

REVERSE UNO CARD

BIWEEKLY STORY #104

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Why don’t we start without him, Miss Anya?”

An awkward silence had fallen over the kitchen table at the Forger home that evening, one fueled by confused disappointment on behalf of the child that was sitting across from the mother, her gaze lowered downward. In between the two? A deck of cards that the mother had picked up at the flea market for a game called ‘Uno’. It was one that the mother, Yor, remembered playing with her brother when they were kids.

So why not play it with Anya and Loid? That had been the logic that had led to this evening. The three of them were a false family in every sense of the term, but that didn’t mean that they couldn’t participate in actual family activities! In fact, it seemed like the three of them had been doing so more and more as of late. **“He’ll be home soon, and he can join in when he gets here!”**

The positive mood that had been built up to the game session had quickly been dashed by Loid though. Or his absence, at least. He was supposed to be home already and it seemed like he was running behind. Which was rare, but it *did* happen. Anya usually distracted herself by watching television in the meantime, but she had been so excited to play the game, she was sulking. **“But...”** The girl still seemed hesitant.

Since they had never played before though, that gave Yor an idea. **“Oh, I know! How about I show you all the different cards and tell you how they work? I don’t think Mister Loid has played before, so you’ll have an advantage against him when we play!”** The assassin was surprisingly quick when it came to improving

Anya's mood, but maybe that was to be expected seeing as she had basically raised her little brother.

“O-Okay!” Anya's spirits were immediately lifted, and her imagination turned rampant. She could get her papa to beg for mercy when they played if she knew more than him, right!? Maybe she could get him to give her an extra dessert!? The thought was tantalizing, and it led to a mischievous smile upon her face. Yor just thought she happy in general, though.

The mother hummed to herself a moment as she began to go through the deck and pull out all of the unnumbered cards. Those were the most important ones, if she could recall. But upon pulling one out? She accidentally sent it flying, the green card turned face up on the table directly between them. Both the mother and the daughter reached for it at the same time, and as fingers grazed overtop of it? A jolt of what they *thought* was static electricity was exchanged between them.

“WAH!?” It had evidently startled Anya, because she got down from the kitchen table and ran off into her bedroom as Yor called after her. She did have a habit of overreacting to unprompted stimuli once in a while, though the assassin couldn't have known it was because she had been raised in a research facility.

“I hope she comes back soon...” Yor stared down at the card that had caused the issue. The *Reverse* card?



Anya, having retreated into her bedroom, wasn't sure why she had run off like that so suddenly. **“I should go apologize to Mama...”** But after a few minutes, she finally recomposed herself to return – or at least until she was composed enough for a small child. The zap really *had* reminded her of some of the unpleasant tests at the facility, but that hadn't been entirely it.

Something about that zap had left Anya with a bad feeling.

Even now it lingered, prompting her to hesitate on returning to her mother's side. Her face felt strangely warm. Was she sick? If that was the case then she absolutely *shouldn't* have returned to her mother, right? She didn't want to make Yor sick as well! But then how would she get food!? *I could make something myself, like I always do.* Oh, right! Of course, just like she always— **“Eh?”**

This was wrong of course. Anya's cooking experience was limited, as she was only a small child after all. So the fact that she'd felt so confident

about her cooking skills so suddenly? That was a little weird! It wasn't like she was an adult! No sooner than *that* thought had crossed her mind, though? "**Geh!?**" Another strange sound escaped Anya's lips, arms shooting out to the sides of her body as she looked somewhat stiff. She'd just had a really *weird* feeling.

"Wait a second..." The girl's green eyes squinted. Not at anything particular, but she was just staring off into the void of her bedroom. She spent a lot of time in there, and so she knew how everything should have looked – including how *big* everything should have been. And yet? Everything looked smaller! Her had whipped around from side to side frantically. "**What!? What!? WHAAAAT!?**" She was supposed to be smaller than her bed, yet now she was eye level with it? Given a few more seconds she was peering *over* it. Anya was understandably confused.

But it had yet to occur to her that the room wasn't getting smaller regardless of how understandable it was that this might have been her takeaway. The truth? She was getting *bigger* and, as she did? *Older*. Already her body was around the age of eight or nine, height significantly higher and her proportions evolving to better suit a girl of her age. Yet at the same time? Her uniform evolved with her, becoming one suitable of a girl attending the same school of her age. This trend continued for the time being.

"H-Huh!? I'm in middle school!?" Her age slid up to twelve, and with it her height crossed the threshold of 4' and began to barrel towards the 5' mark. Anya's eyes flickered as matured found them, but she quickly found herself grappling with the fact that it was just as much a mental ordeal as it was a physical one. She could mentally recall herself as the age she was, with memories of things like attending middle school with her peers, with hitting puberty, and the like.

