

ICE MAGE UPGRADE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Maybe I should have accepted the offer for help...”

A blue haired woman mused to herself as she stepped down what she was *hoping* would be the final set of stairs within a set of dimly lit ruins. By the standards of the world of Tellius, the woman, Neve, was a bird Laguz that curiously lacked a number of the features that were common among similar tribes. She bore the short yet pointed ears that one would typically expect to find on them, but unlike the Herons, Hawks, or Ravens? There wasn't a pair of powerful wings protruding from her back.

That was because she hailed from a very unique and very *obscure* tribe known as the *Penguin* tribe. They didn't fly through the skies just as real penguin didn't, but that didn't mean that they didn't have benefits of their own. Not only were the Penguins adept swimmers as a trade off, but their bodies were *extremely* resilient to the most bone chilling of freezing temperatures.

In part, that was why Neve had opted to embark on this short journey by herself. The mage had been working alongside some pirates for a while now, helping with ship repairs while working to hone her talents as a mage. She had a lot of latent potential to unlock and had been looking for ways to work towards that with her brother's support. The Penguin Laguz was *always* eager to improve, and so upon hearing of these ruins? She had been inspired.

They were nestled within a cavern on the outskirts of Tellius. Accessible only by boat, the few that had ventured into the cavern to scout had reported temperatures that rivaled those at the peak of a mountain. So

chilling that any *normal* explorer would succumb to that cold within an hour. But Neve was no *ordinary* explorer! Her biology meant that she'd hardly be bothered by this cold, and ultimately that proved to be true. The lower temperatures hadn't affected her at all as she'd worked her way down. It was just that the ruins were much, *much* deeper than anyone could have expected.



“I’m *not* returning home empty handed!” Part of the reason she'd decided to take the plunge in the first place was because, since the ruins were so inaccessible, there *must* have been treasures found within that could be sold for a pretty penny. Not only did she want to strengthen herself (and *had* come up against numerous monsters to fell), but she wanted to bring back some treasure to help give back to everyone that had supported and accepted her over the past few years. *Especially* her older brother, who accepted her even when she came out as a lesbian.

The eighteen year old *must* have traversed at least twenty sets of icy stairs by this point, but when she stepped onto the next floor, she immediately noticed that there didn't appear to be any further exits. There *was* a pedestal. One with a long, silver staff resting peacefully upon it. A more experienced adventurer might have considered the possibility that this was a trap. **“*Bingo!*”** But Neve was still young, even though she had been traveling with some companions as of late.

She skipped over and considered whether or not it was safe to pick up the staff. To be fair? There were no traps in the dungeon itself, and she picked up on that. The real danger was the staff *itself*, which wasn't something she had any way of knowing. Once she believed it was safe, she ultimately picked it up, unknowingly activating the curse that had been set upon it. It was a staff that could only be wielded by a very specific individual. One that did not exist within this world, for the ruins themselves were actually a product of *another* world that had been pulled into Tellius due to the malfunction of something known as an Outrealm Gate.

“This thing looks like it could fetch a pretty penny!” With all of the energy of a girl of her age, she turned the staff over and over within

her hands. It was quite weighty; clearly made of real steel. But it was also *odd*. Even though she could tolerate the cold, the girl had still been able to tell that it *was* could up until this point. But her body felt quite *warm* all of a sudden. It was noticeable enough that Neve gave her head a cute little tilt. **“That’s... weird. Are staves supposed to make you all warm and tingly?”**

Probably *not*, right?

But maybe this was actually a *boon*? Providing warmth to the adventurer that found it within the depths of a dark and freezing labyrinth! Perhaps it was designed this way to avoid a situation where the one able to reach the depths didn’t die of the cold on the way back to the entrance? **“Well, if it’s just making me a *little* warm then it’s probably not dangerous. It’ll just make it even easier for me to get out of here!”** The Laguz girl just hoped that she didn’t get so warm that she started sweating, because the *last* thing she needed was her sweat freezing to her skin. She did *not* want to get sick!

Settling on this justification for the warmth, she shifted the staff over to right hand and started towards the first of *many* flights of stairs that had led her down in the first place. **“It’s still going to be a *long* way back up though...”** And it was going to be a *life changing* trip. Though the initial signs of this wouldn’t become clear until she was halfway up that first flight. Because it was around this point that she began to feel... *the cold*?

