

MATURITY MALFUNCTION

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Enough is enough!”

To be honest, though? When expressed by Lysithea von Ordelia, this sentiment could have been aimed at any *number* of things. The young mage had plenty of things that made her upset. Not getting to the cafeteria of Garreg Mach in time to get dessert before they ran out each night, for one. Her fear of ghosts scaring her in the dead of night was another, though it was certainly much less reasonable. At times, the girl felt like her life was little more than a joke.

A very *cruel* joke, considering the state that her body was in. There were very few people that could claim to be the result of a mad magic experiment that forced an additional Crest into her body and significantly shortened her lifespan as a result. Mind you, there was *one* student in mind that she was suspicious could relate to this. Unfortunately, she was in the Black Eagles house as opposed to the Golden Deer like Lysithea was.

Now sixteen, she had to wonder if that procedure had stunted her growth, too. It was something that was *extremely* relevant to what was bothering her that evening. Once again? One of her peers had treated her like a *child*. It was annoying when the faculty did it, but at least Lysithea could understand where *they* were coming from. To an adult, all teenagers were essentially children. But to be referred to that way by others around her own age? **“It’s so annoying!”**

Just because she was short, and her body hadn’t developed very much didn’t mean she was comparatively a *child*! It almost seemed like there were now *daily* incidents where someone talked down to her because of

it, and anyone who knew Lysithea should have known she *hated* being spoken down to in any capacity. She was a young genius, after all! She knew more about magic than anyone mocking her could ever hope to learn in their lives!



And when that thought had struck her within her room? The mage had been reminded of a *purchase* she had made about a month into her stay at Garreg Mach. She had been digging through her old, rickety drawers to try and *find* it. “**Now where in the world did I... Aha!**” Ultimately, it had been stuffed into the back of her clothing drawer. And what did she end up pulling out? A raggedy parchment that didn’t look like it would be much use at *all*.

“**Now how was this supposed to work again...?**” Incidentally, she had acquired the paper when she was in a similar mood. When Lysithea first began attending Garreg Mach, the situation was actually *much* worse than it was now. *Everyone* thought she was like twelve, and she’d been desperate to find a way to make them *stop*. That was when she had encountered the merchant,

Anna, in the market. And after hearing out Lysithea’s troubles? She had offered that paper.

Well, it was actually more what was written *on* the paper than the paper itself. A chant for a very specific spell. Not only did you need to recite the chant, but you *needed* the parchment because the magic ink the spell had been written down upon was the catalyst. But, even now, the girl wasn’t sure if she’d been *scammed* or not. It really *was* a possibility, namely because... it definitely *felt* shady. “**Not like I have anything to lose at this point. I can’t see things getting any better...**”

The spell was supposedly designed to grant your deepest desire. It was something that honestly sounded a little *too* good to be true, and even Anna had cautioned her against using it. If it didn’t work? That would be one thing. If it worked and did something she hadn’t intended? That would definitely be worse. That was why, in the end, Lysithea had hidden the paper without using it. Fortunately, at the time things had gotten better for her on their own.

“**So, I just need to recite the spell while channeling my mana through the ink? While thinking about my greatest desire, of course.**” Risk assessment was out the window now. The girl wouldn’t be able to *stand* the idea of being treated like a kid again, so now it was

time for her last resort. She held the paper out between both of her small hands and closed her eyes. “***That which you desire will become reality.***” The enchantment was simple enough. It was what she was *thinking* that was most important at the time.

I want to be more mature!

Her desire was an extremely simple one at the end of the day, but this was actually an *issue*. It was too *vague*. If she had desired to age up her body specifically, that’s what would have happened. But because she didn’t elaborate? The powers that guided the spell were permitted to grant that desire in whichever way it felt fit. Through whatever *means* were the most convenient to it. Lysithea herself didn’t know this though, and honestly?

At first, she was pretty sure the spell hadn’t even *worked*. “**Huh? Nothing happened? Ugh...**” She felt *and* looked the same, even though she was certain she’d felt the ink react to her mana. She’d considered the possibility that it was all a scam, and it seemed like that was the *truth* of it in the end. Or, at least, that was what she believed for a short moment. It really didn’t *seem* like anything was happening! Everything was as it had always been. She was still small and childish looking!

