

FAMILY FASHION

COMMISSION STORY

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When it came to missing crewmates, the leadership aboard the Grandcypher took things very seriously.

With a crew that had begun with so few members, and with a captain that cared deeply about everyone that joined her, perhaps it was only natural that such a concern would persevere even as the crew grew into the tens, and over *one-hundred* individuals with time. It certainly made things busier to check up on everyone near constantly, but a simple roll call system had made things simpler. All they needed to do was either send a letter or check in with the crew member in charge of it every few months so that they knew where everyone was.

It was only when someone hadn't checked in for a while that some follow-up was then needed by the captain, which was exactly what had happened in this case in particular. Two of their crew members hadn't checked in over the course of almost six months, and considering one of these two was a young child? Well, Djeeta was more concerned than normal.

“It’s like the two of them just disappeared. They even left their jackets behind, and I’ve never seen the two of them without them.” Djeeta had taken the master key and entered the room of the two missing crewmates along with Lyria that evening. Both Nene and her daughter Yae were the missing pair, and the mother – daughter pair that was always dressed in leopard print jackets had seemingly left those jackets behind.

Lyria was tiptoeing about cautiously, because she didn't want to disturb a room that wasn't her own too much. **“Yeah... And there’s no**

records of them leaving the ship, either. Usually there's some sort of trail to follow, right? I really hope something bad didn't happen to them." But it was best not to assume the worst in situations like these! Maybe she could reverse engineer the situation with some roleplay? And she was afforded just the opportunity to do that, as Djeeta slid back into the hall after mentioning she wanted to grab the logs from Rackam.



"If I were Nene, what would I do...?" The thought crossed Lyria's mind as she wandered over to the clothing hooks where the two jackets were hoisted. She'd heard of this in detective stories before! To retrace the steps of a missing person, the detective puts themselves in the shoes of the victim! Which usually meant wearing something that belonged to them! And so Lyria plucked Nene's jacket off the hook and threw it over her arms. It barely fit and was way too loose, but there was no way she'd fit into the child-sized jacket of Yae.

Little did Lyria realize that she had fallen into a trap.

A trap set not by the real Nene and Yae, but by the one who had removed them in the first place. The mother and daughter had been cast into another world entirely, which meant that this world now held a Nene and Yae-sized void. The leopard print jackets held the secret to filling those voids. Even if Lyria hadn't put it on herself, something would have beckoned her to do so had she lingered much longer.

"I guess it doesn't really fit me still. It probably doesn't suit me, either. But what would Miss Nene say at a time like this?" Lyria was putting her all into trying to get to the bottom of this mystery, resting hands on her hips in her best attempt at a Nene roleplay. ***"If my husband were actually here...! Oh, that was pretty good!"*** A little *too* good, but the reason why escaped Lyria entirely.

Not only had she matched Nene's demeanor, but her hoarser voice as well. *To the T.*

It had gone back to normal the second she'd broken character, but it was an indicator that the jacket she was wearing had already begun to work its magic. It manifested in the fit of the girl's dress... Well, not exactly.

By observing that dress in the beginning, it was something that could be seen more clearly. What was *actually* changing was her body, and more specifically than that? It was her *height*.

The dress was just the best indicator because of how it sat upon her frame, seeing as she didn't exactly fill *out* initially. While the bottom of that skirt's dress normally sat in the center of her thighs, it gradually lifted to their peak. It wasn't a *substantial* change, but the extra inch or so was merely a preparatory step.

“Actually, I wonder what it would like to have a husband. Oh! I bet I know what Nene would say! *I'd tell you if mine were ever around!*” The voice returned, and with it a strange feeling. It was almost as if she could feel the distress Nene felt whenever she spoke of her AWOL significant other. *Wow*, she was a much better actress than she thought!

If only that were the actual case, and not, say, Nene's very essence being shoved into her body like a sponge absorbing water.

The side effects of which continued to manifest in subtle ways, almost as if to avoid Lyria's notice before she was too far gone to notice even if it she looked one of these changes right in the eye. In this case it was the girl's hair, for the blue from which she earned one of her most significant monikers appeared to undo in favor of a color that was by all standards much more mundane. A golden blonde that was rather dark in tone, almost as if it were a brown that had been haphazardly dyed. Perhaps that was the case? Perhaps it wasn't!

Similarly, she even lost the blues of her eyes. The girl's gaze muddied thanks to chocolate brown that swirled throughout her irises until they were undoubtedly the dominant color. As if subtly influencing the rest of Lyria's body in the process, even the tone of her skin changed. Hardly in a dramatic way, but the slightest of tans – wholly natural – kissed her skin from head to toe, even darkening the nipples concealed within her dress.

