

DRAPH MOMVASION!

COMMISSION STORY

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Momvasian! A Grandcypher Visit!

In terms of titles for basically *anything*, it was a pretty ridiculous title. ‘Momvasian’ was clearly a pun merging ‘mom’ and ‘invasion’ together, and so it was an *effective* title, if anything. But if you had ever played the sort of gacha game that didn’t *always* take itself seriously, then you were probably immune to what almost certainly the title of a gag event. Or, at least, the closest thing to it as had been the case with Granblue Fantasy in this instance.

“They kind of missed the mark by not running this event in May, though...” Joseph couldn’t help but muse to himself as he played it. The relevance to May, of course, being the fact that *Mother’s Day* fell within the month of May. Granblue Fantasy may have been a Japanese game, but they still celebrate Mother’s Day under the name of *Haha no Hi* on the second Sunday of every May. There was probably something like a scheduling issue that made it so that they had to run it earlier instead.

It wasn’t the end of the world or anything, and so the man didn’t say much else about it. If anything, it was just a little humorous to think that they had run it so close without committing to the bit. Still, the event in question was pretty amusing. It naturally involved a number of *mothers*, including the Primal, Echidna, and led to a series of antics that had culminated in a final battle *against* Echidna... who was practically pampering the captain to death.

All of the mothers had united to empower their children, which led to Echidna’s ultimate defeat. It had been an amusing little romp, but in the

end? Joseph had been hoping that there had been a little more. **“Some more interactions with the daughters would have been nice... Like seeing more about how Narmaya’s mom raised her. Too bad.”**

OH? WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE SOME OF THOSE INTERACTIONS? I’LL GIVE YOU A FIRSTHAND LOOK!

“Huh? What... just happened?” Joseph *had* gotten up to go get a drink now that he was done with the event, but the next step he took? A loud creak sounded from a wooden floor – when he knew full well that the floor of his room hadn’t been that flimsy. Then again? He clearly *wasn’t* in his room any longer. **“Where *am* I?”** He was pretty sure he’d heard a voice. A girl’s voice with a Japanese accent? And the next thing he knew?

He was standing in what looked to be the interior of a small cabin. One decorated in a very homely manner, but also one with a surprisingly high ceiling. He wasn’t anywhere near hitting his head on it, like it had been designed for a someone *much* larger than a regular person, maybe? But through the nearby window he could see a lush forest. **“...Seriously, where *am* I!?”** There was a door nearby, and it was more than large enough for him to pass through, but...

The problem wasn’t knowing where to go. The issue was having no idea *where* he was. Even if it all reminded him... of the game he’d just been playing.

Of course, he didn’t take that possibility seriously because it was just so unthinkable. Even though, if he’d bothered to look more at *himself* than his surroundings, he might have realized that something *impossible* was happening to him at that very moment. It namely had to do with his *skin*, and in a number of different ways. The first and most obvious was the *color* of that skin. His complexion was typically olive-colored, but it was paling to a lighter, pinker hue that you’d expect of people who tended to live farther north than he did.

But it was also more than that at the same time. Arm hair, leg hair, the hair around his chest and belly; it was all shaved away before long, leaving skin that almost seemed impossibly soft. All while the skin around his fingers and toes somehow seemed more... *worn*. Dry? Cracked? Both of these descriptors were true in a sense, and it even showed with the vaguest of dimples and crow’s feet developing on his face. Almost like he was... older?

Aside from feeling a little more tired than usual though, it didn't quite seem to register with the man that anything was different at all. It had only been thirty seconds or so at *most* since he had last spoken, and he didn't speak again until he realized that the already large cabin had begun to seem... *significantly* larger? As did his clothes? **“There's no way... Am I getting smaller?”**

That felt like such a ridiculous thing to say and yet he couldn't deny the objective reality he was facing. His height *was* rapidly unraveling, seeing his nearly six-foot eye level drop all the more suddenly once he was aware of it. It practically threw him off balance, and there wasn't any furniture nearby for him to grab onto. He did *try*, but throwing his arm out to the side as his increasingly baggy shirt rapidly smothered his body only made him more alarmed.

Because in that moment? He had caught sight of his skin.

“Oh dear! There's a lot going on here! I'm almost as short as my dear daughter!?” The words that jumped from his lips as he finally found his footing around a meager height of 5'6” concerned him, namely because he didn't tend to speak in such a *sweet* way, and he certainly didn't have a *daughter*. But someone had flashed in his mind in that moment. Well, someone that was fictional. Narmaya. A Draph woman from Granblue Fantasy that had been featured in the event along with her daughter.

