

HOW I BECAME YOUR MOTHER

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Every time he walked through these doors, the boy thought, what awaited him on the other side was a mixed bag.

Rudeus Greyrat was only a child, but he was already far more intelligent than most of the boys of his age. This was because he wasn't actually *from* this world but instead was a Japanese man who had been reincarnated into this fantasy setting. Because the boy had all of the memories and knowledge of his past life, this allowed him to quickly ascend through the educational ladder. Before long? It had become his responsibility to tutor a girl of his age.

This girl, Eris Boreas Greyrat, was his cousin – and she had *quite* the temperament. She was known for being short-tempered, defiant, and violent. Not the greatest pupil to have, and at first it had been *terrible*. But over time she'd slowly been getting better thanks to Rudeus' patience. Even then, sometimes it definitely felt like he was running *out* of that patience.

On *this* day, though? He felt like *he* was the ridiculous one. “**A-And so... Using these...**” The brown haired boy was holding a *pair of Eris mother's underwear*. It wasn't by choice. Her mom had intentionally given them to him for today's magic lesson, but he could tell from the disgusted look on Eris' face that she wasn't buying it. Especially when she had been handed a pair of Rudeus' mother's panties. “**...Look, it's not my fault! You mom wanted me to teach you about doll copy magic, and you need an item that belongs to them!**”

“Jiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” The sound and the narrowed eyes that the red-headed girl was making it him as she roughly held his own mother’s undergarments signaled what he had feared. Even though she’d *seen* her mom hand these items to them, she still thought Rudeus was a *pervert*. It didn’t help that this wasn’t a magic that even he himself was confident in casting. Still, he had to do as he advised while they used Eris’ bedroom. He coughed as a means of recomposing himself.



He held out the panties in his left hand, and thankfully Eris copied the gesture. Good. At least she was still going to listen during the lesson if anything. It took a few minutes for them to go over the basics and cast the spell, but ultimately? Nothing happened. **“You suck at this.”** Eris had been quick to seize on this failure to mock him. It was annoying, but she *was* a kid.

“...Let me consult with your mother.” Seeing no other option, he chose to use *that* excuse to slip out of Eris’ room. It had been Hilda’s suggestion to teach her this spell for some reason and even gave a young boy her underwear to accomplish it. Was there some reason behind it? He had to wonder as he walked down the hall, but ended up pausing as the undergarments he was holding began to *glow*? **“Wait, is the spell activating?”** But why *now*? Magic didn’t typically have activation delays like that.

The boy had *thought* to drop them, but he wasn’t even afforded the chance to do so. They just *disappeared* from his hands, leaving him momentarily stunned. **“Where did they go!?”** They hadn’t disappeared to create a copy of Hilda, because he was still alone in the hallway. But the truth behind this was very... *bizarre*. He didn’t realize because his shorts were so tight, but they had *entirely* replaced his boys’ boxers. Even so, those panties were still much too big for a young lad.

“I guess that’s something else to ask Hilda about...” Rudeus grumbled to himself but ended up lingering on that thought for a little longer than he had expected. *Why would I tell myself? Or, no... My name isn’t Hilda!* He was thinking of someone else, right! Another woman named ‘Hilda’? Hadn’t he known *exactly* who he was thinking about a second ago? Why was a face no longer coming to mind?

And yet, something even stranger had begun to happen to his *appearance*. The roots of the boy’s sandy blonde hair showed signs of *darkening*, not towards a darker blonde or even brown, but to a *red* that was darker than Eris’ fierier hue. This color not only pushed throughout the *full* length of the hair atop his head, but once it was fully darkened?

His locks soon *cascaded* past his shoulders until they reached the center of his back. With bangs now swept to the right, this changed hair would retain its positional length to always reach the center of Rudeus' back. Even if he somehow... *grew*. But that wasn't in the cards for him *just* yet.

