

DEMON MOTHER EX

BIWEEKLY STORY #159

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“Wait, wait, wait, wait!”

Something bad had happened. Like, *indescribably* bad! ...Okay, maybe it wasn't *indescribably* bad. I could *definitely* describe it. But something was wrong with my Fate / Grand Order account. Or was it the phone app itself? I really *couldn't* say for sure. All I knew was that the game would start, then when I went to try and log in? It would freeze and crash. Which... now that I'm thinking about it in the future, it probably wasn't *that* big of a deal, was it? I had my account recovery code, so even if I had to reinstall it would have been fine.

But I *did* have a bad habit of not thinking things through when I was panicked. Of all the gacha games I played, I considered Fate / Grand Order to be one of the most important. I had been playing it in Japanese since before the global version even came out, so the very thought of losing all of that progress had been devastating to me. **“This is devastating!”** ...Case in point!

The game was experiencing a new high recently thanks to the release of the fourth Ordeal Call chapter. The end of the game's second arc, which had spanned *years* and had left some people questioning if it would *ever* end. The fourth chapter of the Ordeal Call saga had made some interesting revelations and led to some intriguing developments, but all everyone was talking about were the newly released Servants.

Firstly, they had added a new Jeanne d'Arc Servant. A *Ruler*, just like her original version, but this one was also mixed with the angel, Metatron. Her lazy demeanor and youthful appearance had naturally made her a big hit. But she was she as big of a hit as the second banner's

SSR? That was debatable. It was hard to compete with Ordeal Call IV's poster Servant, the SSR Berserker, *Lilith*.

Incidentally, she was basically the game's *worst* kept secret. They had been coy about her identity even in the stream on the day of the chapter's release, but people had clocked her identity as early as the Ordeal Call chapters had been announced. I'd managed to roll her myself, and that was part of the reason the possibility of losing my account felt so dire.

“How many times have I restarted the game now? Five? Six?”

And nothing had been different. I was desperate for a solution, but there was still one potentially easy fix I had *yet* to try. If just restarting the app didn't fix anything, then maybe restarting the whole phone was the trick? And so, I opted to try out that strategy instead, though I didn't exactly have high hopes. Otherwise, I could just delete and reinstall the entire game app. Which would probably take a while.

I held down the two buttons you needed to in order to bring up the shut down / restart menu on my smartphone and tapped on the 'Restart' option. The device turned off and restarted once more, but once the screen flickered back to life? **“YOWCH!?”** It delivered a powerful static shock that caused me to drop my phone onto the carpet floor.

Or, at least, what I had *thought* was a static shock.

Mind you, if it had *just* been a static shock, the very bizarre phenomenon of my eyes changing color wouldn't have occurred. My irises paled and greened until they were a very light shade, and my pupils pulled into vague, inhuman *slits*. Not that I could have *possibly* noticed that. I was exactly looking in a mirror at that exact moment, and I didn't even *have* one in my room because I didn't like looking at myself.

And there was something *else* that had happened at roughly the same time, although this happened to my *ears* instead of my eyes. That crept out from the sides of my head, changing a little in *length* but also in *shape*. They had grown a little pointy, with holes forming painlessly in their cartilage so that I could presumably wear earrings. Not that I was the *jewelry* type at all.

In the grand scheme of things, though? These changes had been both quick and minor. **“Never been shocked by my phone before, but I guess it could... happen...?”** Naturally, if you dropped your phone, you would bend over to pick it up. I'd done just that, but when I caught sight of the hand that I had reached out to grab it? I'd been so surprised

by what I had seen that I pulled that hand back and stood up again.
“What the hell is up with my *hand*?”

I pulled up the other hand for comparison and found there wasn't a difference between the two. They both appeared *different*. A little smaller? Sure. My nails were initially what had stood out more, though. They looked longer, sharper, and *darker*. Like, *pitch black* dark. “**E-Eh!?**” There was no time for me to think about the sudden sound of my voice cracking, because things became even *stranger* before my very eyes.

