

# MOTHERLOAD

## COMMISSION STORY

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The Grandcypher was still docked at Bestia Island after a long and arduous day. The crew's intention had been to visit the Primal, Echidna, just to check up on her. Lyria had been sensing that something had been a little off in this part of the sky, so it was only natural that they would pay a visit to the *Primal Beast of Motherhood* that resided in the same area – and the Girl in Blue's hunch had been correct.

Her territory had been under siege by remnants of the old Empire's faction, having fled to the island after the Empire had originally been vanquished what felt like so long ago to Lyria. The day had been arduous because it had been spent pushing these forces out, vacating the island from any threats and bringing comfort to Echidna's territory once more.

*Echidna had even been so pleased that she had promised Lyria she would grant her a favor in the future!*

**“Actually, Echidna is the Primal Beast of Motherhood, but I don't really know what means, do I?”** Laying on her bed with the night sky filtering through her window, it was one of the many thoughts that had crossed Lyria's mind as she laid, trying to fall asleep. It wasn't like Lyria could recall how she was born, much like whether or not she'd had a mother of her own. **“Can I even have kids? I wonder what it would be like to be a mother...?”** Between yawns, though, she murmured her query allowed before passing out. Unaware that something had been listening.

**IF THAT IS WHAT YOU TRULY DESIRE... CONSIDER YOUR FAVOR PAID!**

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“**WAH!?**” Lyria had been woken with a start. Not because of any noises or anything, but because she’d fallen off her bed? That was weird – it had never happened before? She’d done it once or twice while sleeping in smaller beds that weren’t her own, but this was the first time she’d fallen out of her... own... bed? “**Wait! Where am I!?**” This wasn’t her cabin. The straw roof above her was unfamiliar, as were the walls and furniture.



Admittedly, this wasn’t the first time she had woken up somewhere else, but that didn’t make it any less jarring. “**Why am I here? For what purpose...?**”

*My daughter is coming to visit today, so of course I’d be home!*

“**Um... Huh? Did I really just think that?**” Lyria knew full well that she had no children, considering her body was practically that of a child itself. Though, strangely? Streaks of *bright purple* were swept through the left side of her blue hair around the time this thought came to mind, and the tone of her blue overall became much more *faded*. In fact, it was difficult for the girl to tell because there was just so much of it, but her hair had actually been shortened – the excess cut just past her shoulders before disappearing mysteriously.

Though while Lyria hadn’t taken notice of her hair? What came next was certainly shocking enough to steal her attention. So much so that the confused noises that bumbled forth from her mouth hardly held any coherency to them. It was just *that* bizarre. But eventually she did manage to get a word out. “**WHAT!?**”

She had recognized the fact that something was off immediately, as the front of her dress had become *very* tight *very* quickly, and when she looked down? The front of her tiny dress had been forced outwards by two bulbous masses that were growing greater and greater, while sacrificing her ability to breathe. “**B-Breasts!?**” The girl managed to cough out as hands began to tug at the fabric. She didn’t want to be exposed, but she was also going to suffocate if something wasn’t done quickly.

As Lyria panted though, the face through which she expressed her shock began to warp in mysterious ways. From her cheeks to the bags under her eyes, it all just looked *heavier*. Like time itself had exhausted the tightness of her skin, and a little bit of fat had brought some chubbiness. Her lips swelled several sizes, and her wide eyes did narrow. Though, perhaps most surprising of all? Her big forehead diminished while her bangs swept across it to the left. When all was said and done, her face no longer bore any resemblance to its young form, one she was worried she'd be stuck with for eternity. Instead?

She looked more like a woman around the age of *forty*.

*RIIIIIIP!*

Lyria, however, was oblivious to the truth that her face had been altered, and finally found a tear in her dress' top big enough to free her swelling bosom at the cost of her mounted gemstone atop them, which fell to the floor. Big, milky breasts bounced wildly while finally peaking at a sizing that found each tit just slightly smaller than her head. "**Ah!?**" Her hands reached out to stabilize them, shocked at just how big and heavy they were. She was blissfully unaware of the fact that the fingers that groped them were both longer and more worn down. She'd been fearful that she was going to fall forward for a moment – at least until the muscles in her back had tightened.