Despite turning his head, the boy hardly even noticed the additional weight that came with each motion courtesy of this hair. It was getting hard to think just in *general*. He couldn't quite remember where he had been going or what he was doing. So many thing about himself that he should have been able to remember with perfect clarity just *didn't* come to him anymore, which made it all the easier for things to change dramatically without him noticing.

How could you question if things were different if you had no recollection of what they had been like before?

Being a child at the age he presently was, Rudeus appeared quite androgynous normally and his 'gender' was more or less defined by his fashion and hairstyle since little else had yet to develop in terms of his build. But now that his hair was longer? That impression *was* skewed a little more towards the feminine. Yet there were likewise indicators in his face. The boy's lips were a little puffier, his nose a little smaller, and the *shape* of that face narrower. There was some resemblance to Eris, actually, though his eyes darkened to a darker red than hers – essentially the same shade as his new hair.

But this was where it became more certain. *Her* eyes had darkened to the same red as *her* hair. Rudeus' sex had changed, but because she was young it more or less went unnoticed aside from expression a little shudder. “**Is something wrong? Am I sick?**” Had the girl's mind not been muddled, she probably would have thought more critically about the potential issues. But she couldn't even remember magic *existed* anymore.

“**Hm?**” It was becoming more difficult for her deny that something *was* wrong, however, fading memories or not. She could hardly deny a sensation that felt as if her clothing was trying to *strangle* her entire, tiny body. And the cause *wasn't* the outfit itself, but instead the *body* it was all wrapped around. The girl couldn't have anticipated the cause of this, that her body might be *growing*, and growing a significant amount.

This growth was very *clearly* tied to her *age*, too. As she began to look a little *too* small for clothes that were digging into her skin, she groaned. Her already swollen lips seemed even thicker now, her nose sharper, and her cheeks thinner as baby fat slowly drained away. She appeared

more like a *teenager* within moments, and that was *already* enough for the sound of cloth tearing to echo throughout the hall. **“Ngh!”**

The sound of Rudeus’ voice was deeper now as she groaned. Her height had surpassed the five foot mark, and as a result the child-sized shorts she was wearing had been hoisted up to fully show off her thighs. Thighs that, in tandem, were *clearly* swelling thicker. Fat padded them to round them, but it also bled into her *ass* as well. Before long, her cheeks were forcing the fabric to tear so that widening hips could push through. But by that point? She already looked to be *at least* eighteen years old.

Her facial features sharpened further as she entered adulthood. Vertically? Her height was now around 5’3”, and her lower body had *exploded* through the shorts she was wearing. Tatters fell, which would normally expose a completely bare, heart-shaped ass. But the red panties that had mysteriously gone missing now hugged her rump and crotch fittingly. She idly kicked off shoes that her feet were now *far* too big for, too.

5’6” now. The vertical growth that the *woman* experienced was beginning to slow. **“What am I... *wearing?*”** She could hardly remember anything at all now. Not about a past life *nor* her future one. But she could tell the scraps of cloth that were digging into her skin where they didn’t tear right off were *wrong*. Because they didn’t fit. She wielded longer, bonier fingers with lengthened nails to slid under the cloth of her shirt and pull, helping tear it away. She *had* to.

Because her chest was *swelling* at an alarming rate. 5’9”. This was where her growth spurt stopped, and by this point her face resembled that of a woman in her *early thirties*. But the fullness of her lips *paled* in comparison to the fullness of what had been forcing its way through the fabric of her top: tits. Freshly conceived breasts that had grown fuller and fuller as the woman had aged.

Her cleavage deepened, pushing the shirt forward and lifting it from the bottom. This had been part of the issue, but the other was that her shoulders and torso had been widening as she grew and aged too. It hadn’t taken long for the shirt to tear, tits growing into G-cups that had clearly been burdened by childbirth at some point – just as the stretch marks around her tummy now indicated too. She was only able to let a sigh of relief escape when she *finally* pulled the last scrap of excess cloth off of her body.

Leaving a gorgeous, red-headed woman standing there in only a pair of panties.

