

MOTHER: UPSIZED

MAY 2021 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Iona wasn't really sure how she had ended up in this situation.

The Viera odd-jobber had been asked to escort a carriage that supposedly was carrying farming goods from Ul'Dah to Horizon. The pay was extremely handsome for just how simple of a job it was on paper, but perhaps that should have been her first sign that this job wasn't exactly what it seemed. Likewise, why were they transporting such mundane things in the dead of night?

But they'd come under attack from what she assumed to be bandits. The driver had been killed and Iona herself had a blade pointed at her throat while forced to ride alongside the thieves, who were rooting through the boxes in search of something. They were getting increasingly agitated the longer they couldn't find it, and eventually turned their attention back to the rabbit.

“Hey! Where the hell is it!? You were riding this thing, so you gotta know, right!?” She could feel the cold steel pressing up against her throat, chin raised to prolong receiving any cuts sooner than possible. Fortunately, he seemed to pull the blade back, recognizing that she couldn't answer.

The carriage was riding beside a deep ravine now, and a sudden pothole shook it, knocking the few bandits riding with her in the back off balance. Iona took this as her chance. She'd seen it, a dull glow under the passenger seat across from her. So, with her speed as a Viera she leaped from her own chair and lunged forward, grabbing whatever was on the underside and leaping off the transport's side.

And she immediately regretted it.

Unbeknownst to her, the carriage had been riding so close to the edge of the ravine that there was no ground for her to land on, only what looked to be a bottomless darkness that she was now plunging into. **“I’m going to die, huh?”** It was the only thought she could manage to say aloud as she plummeted face first downwards at a high velocity. Yet, the impact never came.

Wincing, she peeled open one eye, and then the next. She was floating? Several feet off the ground, with her orientation being corrected until she was upright. She was quite honestly in disbelief, but things made more sense when she noticed the teal light glowing in the hand, she’d clutched whatever item those thieves had been looking for.

It was an idol of some sort? It was shaped like a woman with gigantic horns. There certainly wasn’t any resemblance to any monster she’d ever seen. **“How am I floating? What’s going on? I thought…”** She had thought that she was going to die. Yet here she was, now watching cracks begin to form inside the idol she was grasping. Little by little it cracked, before a brighter light shone from between those cracks, and...

It exploded.

Iona flinched, afraid of the likelihood of fragments exploding into her face. They had, and in fact had burrowed deep with her body in its entirety – but there was no pain, and there were no wounds. All the Viera knew in that moment was that a dull warmth had taken root within her *womb* of all places. And it felt... It felt quite nice.

For only a moment. Because while the depths of her womb retained this comfort, the rest of her body? It suddenly burned with a searing pain that might as well have been true hell. **“Guh... GAAAH!? AAAAH!? WHAT’S...!?”** As it ramped up, she couldn’t hold back the screams of agony that seized her. At times she felt like she was going to pass out, and at others she really wished she had. The pain forced her position while floating to throw both arms and legs out to the sides with her head craned back, making it rather difficult for her to see that something was happening to her flesh and bone.

The Viera’s skin was, under normal circumstances, a dark and rich brown. It had been that way since her birth, and she had expected it would *always* be that way. An expectation that had now been shattered, for speckles of porcelain white had appeared across her flesh in droves, numbers multiplying at a concerning rate that ultimately resulted in her original skin color resembling speckles against pale skin up until the

moment it was fully overwritten itself. This made it hard to tell that the white facial markings she typically sported had been removed at the same time.

In general, the lightening of colors appeared to be a trending phenomenon across the woman's exterior. The hair atop her head and even the fur of her ears, normally a dark blue-purple, lighten into a more pastel offering of the ocean's blue. On the other hand, a very supernatural glow took hold of the woman's eyes. They shone brighter and brighter, a hot pink that was of an almost mesmerizing quality ultimately overtaking her original eye color. The blue of her eyebrows even thickened, giving them a pleasantly bushy appeal.

“STOP! STOP IIIIIT!” The pain did not subside, and even though it had been a minute at best, for Iona felt like it had persisted for an eternity. In all fairness, it was because her ego was undergoing an assault not different from what was happening to her body. She didn't understand where it had come from. This... *urge*. It wasn't a thought, but an instinct – something fundamental that she couldn't seem to rationalize away.

She wanted to *nurture*.

Raw as the instinct was, at the time this desire wasn't directed at anything in particular. She just felt like, maybe, she had been created for the purpose of both creating and nurturing. The desire was so strong that it was muddling not only her memories, but even her perception of her sense of self. Already, chunks of her past were finding themselves chiseled free of her memory.

Externally, things were taking a turn for the... *sexy*? Subjectively speaking, there was nothing inherently sexy about a woman wreathing in pain. But the continued alterations to her body's shape made her appear far more arousing to the eye. One could not simply ignore the fact that her bosom was swelling in a spectacular fashion, forcing the material of her top to fray in a way that breasts eventually spilled forth. Not that Iona herself noticed, considering how much pain and discomfort she was *already* in.