Though on the whole, Lyria's body was tightening up all over. Her body was growing fitter with each passing moment, with arms and legs alike bloating with the strength of a talented warrior. "**Hah... Hah... What's happening to me...? Why is my chest so...?**" *Normal?* Hm? Why had the size of her chest alarmed her so? It matched the size of her— "**Nn!?**"

Only a brief moment of reprieve had been afforded before discomfort returned, this time regarding her lower half. The sides of her skirt, which had already been lifted to show off her white panties below with the growth of her upper half, were being stretched by widened hips while the tummy between this space and her breasts appeared to both broaden outward and grow a little plumper, tummy lipping over her pelvis with a weight born solely of advanced age.

The growth of her hips had been necessary, for everything around it soon thickened with abundant glee. Her ass was the most impressive of these growths, flipping up the back of her skirt while slurping up the back of her panties like a string of spaghetti with how it was wedged between these two mounds. In the front, it forced the base of her undergarments to cameltoe her pussy, which was already a match in age

for the rest of her forty-year-old body – with a mess of blue pubes sticking out where they could around it.

“**Oh dear! Why don’t my clothes fit?**” With her voice deepened and her manner of speaking much more expected for a woman of her new age, Lyria now attempted to cover her breasts with one arm despite the fact that she was *within her own home*. All while the weight of her thighs jiggled, both sides rubbing against each other for they were just as thick as her breasts and ass. “**And where are my glasses?**” Out of nowhere, her vision had simply been *shot*. Everything was a blur!

The woman’s primary racial features were then inexplicably altered, with her ears pulling out into furred triangles that resembled those of a bovine, while a pair of pressure points atop her head culminated in the growth of two, white horns that poked straight up. It made sense that she earned the features of a Draph, for despite how voluptuous her adult body now was, the woman hadn’t grown a single inch.

Her vision soon returned to her, if only because a pair of round glasses had suddenly appeared upon her face, along with an entirely new costume across her flesh. A comfy number *reminiscent of her days as one of the Divine Generals*, sporting cow print and traditional robes of white and gold – hair tied up with a cow print ribbon in the back.



Lyria pushed the rounded glasses up the bridge of her nose, not at all thankful that her clothing situation had been solved. Rather, memories of an ill-fitting dress had instead been swapped with memories of getting changed out of her cow-print pajamas. Everything felt at peace, even if nothing was how it had once been. It was hard to be concerned over things you could no longer remember, anyways.

Instead, she was too fixated on the arrival of her daughter. Oh, how long had it been since she had embarked on her journey? Had she found a suitable prince? So anxious to make sure her daughter was doing well, the new mother hovered around the front door of her humble hut. Until, finally, she could see her daughter Catura skipping down the path.

**“MAMA! I’M HOME! HAPPY MOTHER’S DAY!”**



Yes, that's right! She was *Mama*! And it was Mother's Day! That was the entire reason Catura had planned on coming home in the first place. How could she forget that? It didn't matter, because the two then shared a warm embrace.

*"I'm so glad to have you home, dear!"*

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**"Uh...?"** Little did Lyria, or even Echidna, know, because of Lyria's life link with the Grandcypher's two captains, they would also be subjected to the effects of the enchantment that Echidna had placed on the Girl in Blue to grant her 'desire'. But in Gran's case? He hadn't had the good fortune of getting to sleep through the night before waking up somewhere unfamiliar.

He had been in his room late at night, getting ready for bed as he was already in her blue, flannel pajamas, only to suddenly find himself standing in an unfamiliar living room lit only by a warm fire in its center. From the smell of the air wafting in from an open window he could discern that he was in the middle of a forest *somewhere*.

But as he expected, wandering over to said window did not provide any further clarification. Short of the moon above and some fireflies dancing around, there wasn't much in the way of lighting. Other than making out the fact that the building was made of stone, it was hard for him take in any other clues about his location. **"Well I'm obviously not in any danger, but...?"**

*All things considered, didn't he feel a little too comfortable here? He somehow knew the layout of the house now that he thought about it.*

Strange as it was, this familiarity certainly wasn't as strange as the sudden drop in stature he suffered. **"The heck!?"** It felt as if he had been falling, yet his feet never once left the ground and by the time the feeling had faded, not only was he standing in oversized pajamas (so much so that his pants had fallen from his hips and his top hung low enough to cover the essentials), but the living room he'd been standing in just appeared bigger.