While those hands *had* seemed smaller at first, they sudden and rapidly *swelled* in length and thickness. My fingers appeared *monstrous* in their boniness, not at all helped because the skin on these hands darkened to the same pitch black as my nails... or were they *claws*. “**Wh-Wh-What!?**” I flexed these long digits as if I thought I wouldn't *feel* them move, as if I thought this was all some manner of dream. But I could *feel* them moving, even the sensation of the black claws digging into my equally black palms.

The sight of my own hands, hands that *clearly* weren't the hands of a normal person, consumed *all* of my attention at the time, which meant I wasn't picking up on the fact that there was actually a *lot* happening at once. My distended gut had been thinning for one, emptying not only my shirt but even thinning my legs, chest, arms, and face as all of my extra mass was tightened away. My pants slipped straight from my hips because of this weight loss, and my shirt was now basically a *blanket* with how big it was versus the rest of my body.

But that wasn't the only change that had slipped past my attention at that moment. Understandably, I didn't have much awareness regarding what was happening with my *face*. It *did* feel a little tingly, but what with everything else going on I could hardly be bothered to think about it. Not when my hands were just so *weird*! “**Am I turning into some kind of monster!?**” ...*Eh?* Though, the sound of my own voice *did* tip me off a little. The pitch raised higher, shriller, more *effeminately*.

And what had been happening with my face over those few moments had left things in a state where that voice didn't sound *that* out of place if you took in my overall appearance. Briefly, my canine teeth had peeked out from behind my lips as they grew several inches, only for the sight of them to then once again become obscured by my lips – courtesy of them swelling in size but narrowing in shape so that they were thick, pouty, and more akin to the lips you'd find on a mature *woman*. They stood out all the more because the shape of my thinned face narrowed into a sharpened chin, with slim cheeks and a shrunken nose. Even the

shapes of my eyes were altered to narrow, but perhaps more noticeable was how my eyelashes fluttered longer around them.

“Test... Test... The hell?” Why did my voice *sound* like that? It sounded strangely *familiar* to my pointed ears, and if I’d been able to see my changed face I *probably* would have put two and two together earlier considering the state of my hands. This was all very weird, but I didn’t seem as shocked as I did *irritated*? Like the inconvenience of it all was really getting under my skin, and that was a greater crime than potentially becoming some kind of monster in the first place.

While groaning about my voice, the fit of my clothes loosened further so that my boxers finally fell from my hips – narrowly missing an act of change that pulled those hips several inches apart in the process. **“Hah? Wait? Did I just...?”** *Shrink*? It took me a moment of observing a slow drop in my eye level to realize that I’d slipped from nearly six feet all the way down to 5’3”. **“Ugh, being short seems annoying. Why is this even happening?”** My green eyes narrowed at the phone on the floor. Surely not because...?

I was correct that I’d become smaller, of course, but I hadn’t noticed the flaring of my hips *nor* that my shoulders and waistline had slimmed. My figure *would* continue to change towards the feminine, but not before some other adjustments were made first. Such as? Well, my *hair* was pretty clearly different. Its darker color lightened to silver fairly quickly, namely because I kept it so short. But once it had dyed (along with the rest of the hair on my body), the hair atop my head snaked out in length, spilling out behind me and fanning out to the sides in a thick, luscious style that reached down to my ankles were the tips took a pinkish hue. Not even my bangs were spared from the lengthening, swept to cross just above my smaller nose.

“And my hair?” It was hard *not* to notice the weight of it all. I turned my neck to look at it all over my shoulder. **“Wait... This color. My voice. HAH!?”** As it turned out, I finally understood what was happening – just as I was forced to gasp at the sensation of the cock and balls that existed between my legs folding sensually beneath a now shaved crotch. They were tugged into new folds farther down on my pelvis, as a *woman*’s pussy took the place of my existing masculinity. **“N-No way... Am I becoming Lilith!?”**

Everything that I had noted pointed to that conclusion. Now that my sex had been swapped, the full breadth of my newfound femininity swelled into place as a pressure simultaneously had built on either side of my head. **“Ugh...”** My thighs thickened several inches, but at the same time? The skin not only of my thighs, but all of the skin on my body paled several shades as my inhumanity became more obvious. The

pressure on top of my head contributed to that, because what it amounted to was a pair of long, two-pronged black horns that reached straight upward. Their emergence had given me a momentary headache, so I couldn't think about how plush my upper legs were, or how my butt had bubbled into a peach shape underneath my oversized shirt.

