

MOM, PLEASE!

MAY 2021 REQUEST STORY

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Run from it. Hide from it. Spring cleaning was inevitable. Or well, perhaps May was a little late for spring cleaning? But Rito considered this a non-issue considering just how much work clearly needed to be done. One of the aliens that had taken roost in his home, Lala Satalin Deviluke, had made a lab of the underside of his house where she practiced what some might consider to be ‘mad science’.

His pink-haired roommate was always creating unthinkable gadgets with her out-of-this-world knowhow, and more often than not the boy had been made a victim of them. He’d been turned into a girl, an animal, and even *a pair of panties* by the whims of these devices, but that was neither here nor there that evening. More pressingly...

The lab had become a cluttered mess.

The Yuuki family consisting of Rito and his little sister Mikan were calling it ‘*spring cleaning*’, but in truth? **“Operation ‘Clean Up Lala’s Lab’ is a go!”** Or so the little sister declared as if a battle cry while rolling up her sleeves. Admittedly this had been *her* idea, and this was a plan being enacted without Lala’s knowledge. But Lala just refused to clean, and her inventions and materials were scattered all over the place!

Rito, understandably, had his reservations. He’d been burned by getting involved with that woman’s things one time too many and was wary about it happening again. But as long as they were careful, he assumed—

“Haowowie?” That was when disaster struck, and the childish gurgling of an invader without the sense necessary for this operation

made her presence known. A child with green hair and a large flower protruding from her head. The absolute worst thing that could be in the lab at this juncture.

A shiver ran down Rito's spine. "**Celine!**" While it was the brother who had called out, both himself and the sister had jumped towards the alien child, who was playing with a capsule of some kind, without delay. They both managed to grab her, but the impact sent the small capsule tumbling to the ground. It must have been made of glass or a similar substance, because all three of them could hear it shatter. And then? Their vision was obscured by a heavy, pink smoke.

For Rito there was a very brief, two second period where he felt like he was falling. It was quick though, and before long not only had the smoke cleared, but his butt had landed on something soft. A bed? "**Huh? Isn't this the guest bedroom?**" The only one in their house that wasn't already in use, anyways. He was confused. Had that smoke carried some sort of teleportation properties? Lala had a habit of leaving her failed projects laying around, so maybe it was one of those?

"Maybe I should find my sweet darling— ...Huh?"

He'd been on the verge of stating an intent to figure out where Mikan had been transported to. His *sister*. Never in his life had he called her his '*sweet darling*' and never in his life had he intended on it. If anything, it made him sound like some sort of doting mother and he didn't really fit the bill there.

Well, he didn't really fit the bill just *yet*.

But Rito made a major mistake in assuming that he'd merely suffered relocation from a mere teleportation device. Rather, the capsule had been designed with the intention of bridging the distance between Lala and her mother. She wanted to see her mom more, and though having a capsule to summon her mother at any time might be handy. But in testing? It demonstrated some reality warping features that appeared dangerous, and so the teen had abandoned the project. Of course with Lala being Lala, she absolutely *hadn't* disposed of it in a responsible manner.

Unaware of the situation that Celine had inadvertently thrust him into, as he jumped to his feet, he didn't even think twice about the feeling of his hair brushing his shoulders. In Rito's defense, he'd been transformed into a girl by Lala so many times at this point that he was reactionarily immune to the concept of having longer hair. But there was something quite different about a hairdo that wasn't consistent with

his past transformations into a girl. And that was *absolutely* what was happening here.

The primary difference in hair arose while looking at the color. In the past, he was more or less just turned into Rito Yuuki: but a girl! That meant all of his characteristics, including his hair color, was preserved between forms. Yet his hair now, which was continuing to lengthen even past the boy's shoulders, was taking on a **rosier** shade that best resembled the hair color of the three Deviluke siblings that were freeloading in his house.

