

THE STEPMOTHER

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Mister Gran! I’m taking my leave now!”

“Alright Ardora, thanks for your help!”

Leaning back on the stepladder he was standing on, Gran waved to the tiny Draph girl that then ran out the door to the tiny warehouse that they had both been within. They had been there for a good reason, as the last Friday of every month on the Grandcypher was cleaning day. Every member of the crew was required to participate whenever they were available, abiding by a cleaning schedule put together by Katalina.

On *this* Friday, Gran had been assigned to the ship’s internal warehouse. It was the room where they kept all of their supplies for their sky bound trips that wouldn’t be stored elsewhere. Building materials, spare equipment and weapons, as well as treasures that they had uncovered across the Skydom. It was by and far the least desired room to have to clean among the crew, but only because there were so many shelves and boxes to be moved. Katalina never scheduled help though!

“Phew, I’m glad she offered a hand or I would’ve been here all day...” Ardora had been a light in the darkness of filth for that reason. The Grandcypher’s captain had been prepared to be in the warehouse from morning’s first light until the sun went down, but Ardora had poked her head in and offered to help around nine in the morning. It was now only two in the afternoon, her efforts had basically halved the amount of time that needed to be spent on the task.

In fact she’d been able to help with things that only a child could! Because she was so small she could slip behind and under the bigger

shelves that would have been nearly impossible for him to move on his own. The little nooks and crannies of the warehouse were cleaner than they had *ever* been! But she had to get going to meet up with her father, Agielba, leaving Gran to do the finishing touches on the upper shelves with his duster. That was fine, it wouldn't really take him much longer to finish things up.



“She’s such a good girl.” A child of her age wouldn’t typically have offered to spend an entire morning cleaning with him. She was a good natured child that Agielba had raised well, and naturally he was fortunate for the two of them to be counted among the Grandcypher’s crew. He couldn’t help but feel a little bad for them though.

Ardora didn’t have a mother to help raise her and Agielba raised her all by himself. Of course she had the crew to look out for her these days as well, but was that a suitable replacement for a maternal figure? As someone whose parents had been absent for most of his life himself, he couldn’t help but think it was unfortunate that she was still missing one half of what should have been a child’s support line.

But there wasn’t really anything he could do about it aside from offer his help to the two where he could, which he *had* been doing. Dusting off one of the treasure storage boxes, his thoughts were stated aloud. **“I wish Ardora could have a new mother figure, though.”** It wasn’t as if there was anyone around to hear him make such a wish, and wishes? They weren’t something that were so easily granted. Yet the box he had been dusting? Within there had been a certain treasure...

A maternity idol with Draph features. One that began to glow a dark purple while exerting a *force*. A force and light that took Gran by surprise, sending him sailing off the stepladder before landing on his ass and back. **“Ow... What the heck was that!?”** A blast of magic? Everything stored in the warehouse was supposed to be checked for magical traces prior to being kept inside to prevent any accidents. They last thing they needed was something on the ship *exploding* mid-flight after all.

The crate that had blown him back was still up on the shelf, but the purple light was still bleeding through the cracks on the top. **“That’s**

probably not good. But I don't think it's dangerous..." If the worst it could do was toss him off a ladder then it wasn't something worth ringing any alarms about. He could probably deal with it himself. So he pushed himself up one hand and grabbed the shelf with the other to stabilize himself. It wasn't that high up, he probably could have grabbed it by standing on his tippy toes. Reaching though?

His fingers just missed... even though he had been so confident that he *should* have reached it.

"Huh?" Gran was left squinting up at the crate, the light still glowing from within. **"I definitely should be able to reach that."** Beyond a *doubt*. He lived in this body, so naturally he knew his own limitations. Considering the threats he fought daily he *had* to know those limitations, because if he misjudged something even once it could cost him either his life or the life of one of his crewmates. And yet...

His analysis of the situation became introspective. Gran looked down. **"I'm not shorter, am I?"** He didn't seem to be *getting* shorter, but he definitely felt shorter than he had been before. Maybe two or three inches? That would explain why he was just short of the crate, but as for the reasoning... Well, it must have been whatever was going haywire *within* the crate, right? The magic was having an effect on him and if it was just a matter of making him slightly shorter then he could deal with that.

"Guess I'll need to use the ladder after all." The captain didn't like the idea of having to support the crate's weight while stepping *down* from the ladder but it didn't seem like he had a choice. So step by step he climbed, just inches away from grabbing the box once he had extended his hands to grab it. And yet he had immediately been given pause just inches away from the object that could have potentially solved all of his problems.