And puberty certainly came on fast. As she barreled up into her late teens, she was already around the height of 5'5" and had developed a figure that was, well, fairly normal? But compared to how small of a child she was, her B-cup bosom and perky bum were quite significant. Even more so, they were highlighted by the tight fit of her uniform that seemed to be designed to *highlight* these features.

"I... graduated? With honors? But did I really go to school?" The young woman shook her head as her body and clothing changed further, adulthood quickly reflected in her facial features as the maturity of a woman in her thirties promptly overwhelmed the youth she had possessed just minutes prior. It could also be seen in her breasts, ass, and thighs were flesh sagged slightly. And her clothing? Gone was her uniform, a loose blue dress now hugging her. "**I'm a *mom*?**"

Anya could hardly believe that she had just said such a thing, but the memories of childbirth were now just as vivid as the memories of conception. The issue? The child she could recall birthing looked nothing like Anya. She also had an unusual surname? “**I... Huh? What?**” She sounded much more mature now, and even her mannerisms were just that, but she was still confused. The transformation that had taken hold had left her in a tizzy. Had she not been a child just a moment ago? But that wasn’t possible?

Still, impossible things continued, for the force that had changed her wasn’t content with merely making her an adult and a mother. The iconic pink of Anya’s hair began to wane, drying it to a chestnut brown while simultaneously growing in length. It spilled past her shoulders, down the center of her back, past her ass, and as far down as her ankles. Bangs were parted in the middle, but those on the right hung directly over her eye.

Which disguised, in part, the changes to the eye and just her face in general. The greens of her irises dimmed to brown themselves, but her eyes also looked a touch droopier and more worn. “**Mm?**” Her vision even blurred momentarily, but it was ‘fixed’ once a pair of rounded glasses rested upon her nose. The angles of her face were smaller, her forehead bigger, and from the neck up? Even older, she didn’t look much like Anya Forger anymore.

Now, her clothing didn’t change any further from this point on. She remained clad in the same loose-fitted, sky blue dress as the moment she had reached her ripe new age. But the body it was wrapped around? Well, it made sure that its loose fit would ultimately be challenged. Beginning with a jump in height that saw her climb up to 5’8”. This pulled the dress’ skirt up past her knees to show off the bases of her relatively normal thighs.

But they were soon hoisted up higher for several reasons working in tandem with each other. Her hips grew about six inches wider, which of course stretched the skirt on the sides, but it was the combined effort of a swelling rump and thighs that pushed the cloth to the cusp. Her ass protruded several inches behind her, wedging her underwear between the crack, while shiny, taut thighs lifted the skirt until they were revealed in their entirety.

Anya wasn’t ignorant to just how sexy this was, in fact deep down she knew it was by design. She was an adult woman in body, mind, and memory. And working at an office, it was easy to earn favor by showing off a little something. It certainly helped that she had a lot of *something* to show though, and not just with her legs.

The dress had been a little loose in the front around her chest, but it very *quickly* tightened now that her breasts were swelling to keep pace with her ass. The cloth pulled tighter and tighter, not quite tearing but also growing so thin that it was translucent around her tits – also pulling it so tight around her stomach in the process that you could make out the indentations of her hips and bellybutton.

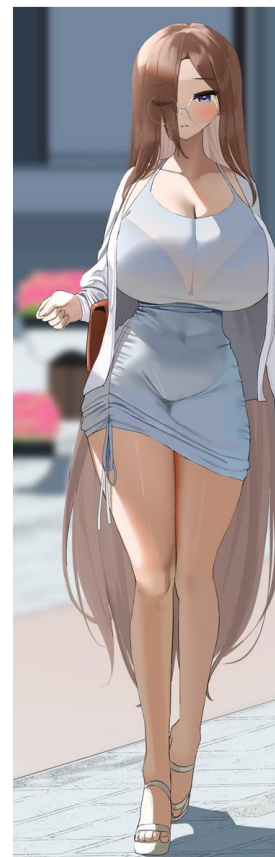
This all made it sound like her breasts were becoming *gigantic*, and even though this was the *truth*, it still felt like an understatement once you got a look at just how big they were becoming. They were *already* as large as the woman's head, only her bra adjusting to their mass beneath the translucent fabric. And they swelled larger still, forcing back muscles to tighten and her posture to tilt forward all to stand with this L-cup monstrosities.

But the woman loved her huge breasts. Not as much as she loved her child, though.