I stumbled in place. My body's weight had changed a lot over the past few minutes. I was shorter, thinner, had horns, a fat ass, and even big ass yaoi hands! But my balance was tested further by a swelling upon my chest in what was an *obvious* change at this point, all things considered. I couldn't stop my large fingers from clinging onto mounds that burgeoned out into a pair of perky *E-cups* with puffy nipples that I resisted the urge to tweak. **"Tits... They feel kind of nice, though."**

But once again? I stumbled. **"UGH!"** It wouldn't even give me a chance to fondle my tits uninterrupted!? My body was biologically a woman's now from head to toe, but I wasn't as *monstrous* as I was *supposed* to be just yet. This imbalance came courtesy of a black tail of segmented, exposed bones that crept out from the base of my spine, but not that *alone*. My height also lifted several inches due to the same blackness that had dyed my hands also dying my *feet*. But in the case of my feet? That black was *fur*. Toes merged into a trio of thick paw-like toes, and my heels lifted as the fur spread up my legs and just past my knees.

Each step I took now carried a hefty *THUD*. Those legs were powerful. *I* felt powerful. And that power only grew as a warmth radiated from my pelvis. I couldn't see the hot pink tattoo that had appeared on my body between my navel and my crotch, a mark that many would likely associate with matters of a *sexual* nature. And I certainly *appeared* much more sexual.

"ENOUGH!" I was truly at wits end by the time I was given no choice other than to arch my back backwards. It was a pressure not unlike what I had felt when my horns had formed had begun to build just beneath my shoulder blades. It was close to releasing, and when it finally did? The loud sound of cloth being torn *exploded* throughout the room, as a pair of grey-feathered wings with a wingspan longer than my own body completely split open my shirt, the one article of clothing I was still wearing, so that it fell to the ground and left me completely nude.

"I... suppose I have to commend *whatever* power did this to me for replicating her form so closely." Well, there wasn't much of a point in trying to deny what was obvious. My sexy, scantily clad body, my black hands, my pawed feet, my pointed ears, and my horns... They all led to the conclusion that *somehow*, I had been transformed into a perfect copy of *Lilith* – at least in her third ascension. She was a little older and more mature in that form, while also looking a little

more monstrous. The lack of an outfit change was a little *inconvenient* though.

Though I suppose I should have said *I* was that way.

Inhale, exhale. I practiced slow breathing to calm myself, but the rise and fall of my bosom was distracting. I felt irritated, likely because my body wasn't the only thing that had changed. My *personality* mirrored that of the older Lilith's too. Sultry and conniving, but also easily agitated. "**I suppose I just... need to...**" But as I weighed what I should do? A wave of dizziness washed over me, and I *passed out* naked on the floor.



I woke up the next morning as if nothing had even happened in the first place. "**Was it all a dream? It must have been, right?**" My body was back to normal. I was a man again. But my phone was on the ground where I had dropped it. From there? My day went on as it usually did. I did some work, and when I had some time, I started up Fate / Grand Order. Thankfully, it seemed that restarting my phone had fixed things. The game was working again!

I went to enter a battle, and it naturally brought up the party formation screen. That was when things went *wrong*. "**KYRIELIIIIIGHT!?**" Mashu was poised at the end of my party as she always was, and that stirred immense anger within me on sight. My body glowed gold, and when it dimmed? "**I-It happened again!?**" I had, once again, transformed into Lilith.

Thus began a new life. One where I had to avoid seeing or thinking about Mashu Kyrielight, because doing so would transform me back *into* Lilith. I had inherited her hatred for the Shielder in the form of that life-ruining curse, and despite what I tried? I couldn't seem to shake it. Was I doomed to spend the rest of my life that way? Maybe one day I will

adjust to it, but how was I supposed to enjoy FGO going forward? Not when—

“KYRIELIIIIIGHT!”