

# BETTER MOM, DIFFERENT DAUGHTER

COMMISSION STORY

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The Cultural and Sports Grand Festival would soon be upon the students of Honnoji Academy.

It was an event that would be held after everyone returned from the Tri-City Schools Raid Trip. Framed as a competitive event meant to take place within the school grounds, which would conveniently be reconstructed as a stadium for the event, it was actually all one big hoax. The culmination of a plan put in place by Ragyo Kiryuin, one meant to turn the entire student body into fodder for COVERS; a nefarious plan that only a few were privy to.

And among those that were privy to this plan was Ragyo's own daughter, Satsuki. The student council president that had *seemingly* been completely loyal to her, ruling the school with an iron fist as her mother had asked of her. It had earned her mother's trust, which was *exactly* what she had been trying to earn. Not because she had any notion of taking her rightful place in the new world her mother had in mind.

But because she aspired to *stop* it.

**“You wanted to speak with me in private, Satsuki? How very unlike you.”** The flamboyant Ragyo sat upon a throne within the comfort of the Kiryuin home, towering well above her daughter at the bottom of a set of illuminated stairs. Satsuki *had* arranged this meeting, but only because she had a plan. Her mother sounded skeptical, but she

could tell her guard was down. **“Rei said you had a gift? But I don’t see a box on you. Is it the *emotional* kind? You know I don’t care about trifles like that.”** Satsuki certainly *did* know that. Ragyo would never win a mother of the year award.

In a just society, she would probably be imprisoned for how she treated her daughters. She was *including* Nui in that assessment. That girl was evil, but in a way, she was still a victim.

**“Rei’s claim was truth, mother. And don’t you fear. It’s a physical item.”** An item that she had picked up during the Tri-City Schools Raid Trip: a special Life Fiber that had been unearthed by a company that had thrown its support in with her cause. It hailed from Greece, was a beautiful golden color, and it seemed to have the uncanny



ability to make those it infected with *turn over a new leaf*. Though, the company didn’t know *how* it would accomplish that. If they tested it, it couldn’t be used again. Ragyo’s guard was down, but a Life Fiber would have caught her interest anyways. **“Here.”**

Even though it was a single golden thread, Satsuki tossed it with enough strength that it practically became a needles piercing the air. Her mother caught it with little effort. **“A golden Life Fiber? What a curious... *Urk!*?”** She turned over the hand she had closed to catch the

thread, expecting to find it there. But not only *wasn’t* it, but a strange feeling *pulsated* through her body. **“What did you— *SATSUKI!*?”** The girl was *gone!*?

Ragyo grit her teeth. *What had she done?* She was hesitant to assume that Satsuki had betrayed her, and considering her own post? The mother should have been able to control Life Fibers according to her will. But she could already tell. Something was *off* with this one. Her body wouldn’t have been reacting so strangely if it wasn’t, and— **“*Ngh!*?”** There was a flash of *gold* that clouded her vision for a brief spell, leaving her weak in the knees. She stumbled at the top of the stairs but fortunately didn’t fall.

**“What the *hell* did she do!? *R—!*?”** She went to call her assistant, Rei, but she found herself tongue tied when it struck her that... she didn’t know who that was? Her mind felt heavy. Almost *foreign*. There

was yet another flash of gold and another stumble, but on this second occasion? The woman seemingly didn't catch that her *height* had slipped during this stumble, and that her dress now sat a little looser against her frame. She'd shrunk from about 5'9" down to 5'6" in an instant; it should have been *very* noticeable.

And so, the fact that it wasn't was a very notable indicator regarding the state of her mind. She was the head of REVOCS, the woman who planned on *ruling the world*, and yet she was no longer perceptive enough to sense her body being modified in real time? Well, in a way it was more like her *memories* were being adjusted so that as quickly as things changed, she accepted them simple as they had always been.

There was *another* flash of gold, and on this occasion? The golden Life Fiber's influence began to take root above her neck. Her ridiculous hairstyle, silver with a *literal* rainbow glowing amidst its fanned-out strands like the tailfeathers of a peacock, was quick to become significantly *less* ridiculous. The rainbow strands all rapidly lost their vibrance and not only shortened but began to curl in and down towards her chin in tandem. The silver strands changed in color too, and regardless of whether they had been silver, blue, red, or green, they all shone the same *golden blonde* before long.

