

A MOTHER MOTHERING

FIRST PERSON STORY

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“What’s her problem, anyways!?”

It wasn’t exactly unusual for there to be friction between yourself and other people. In fact, you could say it was a fundamental aspect of the entire living experience. There was no perfect world where you could get along with everyone, and no amount of kindness or generosity would change that. Even if you were a perfect, upstanding citizen, there would certainly be someone that would take an issue with you for *that* reason as well.

Admittedly though, the disagreement that had sparked this mumbling under my breath was *not* over something so grandiose. It also was with someone I’d bickered with plenty in the past: my own mother. A mother and son arguing *definitely* wasn’t an uncommon occurrence in society. There would definitely be hundreds of mother and son pairs, if not more, arguing in real time while you read this.

Typically, whenever I argued with my mom over the phone it wasn’t over anything *actually* important. She was concerned about me living on my own and all that, but I was an *adult* and had been for a long time. She had simply been nitpicking my living habits and, while I’d remained amicable, I also got a little defensive which led to a more barbed exchange. I’d muttered that comment under my breath the moment I hung up.

“I wish she could see things my way, just once...” With the conversation finished, I stood up from the bed I’d been sitting on to talk to her and headed out into my kitchen. I didn’t know that my conversation had been *listened in on*, nor that the same person that had

been eavesdropping had heard that ‘wish’ of mine. Not that I’d intended on it being an *actual* wish, I’d just phrased it that way! All I wanted was a snack and a glass of water. I probably could have guessed who might have been spying on me...

**WHY SHOULD YOUR MOTHER HAVE TO
UNDERSTAND YOU AND NOT THE OTHER WAY
AROUND? BUT WE CAN FIX THAT!**

“**Huh!?**” But she’d tampered with my memories. Otherwise, I would have instantly recognized her disembodied voice. “**Who’s there!? What do you mean by that!?**” Had someone planted a speaker in my kitchen somewhere? That *sounded* plausible, aside from the fact that it would involve someone breaking into my apartment... which I absolutely *hoped* was not the case.

I wasn’t given the answer I’d expected. I wasn’t given an answer at *all* aside from some cute giggling from... wherever the speaker was. She *sounded* like a young girl, but voice modification was definitely a possibility if they were a criminal or something. “**Hello?**” The laughter stopped, but she didn’t reply. Instead? The moment the giggling ended, my body began to feel very... *warm*.

There was a brief moment of peace where nothing else appeared to happen. Or, at least, that was how *I* had perceived it. But what was happening was simply something that I had yet to catch onto just yet. The normal colored irises within my eyes had been brightening to an *unnatural* color: a shimmering gold with irises inverting themselves to an almost eerie *white*. Which was, naturally, a color that was *not* normal for a pair of human eyes. I didn’t even notice that my vision had been repaired to 20/20, and that the frames on my glasses had been replaced with fake ones.

What *was* more ‘normal’ comparatively was the color of my hair. It had begun as a regular darker color, but a golden blonde quickly dyed it all. Not only the hair atop my head, but my eyebrows, pubes, and *all* of my body hair. Or, well, what *remained* of it. As a man, I’d naturally been somewhat hairy. *No longer*, because the hair on my body all thinned until it practically wasn’t there at all, revealing skin that was softer, smoother, and blemish free. Even the stretch marks around my distended gut were *gone*. Which was odd, since my stomach *was* still stretched at that point.

You could understand why I hadn’t quite taken notice of any of these things. A warmth flowing through my body wouldn’t naturally explain any of that away, so why would I have even checked? No, it wasn’t until

something *much* more extreme occurred that I finally took notice. “**H-Huh!?**” A sudden lurch finally disturbed my unwilling ignorance. I stumbled back thanks to a sensation akin to being punched in the gut, but it led to my *pants slipping off* and my *shirt feeling unnaturally baggy*? It wasn’t until I recovered and looked down that it struck me as to *why* that was.

Even if it didn’t make any sense. “**Wait... a minute. What?**” My hands immediately flew down to touch my belly. A belly that was *considerably* flatter than it had been before. I could feel the slightest bit of remaining squishiness to it, like I had a very slight *paunch*, but it was a massive improvement from the weight I’d once carried. Even my face, chest, butt, and thighs had all shrunk down to much more manageable and healthy levels.

My mind wandered back to what that disembodied voice had said. I was a *little* panicked, but nothing had happened to me that I’d *noticed* thus far was especially concerning. What was wrong with being *healthier*? But unbeknownst to me, my mind was beginning to function in a much more *analytical* way. “**And not the other way *around*? Was she saying I should understand my *mother*?**”

I definitely heard the occasional strain in my voice that made it sound more *effeminate*. It became more common of a phenomenon as the warmth I felt focused on my face, seemingly stimulating changes that leaned *into* the voice malfunctions. My lips pursed as they bloated into a supple, glossy heart-shape that bore the slightest passive smirk, drawing attention away from a nose that grew a touch longer at the cost of my nostrils narrowing. My thinned cheeks smoothed until they were more angular, and my golden eyes *widened* a tad. What was more impressive about them was how my eyelashes fluttered longer.

Naturally, my glasses had to adjust to the new shape of my face. In the process, their frames thinned into wires.