Of course, Lysithea was basing this conclusion off of what she could see and feel. It was only natural that she would come to this conclusion if she couldn’t properly observe any changes. So, on the polar opposite side of that coin, what if there were changes that weren’t so easily noticed? Was such a thing possible? Yes, but only because everyone’s body had blind spots. Locations that you typically needed to see your reflection to observe.

Like, for example, her *hair*. That was exactly what was happening, too. If she got older, the mage didn’t really expect her *hair* to change all that much, so she definitely wasn’t going out of her way to examine it. Yet it was the *color* of this hair that had begun to stand out. Its original hue had been lost due to the Crest infusion experiments she had faced; *that* was what had bleached it all white. So, it was definitely odd that some of these strands were no longer that shade. They were *darker*.

It was only a few outliers that appeared this way at first. Rather than white, they were colored with a faded brown instead, and those few quickly became plenty instead. It was as if the color was being transferred from one hair to the next, quickly dyeing everything until not only the hair growing from her scalp, but also her eyebrows, body hair, and even the hair of her pubes – which there had only been a little of *at first*.

“I can’t believe this...” While the teen lamented her seemingly failed experiment, she was overcome with the sudden need to itch her crotch. It was a feeling she didn’t act on, but there *was* a reason for it. That little bit of light brown pubic hair that it featured? It had nearly *doubled* in length, forming a thicker bush. The same couldn’t exactly be said about the long hair atop her *head*, though. On the contrary? Its length *unraveled*, any ‘excess’ seemingly absorbed back into her scalp until it only reached her chin, inheriting a slicked back style that curled towards her cheeks in the front.

She clicked her tongue, ignoring another warning sign. Her tongue was a touch *longer*, and the inside of her mouth was vaguely rougher. Lysithea’s teeth had worn down all of a sudden. **“I spent a lot of money on that scroll. Oh *well...* Ack!?”** The second she tossed the scroll onto her bed, she almost *choked*? Partially because her tongue was longer, but it was because her jaw had stretched a little too. Her words were spoken through lips that had swollen to nearly *double* their original size. And her voice...

It had cracked, remaining in a deeper, sultrier tone.

“Wh-What a second! Is it actually working? I sound older!” And she definitely *looked* it in her face, too. Swollen lips aside, her nose developed a sharper hook between her narrower nostrils, and her eyes then narrowed just in time for an amber coloring to possess her irises. Her eyelashes nearly *tripled* in length beneath slimmed, brown brows, and beyond the shapes of her eyelids slimming... markings were etched into the corners of those eyes. *Crow’s feet*. Signs of a woman that was in the process of leaving *all* of her youth behind. A mole even lifted upon her skin under her left eye!

At least from the neck up, Lysithea definitely *looked* like an older woman. The issue that she hadn’t recognized was that she didn’t look like *herself*. She might have been able to tell that she *sounded* like someone she knew if your voice wasn’t slightly distorted from your own perspective. **“My lips are bigger too... It’s really working!”** She’d poked at her mouth with one of her fingers, evidently not realizing as she pulled that finger away that it was a little longer and bonier, and the skin around it was dry and cracked. Even her fingernails were longer now.

The not-so-young mage was provided additional reassurance that her contingency plan had succeeded seconds later, though this reassurance also made her aware of a potential problem. **“I’m getting taller! ...Wait.”** She was still excited, but as her limbs and torso began to elongate in a way that lifted her 4’11” height higher, she was reminded of

the fact that her uniform had been designed for a small teenager and *not* an adult woman. Her tights were yanked down from her waist, and her dress was lifted from her hips. She could also feel her panties and sleeves becoming tight as her hips and shoulders widened. **“I-I need to strip!”**

If she'd been in public, this probably wasn't an avenue she would have gone down. But because she was in the privacy of her own room? Lysithea wasted no time pulling the dress up and over her head, revealing that she was *not* wearing a bra underneath. She also wasted no time pulling down her tights and wiggling out of her panties. It *was* a little difficult though. She was growing so much so quickly that she was off-balance, and stripping down revealed something else to her by the time she peaked at 5'8".