**“Did I just *shrink!*?”** Gran wasn’t even sure why he was asking, honestly. It was as clear as day that this was what had happened, even if he didn’t have any explanation for it. Although, unfortunately, it wasn’t simply his height that had decreased. His body’s broadness overall had diminished so that his shoulders were narrow, his hands and feet were more petite, and most of his muscles had been erased. He stood at around 4’5”!

*My hubby does all the hunting, so I don’t need to be as strong as him!*

Somehow that thought had been implanted into Gran’s mind somewhere, only surfacing if he were to think of his body’s fitness. Yet, more alarming things had begun to happen otherwise while he expressed concern about his dwindled height, most notably seen in his hair, where a light and familiar purple had begun to dance among lengthening strands. Violet locks spilled both down and over the young man’s shoulders, dangling halfway down his shortened back while carrying a natural waviness to it all that could not be denied.

It was inevitable that he’d take notice of it, and grabbing a handful? **“My hair!?”** The color and quality reminded him of someone – *Narmaya*? Though the eruption of two dark horns from the sides of his head that curved forward, as long as the lengthening of his ears as they became pointed at the sides almost like they belonged to a cow or bull, certainly added more introspective. **“Am I becoming a Draph!?”**

*But I’ve always been a Draph! I married a Draph, and gave birth to a Draph!*

**“N-No I didn’t!?”** But even while rejecting that notion, he didn’t sound entirely sure. His ability to reject it certainly wasn’t helped by a softening of his facial features, breathing dainty femininity into his complexion that left his resting expression one of nurturing maternity. Plump lips and rounded, purple eyes really brought his new look together, though those eyes were so big now that each point of expression was dramatically enhanced. If not for Gran’s lack of curvature, he might easily have been mistaken for a Draph woman in her late forties.

Well, it wouldn’t be a mistake to assume as much now. For his dick and balls found a new home inside of *her*, a proper pussy ushering Gran into a new age of womanhood. Said womanhood spread rapidly too, for her thighs and ass immediately pushed out the bottom of her blue pajama top, the cloth hardly even covering the peak of her immense ass while thick thighs rubbed against each other below.

**“I’m a... woman?”** Gingerly, without any urgency whatsoever, the woman tilted her head to the side as she processed this fact. Had she not always been one? Why was this confusing her? Even now, her breasts were amassing themselves, taking a flat chest and seeing it entirely fill the flannel pajama top until the top five buttons were forced to pop off, exposed her G-cups clearly for all to see.

She shook her head from side to side as if she were forgetting something, and by the time she had finished her entire outfit had changed. Even the fallen pajama pants had disappeared, the woman herself now clad in a traditional violet gown with leather gloves. Her soft hair was now done up in a ponytail and braid that hung over her left shoulder, while a hairclip that been *given to her by her husband* pinned her bangs to the left.

The Draph woman, *Laruna*, peered out of her window with curiosity now that it was so late at night. Had she just been thinking about something out of character? Something about her clothes not fitting? Perhaps, but that wasn’t what she was fixated on. Her dear husband was late returning from his hunt – though this was common of him. Husband? Since when had she...? For a long time, right?

What had driven her to check the window, she now recalled, was a rustling in the trees. She thought it might have been Gamshira finally returning, but the blur that suddenly jumped through the window and into her arms? **“Mother, I’m home!”** It was the warm embrace of her *daughter*, Narmaya. Oh, when had been the last time she had visited?

Dropping to her knees, Laruna was quick to return her daughter’s embrace. Yes, this all felt right. Why had she been uneasy before? **“Narmaya, it’s so good to see you!”** But why had she made this trip without telling her? It was so late at night!



**“I came to spend Mother’s Day with you!”**

Ah, what a good girl she was.

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Needless to say, Djeeta had been whisked away to another locale as well. However... **“Why is it so hoooooot?”** She was only dressed in a pink negligee, so what sort of place had she been warped to that would have such a dramatic change in temperature? Even the smell of the air

carried a somewhat burned scent, though it was hard to discern from within these stone walls.

The moment she peered out the window, however? It made complete sense. **“Valtz!? How did I end up in the Valtz Duchy!?”** This was undeniably Valtz, the locale seared into the girl’s memories as one of the first islands she and Gran had visited with Lyria after leaving their home on their adventure. The land was incredibly hot, but plenty of Draph made it their home, completely unbothered by it.