Surely that didn't mean...? **“But Narmaya is just a little shorter than her, isn't she? And I...?”** Well, Draph women tended to *very* petite, whereas the men were hulking figures contrastingly. The women tended to be between four and five feet when fully grown... a range that he was definitely standing within at that moment as his shorts had slipped from his hips and his boxers barely hung on beneath a shirt that reached his knees. It was cumbersome, if anything.

Joseph stepped out of the shorts that had pooled around his ankles, stumbling somewhat because his gait had become compromised. **“But if that's the case, then wouldn't I be becoming... a woman?”** As if right on cue, and only because Joseph's hips swelling had been the cause of his stumble, the man felt a tug between his legs as his voice shot up in pitch yet lessened in softness. **“Oh my... I really am!”**

She didn't even waste time reaching down to find out through physical touch. She could feel that emptiness between her legs, and those legs had almost *immediately* responded to her sudden sex change. Her widened hips were used well, for fat built beneath them in a way that justified her new girth. Her soft, pale thighs were a good example of this. They became plusher with each passing second, jiggling as her boxer

shorts dug until them and they rubbed against each other beneath a new pussy that had been decorated by a thick lilac bush above.

The back of her shirt was lifted as well, with the new woman squeaking with surprise at the sensation of her ass fattening. It felt *strange*, especially with the backs of her boxers digging up into her heart-shaped cheek. Pale flesh even peeked overtop of the waistband, barely viewable between her underwear and the lifted shirt. “**Would thinking of my beloved Narmaya like this really be strange? After all, I clearly have the body...**”

The body to *give birth*? Had she been in her right mind, Joseph would have pushed back wholly against this thought. But she wasn't, and this thought was supplemented with *memories* of childbirth. Of cradling a baby in her hands. Of naming her *Narmaya*. Feelings that had once been of fandom, and perhaps even a little bit of lust towards the character, were gradually painted in the colors of *maternity*. She began to yearn to see Narmaya again.

Not as a character, but as a *daughter*.

Of course, her body was still a far cry from being the perfect form of a 'mother'. She didn't bare much resemblance to the girl she had begun to view as her child, but her face was certainly *trying*. It softened *and* rounded, lips pursed, swollen, and glossy as her nostrils narrowed and her nose's length shrunk. Just above them? Eyes that had *already* been etched with crow's feet narrowed as if their lengthened lashes were weighing them down, with a bluish purple permeating through her irises. It was clear that she was both older *and* a woman, but now there was a more perceivable sense of *how* old. She must have been in her *forties* at minimum.

Which made sense if she had a fully grown child. “**Or... I... my dear Narmaya? Um...**” Mentally? She had begun to glitch thanks to old memories and new ones clashing. Her eyes twitched briefly between eyebrows that not only thinned but paled from dark brown to the exact same light purple as her pubes. The color spread even farther, now into the short hair on top of her head. It just didn't *remain* short, rapidly weaving like hundreds of tiny and silky snakes, each one cascading down her back loosely at worst, or weaving into a left-swept braid at best.

Pressure built all of a sudden, which led Joseph to try and rebalance herself once more even though she wasn't thinking straight. She didn't *want* to fall! But these pressure points, and where they *were*, made it difficult. The strangest points of pressure were perhaps the ones on the sides of her head, however. Dark brown keratin forced itself out of these

two spots, one on either side like handlebars that curved forward into two points. The horns of a *Draph*, complete with two long and floppy ears below them.

Their weight *did* contribute to her imbalance, but not *nearly* as much as the weight building upon her *chest*. Another thing Draph women had, despite their horns and short stature, was an *abundant* bust – especially if her plump lower half was anything to go off of. True to this, her shirt was soon lifted by puffy nipples that lead the charge, weight rapidly accumulation as fresh mounds burgeoned into verifiable, *G-cup* mountains. The weight that pooled wasn't even isolated to her tits along, because her age caught up to her in a way that saw her belly become softer, developing a jiggling lip over her pelvis with the lightest of stretch marks upon them.