It was only once the hair had fallen past his butt that the boy took notice, and only because of the weight of it all. Not only was it dramatically longer, but there was a slight perm to the pink that gave it a pleasant waviness, with bangs slightly raised and parted in the middle. A soft, strawberry scent wafted from this voluminous mane, but Rito wasn't exactly thinking about how it *smelled*.

“Ah!? What’s going on here!?” Fingers plucked handfuls of and tugged his hair, digits that were wrapped within this bright rose likewise twisting on their own beyond his attention. His fingernails lengthened and took on a pink of their own – although done up in paint – while the digits themselves stretched long and narrowed along with shrinking palms.

A similar phenomenon treated the tootsies disguised by black socks too. Toenails didn't jump significantly like fingernails had, but they were certainly cut and shaved down as if manicured, and the same pink gloss was spread across them. What was more noticeable was how the feet themselves shrank, and how the arch of his heels became smoother than ever.

“My hair is the same color as Lala’s? And why is it so long!?” Well, at least he'd realized he had misjudged his circumstances rather quickly. On the other hand? Rito also knew it was already too late to do anything about it if he was the victim of one of her inventions. **“I really wish my **darling daughter** would stop leaving her things laying around!”** Huh? Wait. Had he just referred to Lala as his daughter?

Even though he knew it was wrong though, his eyes lit up with delight for a moment. Well, delight *and* a bright pink, color made even more apparent by the fact that these eyes had grown much wider and, as a result, expressive. His face wasn't left alone with just that though, and while a femininity quickly shone through with what was happening there was also something else: *age*.

An almost familiar girlishness could initially be seen in how the boy's face reshaped. From the gentle arch that thinned, pinkened brows took, to the slender appeal of his new jawline, to an unprompted plumpness that saw his lips round – for just a brief moment he strongly resembled Lala. But then things went a step further.

“Whath’s— I can’t thpeak!? Whyth my voith so...!?” Bombarded by both a voice as sweet as honey and difficulty enunciating for lips smacked together strangely, swelling to an even greater size, Rito found communicating to be a struggle temporarily. As his voice has lifted in pitch, his Adam’s apple had completely receded into nothingness. But bouncing back to his face again for a moment, his teenaged youthfulness could be seen slipping away.

Not to say that he looked more tired nor did the quality of his skin deteriorate, there was just a much more inherent, natural, mature beauty about his visage – entirely helped by his long, luscious head of hair. With thickened lips pursued, and a ginger blush upon his cheeks, from the neck up he looked to be the epitome of a natural beauty.

Except for the fact that he was a dude.

“Eep!?” Or, well, *had been!* *She* squeaked as hands jumped to the groin of her pants, just in time to feel said groin do a little jumping of its own; it jumped *away*. The last time she’d been turned into a girl, it hadn’t been nearly this drawn out nor felt this unusual. It... wasn’t standard. **“It really didn’t feel like that last time I... The last time I... Huh? Has something like this happened before?”**

A tilt of her head accompanied the question she asked of herself, entirely earnest in her inquiry. She’d been turned into a girl before? But how could that be when she’d been one since the moment she was born? No... That wasn’t right, was it? W-Was it?

As Rito bounced back and forth amongst her own confusion internally, her standing posture wobbled to and fro according to the phenomenon that created the impression that her clothes were shrinking. That wasn’t actually the case though, and it only looked that way because her height had sprung up two inches. It lifted her shirt enough to reveal her bellybutton and hoisted her pants enough so that her ankles were exposed, but other than that? It wasn’t too excessive... *at first*.

But a pressure soon formulated itself beneath her church, provoking a very proper **“Oh my!”** from the woman’s lips. She didn’t need to fathom the cause, for she could already make out her swollen nipples pushing out from under her *HOLLYWOOD* t-shirt. Slowly the bottom hem of said shirt was lifted to reveal more and more tummy, an adverse

side-effect of the bosom that was growing of tender, fatty tissue beneath those nipples.

