things were on track to end up with a violent confrontation, though? The two women turned away in tandem and stormed off into their own corners of the house. Clearly *no one* would be drinking any milk for the rest of the day.



“The nerve of her, calling me an old hag! I certainly wasn’t incorrect! Compared to me she’s little more than a child!” It had only been a few minutes since the two had parted, and Ranka was *still* fuming – now in the living room all by her lonesome. She had sought to calm her nerves by lighting an incense, and she had taken one from her stash without reading its label. She likely *should* have, though, because she would have realized she couldn’t recall purchasing it if she had taken a moment to stop and examine what she was lighting a flame within.

But the fragrance was already burning, and by the time Ranka had stepped away and noted its scent, it was already much too late. **“Hm? Rose?”** Had she purchased a rose-scented incense? Though technically it was a *white rose*, a flower associated with *new beginnings*. Whether or not she had purchased it though, it still smelled nice. She didn’t believe there was any reason to turn it off. A mistake that would have ironic repercussions for both the kitsune and her feline roommate.

In fact, the kitsune didn't even make it to her couch before something gave her pause. It wasn't the *scent* of the incense that she had registered as *wrong*, but that didn't mean that the incense wasn't to *blame*, either. Because what gave her pause had to do with the fit of her clothing, namely the white tank top that she was wearing (without a bra, in fact, since she was staying in that day) and how it felt a touch too tight. **“Don't tell me Silvia put my clothing in with a cold water cycle again...?”** She was still so steamed that she immediately blamed Silvia even though she hadn't even *touched* Ranka's laundry.

Looking down, she tugged at the front of her top. Sometimes clothing shrank a bit when it was first washed, and you could stretch it out a bit to be closer to the size it had one been. But not only did she find that this *wasn't* the case? Well... **“Are my tits bigger?”** Her gaze narrowed with scrutiny. Her tank top hadn't been too tight because of a laundry mishap, her breasts *definitely* looked a cup size bigger than they should have been. As if it was the only way she could *possibly* make sure, she squeezed both of her breasts with her hands to judge their weight. **“WHAT IN THE WORLD!?”**

If there shared house hadn't been built with adequate insulation, Silvia might have heard Ranka's cry of confusion. But she didn't, and Ranka's confusion only grew. Because her breasts *continued* to grow even as she cupped them, their heft pushing against the palms of her hands and threatening both the neckline of her tank top while reeling up the base of it so that more and more of her tummy was exposed. Before long... Forget DDs, her tits had *long* surpassed that sizing, and the kitsune couldn't help but bite her lips as the straps of her top finally snapped under the pressure. **“I—!?”**

Even if she hadn't been holding her bosom still, the top was so tight around her breasts now that the white fabric didn't fall from those tits, now acting more like a tube top with the top and bottom of her breasts entirely bare. It covered what was essentially while they jiggled and bounced size after size, long since surpassing a cup that would have been reasonable for a woman of her age. Ultimately? Her hands dropped to her sides in disbelief, for each tit was larger than her head. They were *S-cups*.

“This is impossible! The *likeliness... likely...?*” *Likelihood?* That was the word she had attempted to grasp, but Ranka struggled with it. It wasn't just *that* word though. Plenty of knowledge that would have made sense for a woman of her experience was difficult to grasp. Like it was *gone*. And considering her huge tits? **“I'm not becoming some dumb bimbo, am I!?”**

Really, that would have been a kinder form than what she was being given at the incense's behest.

Because while her breasts had fully grown and would not shrink under any circumstance... The rest of her body *did*. "**Huh!?**" The voice that cried out as her balance was compromised came out as little more than a squeak, hands thrown out to the sides where you could see that not only were Ranka's fingers shortening, but manicured fingernails were fraying like she had been chewing them. A similar trend compromised her feet, yet...

These were only smaller parts of a larger change. Her body was practically collapsing in on itself when it came to her height, inches being shed from her person as her body grew smaller and smaller. She dipped well below the height of an adult, or even your average teenager, which made it all the *stranger* that her S-cup mammarys didn't change in size at *all* to accommodate her shorter stature. Their heft just made it harder to move while her jeans bunched up around increasingly shorter legs.