“**...Does that mean I’m becoming a *woman*? How curious.**” Was that the reaction I *should* have had? Likely not, but there was a growing part of me that far more *curious* than it was concerned. Hyperaware of the fact that I was changing now, I naturally noticed that my hair, which *had* been nice and short, had begun to spill down my shoulders and back. “**Two things are happening simultaneously this time? Interesting.**”

As I had noticed, it wasn’t *just* my hair changing at that moment. It was still growing *and* thickening, reaching well past my butt within a matter of seconds. But its reach was made easier by what was being altered simultaneously: my *height*. I was a tall man that was almost six feet tall,

but I could *feel* my skin tightening and my bones shortening as I gradually dipped down to 5'7" – which wasn't very tall for a man, but it was fairly tall for a woman.

"Mmn...!? Oh, well there it is, I suppose..." Rather than *squirm* when I felt my genitalia soften away into a flaccid putty that ultimately concaved into what would become a *woman's* loins instead, I raised a hand to adjust my glasses. It was only then that I noticed my hands, that my fingers were longer and my palms were slimmed. Even my nails had been curated into a neat little manicure. I could only assume that the feet still hidden within the pile of my clothes had suffered a similar fate.

Even though my sex had just changed, I was no longer panicked by it. It was a unique experience that few people could speak to having. A part of me wanted to jot down my feelings on it, like they would be important research notes later. But unfortunately, walking was rendered a little difficult, so I wouldn't be able to reach a notepad. My hips were widening away from a narrowed waist, presenting me with a vague hourglass figure.

I could tell that my transformation had entered its final phase, and if I had become a woman biologically then I could predict what was going to come next. **"As expected..."** There was next to no delay between my loins undergoing their shift and the area surrounding it burgeoning with a woman's weight. It wasn't an *unpleasant* weight, and in fact it was the farthest thing from it. My thighs simply found themselves graced with newfound padding, bloating until they were soft, and made better use of my widened hips. It wasn't until the cheeks of my ass swelled into a heart shape that it became visually striking just *how* wide my hips had become.

And that enthusiasm was shared with my bosom. I adjusted my glasses once more in an attempt to stop myself from *touching* what was swelling upon my chest. *I shouldn't conduct myself inappropriately in a space I share with my child.* It was a thought that natural prompted the question: **"Wait, a child?"** Well, the voice *had* implied I would see things the way my 'mother' did, so that would require me being a mother *with* a child. I could tell that something was vaguely off with my memories. I'd just been so focused on my body that I hadn't noticed them... shifting. It helped that they all felt unusually *natural*.

Just as natural as my *tits*. I was certainly developing a mother's body. Child-bearing hips, a supple rump, and now my overly baggy shirt was being hoisted up by a pair of *G-cup* breasts with nipples bigger than my eyes. Considering their size, and the fact that I was still an adult woman past her physical prime, it was no surprise that my breasts sagged

towards my stomach a little. “**If only I had a change of— Oh!**” My concerns were tackled almost immediately.

My clothes, both the shirt still on my back and the pants and boxers pooled beneath me, suddenly scattered into orbs of golden light. The sexy body of a woman in her thirties went bare for just a moment before the orbs *converged* against my flesh, forming a completely new outfit. A black pencil skirt straddled my hips, tight enough to show off the shape of my hips and ass overtop black tights and fashionable, black boots. I could tell I was wearing a woman’s undergarments.

And that applied to panties *and* a bra. My weighty bosom wasn’t burdened as much, and it was covered by a golden turtleneck sweater and a white lab coat that hung off my shoulders. Accessories were plentiful, like leather gloves upon my hands, a belt around my waist, and a black and gold headband in my hair. It was a modern, functional outfit, and it was *familiar*. How had it taken my that long to realize I had become a *Servant*? Her name even came to mind when I considered my own identity.

“**Is this what that voice meant? Rather than my mother understanding me... I’ve become a mother myself?**” As *Demeter*, a Servant from Fate / Grand Order based on the Greek Goddess of the same name, I *did* feel a little more sympathetic to my mother’s point of view. “**Well, what mother wouldn’t worry about her child? She’s probably right to be concerned about me, especially when I haven’t given her any assurances that I’m doing okay.**”



I paced around the kitchen for a moment before doing what I’d entered it to do in the first place. I took out a frying pan, oiled it, and cracked some eggs before masterfully committing to all of the steps needed to make an omelette. I knew *how* to make one before, but I felt much more *confident* in my skills now for some reason. “**Well, I suppose now that I’m effectively a mother, I have all of a mother’s skills?**”

That sounded right. Which reminded me as the omelette cooked. “**Miss Disembodied Voice? Are you still there? What am I going to do about the rest of my... life?**” The girl hadn’t responded, but my *memories* ended up answering my own question. Flashes of a life where I’d been Demeter all alone came to mind. Life as a girl, as someone who fell in love and had a child, and then as someone that was divorced. A shame, but it allowed me to look for new love!

After all, my little girl needed a new father... or second mother! I wasn’t necessarily picky about which way it went. “**Ah well! I suppose it doesn’t matter, does it? If no one is going to question why I am the way I am... Why not live like this? I’m prettier and have a more fulfilling life!**” I was even working as a well-paid engineer, thus my stylistic choices in my clothing! Which reminded me...

“**Oh, after eat, I should check my work e-mails!**” I was home for the day, which meant I’d be able to spend time with my daughter when she got home from school! Little did I know that this daughter would *actually* be the one who had transformed me in the first place *pretending* to be my child. Had she just wanted to be pampered? I probably would have done so either way!