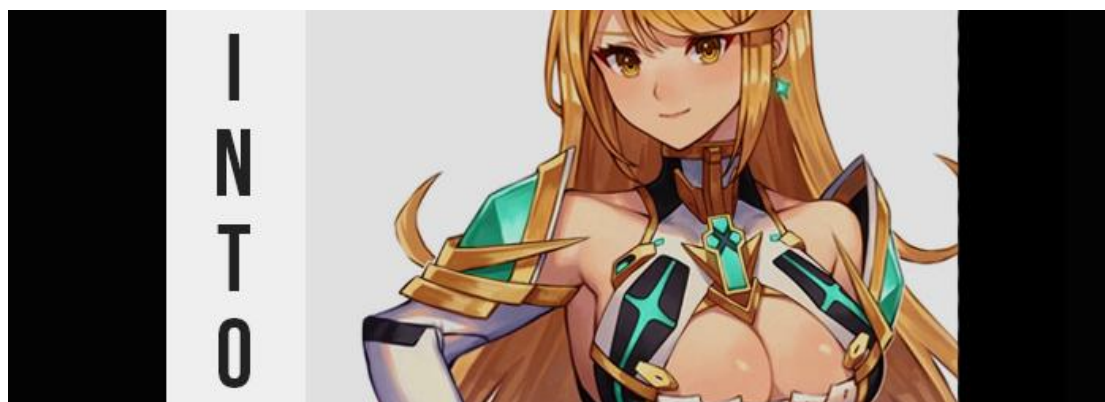


BLADE MOTHER

FIRST PERSON STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Mothers come in all shapes and sizes, huh...”

I blinked several times with annoyance at the words that had come out of my *own* mouth at the time. **“What a stupid thing to say.”** Because it was *obviously* true. No two mothers looked alike, and they all came from different walks of life in the first place. As a man, I certainly wasn’t speaking from any experience beyond *having* a mother in the first place, but some things in this world were just blatantly *obvious*.

Why was I even thinking about mothers in the first place? Well, it was *May*. You know, the month that Mother’s Day fell upon every year? I naturally had to think about what I was going to get my own mom on that day, but that wasn’t really *why* I was thinking about it either. It was work related. There were very few people out there that could probably say they worked as a TF fiction writer, so there probably *weren’t* a lot of people who could relate to this.

But I was searching for the perfect *subject*. I wanted to write a mother-themed story for the holiday, but when it came to anime and video game mothers? There was a whole *slew* of them to choose from. So many, in fact, that I had defaulted to asking my Discord server for suggestions. They had come up with some that were obvious alongside some that I wouldn’t have thought of myself without help. So, I picked a handful that had appealed to me and stuck them on a poll.

I returned to my Patreon page a few days later to check the results. If one character had a lead, I’d close the poll a little earlier so I could get started on writing it early – and in this case there was someone winning

by a slim margin. **“Mythra from Xenoblade Chronicles 2, huh? I can work with that.”** It was probably the better option than *accidentally* putting Yor Forger on a second first person poll and having to write the same TF *again*. That worked for me, and so I edited the post so that I could close the poll and save the post.

Or at least I *tried* to save the post. **“Why is it giving me an error?”** Patreon wasn’t always the most *cooperative* website. It would go down randomly sometimes, while at others the engineers would completely redesign its layout without considering how *well* the site would run. It wasn’t a big deal if I got an error, though. I could just refresh the page, and... **“Hey!?”** My computer shut right off!?

It didn’t matter *how* good your computer was, it wasn’t immune to random shutdowns. I didn’t assume *Patreon* was responsible for it, and why would it? I just had to reach under my desk to power the computer back on, and I could get back to what I was doing. Or, at least, I *thought* that was how things would go. The second my finger pressed down on the power button? Everything went black.

“Ouch!?” I’d been sitting on my computer chair when I’d pressed the button, but as if someone had pulled that chair out from underneath me? My butt had suddenly slammed into the ground with a pained thud. Momentarily stunned, it only took a moment of looking around to realize I was *not* in my office, but instead in an unfamiliar room altogether. It was clearly a *bedroom*, but the bed took up *most* of the room. How many people was it designed to fit? *Four?*

Though, that probably shouldn’t have been at the top of my list of concerns.

It took me a moment to stand back up, the rudimentary floorboards beneath me creaking under my weight. **“Where is this? Should I look for help?”** I clearly was in someone else’s home. Calling out would probably cause problems but so would just *appearing* before someone too. Maybe I’d get lucky, and no one was home? It was a really *weird* situation to find myself in overall. But it didn’t matter if I lingered in the bedroom or moved out into the adjoined hall. The same fate awaited me either way.