4'3". It was at that meager height that her shrinkage reached its culmination – and as a result she almost looked like a caricature of a person with her huge breasts. Sure her butt still had some weight to it, and her thighs hadn't actually thinned so they were still thick and plush, but she was much too small to be an adult under normal circumstances. Not that her face gave off the impression that she was an adult at all.

But it also didn't give off the impression that she was a child, either. "**I'm so small...? Even my voice!**" And her mannerisms. The way she was speaking was so improper, and her arms were flailing about wildly while her breasts bounced up and down, smacking her due to their size. Her face was robbed of her whisker-like markings first, but on the whole? Her cheeks were chubbier and her eyes rounder. Her nose was small, lips thin... All selling the idea that she was in her teens despite her height. Even any makeup had been wiped from her face.

Ranka's balance was off, naturally. She was a shortstack! But that wasn't the only contributing factor. The one tail that she kept visible had been in the process of regressing, fluffy fur thinning and disappearing while the bone eventually disappeared into the hole of her pants. "**Oof!**" She had almost tripped clumsily, her missing tail remaining unnoticed. Though this was because, mentally? She wasn't quite herself either. Even her memories were muddled in slight, making it harder to try and correct her speech and mannerisms, much less make sense of what was different.

Her hair lit up with strands of pink that quickly overpowered her natural blonde, but more than that? Her shoulder-length hairdo was then compromised in its length and style, with locks in the back and curling into a pair of thin tails that branched off from what was now a messy bob otherwise. Her red eyes went wide as her chin dipped forward soon after, curved, yellow horns pushing out of her skull and displacing her fox ears. They lost their dusting of soft fur as they migrated to the sides of her head now short, thin, and pointed.

The girl eventually flopped down on the living room couch after dropping her oversized pants, her S-cup breasts flopping against her stomach and eventually flying up to hit her in the face a second later. “**Ow...**” The expression upon her face was one that reeked of defeat. She almost looked like a child about to cry, and at only 4’3” in terms of her height, that wouldn’t have seemed all that out of character. But her huge tits spoke to the contrary, that she was no child. Well, she was still around the age of *sixteen* physically.



“I’m not supposed to be the brat!” While everything about her appearance and demeanor suggested that *Ilulu* the dragon girl was a different person altogether, she had a vague understanding of Ranka’s memories. Just enough for her to recount the fight she’d had with Silvia, as well the odd detail here and there. She knew she wasn’t supposed to be like this, to be *Ilulu*, but a large part of her accepted it as her new reality as easily as she breathed. That included things like breathing fire, or transforming her own arms into the claws of a mighty dragon – if not becoming a full dragon outright.

And so the woman who had engaged in a pointless fight with her roommate and referred to her as a brat had *become* an *actual* brat. But maybe it wasn’t all that bad? **“Maybe I can get Lucoa to dote on me then? She wouldn’t make me go get the milk when she’s the responsible adult, right!?”** That was probably a question better asked in clothes that fit, though.

Wait... *Who was Lucoa?*

“Calling me a child... We’re not even all that different in age!” It was shortly after the incense had been lit downstairs that Silvia had made a huff of her own agitation once more, thinking ‘*she would light an incense when I have to work*’ the moment she caught the scent of roses come up through the vent in her office. The Miko’te was an

archaeological researcher and often had work to do at home, and so the room in question was full of important papers and breakable objects.



She was easily distracted, and while the burning incense downstairs might not have typically warranted a comment to Ranka's face? She was already in a bad mood and looking for reasons to complain, so she stood from her desk and began her trek towards the door so that she could yell down to the kitsune. "**Huh— Ow!?**" But the onset of a sudden and painful migraine stopped her dead in her tracks. *Was this a migraine though?*

Why was there so much pressure building at the sides of her head?