“But there are perks to having a man around. Help with the kid, fooling around... *Eh!?*” What was she saying!?! The girl's face went beet red as her mind wandered to things... to things she'd never thought about before! Sex? Why could she picture it so vividly!?

...Because she had reached the tipping point. When she spoke with Nene's voice, it wasn't because she was acting now. It was the dominant persona, whereas to even speak as Lyria anymore required much more concentration. This was even demonstrated in her facial features, which gradually grew much more Nene-like. A strong jaw benefiting from no

shortage of mature femininity highlighted it. She unknowingly pursed together lips that had not only grown ripe and enticing, but also found a cherry gloss spread across them. Her eyes matured as well, with lashes lengthened by mascara and blonde brows thinned to draw more attention to those big brown eyes of hers.

It was a more mature complexion that showed just how little justice her current proportions were doing to her new, implied older age. She would soon find herself growing into her twenties properly though, at least when it came to the places where it counted most. Unfortunately this meant that her dress was doomed to be sacrificed in the grand scheme of things.

“Tight!? It feels kind of nice, though.” It was a very ‘touch starved, attractive adult’ of her to find a dress tightening against her figure to be at all enticing, yet that was just the state of Lyria’s mind. She *should* have panicked, but it was already way too late for her to react in that way. She was past the point where she might be surprised and was now accepting of what was to come.

Because what was to come was *right* in her mind.

The girl – no, woman’s glossy lips received a smack of her tongue in response to the feeling of her plain, white panties grinding against her taint. Not only had her hips widened without prejudice, but her ass and thighs swelled to give her a perky, bubbled ass and thighs that looked right for the slapping. Panties were pulled so tight that they ground into her pussy, which in turn burned until it felt strangely vacant.

Well, a woman that had given birth had already experienced enough trauma to reshape the landscape down there. In the back her panties were embedded in her crack as the waistband slid down but otherwise held on for its dear life. Her garments did little to stop bushy, golden pubes from peeking out of the front though.

“Mmnn...!” Lyria was practically purring, biting her lower lip from the stimulation as elongated fingers and matching, gaudy fake nails teased the nipples beneath her dress. Nipples that had not only swollen several coin size, but topped off a pair of breasts that flourished into perky Ds. *Despite having fed her daughter from them after she’d been born, she was fortunate that they had remained that way.*

All of the tension, the grinding, and feeling like she might burst out of her clothes subsided without warning though, provoking an **“Aww”** from the woman’s rosy lips. She couldn’t even remember what had made her feel that way in the first place, and other than the jacket that

had started this mess initially? She was clothed in an entirely different outfit now.

One with heeled, thigh high boots of leather and leopard skin that had lifted the woman's posture up several inches, with a matching skirt and top done up in purple that revealed her midriff and cleavage – hair, cut shorter now, likewise pulled up into a ponytail. Of course, her jacket fit perfectly now as well. It was *made for her*, after all.

“So what exactly am I doing back in our cabin aboard the Grandcypher? Weren't we pursuing a lead?” With reality adjusted to the older woman's new existence, *Nene* was perplexed about her current situation. Arousal aside, wasn't there something more important she had to consider? The last she could recall she had heard a rumor about her husband's whereabouts and had left in pursuit along with her daughter, yet she was back on the ship? **“This just won't do, I need to grab Yae and depart again before the ship takes off!”**



As the woman was on the verge of rushing out the door in search of said daughter, she suddenly bumped into a familiar face that was opening up the door from the other side. **“Nene!?! You were here the whole time?”** It was *Djeeta*, looking incredibly stunned that the woman she was searching for had shown up *while* looking for her. That didn't really make much sense though, did it? After all, the room didn't look like it had been used at all recently. There was no way that *Nene* and *Yae* had been aboard even recently.

Nene, on the other hand, pushed past the captain quickly. **“Sorry, captain! We'll catch up in a minute! Just gotta find my daughter! You can wait here if you'd like, though!”** *Djeeta* blinked with surprised as the taller woman pushed past her and out the door, leaving her alone to hear *Nene's* heeled boots clack farther and farther down the hallway.

“Uh...?” She supposed she'd wait, but as she looked around the room another question came to mind: *where was Lyria?* Had she perhaps gone to look for *Djeeta* in the records room to tell her that *Nene* was

back? Because the floor was so dusty and Lyria was always barefoot, she could see the girl's footprints walk over to the hooks on the wall but... They got a little bigger a few steps away? And then they ceased to exist at all. There were no prints of Lyria leaving the room. "**Okay, that's weird.**"



Eyes trailed up to the rack where the two jackets were, and without even thinking she had reached up to grab the child-sized one before sliding it as far as she could up her one arm. "**Huh? What am I...?**" Why had she just tried to put that jacket on? Why was she *still* trying to squeeze it on?