“Ugh!?” While I looked around the bedroom for anything indicating *where* I was? I was suddenly plagued by a sudden feeling that basically *winded* me. Like a punch in the gut that drained all of the air from my lungs instantly. I keeled forward from what felt like an impact, but it hadn’t actually been. And by the time I managed to recover and correct

my posture? I noticed something else was amiss. **“What just *hit* m—
Huh?”**

Considering the ‘impact’ had been in my stomach, I had reached down to caress the bulging gut that that I was accustomed to being there. The issue I had encountered was that there *wasn’t* a bulge, and I was using ‘issue’ loosely. I’d always wanted to be as thin as I was in my youth, but dieting was slow going. Yet, there *was* no gut on my stomach *now*. In fact, there wasn’t *any* excess weight on my frame *at all*. **“I-I’m *thin!*?
What the hell!?”**

That was impossible, right? It *had* to be impossible! **“Maybe *this* is all
a dream?”** That would explain why I was in a weird place, and it would probably explain why my voice kept cracking, too. But I had to re-evaluate that theory, because that ‘punch’ to my gut had felt way too real, and— **“*Whoa!?*”** The sudden buckling of my knees led me to cry out again, this time my voice *clearly* jumping high as it did so.

It was a buckling of my knees that came with a bonus feeling of tightness around the waistband of my pants. I looked down with confusion. Were my eyes playing tricks on me, or did my hips seem to be a few inches *wider* than I remembered them being? It was hard to say, namely because I was so accustomed to having such a big stomach that I couldn’t really remember how wide my hips were normally. Even though more had actually happened than *just* my hips flaring out. My waistline had narrowed significantly in the process to give my silhouette more of an hourglass shape. I just couldn’t see it with my shirt now so big and baggy.

**“Something is definitely... wrong? Why does my voice sound
so *high!*?”** All things considered this was definitely a fair question to ask. The pitch hadn’t returned to normal after my most recent voice crack. I sounded like a *woman*? I don’t know why I thought rubbing at my throat would try and fix it, but not only did doing so *not* do that, it slipped my notice that my Adam’s apple had already smoothed away. **“Test... Test... Nope...”** No changes.

Matters were worse than I realized, too. That voice might not have suited my face as *I* knew it, but what if my face in that moment *didn’t* look the way that it still did in my head? Because that was more or less the *reality* of the situation. The slightest bit of weight that my cheeks had lost when I’d first lost weight returned, rounder their shapes while the skin softened until there were no longer any blemishes or stray hairs present upon my complexion.

That weight was just enough to give my face’s design a rounder look, though lifted cheekbones detracted from that a little. It was clearly a

feminine shape, and that femininity was made clearer as my lips swelled up with a supple glossiness, and my eyes enlarged *substantially* around a smaller nose.

“But why is this happening? I’m thin, my voice sounds like a girl’s, and... *Hm?*” Not realizing what had happened to my face at *all*, my attention was eventually drawn *up* at the sight of my bangs. The issue was that I could see my bangs at *all*, but their dark colors were ever present, and seemed to be growing *longer*? They curled up over my left eye! **“W-Wait!?”** No, it wasn’t *just* my bangs! I could feel my hair tickling my bangs! My scalp was vaguely being *tugged* at my hair that was growing longer.

I grabbed a handful from behind me and pulled it forward. **“HOW IS THIS EVEN POSSIBLE!?”** I’d *completely* forgotten that I was trying to keep a low profile, completely overwhelmed by how long my dark hair had grown, and how it *continued* to grow even within my grasp! It had reached just past my shoulders when I grabbed it, but it snaked all the way down to my butt before long.

“Eep!?” In what certainly wasn’t my most *masculine* moment, not that I looked masculine *at all* anymore, I squeaked with surprise when I suddenly *fell*! No, I hadn’t fallen? My feet were still planted firmly on the ground! What *had* happened was that my nearly six foot height had instantaneously shed three-to-four inches, rendering my height at a meager 5’7”. My shirt was practically hanging off of me like a *tent*, and my pants only held on because my hips had widened.

Because nothing about what had been happening to me was particularly *kind*, I could only **“OOF!?”** as I then endured what I could only assume was the equivalent of having a soccer ball kicked directly into my nuts. My hands, smaller and slimmer overall, *both* reached down to press against my crotch in fear that my junk had been damaged. **“I-It’s gone!?”** But what I ultimately discovered was arguably *worse*. There wasn’t a bulge there at all. It was entirely smooth, and as I pressed harder... I rubbed up against something sensitive a little lower down. A clit!? **“Am I a woman!? MMN!?”**

Yes, I had biologically become a *woman*. The development of my new, pink pussy had sent ripples of pleasure and discomfort alike rippling through my body, courtesy of organs rearranging and developing so that I was ‘blessed’ with a womb. That womb tingled with a subtle ache that lingered, but at the time so much was happening that I didn’t actually think much of it. And I had other things to consider, anyways.