The part of her that was still very much Rito Yuuko gave both honkers a well, *honk* with her hands the moment they'd reached the size of a pair of lemons, manicured fingers teasing her nipples through the cloth of her shirt. "**Oh!**" She cried out with something akin to a moan, but pleasure turned to discomfort as after only a few more passing moments these breasts, on the fruit scale, had jumped up to full on melons. It was clear that her shirt could no longer contain them with their fibers stretched to the limit, and even growing the slightest bit bigger would-

RIIIIIIIIIIIIP!

The woman, looking more and more like she was at least thirty years of age, inhaled sharply as the cloth of the tee finally tore down the middle, and it was by her hands that she tore of the rest for she was incapable of dealing with the uncomfortable fit. This allowed breasts, E-cups at best, to spill out and bounce around. They were weighty, their perkiness just the slightest bit faded by age as they drooped minutely. But Rito? She couldn't help but admire them – this time without touching.

"Wow! I forgot how big my— *Forgot? Did I forget? I haven't really changed much over the past twenty years...*" Twenty years? How old was she? Wasn't she a teenager!? No... How could a teenager have three teen daughters? That simply made no sense!

Meanwhile her hips swung wide, immediately snapping the already taut waistband of her blue jeans and firing the single button off the front. With her belly fully exposed just above, it became clear that her waistline has pinched in to present her with a continuing hourglass figure that was only slightly sullied by a slight tummy bump that lipped over her pelvis. A little excess weight for an older woman.

A thought suddenly struck her, and thumbs ducked beneath her jeans and boxers as she crouched before she quickly shimmed the pants down and stepped out of them. "**I don't want those to get caught!**" She was evidently aware of what was coming next, and by the time Rito had stood up straight once more the process was already bearing fruit. Specifically? A peach.

Her ass cheeks practically sprung to life, their roundness bloating like muffins in the oven as the depths of her crevice became more uncertain. This bum protruded behind her with the same gusto that her tits swung forward, and for some reason she was suddenly reminded of all the times her husband has smacked that ass in the bedr— "**Wh-What am I**

thinking about? Since when did I... with my darling?" Was she even married? Wasn't she too young? No... Charmians simply looked eternally youthful and beautiful.

Even thinking about sex was enough to get the woman to rub her thighs together though, and this task was made exceptionally simple because, well, there was simply just more thigh to rub. With her ass as bloated as it could be, all of the excess weight had been pouring into her thighs. The skin around them was pulled tight and pinkened, but it certainly wasn't as pink as the color that dyed her pubes.

These bright pink hairs were long but ended up rearranged into the shape of a heart. It looked as if they'd been meticulously groomed to appear that way, and honestly? The woman could recall grooming them just that morning.

This memory was simply one of many that had come to the forefront of her mind, but what wasn't there was the memory of visiting Lala's *her daughter's* lab that morning. She was staying in the Rito house as a guest, thus the guest room, right? **"Yes! I think that makes sense! But my clothes..."** Were they in the wash? Oh well! It was only her and Lala home at the moment, perhaps she could just ask her?



Completely bare, and without even sparing a thought for finding something she might fit into better to wear in its place, *Sephie Michaela Deviluke* made her way from the upstairs guest bedroom to the basement below. Each step saw her supple flesh jiggle and bounce where it was exposed, but she truly paid it no mind. It just felt *natural*.

Seemingly she knew where she was going, because it didn't take her long to end up in Lala's lab – her daughter's lab. And there was her daughter, in a similar situation to herself. She was clad in the tatters of what looked to be a young girl's top and shorts, breasts

hanging out. Even so, she was grinning. **"Oh, hi mother! Uh... What are you wearing?"**

At this comment, the two of them ended up staring blankly at each other for a brief moment, for obvious reasons. **“Sweetie? Aren’t you in the same situation?”** Which prompted the daughter to look down at herself as well. But the mother? She took this chance to move closer, soon smothering her eldest child in a naked hug. What? They still bathed together from time to time! She only wished to have the closest bond imaginable with her daughters!

This prompted an embarrassed cry from Lala, who couldn’t help but wonder how this might look if someone walked in.

“Mom, please!”