

THAT MELODY

SEPTEMBER REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



"YAH!" Steel boots crashed into the side of a monstrous bull's face as the one assaulting it jumped back with a flip in the air, her bountiful breasts finding sharp bounce as she landed upright beside a man that looked to be a merchant. Lady Aliza, daughter of a noble Draph family, had been travelling alone across the Skydom in order to hone her talents as a martial artist. It was a worthy cause to be sure, and a fortunate one for the young man she'd rushed in to save after finding the bull attacking the small camp he'd seemingly set up for himself for the night.

She'd rushed in to save the day, a real hero by modern standards. That said, her heroics weren't exactly what had caught the young merchant's attention. He was thankful to be saved, of course, but he likewise owed a lot of debt to some very bad people. Those people valued a certain kind of product more than anything: Draphs. But not just regular Draphs. Exotic, obedient Draph women.

So instead of doing the normal thing. Thanking the girl, allowing the girl to go on her way... he crept up behind her and...

"Ow!? What was that for!?" A sharp pain in the girl's neck provoked her to leap away from the man, gaze quickly fixated on a needle in his hands, a pink liquid dripping from the tip. Heart throbbed, mind raced. Had he just shoved that in her neck? **"DID YOU JUST DRUG ME!?"** It wasn't unthinkable. There were plenty that saw women Draph as trophies, but she hadn't expected to run into one such individual like this. She'd just saved his life!

Foot planted in the ground, Aliza lunged towards the merchant with her leg raised, ready to smash steel into the side of his head before *whatever* that drug was could possibly take effect, and yet... **"Stop! Please!"** The young man called out, and Aliza

just... *froze*. She hadn't intended to yield, there was no way she'd stop for someone like this, and yet her body had just completely halted! What's more, she couldn't speak, or move, or anything. It was like the man telling her to stop had left her completely paralyzed. "**L-Look! I'm sorry! But if I don't do this I'm going to be killed. They already killed my parents, and...**" A sob story to be sure. Whether it was factual or not didn't really excuse what he was doing, he knew that. But... it was survival of the fittest on this bitch of a planet.

This potion, the substance he'd injected into Aliza's neck... He hadn't actually expected it to work. He'd received a bunch of it in a trade from a shaman, whom stated it could bend the mind and forms of those that it entered to match the specifications of the one it was brewed for -- whom was him in this case. But it was actually working? Really? He kept his head covered by a hood that obscured his appearance from Aliza's gaze.

Drunk on the idea that he'd be able to do whatever he wanted in regards to the Draph after seeing the changes so far, malicious intent began to pop up. "**You know... You're a little young though. If you aren't an adult then I shouldn't be doing what I plan on doing... Can you go ahead and grow up for me?**"

"**What!? People can't just grow older sudden-- I can talk?**" Control had returned to Aliza's body, which was quickly accompanied by the desire to smack this man upset the head until he was unconscious. It seemed only one suggestion could be implanted at a time, and so since she was no longer being asked to 'stop' she had no need to do that. But she couldn't seem to get her body to follow through with her command.

The most she could muster from the willingness to attack him resulted in a twitching of fingers and a shake of her leg. "**Wh-What!? Move!**" It was too late. With the first order the merchant had been imprinted upon her as her 'master'. She wouldn't be able to move to harm him in any capacity. Even if she wanted to, she'd begun to feel very... *tired*.

Not in the sense of '*she was sleepy*', not quite anyways. It just felt like the weight of her own body was more than she was used to bearing, like years of training had just hit her all at once. Almost like she wasn't used to throwing herself around as a martial artist.

It was because, while subtle, her body was growing a little bulkier than what she was accustomed to. The merchant's order for her to grow older was settling into fruition, with the intention of taking her from seventeen years old to the point where she was pushing thirty. For a Draph woman that didn't exactly result in a growth spurt height wise, but their bodies did grow a little thicker with age, particularly when that age came on instantly.

Fat that should have come on gradually and have hardened into muscle with training merely brought seductive girth to Aliza's legs, thighs crowning around the

tops of her steel greaves as they became too dense for containment. Her butt likewise struggled in the shorts she'd picked out for easy movement, the top sliding down in the rear to provide a full dose of cleavage above her behind.

Aliza's breasts didn't grow particularly large -- they were already beyond impressive in size -- but instead it seemed like they lost their overall firmness, weight sagging a little more naturally within the top. The rest of the changes regarding her age were a little more cosmetic and relating to her skin. Youthful glow showed signs of wear, particularly in her face as its rounder design became narrow. Lips grew just a little bit thicker, cheeks thinner, and spots on her face indicated her complexion had suffered just a little bit.

There was also a change that couldn't be seen but felt, a peculiar vacancy in her nether region as her virginity was wiped away -- apparently her virginity was destined to be taken at some point (likely by Stan).