“I really wish she didn't leave her room such a mess...” The moment her ‘memories’ had completely come back to her *Alisa Breton* immediately turned a touch of disdain towards the little girl's room that she was presently towering within. Thirty-two years of age now, the woman didn't even look remotely like the child she had been only minutes ago. From her taller than average height for a woman of her age, to her *larger than average proportions*, there also wasn't even any resemblance to Anya in her face.

In terms of DNA, she was a *completely* different person now. One with her own name. She had all of the maturity her body suggested, too. How could she not be? *She was a single mother*. And children could certainly be quite a handful! **“I suppose I should make dinner, too. She probably wants to play cards after!”** For all of the groaning Alisa had initially done, though? She sounded genuinely happy to be able to play with her daughter.

But first dinner had to be made.



“Maybe I should check on Miss Anya? She's been in there a while...” Yor's concern for her ‘daughter’ had only grown the longer Anya had hidden away, and it was now roughly around the same time that the child had begun to change within her own bedroom. Yor was always striving to do well as a mother, not just for Anya's sake but Loid's



as well. He was always relying on her, and she didn't want to let him down! Which was part of the reason he could never find out about her *real* job.

Finally sitting up from the table, she had been on the verge of going to Anya's bedroom to check on her when a strange feeling washed over her. She felt flushed and dizzy, prompting a hand to grab the back of a nearby table chair to keep herself hoisted up. "**What? Why do I... Poison?**" It wasn't as strange as you might expect for her to think this, seeing as she was an assassin. Even if she was wrong. "**No, that couldn't be it...**" *But it's cool when they use poison in my favorite spy show!*

"**Spy show...? When did I start...?**" It had been a very peculiar thought from Yor's perspective. She could visualize the show quite well – it was the one that Anya was always watching, after all. But being a working mother she didn't really have time to watch it herself. The red of her eyes became awash with blue as she pondered this, though it ultimately just mixed with their red so that the natural color of these eyes was purple.

The same color her papa's eyes had been, she'd been told!

"**Oh!?**" She seemed overwhelmed suddenly after looking at the Uno game on the table, but more than that she'd had to reach out to catch her hand on the nearby chair. Why did she feel so off balance? She shook her head, not realizing that her brain's ability to process her center of gravity was shifting alongside the distribution of weight upon her body. The front of her dress, for example? It wasn't as pronounced, fabric even flattening because the contents of her bra had lessened.

She had little more than B-cups upon her chest now, and the girth of her thighs and ass diminished similarly until there was barely any pronouncement to them at all. Just as quickly as the fit of her clothing seemed to change though, it pulled in tighter so that it was properly worn.

This remained true as her balance was *truly* tested by her stature, which lessened rapidly. She was fairly tall as far as women in her age range were concerned, but as clothing shrunk alongside of her? Before long she was only around the 4'4" mark, a youthful glow to her face that better befit a child around the age of eight. Yet despite her age? The white tee that her upper wear had become highlighted how pronounced her bust already was.

The trait she had inherited from her mama!

The skirt of Yor's previous dress had become a long, pleated, purple skirt that now hung down past her knees, and after rubbing at her eyes a moment because her vision had suddenly gone all blurry? Once she pulled her hands away and looked around, she found it had improved again. Because she was wearing glasses, and the exact same brand that Alisa wore at that.

Yor's hair had likewise shortened, bushed messily in the front, while in the back it was now fasted into two, shoulder-length pigtails. She really liked playing with her hair! When her mama got home from work, they always played in front of the mirror! Seeing as she went to a local school though and her papa was gone, she often needed a babysitter to play with her too.

“Mama? I'm hungryyyy!” She had been on the cusp of remembering that something was wrong with her current state, but *Yva Breton's* rumbling tummy ultimately took precedence, the bespectacled eight year old crying out for her mother and ultimately forgetting that anything had been awry in the first place. Yva was a growing girl, after all! But that wasn't *exactly* it. She was also really excited to play Uno with her mama!



In both cases, the mother and daughter were ignorant to the fact that things had changed so dramatically. They had swapped places. Yor was now the daughter, and Anya was now the mother, after touching the same 'Reverse' card. And reality had changed to suit these alterations, even if no one within that reality had realized. Why, even Loid, who was on his way home, had been swept up in it... eventually becoming Yda's teenaged girl babysitter from abroad.

Yda loved when she came over!

“You're very manipulative for a girl your age, you know that?” Alisa remarked after exiting Yda's bedroom, a change of clothes for the girl to wear after dinner in hand. Though there *was* an endearment to the tone of her voice at the end of it all. **“But do you want spaghetti or hamburgers? I think your babysitter said she'd be coming by early too, so I'll make her some as well.”**

“Pasgetti!”