Even as the cloth from her top fluttered to the far away ground in tatters, her tits continued to expand to greater heights. They pulsated as fat, and perhaps even milk, gathered within – almost coinciding with the maternal desires that were formulating themselves within her very core. Before long they were roughly E-cups in size, cherry sized (*and colored*) nipples standing erect.

If the sensual shapeliness of a mother was what was being aimed for her, than no expense was spared below her waist either. On the whole, Iona's height appeared to have dipped to around something more acceptable for a Hyur, but the length and shapeliness that redefined her legs was still bombastic in its own way. A pleasant sheen ran across the flesh of each limb, fat seeing thighs thicken and hips widened to proportions that might bear a child with relative ease. This was to say nothing of an ass that took the thickness of her thighs and put them to shame, ballooning with a great vigor and shredding her shorts... a vigor soon concealed by her *hair* of all things.

Already blue as could be, the Viera's mane had been gradually lengthening as her body transitioned. Not only long, but increasingly thick and soft, it fluttered out in every direction and dangled even past her feet before long. At the sides it looked to be braiding itself around invisible ornaments, long and thick, but just what were they meant to be resting beneath?

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGH! AAAAAAAAAA!” As if to provide an answer, a new pain atop the woman's head accompanied a muffling of her hearing. This made it difficult for her to hear that her screams were becoming more melodic, almost as if she were singing. Still, this pain and the subsequent pressure had a very notable cause.

Her rabbit ears had been yanked slightly down from her head's peak in either direction, and her hearing was impeded by the obvious sight of their bases feeling with what appeared to be a hard, dark green substance. It rose up from the depths of these ears until she was entirely deaf, and in layers it spewed up with great heft, hardening into spiny horns that curved out to the sides several times, hooking in towards her thighs like a distorted goat's horns.

Green and spiny, gold zigzagged among them while golden crystals formed near their bases. The appeared, and *were*, excessively heavy. But Iona's body was physically preparing itself to support them with how her muscles appeared to ripple. Of course, the braids of her long hair were nestled just below them, finally explaining the gap that had been left.

Above her big rear, a tail with a green not wholly unlike that of her horns too slithered out, lashing from side to side as she floated there. Iona thought little of gaining an extra appendage. But, then again, she thought extraordinarily little in general by this point.

Deaf and disoriented, for just a few moments she was left with little more than pain and her own thoughts. Thoughts that Iona found to be becoming simpler and simpler. She couldn't remember much. Her

childhood? Did she have one? Her race? She was a...? Rather than information about what she'd once been, there were instead impulses. Instincts that might guide a monster to hunt and reproduce, with just the slightest bit of reason buried deep within.

“**AAAAAAAAAAAA!**” The pain was dying out finally, and this time she could hear the song of her own screams with thanks to the pointed ears that had formed in front of either horn at the side of her head. It all became more bearable, and fundamentally? She understood now that she could only ~~scream~~ *sing* to express herself. Body still bare, she had inexplicably begun to grow, her waifish size looking all the more intimidating as her figure swelled proportionately to herself, but not to the world.

The ravine Iona had fallen into was deep, but after just half a minute of growth her height rested at the point halfway to its peak. “**AAAAAA!**” The beast's song was so powerful now that it shook trees and stone alike, and with her mouth wide it was easy to see how her teeth had grown razor sharp, just as fingers and toes had adopted claws. It wasn't until her height peaked, head over the top of the ravine, that her pupils turned white and were pulled out into X-shapes, and loosely fit teal garments found their way only across her arms, hairless pussy, and legs.

Before she'd bellow her loudest song yet, one enough to cast all airborne monsters to the ground through sound alone, her womb burned intensely one last time. Four winged markings of blue began to glow around her belly button, a fifth spin just below. These were the markings of the Earth mother herself.

“**AAAAAAAAAAAA!**”



The draconic giantess, her ability to speak in a human tongue now completely stolen from her, cried out in song as she towered out and over the edge of the ravine she'd just fallen into moments before. She held reason in her mind, yet something much more instinctual had taken hold. There was a

desire to copulate, to give birth to as many children as she possible could.

But such was the fragile existence of the Beast, Tiamat.

This wasn't the instinct that had driven her to rise above the ravine's edge, however. Pink eyes immediately homed in on a carriage riding off a short way away. Impossible for a normal person to catch on foot, it was still possible for Tiamat as she was now in terms of size to grab it with her own hand. But she didn't. She made a fist and *crushed the transport*, killing all of the thieves with the weight of her hand alone.

She could remember being almost dying because of them, even her memories otherwise were null and void. Her instincts as a monster dictated revenge, and so revenge had been carried out. Content, she pulled on her powers to locate the sea, where she would dwell within in the future.

Waiting. Creating. How many children would be necessary to consume this world? Would a threat be summoned to prevent her? Tiamat hardly weighed such things as she dipped beneath the waves. Such concerns would be dealt with if they arose, considering how powerful she was.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!”