But all of that softness was properly covered before she even began to properly regain her composure in the moments that followed. Clothing that was both oversized and too tight at the exact same time was replaced by a long, pink button-up tunic with gold trim at it's skirt's base, overtop brown boots and wraps that hugged her loins and breasts comfortably. While the collar of the short-sleeved tunic went up to her neck, she also had a shawl wrap hanging gently off her shoulders. She was otherwise accessorized with brown gloves, with the bangs that weren't braided were pulled to the right with a golden hairclip.

“Oh dear! I do hope that I'm able to see my dear Narmaya again soon! She's grown so much ever since she left home...” For some reason, *Laruna* couldn't help but think about her daughter. The Draph woman knew that Narmaya was in capable hands, especially after that incident with that sweet Echidna. But still! A mother would naturally worry about her child when she was away from home! It felt like just yesterday that she was watching her little door fall clumsily in the mud.

Reminiscing fondly, the woman rested one of her hands on the same cheek with a smile playing upon her lips. **“A shame~! Maybe I should have accepted the offer to stay a little longer like Miss Alicia did, but with a husband to take care of...”** Well, there were things she had to do at home as well! But that was okay! She still had all of her fond memories of her daughter, and there was no doubt that one day she'd return home.



She'd just have to save up on all of her doting until then, so that she could go all out like a good mother would!

“**H-HUH!?**” I had *been* at my computer one moment, and the next? With absolutely *zero* warning? I found myself in a small cabin. Not the sort you’d find out in the forest, but the type of cabin you might find on a *ship*? Albeit one that was far more old-fashioned than I would have expected. It was my best guess that I was on a ship based on how my surroundings ever so subtly swayed; enough to tell it was in motion, but not enough to be disruptive.

Well, I would have been lying if I said I couldn’t draw some conclusions. “**...Is this the Grandcypher?**” Like from Granblue Fantasy? It was a little different in person, but the general layout and aesthetic was the same. Either someone had created a very faithful recreation, or I was somewhere in that world. Neither answer sounded particularly plausible. But it probably *would* have if my memories hadn’t been tampered with.

Because I would have recalled the nekomata capable of warping reality, which would have explained *everything*. I was at the mercy of her whims, and all because she’d seen me as a fun little accessory to Joseph’s ‘wish’.

“**Okay, so assuming it is... Why? How? How the hell do I get out of here?**” There were actually *more* questions on my mind than even the ones I had stated, but those were just the few that I could choke out in the moment. While being utterly unaware of the fact that there was something very *bizarre* happening with my *ears* of all things. Their cartilage was warping, stretching, and folding. It curved forward at the top while they were pulled into a pair of floppy points that were reminiscent of, but a little shorter than Laruna’s. In both cases, they felt similar to the ears of a *cow*.

‘Cow’ was an insult I’d actually heard before in the past. I was a bigger guy, both tall *and* plump, which opened me to mockery from those with little tolerance. It was a pain point of mine and one that had led to a great deal of self-consciousness. But it didn’t seem like that would be an issue of mine any longer... both regarding my weight *or* my height. “**H-Huh!?**” It all came so suddenly that I desperately looked around for something to grab.

The feeling that I was *falling*, or something of that nature, had me through my arms out to my sides. You couldn’t really blame me for getting that impression when it seemed that the nearby bed was getting closer to my eyes, and the desk soon reached my eye level. This issue was that if I was ‘falling’, that this didn’t make any sense. My feet were

still planted firmly on the ground, and if I was actually falling then why did my clothes feel so... *loose*?

“Wait!? *How strange... I’ve grown smaller!?* I-I mean I **shrunk!”** Hearing how passive I’d sounded for a moment, I quickly changed course. That hadn’t sounded like myself at all, especially not considering the circumstances. But when it came to my conclusion, I hadn’t been wrong at all. My height had dropped *substantially*, leaving me standing in the middle of a pile of my own clothes that had slipped off aside from my shirt, which might as well have been a *dress* against my now 4’5” tall form.

But my losses hadn’t *merely* been vertical. I was quick to realize that I’d also lost *most* of my body mass as well. There was still a softness to my flesh, particularly in my tummy as I grabbed at a plush pillow upon my gut while reaching around with surprise, but I was *thin* by all intents and purposes otherwise. Mind you, smothered by that shirt, I hadn’t noticed that all of my body’s hair had been shaved away, and my skin was smoother... yet signs of age had crept in around my eyes, hands, and feet.