Her ears were there, of course, but they weren't the cause of it. Rather, the pressure could be felt a short ways behind them? Which only raised further questions on Silvia's part. It wasn't like she had hit her head or anything like that, and— "**Huh?**" It had been faint, but for a brief moment she had been distracted by the sound of what seemed to be Ranka yelling about something downstairs. She was probably *still* mad about their fight, honestly.

"**YOWCH!?**" But she no sooner found herself shouting of her own volition, hands reaching up to those pressure points with shock. Not because she *actually* felt pain, but what she *had* felt was something that *should* have hurt. It was like something had just erupted from those pressure points, sliding out of her skull. It didn't take her all that long to understand just *what* that had amounted to. "**H-Horns!?**"

Fingers delicately ran up and down keratin-based growths, feeling the grooves in the upwards-curved horns in the process. She couldn't *see* them of course, and you would have believed in that moment that, even if she had a mirror, that she wouldn't have been able to. Her eyes were closed? She's slammed them shut with the surprise of the horn growth, but hadn't opened them fully. They were open just enough that she could see through a crack, but she hadn't realized.

Her mind raced. "**How is this possible? I grew horns? Was it an artifact in my office? No... Things like cursed artifacts aren't real.**" As much as she would have liked them to be at times. She *was* a little weird. While she fondled those horns with a touch of enthusiasm though, her situation worsened without her considering it. The Miqu'te ears in front of those horns weren't as *in the way* as they had been at

first, because they were shrinking in size and slowly sliding down the sides of her head. They were eventually fixated where Ilulu's were, but were hidden by her hair. Regardless, they were furless and slightly pointed in shape.

They *might* have poked out from beneath her hair a little bit if not for the fact that her hair had been changing in tandem. With those horns rooted, the ruby strands around it had immediately brightened to a green-tinted yellow that almost seemed *abnormal* in its hue. But that color, unconventional as it was, spread from strand to strand, and as each strand lit up? It lengthened. Locks curled into waves as they spilled down the woman's back, reaching past her ass in the back while falling against her chest in the front. Bangs, once swept leftwards, now dangled between her eyes while being parted above them.

“In fact, perhaps I could have these horns studied? *My*, who knows! Maybe it could be a great discovery!” Much like her largely closed eyes (which now had a golden glow seeping through them, it was worth noting), it was clear Silvia wasn't taking notice of all the things she probably *should* have been. What's more, there was something about the way she was beginning to speak. Almost like it was more mature? *Homely*, even?

That said, it began to suit her a little bit? Her eyes aside, there was something about the Miqu'te's *face*. Her lips, for example? They had puffed up almost like they were bee stung, making it a touch difficult to talk until her brain inevitably adjusted to them. Her face on the whole was *rounder*, but not in a way that made her appear younger. It was the opposite, with her complexion somewhat faded she looked more like a middle aged woman than anything, likely around the age of forty or so.

Behind her, the woman's feline tail began to stiffen and, unlike Ranka's tail, it simply *fell off*. But not before curling into a circle and melding into what was a pink baseball cap to be picked up later. **“*Actually, I feel quite nice. So spry! And bouncy!*”** Silv *did* have a habit of sounding old sometimes, but certainly not like *this*. Choice of words aside, her voice was airier, almost vapid in its sound. It didn't really suit a scholarly woman at all... were that to be her intended form in the end.

Almost like the word 'bouncy' had triggered something, seemingly. Because her narrowed gaze soon pointed itself downwards at the loose, black tee she had chosen to wear that day. Much like Ranka she wasn't much of a 'bra wearer while at home' person, so the fact that her nipples had grown erect and were poking up against the cloth wasn't all that odd on its own. What was odd was how *large* they seemed. **“*Oh my...*”**

She knew her nipples, and by extension her breasts, all too well. And her nipples were *not* supposed to be that large. Were her areola greater in size than her eyes? That was what they looked like with how intimately they were pushing up against the black fabric. That was when a second realization hit her. “**Are my tits getting larger!?**” Instead of shock, it sounded more like she was anticipating it? So much so that squinting eyes opened fully for a moment, briefly revealing that the gold light had provoked a bout of heterochromia within them. The left was navy blue on the outside and yellow on the inside, whereas the right was green on the outside with a slit, yellow pupil.