As in cold beyond what her enhanced Penguin body could usually tolerate. It was beginning to bite at her skin in a way she suspected was common for most normal people, leaving her to question *why*? Neve’s tolerance to the cold had never weakened before, not even when she was *sick*. It would have given her pause if not for the fact that she could recognize just how *dangerous* it was to stand still if the cold air was beginning to affect her negatively.

“I need to... move?” In attempting to *commit* to that movement by continuing up the stairs, she became acutely aware of something that made her want to stop again. But, knowing the risks, she didn’t. She could only stare downwards at her own *chest* of all things, struggling to tell if what she *felt* was actually what was happening. The Laguz wasn’t exactly certain of it at first.

What she was *feeling* was the weight of her chest heaving and bouncing more and more with each step she climbed. It was actually affecting *how* she walked up the stairs, because her breasts felt a touch *heavier*. It took observing them for several steps for her to reach a conclusion. **“M-My breasts are growing!?”** Dressed in such a light shirt, she was now

privy to the sight of its neckline being pushed forward, revealing the deepening, lengthening depths of the cleavage between both mounds... hills... *mountains*? **“Oh, they’re *really* growing!”**

It was definitely alarming. The base of her shirt was rising with her swelling orbs demanding more and more of the space within. Her nipples were rubbing up against the underside of the shirt in a way that left her biting her lower lip, their swollen forms tripling in size as the tits themselves had doubled and *continued* to grow. Neve didn’t appear to be *upset* by this, though. She just kept climbing, adjusting her posture as needed.

By the time she reached the top of the first flight of stairs? Her breasts rivaled her head in size, and this was where their growth concluded. **“This is kind of exciting...!”** The Penguin really was too much of a lesbian for her own good. Her sexual desires led her to see nothing wrong with having *huge* tits. It was a good thing for a girl to look hot, right? As much as she would have appreciated having a moment to *fondle* them, she knew she had to hustle over towards the next flight of stairs.

As she moved towards the next set with the staff still in her hands and the cold still biting her skin – skin that appeared to have paled considerably from the vaguely light tan it had possessed before. But the woman’s gaze was cast over her shoulder as she moved. **“My butt too!?”** Her excitement wasn’t at *all* subtle as she slipped her free hand behind her just to give one of her cheeks a little *squeeze*.

It already *felt* fuller, but what had given it away was how her shorts and the black spats beneath them were so tightly gripping her rear and pelvis. They were usually fairly loose, but any leftover space had already been taken up. No, the heft of her rump was selfishly attempting to claim more space than was even available.

The cheeks of her ass were swelling overtop of her waistband to display something akin to ‘ass cleavage’, and her hips were *jolted* apart all of a sudden to bestow upon her the child-bearing gait to accommodate not only her cheeks, but exposed thighs that ultimately rubbed against each other even *with* her hips so much wider. **“Actually, if I get any bigger, getting out of here *might* be a problem.”**

As Neve started up the next flight of stairs, she had to dour her own enthusiasm a little. With her ass so big? Her shorts were riding up her ass cheeks and even digging into a pussy that had unknowingly become decorated by a messy bunch of *black* pubes above them. It made climbing stairs uncomfortable, and the weight of her tits heaving in

tandem made her motions much more of a *labor* than they had been before. Her body was heavier, but it wasn't *stronger*.

Plus, she had to factor in a cold that felt like was only *barely* being suppressed by the warmth of the staff and *nothing* else.

“One... Two... One... Two...” She tried to distract herself from the growing discomfort of everything mentioned before, but *also* the chaffing of her thighs. The woman didn't know how to walk properly when they were so *thick*, though a major part of this particular issue was that she was so *small*. Gradually, though? Each step felt like less effort. Not only was the weight of her body fat not troubling her as much, but each stride felt like it was... *longer*? **“...Wait a sec...”**

The woman hated that she had to keep moving throughout this. She was at the top of the second flight of stairs when she placed a bare hand against her stomach without having to lift it at all. Her growing breasts had lifted it a little, but just to her navel. Now? The shirt barely covered her huge tits at all, her midriff was completely exposed. And it felt much... firmer? She was more muscular...

But also, *taller*. Neve had grown five or six inches while climbing. It didn't affect her hourglass figure much but *did* even the weight distribution of her thighs out enough that they weren't rubbing so uncomfortably together. The bandages on her arms had slipped off with lengthening arms dislodging them, and they rested on the stairs behind her. **“Now I'm taller... Woah. I'm not sure if I was cursed or what, but if I was? *Best curse ever*.”** Was losing her tolerance towards the cold worth having a taller, sexier body? Weighing the two, she definitely *thought* so as the next set of stairs were challenged.