“I... My name is Hilda Boreas Greyrat, but...” For some reason the tall, voluptuous woman could not remember much more than her name. Her past as *Hilda Boreas Greyrat* was a blur to her, and she couldn’t even *fathom* a reality where she had been a young boy – much less one that had been reincarnated from another world. The spell *had* managed to create a *copy* of Hilda, but the catalysts used had been enchanted to cause this very problem.



Rather than forging a doll? The panties absorbed the magic and cast them onto the next person that held them. The *real* Hilda Boreas Greyrat had caught wind of a tragic future that would be in store for her, and so she had seen it fit to create a *body double*. **“I vaguely recognize these halls, but I cannot seem to place the reason why. Do I live here?”** Everything but her memories was identical to the real deal. Her appearance, outfit, demeanor, and personality alike. It was the perfect plan.

But because Eris would undoubtedly learn of what happened to her tutor, she unfortunately had to sacrifice her own daughter in the process.



Not seeing a reason to hold onto something so *weird* any longer now that Rudeus had left, Eris tossed the underwear of her aunt onto her bed. **“Gross...”** That had all been very *strange*. She may have been a young girl, but even she could tell that this wasn’t a normal exercise. Was her mother plotting something against Rudeus again? Not that *she* cared, but if it was going to impede the studies she didn’t even *want* to participate in, then that was annoying.

Thinking she could just mess around until her tutor returned, she moved to pick up a toy sword from her shelf. Yet, her attention was drawn back to her bed before she could do so. Something was *glowing*. **“Th-The underwear!?”** Eris could scarcely believe her eyes! The huge pair of underwear (at least compared to what she was) was glowing brightly! Their white glow filled the room, and when that light dissipated?

The panties were gone. “**E-Eh?**” The child didn’t know what to make of *that*. But much like her cousin, she didn’t realize that they had simply been *moved* underneath her own skirt. She was wearing them, but they were being held in place by her tights. “**Where did they go? Did the spell work!?**” But there wasn’t a copy of her aunt in the room. At least not *yet*.

Eris didn’t need to wait very long *after* that to realize that something was amiss. “**Maybe I should go and ask... ask... Eh?**” Her intention had been to mention Rudeus by name. He *was* her tutor, so her thinking was that he’d have some answers for her. But all of a sudden? His name was just *gone*. She couldn’t remember it. But she couldn’t really remember *anyone*. “**D-Did I know someone who could help?**” Evidently, her intended fate included the same amnesiac status as the Hilda clone’s.

Unlike Rudeus, Eris didn’t exactly need to undergo a sex change first. She’d been born female, and that wasn’t going to change via what awaited her. Perhaps that was the reason that her own transformation did unfold in the exact same way. In fact, it was her *height* that was affected first. “**Eh?**” And she certainly wasn’t far-gone enough *just yet* for it to go completely unnoticed.

Even then, it was different from Rudeus’ growth spurt. Maturity didn’t compound upon her figure *as* she grew, and instead the small girl sprung up like a spring chicken without any of the extra benefits. “**Whoa!?**” Still, she grew a *lot*. She was closer to the 4’ mark than the 5’ one initially, and she ascended *well* over a foot before this growth came to a halt. Her pants hardly became shorts, and her tunic was lifted so high that you could see the base of her tummy... on a body that was now 5’5”.

“**I-I’m so tall...**” The girl’s voice cracked, momentarily deepening but evidently not committing to staying at that lower pitch *just yet*. This wasn’t *that* surprising when she appeared more like a *very tall* child than anything still. But her body’s figure *would* even out to suit its taller stature with time. It was just that in the interim, the things that made Eris, well, *Eris* were being compromised. It would have been wrong to say that she wasn’t still resembling a Greyrat. Just not one from her mother’s side.