"What? How is this possible...?" She held her hands in front of her eyes, noticing that they both looked and felt different. Rubbing fingers together brought to her attention that her skin was a little grainier than it had once been, and it was all just making her angrier. Frustration was boiling over in regards to the fact that the merchant couldn't be harmed, and that he didn't seem to be offering her any explanations.

Instead he kept musing to himself aloud. **"Yes, that's better. I was captivated by your movements when you downed that beast, you know. It was almost like you were dancing... which incidentally is exactly the kind of talent they look for. But the need to fight? Get rid of that."**

"No, I'll never give up on fight--" Aliza had been so quick to declare her rejection of this message, but mid-sentence the words essentially floated up and out of her head. Any memory of training, of all the battles she'd fought; despite desperately trying to cling to them so that they didn't fly away, they all essentially went POOF. But there wasn't a vacancy left in their place either. New memories took shape. About how she was twenty-nine, and had spent her life dedicated to the art of dancing. She had been a travelling performer for a while when...? *No?* Something in her heart desperately cried out that this was wrong, and yet without the old memories to substantiate this feeling she could do little but accept them.

It wasn't merely her mind bending to this reality but her body as well. She remained fit, but the muscles honed from fighting began to loosen up with haste. Strength remained truer in her legs and around the core of her stomach, but it was certainly less profound as flesh let up and become rounder and jigglier. Those legs were ultimately left on full display as the discomfort of having her boots clamp down on skin too big for them suddenly disappeared entirely, accessories on her legs and arms disappearing into thin air since a woman that was merely a dancer had no use for a warrior's tools.

Head wear disappeared next, and without a tie to keep Aliza's hair in a ponytail it spilled out elegantly in a single mass behind her. Dress fractured in the middle, leaving her fit tummy fully exposed as the reds in the upper portion practically inverted to green, clothing becoming both thinner and puffier as it graciously hugged her breasts while giving them the space to bounce around with even the slightest of movement. It was also thin enough that if you looked hard enough you could easily make out the dark coloration of her nipples beneath.

Shorts and skirt of her dress, on the other hand, merely blended together and pales as light cloth dangled around her pelvis as well. The material was so light and translucent that not only her bare butt, but her pussy could be seen with some clarity. It was a shameless outfit that should have made Aliza feel embarrassed, and yet no shame seemed to surface even as she examined herself. It felt... comfortable. *Correct*, even. Why would someone in her position *not* wear something like this?

Aliza's attitude had slowly been shifting, and any thought of dealing the merchant harm had been subdued. Even worse, she was beginning to see him as her 'master', and was kind of becoming intrigued by the changes that were happening to her. **"A-And what else do you want to happen to me?"**, she asked of her own will, thighs rubbing together. She had the urge to dance, but she also wanted to see what else was in store.

The Draph's readiness pleased the merchant, whom stroked his concealed chin. **"Well, they appreciate exotic women. There are Draph tribes that are more traditional, aren't there? Different tones of skin? Maybe if you were a little darker, and I'm sure an exotic accent would help."**

Aliza could immediately feel the changes taking place, and they felt *good*. The pale skin she'd known since birth began to darken almost as if she had been laying under the sun and someone had dialed the speed up to ten. It was little more than a light tan at first, but as she began to darken more and more, her body likewise became decorated with various beauty marks that hadn't been there prior. A mole beneath her lips, patches and scars from her travels. Most prominently, her scent noticeably changed. An herbal smell fluttered from her small, dark form, perfumes from her homeland stocking the bag she'd left by the merchant's quarters when she'd rushed in to save him.

"Is that all, master?" The accent that manifested wasn't so thick that it made her words difficult to understand, but rather it drew out her sounding of vowels and accented longer sounds.

The merchant merely smirked, reaching out to touch Aliza's loosely veiled breasts. Much to his surprise she did not shy away, instead choosing to lean into the touch as she allowed her chocolate-dyed skin to be massaged by the man she could no longer doubt was the one she served. Thick lipstick drew across her lips as blue eyeshadow obscured the dark tone around her eyes, an exotic dancer in title and body left standing in the place of the young warrior Draph.

“Come back to the tent with me and I’ll find some music. Surely you want to stretch your limbs a little?” It was merely a suggestion, but the woman seemed to light up at the thought, practically purring with glee. Her body ached to dance. It was all she knew as someone that hadn’t been educated, as a Draph that had spent the last ten years of her life being moved from owner to owner. Any resistance to this life had faded long ago, and those that she travelled with never treated her poorly.

“No.” Arms began to shake, breasts bouncing as stomach quivered and hips shook from side to side. **“I dance now. I need no music.”** Watching the Draph dance seductively the man couldn’t help but grow aroused. He still had vial upon vial of that potion in his tent. If he could do this to one girl, just how many more people could he convert? Forget giving this girl to those he owed debts to.

He could just create a troupe and earn the money ‘fairly’.