Such as? The fact that my hourglass silhouette was *widening*. As my sex had changed, my remaining physical features hastened to catch up. The

purpose of having my hips widen prior became clear as weight pooled into my thighs in ass. At some point, all of my body hair had clearly been shaved away, because my thin, pale thighs *glistened* underneath my pants as they widened gratuitously, eventually stretching the upper legs until they *tore* at the seams and some of that flesh, which was wider than my waist, peeked out. In a similar fashion, my ass became so full that two hands wouldn't have been enough to grab its cheeks fully, with some of their mass peeking over my waistband.

“I... don't like where this is going...” I didn't even know how to *react* at that point. I was shorter. I was a *woman*. And I had grown a *huge ass*. But if I really *was* a woman, then there was one part of my body that still had to grow, right? And grow it *did*. Or, well, *they* did. A chest that had once only had the weight of a pair of man boobs swelled with new life, but in this case? It wasn't the jiggly weight of obesity.

That didn't mean it wasn't *jiggly* in the first place, though. The mounds that developed only remained that size for a short moment as my nipples became erect and puffy, rubbing sensually against the underside of my shirt. *That* process had been slow going, but once their footholds had been established upon my chest? They *ballooned*, rapidly *inflating* with fatty tissue they pushed my shirt forward and lifted the base of my shirt to show how toned my tummy had become. **“They're so big!”** I really didn't mince words.

Because they had to be *G-cups* at minimum by the time they had finished growing.

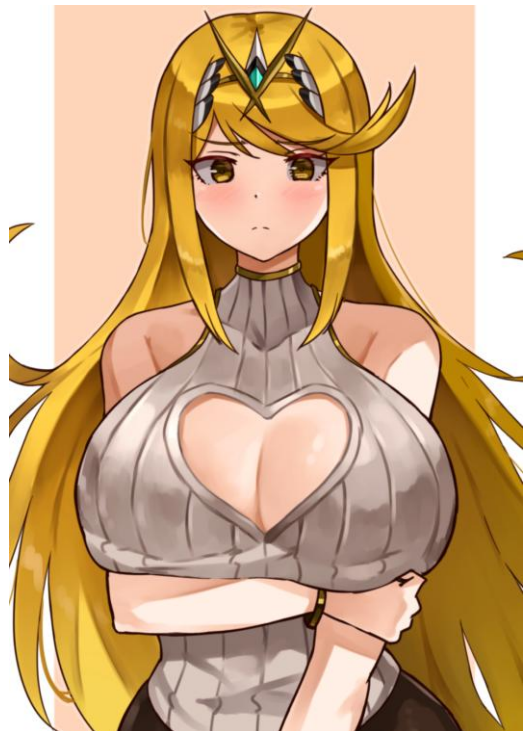
My fingers twitched as I held back from *grabbing* at the massive orbs that obscured my vision whenever I looked down. At the very least, whatever was happening *had* to be over, right? What else could even change? So, I could take peace in knowing— **“What now!?”** Never mind! Something was now glowing at the base of my collarbone for some reason! The light was bright green in color, but not particularly bright in luminosity *at first*, but as that light became brighter? It began to *burn* through my shirt.

In a matter of seconds, I could see the culprit directly. A green stone shaped like a coffin with an X in the center. Was it a brooch? No, it looked almost like it was *grafted* to my chest. It almost looked like a... **“A Core Crystal? Just like... Oh.”** Core Crystals were special stones worn by Blades in Xenoblade Chronicles 2. The one I was looking at was *identical* to the one that Pyra and Mythra had. Recognizing this allowed me to piece everything together. After all, this had all started with that *poll*.

But it didn't matter. I forgot *seconds* later that anything was wrong at all. The Core Crystal's energy pulsed through my body, burning away *any* clothing I was wearing and both brightening my irises to amber and my lengthened hair to golden blonde. My eyes shone for a second as the energy affected my *mind*, wiping any memories of who I had once been, and replacing them with the Blade I had become. And by the time the light of the Core Crystal faded?

I was left standing there in a white, sleeveless sweater with a heart cut-out showing off my cleavage. Well, that and a black skirt and *my* usual headpiece.

“Why is my head so groggy? Is this one of the side effects of being pregnant?” I held my pretty face in my delicate fingers for a second in an attempt to help clear away whatever was bothering me. Everything felt more or less normal anyways, right? I was *Mythra*, one of Rex's wives. It had been a little difficult to deal with when we had first all decided to arrange things that way. Pyra was technically *me* in a sense, but Nia was unrelated. We'd ultimately found a way to make it work. There may have only been *one* Rex, but one of the benefits of being in a polyamorous marriage was that we ladies also had *each other*.



Of course, neither Pyra nor Nia were the ones responsible for the fact that I was about a month *pregnant* now! Was Rex's sperm just *super potent*? Pyra and Nia had gotten pregnant in the weeks that had followed my reveal too. Or could it be that they'd been jealous and worked overtime to squeeze out his seed? Whatever! We were all ultimately one big, happy family. **“Ugh. Was I looking for something in the bedroom? I really can't remember...”**

Still, it was *May*, huh?

“I guess this time next year we'll be able to celebrate Mother's Day ourselves!”