Even the color of her *pubes*, which grew a touch.

**"This is so...! ...Strange?"** Thus far, Ragyo had been able to easily put up her angered airs, but it was made clear by the sound of her voice that her desire to lash out was waning – certainly not helped by her distorting memories. **"Did my voice... always sound like this?"** Had it always sounded so *British*? Even then, the term 'British' was sapped from her word bank before long, as if she came from a place where the Brits had never existed in the first place.

Her sudden, onset accent surfaced while her facial structure shifted. The sharper features of the woman's once intimidating maw softened, making it so that her chin and cheeks were rounder and, in a way, a little more inviting. Her thin lips grew plumper, her nose shorter, and her eyes? Perhaps they were the part of her face that became the *most* inviting. The woman's intense gaze faded, replaced by a softer, almost melancholic gaze that brightened with a faded shade of green.

There was *another* flash of gold. **"My eyes...?"** And Ragyo rubbed at those eyes with fingers that were a tad shorter and *nowhere near* as boney as they had been prior. It felt like she had very briefly gone *blind*, but after rubbing at and opening them again? Her vision was fine? Of course it was, she was supplementing it with golden— **"Threads?"**

What did that *mean* she felt like she understood it, but she couldn't quite put it into words.

There was something about her changed face that had yet to be pointed out in the meantime. She looked like a *completely* different woman, but also one that was *younger*. Ragyo had done her best to hide her age before, but now she legitimately looked like she was closer to *thirty* than the *late forties* she was supposed to be. The fact that she appeared more youthful in the face soon spread to the rest of her body.

**“Hm?”** Perhaps the place where this was *most* noticeable aside from her face was her *bosom*. Ragyo could not completely hide the subtle sag that her breasts had developed with age. But not only was that sag slowly corrected, with her breasts gradually becoming perkier than they had ever been, but they *shrunk* a single cup size. Her hips narrowed a touch, and her ass lost roughly an inch of mass as it tightened in kind. If anything thickened? It was her thighs, interestingly enough. They burgeoned with mass until they were slightly plumper and more appealing.

Even the weight she'd lost didn't really *feel* like a loss, though. Because everything was perkier, it appeared slightly larger regardless, especially when she was a little shorter.

By this point? The woman's demeanor wasn't even a little bit like Ragyo's. She appeared calmer and gentler, and by her own admission she felt very *lost*. She didn't recognize surroundings that had once been so familiar to her. Even her *dress* was strange. Why didn't it fit? Why was it so bland? As a *seamstress*, could she not have whipped up something much more beautiful? Evidently so, because that dress soon shifted in its design.

It remained a white gown, but the cloth lifted and folded until it was more akin to a toga-style dress that hoisted her breasts up much more neatly, sleeveless on the left but with golden armor pieces clad to those arms along with a golden bracelet. Golden adornments decorated the dress, which was also slit at the sides so that her legs were visible. Golden, heeled sandals lifted her up, and a golden laurel wreath rested upon her head like a crown. A similar laurel design could be seen in the bands that wrapped around her right thigh. The arm on that side was wrapped in a white, embroidered sleeve as well.

Not to mention the advent of a golden tattoo across her left breast.

**“How curious. Where even am I?”** *Aglaea* descended the stairs from the throne gracefully, quietly acknowledging how *gaudy* the room she found herself in was. It certainly lacked the sensibility that her home

back in Okhema did, and she could only assume that she was *terribly* far from home, since she didn't recognize any of the architecture or technology in the first place. It was quiet, in fact. *Too* quiet. It put her slightly on edge, though all she had to do was flick her wrists to scatter invisible yet golden threads about. She would begin to weave her web in the service of gathering information.



That golden Life Fiber has absorbed the artistic talents and memories not of a woman who had lived in Greece, but of a woman from a distant planet that's background resembled it. Since the Life Fibers came from beyond the stars, some had seemingly passed by a place named 'Amphoreus' at *some* point. Aglaea had been reconstructed from those memories, but she had no recollection of any of that.