*Come to think of it, am I not also a Draph? Since when has this heat bothered me?*

**“Eh? Of course I’m not a... I’m not, right?”** Because Djeeta had a penchant for working through her problems verbally, she murmured her confusion aloud as she often did. But even though she clearly *wasn’t* a Draph, she was having a hard time convincing herself of that fact. Maybe that was for the best though because evidence quite *literally* began to mount to the contrary.

As in, a pair of horns soon found themselves *mounted* atop her head. Pressure had only gathered briefly before these black growths pulled out from her skull’s sides, eventually promptly curving forward about halfway into their overall length. As expected, the girl’s ears soon followed suit as well, and she ultimately ended up with a pair of short and stubby Draph ears.

**“No... I’m a Draph...? Uh...?”** How exactly was she supposed to deny those horns, much less the fact that the front of her pink negligee had begun to feel so *tight* all of a sudden. It was already designed in such a way that you could see Djeeta’s cleavage, as the negligee was translucent while the brassiere and undergarments beneath were opaque, but now the expanse of that valley was growing deeper and deeper, like an unexplored ravine within the depths of the clouds.

The strap of the bra in the back eventually snapped though, allowing the full expanse of her swelling bosom to jiggle beneath the negligee – perky nipples and all. Her tits peaked around the FF-cup sphere, and lifted the



front of her pajama dress higher thanks to how space was restricted by the cloth overall.

Similarly, her panties found themselves at odds with her lower half, which swelled all the same. While they didn't wedge within her cheeks nearly as solidly as they might have another woman, they certainly got caught and Djeeta struggled to pick the cloth from her thickened ass crack through the negligee's skirt (*which it had also lifted up with its mass*). Her thighs grew just as ample as the rest of her curves, while Djeeta's waistline pinched inward to give her a more noticeable hourglass figure.

And then? "**Oh!?**" While the features upon Djeeta's face matured and her eyes took on a fiery crimson, the woman's height finally took its dive to fall more in line with a traditional Draph beauty. Her height dipped all of the way down to a meager 4'6", but while the drop had initially surprised her, the now forty-two-year-old woman seemed unbothered by her new stature. Rather... *was I truly so shocked by my height? Even though I peaked long before I gave birth...*

With her height adjusted, the remaining tweaks to her body were made in quick succession. Her short, blond hair fell past her embiggened ass, taking on a very pale brown color in the process. And her body's physique? Djeeta had honed it for combat considering all of the action she had seen as one of the captains of the Grandcypher. But unfortunately? All of that muscle mass softened away into obscurity, leaving her with the weaker physique and bouncier tone of a woman that spent all day reading and sewing rather than fighting.



At the very least, that body was soon swathed in a negligee that *fit*. The pink of the fabric reddened, while the bra and panties adjusted to encompass the woman's curves properly. On the other hand, said bra and panties became transparent – making it a much naughtier ensemble.

*Alicia* adjusted her translucent, red negligee as well as the practically invisible undergarments beneath it. She'd just purchased this bedwear set, so why had it been so tight in the beginning? It was hard for her to say, but the Draph more or less tossed the question away as irrelevant now that it fit. "**There we are! Now when my beloved gets home, I'll look...?**" Something made her stop to question what she was saying. Her beloved? Since when had she

had such a thing?

But he was so strong, and handsome, and dreamy! Always traveling, the days he returned home were always so special. They were such a lovey dovey couple, really. That was why she had purchased this rather attractive negligee, so when he came home tonight (*as he had communicated in a letter that he would*), they could get straight to business.

Her bedroom door swung open, and Alicia looked to the entrance with hearts practically in her eyes. He was here! He was...! **“Mother!? Why are you dressed like that!? By god...”** The one that stormed in was not her husband, but her daughter Aliza. The elder Draph’s face immediately burned bright, and she grabbed a blanket from her bed to wrap around her short but well-endowed body. Her daughter had just seen her naughty bits!

**“A-Aliza! It’s so late! You didn’t tell me that you were visiting tonight!”** This was bad. Bad, bad, bad. Had she just traumatized her own daughter!? There went her plans for the night of fucking her husband.

She was likely going to have to give her daughter therapy instead.

**“I CAME BY TO WISH YOU A HAPPY MOTHER’S DAY!”**

**“Oh dear...”**