Like Ranka, the now older woman cupped herself through the cloth of her shirt. But it was more sensual, like she was *groping* them lewdly. She had plenty of reason to do so with how full and sensitive they were, neckline pulled down dramatically to show a swelling canyon of cleavage between each breast and the base of the same shirt being tugged up to show off her belly – which looked a little fuller in shape itself. Not fat or anything, just a little chubbier to show she was older.

“**Hmhmhm!**” Fingers sunk playfully into the mass of tits that were now just as large as her head. K-cups? N-cups? No, they eventually peaked on the latter end of the alphabet, incidentally the same size as Ilulu’s own at *S-cups*. Her shirt had ripped and torn plenty by this point, but it still managed to avoid showing *too* much. Plus with her attention fixed on her huge bosom, she hadn’t really noticed that her lower half had been bloating in kind.

The areas around a full bush of bright yellow pubes had thickened with significance, thighs *double* their initial girth and incredibly plush both in appearance and too the touch. Tears had formed in her jeans, and some of that supple tissue had poked up through them. This, compared with an ass that had pushed back into a full, pronounced heart shape had widened her hips and prompted the button of her jeans to come undone, ass cleavage peaking over the waistline of her pants.

But even then, her changes weren’t *completed*. She had grown more than amply in terms of her figure, but at 5’5” it did look a little ridiculous (*if she only knew what Ranka had been going through at that very moment though*). She wasn’t at all bothered by her new body, and in fact she felt *good*. She didn’t feel like questioning it anymore. It was better to just go with the flow.

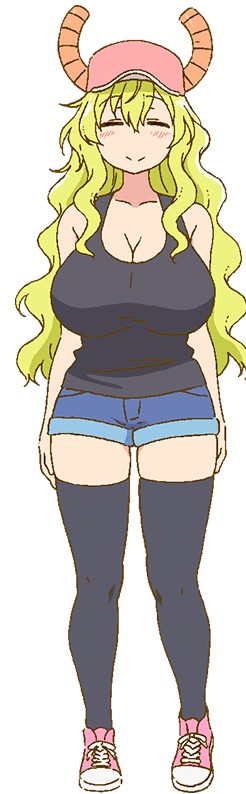
So now that her limbs were stretching? Silv didn’t seem to really care at all. It just felt *natural* as her body became a full *seven inches* taller, peaking at a six foot height that made her look just as imposing as she was soft and supple. A smirk played upon her lips that she just couldn’t shake, even though her jeans were gripping her legs for dear life, almost

stuck to her like ill-fitted shorts. “**I suppose I’ll need to get changed~!**”

Fortunately reality had changed so that both women had fitting outfits in their wardrobes now.

Quetzalcoatl, or *Lucoa* as she seemed to recall having her friends call her, did not open her eyes even despite how *amazed* she was by her entire situation. A woman who had once been a young, cat-featured woman was now a dragon lady that was *undeniably* an adult in her thirties at least. Perhaps not quite an ‘old hag’, but comparative to Ilulu’s perceived age she might as well have been. “**Oh dear, I can’t believe this happened...**”

She cupped a cheek with her hand and tilted her head in that direction, sparing the odd glance for a hefty S-cup bosom that she once again noted both seemed *much* too large and yet *just right* at the same time due to memories that were adjusted for her new life, yet still held a sprinkling of recollections from her time as Silvia. So then, downstairs, Ilulu must have been— “*Ilulu?*” Had that been the name of her roommate? If it felt wrong, then perhaps a similar fate had befallen her?



Accepting that, the scenario that had led to their transformations clicked into place a little differently. Ilulu had consumed the last of their milk after drinking most of it in the first place like a spoiled child, and this had happened a number of times in the past already. “**Well, that girl is responsible then, she should be the one to go out and buy a new carton.**” She was a teenager, right? She could do *that* much.

But at least Lucoa was nice enough that she would nudge her to do so kindly.

At least so long as Ilulu wasn’t a brat about it.