Because his hands appeared... *strange*.

Never in Gran's life had he had any freckles on his skin, but whether it was his fingers, palms, or the backs of his hands there were now a number of tanned spots that he had *assumed* were freckles. These dots were melanin-rich, meaning their color was entirely natural. But before his very eyes he could see those spots multiply, growing, and ultimately? *Merging*. While he was fixated on the sight of it upon his hands, it wasn't even exclusive *to* his hands. It was happening from head to toe, though lips and nips alike were a darker brown compared to the tan that the rest of his body developed.

He watched his fingernails grow several inches long while the bone of each digit thinned. Unbeknownst to him, his feet were shrinking similarly. **“What is happening to me?”** Each hand appeared downright *feminine*, like the hand of a young woman. Mind you, the captain still hadn't shown an ounce of introspection ever since his hands had caught his eye. Beneath his blue hoodie? His waistline had narrowed an astounding amount, leaving his hips wider by nature.

Perhaps not an *untouched* nature mind you. Pants felt a touch tighter around his waistline because his hips *were* wider. Not to mention tight in the back. **“Huh?”** He couldn't make it out with his position on the ladder he was standing upon, but his once flat ass? Well, it wasn't so flat anymore. Cheeks had bloated and were pushing back against brown cloth with the vengeance, giving him a pear-shaped rear that— **“EEK!?”**

The scream that shrieked out from Gran's vocal chords *certainly* wasn't a masculine one but at least he had cried out with good reason. A combination of his heavier backside and smaller feet caused the young man to slip and fall backwards off of the ladder, oversized shoes and socks flying into the air before he inevitably landed upon his sizable rump. Stunned, for a second he thought he had landed on a cushy pillow. But with his legs spread wide on the ground, the sight of his pants button flying off made him reconsider.

Blink, blink, blink. Staring at his pant legs, at least closest to his hips, it almost seemed like he was watching them *inflate*? His pants were usually pretty baggy, but all of that loose cloth was being pulled tight. It took him a moment to realize just *what* was making him tight, which in turn had him recognize why his landing had been so soft. **“A-Are those my thiiiiighs!?”** He leaned forward and cried out as manicured fingers pressed into thickened flesh through the cloth. It was only then that he was struck with an immense discomfort between those thighs.

Or well... *she* was struck with that immense discomfort. Gran shuddered and whimpered hand in hand in response to the sucking sensation upon her pelvis. Not in the sense that she was getting sucked off so much as she had been getting sucked *away*. Balls shrunk and folded into her, and her dwindled dick followed soon after... into what could only be a woman's pussy. One accentuated by a bush of blonde pubes that she couldn't see because she *refused* to yank anything down to confirm.

“There's no way! Did I just... am I a woman!?” Her *voice* certainly helped suggest as much, for those earlier voice cracks seemed to be anything but coincidental. Not only was she a woman, but one with *very* thick thighs and a *very* big ass. She could tell that much by rubbing. As much as she felt as if she should get up to better examine things she also

vaguely wanted to remain ignorant. It seemed as if her clothes might slide off of her if she... *Wait.*

Her tights had been understandably tight just a moment ago. After all, her bottom half was three or four times thicker than it was supposed to be. But the cloth was loose again, and her hoodie was sliding off to one side. “*Umm...?*” The woman looked from side to side several times before it finally dawned on her. The shelves looked bigger than before. “**I shrunk again!?**” And not as slightly as she had before. She was only about 4’5” now!

Gran didn’t have a mirror handy so she couldn’t make out just how unrecognizable her face had become by this point in time. The shape of her jaw was much rounder and her cheeks fuller with a touch a chubby softness. Her browned, glossier lips were *much* thicker than they’d been previously, and her eyes? Larger, more expressive, and *bright green* rather than brown. Her lashes were inches long... but it was the fault of mascara. She was notably wearing makeup.

Just as notable: she appeared significantly older. At *least* forty.

“**This can’t be... I’m a woman? But I suppose for Ardora, I...**” Ardora? Why was she thinking of Agielba’s child in that moment? Agielba... He was so big and strong. *And he’s a great fuck!* At *that* though the woman’s tanned cheeks burned bright red. Why had *that* crossed her mind? Why had it implied she *had* fucked him!?! She shook her head, unknowingly stirring locks of hair that had lightened from brown to blonde like her pubes. The span of her hair extended exponentially, flattening on top as the ample mass behind her curled into a number of strawberry-scented curls that reached the center of her back.