At the very least, she was a much *kinder* woman than she had been before. **"Once I gather answers, I may need to find allies. I wonder if anyone familiar is also present here? Perhaps I should seek them out? But where to begin..."** At the bottom of the stairs, she found a large poster posted on the nearby wall. It seemed to be a draft image, but it was relatively well made. **"The Cultural and Sports Grand Festival?"**

**"That sounds like an event where plenty of people would gather. That might be a good start."**

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**"Who the hell are you!?"** Some time later, the Cultural and Sports Grand Festival had begun. Even though Ragyo had technically been removed from the gameboard, the plans that she had put in motion still couldn't be completely stopped until the event itself. In Ragyo's absence, Rei Hououmaru had been given orders to see the plan through. But if Satsuki nipped it in the butt *completely* behind the scenes? The Kiryuin name and the REVOCS brand would walk away unscathed. She needed it soiled.

And so, some of the students had been consumed by cocoon-shaped Life Fibers moments after Satsuki, Nui, and Rei had taken the stage. It was so little damage that it could be undone, but it had also been enough to trigger a response from Nudist Beach and Ryuko Matoi alike. Chaos ensued, and Ryuko had charged towards the main stage. But amidst all the fighting and noise? An unfamiliar woman had stepped in front of Ryuko. One dressed in white and gold. Elegant, yet she wore a kind smile.

**“There you are, Cifera. I thought I was completely alone here. You should remove your disguise; however, Era Nova could strike even here.”** Ryuko was understandably *very* confused by these words. Disguise? Cifera? None of that was ringing any bells. Was she one of the Kiryuin’s lackeys? Her fears that this was the case only grew as her fingers delicately tugged the air like she was pulling strings. But she actually *scattered* them – a storm of golden Life Fibers that Ryuko’s own body absorbed... among other victims.

**“Ryuko—!?”**

The girl’s name was the last thing that Senketsu uttered before her uniform froze and returned to his inactive form. **“Senketsu!? Did you absorb one of those weird threads too!? Oi! What did you do to me, lady!? What the hell is a Cifera!?”** She pointed her Scissor Blade at the woman threateningly but promptly found herself adjusting her grip. And again. And again. Like she’d never held it before and was trying to figure out the best way to grip it. **“Um... How do I...? That ain’t right...? URK!?”**

If that hadn’t *already* been strange enough? There was a sudden and severe imbalance that had her practically trip forward and drop her blade in the process. **“What the hell!?”** She was understandably *very* confused. The suspenders that connect to Senketsu’s top from her skirt was straining, and both her upper *and* lower body felt uncomfortably heavy and physically *oppressed*. It took all of her strength to reel her back backwards until she was standing up straight and, well...

Upon doing so, she was greeted with a hefty *BOING*. **“Boing?”** This ‘boing’ hadn’t been a noise, no. It was simply the best word she could think of to describe the sensation of her bosom *bouncing* higher and slapping lower against her upper belly than she was used to. **“Uh...”** Ryuko, looking down, was left slack jawed at what she saw. Her tits were *bigger*? And she’d already had an impressive set. Nonetheless, they had ballooned to *F-cups* that Senketsu’s cropped top could barely cover. It felt like one wrong move and one of her nipples would slip.

...Which was likewise a testament to the fact that their growth had seen them push out of the cups of her bra and push it down already.

**“Since when did I have such large... assets?”** There was now an unfamiliar purr to the girl’s voice, both in the figurative and vaguely in the literal sense. It made her sound more mature. Almost... *seductive*, despite Ryuko hardly being the seductive type. Mind you, her grown breasts were simply what she had immediately *noticed*, and because of the uniform she couldn’t see the new beauty mark that had surfaced over her left tit.

Her lower body *had* grown heavier at the same time, and for very similar reasons. The girl’s rump burgeoned with added weight of its own, her cheeks becoming fuller and rounder, while her white and blue panties were gradually pulled into the crevice between them. Perhaps it was because her ass was getting fatter, or maybe because her thighs themselves grew and jiggled until they rivaled her *waist* in terms of their width, but her hips widened too, lifting her skirt several inches in tandem with her then heart-shaped ass.

**“Mrrow!?! These clothes are kind of tight, aren’t they?”** If there had been a purr *to* her voice before, then what was *that* sound? It sounded *not* so vaguely like a cat’s meow, and the woman dressed in white and gold appeared amused by it, still silent yet laughing politely to herself. Ryuko’s new weight was certainly *a* factor when it came to her commenting on her clothing, but it also wasn’t the *only* factor. The suspenders had become even tenser and were digging into the tits they were pulled across. Was it because her breasts had gotten even larger?