“Wait... My skin is kind of loose, isn't it?” It definitely *seemed* that way. It wasn't as taut as it had been in her youth, but that would mean... **“H-How old am I now?”** She had plenty of reason to be concerned about it, but the only mirror in her room was under a blanket in the corner. As much as she wanted to run over and *check*? **“Oof!?”** The woman felt very *heavy* suddenly. On the one hand? Because she was now *pushing forty*, her body was just naturally more fatigued in general.

But it actually *was* heavier. All she had to do was look down to watch her body *swell*. **“I'm getting fat!?”** Maybe 'fat' was the wrong word. She *had* noticed a belly pouch develop in her gut between her widened hip at first, but it only distended about an inch over her hairy bush. *Most* of that weight pooled where it had yet to develop but typically *would* on a woman's body as she got older.

Her thighs demonstrated this well enough. They practically exploded with a mass that saw their thickness nearly triple as they took on weight like an expanding sponge. Another mole appeared on the inside of the left thigh as it rubbed against the right, leaving Lysithea wary of taking another step. Still, this weight was *loose* looking thanks to her aged skin, which was a trait shared with her ass even *after* it swelled into a heart shape.

“My thighs and butt are huge...” Though she soon had difficulties even *seeing* below her waist. Or below her *chest*. Her tiny A-cups were the last part of her body to *balloon*, inflating with a weight that sagged in slight without the perkiness of traditional youth to support them. Lysithea didn't say anything else, merely staring at them with her mouth agape as they reached *E-cups*. She'd always wondered what it would be like to have a bigger pair, but...

They were super heavy!

At the very least, the feeling finally passed. Was her transformation finished? “**I-I-I’m so old!**” Lysithea winced at the sound of her own voice. Her transformation had reached its natural conclusion, and she was absolutely *flabbergasted* by the result. “**I wanted to be more mature, but now *this* mature!**” She’d intended to age herself up into her early twenties at most (something she definitely should have specified), but instead? She was *definitely* pushing *forty*. It was only obvious because, on top of growing older, she wasn’t quite... *herself*.



She was definitely herself *mentally*, there was *no* doubt about that. Lysithea’s memories and personality were all intact. But the sound of her voice had tipped her off, and upon checking her naked body in the mirror she had to uncover in her room’s corner. “**HUH!?**” ...She finally understood just what had happened to her. She just didn’t understand *why*!

“**P-Professor Manuela!?**” The woman definitely was *Manuela Casagranda*’s spitting image. From her big ass to her huge tits, to the beauty mark on her aged face. Why had she become her *professor*? The answer was actually more coincidentally than she could have imagined. While Lysithea had been expressing *her* desire? Elsewhere in the academy, a drunk Manuela had expressed her desire to be young again.

The spell had taken both of their desires into account and simply given them both what they wanted. It was making *everyone* happy! ...Though Lysithea wasn’t very happy at *all*! But that would change when she began to get *touchy* with herself. The woman wasn’t sure what had prompted her to do so, but she began to squeeze at her full tits and fat cheeks. “**Mmn...**” They were so sensitive. It was distracting. *Too* distracting.

She continued to grope at herself, and as she did? Her mind clouded over. She began to forget just what she’d been so freaked out about but also confused about *where* she was and *why*. “**Ah? I’m naked? Did I come here with a man? But... I’m sober, and this is a student’s room!**” *Manuela* dropped her hands from her body, now adjusted

mentally to her new identity as well as physically. She couldn't remember transforming at all!?

Instead, the woman became panicked. Whose room was this? Where were her clothes? Seeing no other option, she grabbed a blanket from the bed to wrap her naked form in and sprinted out the front door. Fortunately, it was already dark out, so she was able to get back to her own room before long without being seen. Although, this provided her with *new* questions.

Namely why one of her students, Lysithea, was lying on her bed in her dress!

“I wish I could be young again like her... but what in the world is she doing in my room!?”