“Ugh... I just want to kick these boots off, though.” It *had* occurred to her that her voice sounded deeper, but she assumed it was just a side effect of being taller. She wasn't one to wear footwear normally but had chosen to wear boots because of how cold the floor of the ruins would be. It would have been even *more* dangerous to take them off with her tolerance waning, but they felt so *cramped*. Her feet were clearly too big for them.

While worrying about her *boots* though, Neve remained vaguely ignorant to what was transpiring above her shoulders. Her deepened voice wasn't so much a result of her height, but rather her *age*. She didn't look like a teenager now so much as she did a woman closer to *thirty*, and her facial features were both maturing *and* shifting away from what made Neve, well, *Neve*.

Her lips had swollen mightily plump for one, spouting out hot, labored breaths that were visible within the extremely cold conditions. Sometimes those breaths escaped through a nose with widened nostrils, while her eyes surveyed the stairway that she was almost at the top of. Even those eyes were altered, mind you, with their redness brightening vaguely between eyelids that stretched wider beneath thinned, black brows.

Both her pubes and her brows had already darkened to black. It should have been expected, then, that the hair atop her head would do the same. This was certainly par for the course, as her light blue mane faded into a shadowy darkness. Yet their short cut *spilled* out like a broken dam, black locks falling and weaving together into an *extremely* long, braided ponytail behind her. It was thicker on the sides of her head, concealing the process of her pointed Laguz ears rounding to what you'd expect from a *human*.

“My hair, hm?” Neve *did* finally notice. Both her hair and how heavy her lips felt. But she didn't mind at all, really. Nor did she question the manner in which she both thought *and* spoke. There was a mature, almost 'big sister' likeness to it. But her transformation appeared to end, and she was left unbothered further until the very last set of stairs that were left to climb. **“And with this, I will finally be free.”**

While tackling that final climb, the inappropriate fit of her favorite outfit was what grew, spread, and changed color. Much of it formed a black bodysuit that covered everything except her hands, feet, and above the neck. It had some tears in it, likely due to how difficult her sexy body was to contain, but it was no issue. Overtop of it, or at least over the *front*, was a blue half-robe that resembled those the clerics wore... just without *most* of the material. She also was blessed with white, knee-high boots, matching gloves, and a big cleric's hat with a golden crest in the center.

“Gosh, even my clothes ended up changed in the end. But I suppose I really *can't* complain about this look.” The woman had finally reached the entrance of the



ruins that opened up into the seaside cavern. It was no longer so cold that her health would be at risk if she stopped moving as a *human*, so she was finally able to take proper stock of what had happened to her body – and even her costume in the grand scheme of things.

Most people likely would have plenty of qualms about having their body transformed, especially into that of such a buxom woman. Perhaps it was a side effect of how her personality had been altered along with her body, or a lingering side effect of her previous sexuality that saw such a sexy form as extremely desirable, but *Maiden* took no issue with it at all. She instead *hummed* to herself enthusiastically as the slim fingers of her free hand traced the skintight fabric of her clothing, noting just how *supple* and *sensitive* her skin was underneath.

The other hand still held her new staff tightly. Or had it *always* been her staff? *Neve* was in there somewhere, but Maiden's persona had become more dominant. **"With this staff I can pursue much more powerful ice magic, then? I've received upgrades in more ways than I could even imagine. Gifts that I'll treasure, surely."** Her motives hadn't really changed much, either. She was still striving to be the best mage that she could be, but the way that she would accomplish her goals, and her priorities, were now quite different.

"I wonder how the *others* will react when they see me?" Because she still had her memories, the woman was confident she could convince her companions that the woman that had *left* the cavern was the same woman had entered... wildly different appearance, race, and personality aside. It was something they'd have to adjust to, but if she was happy then she was certain they would be happy *for* her.

"But before we do anything about *that...* a hot bath is in order." She'd managed to shake of the most of the cold thanks to her staff's innate warmth, but her body *was* human now. That exposure to the cold of the ruins had placed her body under far more duress on the way up than on the way down because she was no longer a Penguin Laguz. *A hot bath beside an attractive man...*

"Hm? Have my *tastes* changed as well?"

A minor issue in the grand scheme of things.