No, she’d simply gotten *taller*. Not significantly so, but she’d jumped up from 5’3” to 5’5”. The suspenders had simply *already* been tightened by the growth of her tits, so those two additional inches of height enhanced the malfunction that she caused. **“And why are you just staring at me, Aglaea?”** She *definitely* hadn’t known Aglaea’s name before, but *now* she did? What’s more, she wasn’t even questioning *how* she knew it?

Aglaea did not respond.

Then again, considering how out of it Aglaea had been throughout her *own* transformation, maybe it was more surprising that Ryuko had retained some semblance of self-awareness for even *this* long. But that was evidently no longer the case, else she might have caught onto the fact that her dark hair was lightening to silver and lengthening slightly into a messier hairdo that’s bangs tickled the tops of her eyes, not even sparing the red ‘blade’ among the strands of those bangs.

But perhaps the most telling sign that ‘Ryuko’ would soon completely disappear was the girl’s *face*. Or perhaps it would have been better to say the *woman’s* face? Her more buxom figure had already put the possibility on the table, but swelling lips and a narrowed gaze cinched it: she was *older*, having the visual maturity a woman in her *mid-twenties*. Her eyes irises brightened to a glassy blue, and those lips turned until her resting expression was more akin to a cat-like smile. But she didn’t look like *Ryuko*. Even her face’s shape was leaner and her nose longer.

The woman clicked her tongue. “**Are you really not going to answer me, Seamstress?**” She was getting annoyed by Aglaea’s silence, so much so that the reality that her humanity had been imperiled flew over her radar. There were more discreet aspects to this, like her pupils pulling into subtly shaped slits. But then there were aspects that were *far* less discreet – like her human ears lengthening, distorted into silver-furred triangles that ended up resting on top of her head. The *ears* of a cat, tufts and all.

Not to mention the *tail* of a cat, which sprouted from above her ass and, while predominantly white, darkened to brown and then black near the tip.

Senketsu hadn’t spoken that entire time, and he would no longer *be* able to. His fibers unraveled and were redesigned, promptly redressing the older woman in an outfit that not only fit her better, but suited her new personality. What he became was an open-backed bodysuit styled mostly with brown but was likewise accentuated with white and blue. It had a fully exposed cleavage window that showed her boobs *and* her mole, as well as an attached hood that was shaped to allow her cat ears to peek through.

Ryuko now also wore a pair of shorts, but they were so tight that the shape of her ass was clear enough through it, with garter straps and golden, armored thigh highs that were attached to raised, golden heels. Black, fingerless gloves matched with a choker that now hugged her neck, but from that? A cat-shaped charm hung. One of *many* accessories, like the golden clasp around the base of her tail. It all appeared very *elaborate*, but it was comfortable and felt *right*. Even the ruffles that fell from the bodysuit around her tail.



**“Could you stop *looking* at me like that? You’re really freaking me out, Aglaea. I’m *not* going to let you boss me around, even if I have *no* clue where we are.”** People were fighting? There were weird cocoon things? People fought in Amphoreus *all* the time, but *Cipher* had never seen anyone turn into funky cocoons. Her cat ears twitched, and her tail danced behind her. Honestly? She was *debating* just using her coin to speed away. **“You’d better start talking. Did you bring me here?”**

Of course, Aglaea had been under the impression that Ryuko had just been Cipher in disguise in the first place. **“*Explanation? You’ve been here the whole time, Cifera. Do I really need to explain it further? I’m almost just as in the dark as you are, though. I’m afraid I won’t be able to provide any added context.*”** That really *was* unfortunate. They were in the same boat, then?

**“*Ugh.*”** Cipher made a sour face. It would have been *so* easy to just leave Aglaea behind, but unfortunately? They had a personal relationship. There were many words that she could have used to describe the seamstress, but the most accurate was one she had never uttered before. In a way, Aglaea was like her *mother* who had raised her from a young age. She didn’t want anything *bad* to happen to her. So, she held out her hand. **“*Fine. Come on, then. Take my hand and I’ll get us out of here. I don’t want to deal with whatever nonsense is going on anyways.*”**

The fighting seemed to be winding down, but it still seemed like a pain  
in the ass.