Because I want to be as cute as Yae!

"**No... I don't? Do I?**" Why had a thought like that crossed her mind?

Djeeta wasn't exactly the kind of person that cared how people saw her. If she ever came off as cute or sexy, it wasn't at all on purpose. It just sort of *happened*. She didn't have a conscious desire to look or act a certain way. "**But wouldn't it be cute to try!?**" Her voice jumped a million octaves at once into a childish cry as she gave an equally childish twirl, before stopping dead in her tracks, completely stunned by her own behavior.

Yeah, that wasn't right. "**Hold on a second!?**" Who was she even yelling to? Herself? Djeeta didn't have the foggiest idea. She just knew that she felt as strange as she was acting, and it paved way for a bubbling withing her heart and soul that rendered her incapable of sitting still. "**No, no, no. I don't want to be like Yae. I am Yae! NO I'M NOT!?**" The captain forced her mouth shut after *that* one.

Even so, by the magic of the jacket that was still snugly shoved up her single arm, the woman's body had begun to change. Djeeta was *already* a blonde, but the blonde that she did possess seemed to deepen until it was closer to a gold. It grew a little longer in the process, ultimately reaching just past her shoulders as the brown in her eyes darkened as well. In terms of shades, they were a perfect match for Lyria's— er, Nene's. This was also true of her skin tone, which progressively gained the slight tinge of tan that brought an appealing contrast against her hair color.

But, more than that? The captain's size was certainly worth addressing. "**Wowie! Was this room always so *super-duper* huge!?**" Try as she might to keep a level head, she couldn't help but blurt out things a small child like said with a voice to match. A familiar voice. Regardless of *how* it was said, however, she was still on the mark. The room around her *was* getting bigger.

Because her body was progressively getting smaller, and not with the consistency that could be chalked up to 'merely shrinking'. Instead it was composed of a shortening of limbs and torso alike, bringing the length brought from maturity down to stubby counterparts that were not yet properly developed.

"**Whee!**" Down she continued to plummet, and so too did both Djeeta's maturity *and* intellect. Important, adult things she had known fell out of her head, and instead memories of playing and spending time with her Momma grew more rampant. *She could count all of the way to fifty and could read a little bit! She was really talented for a girl of her age!*

And what age was *that*, exactly? Her dress had practically buried her now, both breast and ass little more than tiny bumps where they had once been fully realized in their adulthood. It looked like she was wearing a blanket more than anything, but it stayed on only because she'd managed to slide *her* jacket around the other arm. It now fit perfectly!

At most she was only about three and a half feet tall, with very tiny tootsies and hands – hands that sported child-sized acrylics that were a perfect match for Nene's own. Her cheeks were chubby and her eyes wide, and in many ways she *strongly resembled her Momma, Nene*. This was soon reflected just as keenly in a matching, child-sized outfit that was identical to the one that the mother who had stormed out of the room just moments before had been wearing as well.

She was around five or six, with a notable stomach bump exposed thanks to her outfit's midriff. It would still be some time before she grew up even a little, but now? She didn't have any intention of growing up too fast. She was content just being as she was, having fun with her Momma at each and every turn. In fact, the girl suddenly started giggling out of nowhere and just couldn't stop. What was so funny? Everything! And yet nothing.

As her fit of childish giggling came to its conclusion, the young *Yae* flopped onto the single bed on her belly after struggling to climb up and onto its frame. It was the bed that she always shared with her Momma when they were aboard the Grandcypher. But why was she here now?

She kind of remembered them leaving for a bit at some point. **“Where’d Momma go? I’m sleepy!”** After tuckering herself out, the best place to sleep was in her mother’s arms.

Fortunately, the child dressed in leopard print didn’t have to wait long. Because the door opened, and in walked Nene. Yae was quick to roll back off the bed and run into her mother’s arms. **“So this is where you’ve been hidin’, Yae? I looked all over the ship for you, you know?”** Even so, it was worth it just to have her precious daughter back in her arms again. She even planted a kiss atop Yae’s forehead, something that was reciprocated with a nuzzle against her mother’s cheek. **“Do you have any idea when we came back to the ship, by the way?”**



Yae withdrew from the hug. **“But I’ve been here the whole time, Momma! I can’t believe you didn’t see me! Guess I’m good at hiding!”** Had she been playing hide and seek? That sounded like something she’d do. **“And I dunno... My head feels all fuzzy.”** That was something Nene could related to. Just what had happened in the past twenty-four hours? Oh well, perhaps it didn’t really matter in the end.

“Guess we should just rest for now, hm? So, ready for bed?”

“Yeah!”