Take the girl’s hair, for example. The bright red of their locks was lightening, and yet not to pink or any shade even *vaguely* resembling a red. It was a *blonde* that became dominant instead, and blonder strands regressed in length until they only reached her shoulders. These hairs were a little coarser and naturally messier – and the ahoge that sprung

up on her head's top was reminiscent of the one on her *tutor's* head – with bangs parted in the center of her forehead.

Eris *finally* began to age. But it *still* wasn't done with any consistency. “**Wh-What now?**” The deeper and sweeter sound to her voice finally stuck, but only because her *face* was finally succumbing to the spell she had cursed herself with. Bright red eyes came awash with a bright blue while her eyelids widened, rounded, and were blessed with lengthier eyelashes in kind beneath now blonde eyebrows. Her nose grew longer, and her lips puffed up. But the face of her shape as a whole was more angular, with the wear attributed to age clear upon her skin.

But... she looked more like Rudeus than herself, despite looking like a woman in her late 20s. She looked like *Rudeus' mom*.

“**I wish I could remember... anything.**” Did her body look different? Was it supposed to appear a different way? With no memories to the contrary, she couldn't really say one way or the other, not even as it *continued* to change before her very eyes. The rest of her body was finally catching up with her previous growth spurt. Her hands and feet grew, but they also became more scarred and calloused than Hilda's – as if to suggest she'd lived a harder life. Her shoulders *and* hips swung out, and even her waist broadened until it was indicative of a heartier lifestyle. One that had *also* birthed a child, if the stretch marks around her tummy were any indication.

This was all accompanied by the beginning of the tearing sounds. Her hips had broken through the waistband of her pants, and now *more* tears were formulating as her ass and thighs *swelled* to provide Eris with the meat her build suggested she should have. Her expanding thighs absolutely *obliterated* what remained of ill-fitted pant legs, while her burgeoning ass split the back so that the plain, white women's panties she had unknowingly been dressed in were forced into view. “**This feels a little uncomfortable!**”

As Hilda had, this woman became hyperaware of the oddity of her outfit just as her transformation entered its final stage. She bent forward to help pull off everything below the waist *except* her panties but found herself with additional work when she stood up straight with a little more effort than necessary. Her small breasts had grown in ways that forced the upper clasps of her tunic to unhook, but they were also tearing through the undershirt with swollen nipples leading the charge. They didn't grow to the same size as her (ex)-mother's, but these F-cups were still incredibly notable.

All the more so after the few moments it took to *rip* off all the clothing she had been wearing above the waist.

Zenith Greyrat had found herself in the exact same situation as Hilda's doppelganger. She stood in Eris' room with no memories beyond her name, her head groggy but ripe to be imprinted upon by whomever got hold of her first. But at least her panties fit her now? Though she had no idea what she was going to do about the *rest* of her outfit. "**Oh my! How did I end up here? Where even is here though? And where was I supposed to be in the first place?**" It was really a jarring new reality from her perspective.



The truth of the matter was that the real Zenith would undergo a number of trials of her own in the future. The real Hilda hadn't been aware of this and had only created her to tie up any loose ends surrounding her own doppelganger. She'd inadvertently created a potential solution for Zenith's fate as well, though. "**I thought I heard someone's voice in here. I know you...**"

Zenith hadn't even heard the door open, but there was now a beautiful redhead with a sizable (and bare!) bosom standing in the doorway. She was struck with a similar sentiment, that she'd met this person before. She really *was* beautiful. It was causing her heart to beat a little faster. "**And I feel like I know you as well. I just cannot recall...**" It really was *only* her name in that head of hers. A name, and how she should be acting. "**But maybe we could get to know one another?**"

This was how to two ended up learning that they were in the same situation. They both had amnesia, but they also shared a surname? It wasn't until one of Hilda's maidservants found them and took them into hiding that they learned a little about their fates. Not about who they had been, but the roles they had been given. They had no choice but to accept those roles in the end, for obedience had been programmed into them.

But that didn't stop them from forming a fairly *intimate* relationship between themselves that was all their own. Their plans, ultimately, were to escape the destinies that had been put forth for them before it was too late.