Thinking back to Agielba, she could imagine taking his huge cock and sliding it between her huger tits. The breasts she was imagining were so big that it was unfathomable a human could— “**A-A Draph!?**” Gran managed to put two and two together once that thought crossed her mind. Her shorter stature should have been a dead giveaway already. When she had cried that out, the next clue emerged in the form of a pair of white horns from atop her head, both curving forward. In terms of races, Draph women had the largest chests.

And lo and behold... “**Mmn... Ah! Oh...**” Thick thighs rubbed together through her oversized pants, Gran incapable of stifling the inappropriate noises she had begun to make at the sensation of her nipples rubbing up against her sweater. She was confused though. Her nipples had never been that sensitive before and yet she felt like she was

more than familiar with the feeling? *Well before I settled down I had a lot of sex!* That... That wasn't true!

Whether it was true or not didn't ultimately matter. It did nothing to alleviate the growing arousal that was pushed onto her by swollen nipples and inflating breasts. Tanned skin was pulled tightly around the orbs that formed from nothing, shapes perfectly preserved as they inflated more and more, almost like water was being pumped into them. Her brown nipples inevitably surpassed her eyes in width and her hoodie was lifted higher and higher until, finally, her *L-cup* tits stopped their advance. Despite being over the age of forty now they were *surprisingly perky*.

A dizziness beset the woman next, but it wasn't really her fault. Her surroundings and even clothes began to swirl around her. "**Whoa... HIC!?**" And the taste of alcohol had found itself on her breath. While never rendered naked, the garments that had adorned her faded into a properly fitted alternative. Tight, blue pants with white socks and a belt beneath a long-sleeved purple top that could hardly contain her heaving breasts. By the time she realized what had happened, she was in a completely different location entirely.

Where *was* she? "**My, my... Did I have a little too much to drink at dinner?**" The short, tanned, and incredibly buxom Draph MILF felt like her surroundings were *wrong*. She wasn't in the warehouse any longer, instead being in what looked to be a quaint, cottage living room on an island somewhere. "**Dinner... but wasn't it just...? Mm...**" The woman's mind wasn't completely changed. Scraps of Gran's awareness persevered. "**So my surroundings changed just like my body?**"



But while *Arilliana* could recognize that her body was different, she didn't seem to care any longer. She felt *nice*.

Pretty. Sexy. "**O-Oh! My precious Ardora! I need to tuck her in!**" That... wasn't right. Why would Ardora be in this cottage? Why did she feel the need to tuck her in? Maternal instincts and her newer, more dominant memories guided her into a nearby room where she found the Draph child asleep. Arilliana couldn't help but smile and snugly tuck the blankets around her before giving her a kiss on the forehead.

Ardora wasn't *her* child, but she was the child of the man she had married. "**M-Married? Did I...?**" She felt unsure as she stepped back into the hall, only to find a huge, hulking Draph man with crimson hair looming over her, dressed only in his boxers. "**Honey...**" Honey!? But that was Agielba! The part of her that was still Gran knew this, but Arilliana felt so much joy upon seeing him. No, not just joy. Her loins ached, and that feeling grew at the sight of the tent in his boxers.

While she was much smaller than him, she pressed into his torso while her tits enveloped that bulge. She was pushing him towards their bedroom. The echo of Gran's voice might have been screaming to *stop*, but Ardora's *stepmother* didn't listen, sliding fingers into the waistband of his underwear while another hand reached for her belt buckle. "**Ardora is asleep, so why don't we... Mm...**" Slender fingers cupped one of his balls before stroking his shaft, the two moving quietly backwards into their chambers.

Gran may not have wanted this, but Arilliana wanted nothing more. "**Finally put a baby in my belly so she can have a sibling.**" Agielba was quiet but nodded, falling slowly back onto their bed as the woman climbed atop him, throwing away her pants and panties to show off her tanned pussy. Boxers were pulled off of her husband's huge cock, and she lowered herself onto it. She quivered and moaned as it slid inside of her, and any protests her old self might have had? They were immediately silenced by the pleasure.

By the time his seed was planted in Arilliana's belly, she wouldn't remember *anything* from her previous life. All she would know was the contentment of being Agielba's second wife and Ardora's new mother...

And soon to be the birth mother of Ardora's sister.