I looked around in a panic, but found myself soothed by thoughts of... a *young woman*? Aliza, a Draph teen from Granblue Fantasy came to mind, which was *odd* for a number of reasons. Why specifically her? But when I considered my current size and the fact that I didn’t sound like a *child*, then was it possible that... **“Oh no...”** The conclusion I came to arrived with fresh feelings. Feelings towards Aliza that were... *maternal*? **“W-Wait!”**

And yet, it was already much too late. I heard it in my own voice. A femininity that was *mature* and very typical of a ‘motherly’ type of character. Which, as I could only conclude, appeared to be my fate. My face soon reflected this, in fact. My face became smaller and rounder in shape, with my lips swollen and my nose more petite. The lashes upon my eyes thickened, making my gaze appear all the rounder as the shapes of my eyelid widened as well. It made it all the more obvious that a reddish color had possessed my irises which, incidentally, was the same eye color as...

My dear daughter.

The very thought made my mind freeze up, even though it was a possibility I had considered. Thinking of Aliza filled me with a maternal yearning, like I’d birthed her myself. No, I had memories informing me of such, which would make sense that we had the same eye color...? No, not just eye color, but Aliza took after me in the *hair* department too! This realization led to a change of color *and* length in my mane, with

strands paling to a very light beige as it lengthened *and* thickened down to my ass where it curled slightly inward. My bangs hung even above my eyes and around my long ears, while from the sides of my head? A pair of black horns grew and curved forward.

“What was I...?” Apparently unbothered by the weight of these new horns, I tilted my head slightly while raising an index finger to my chin. Memories old and new had been at war with each other, but now the *new* ones were winning out. That was why I wasn’t bothered at all by my cock diminishing, become a worn woman’s slit between my legs. After all, if I hadn’t possessed *that*, then how could I have given birth to my lovely little daughter?

How could I have breastfed her as a baby without the appropriate equipment? That question led to my posture tilting forward, because weight that had been lost when I originally become thinner *surged* back upon my chest, nipples engorged upon the *H-cup* tits that jiggled and lifted my shirt to an almost ridiculous degree considering my height. But then again, that was completely normal for a Draph woman.

Just as it was for one to have a heart-shaped ass. Mine developed, pushing my hips to widen as the excess pooled into my thighs. It was all very plush and comfortable, but there was a light *sag* to it all, tits included, that were indicative of my age as a woman in her *forties*. **“Oh! This outfit is quite... unsuitable, isn’t it? Did I sleep in only a shirt? I’m not sure whose shirt this even... Mm?”** Had I just been talking about my clothing?

And yet, looking down again? I was privy to the sight of my own bare cleavage. A sight that I was *accustomed* to seeing, considering it was the same long, red dress with puffy white sleeves and a matching skirt that I was accustomed to. My usual white lace gloves were there, as were my golden shoes. I often defaulted to the dress for comfort, with the cutout both above and below my cleavage as ‘ventilation’ considering my homeland’s warmer climate. No matter what, nothing was amiss.

“Hm... The captain said there’d be about three more nights before we return to the Valtz Dutchy? I suppose I’ll have to make the best of it then!” I clapped my slender yet aged hands together as joyful glee crept across my full lips. One of the benefits to being married to a man that was always traveling was that if I wanted to, say, take an extended holiday aboard the airship that my darling daughter was a crew member of, then there wasn’t anything



really holding me back. It was a shame that Laruna couldn't stay as well, though!

As the mother of Aliza, *Alicia*, I had been granted stay in the cabin right beside my daughter's. In fact, the trip had been a great opportunity to properly catch up with her after all of that nonsense with Echidna. That had been so *dangerous*! And to think that Aliza had been dealing with much more terrible threats than that... What else could a mother do but worry? Mind you, I wasn't worrying in that moment, even though I was pacing around the cabin! I was worried about more important things as my cleavage bobbed.

“Oh dear... What should I make for Aliza and Stan for breakfast today!?”

Several months later, a loud crash within the Grandcypher's kitchen was followed up by some unusual noises – *moans* even – from a pair of women. Laruna and Alicia had both been invited onto the Grandcypher once more, and both had been gung-ho about making breakfast for their daughters. But all it had taken was one misstep on a short stool needed to reach even a *medium* shelf for Laruna to take a tumble... right onto Alicia, who had tried her best to catch her.

The outcome was rather lewd, even though they were both married women. Laruna had landed right on top of Alicia, with their ample Draph breasts pressed against each other and one of Laruna's legs between Alicia's thighs. If anyone had walked in at that moment, they would have been in for quite the treat. **“Oh dear... S-Sorry about that.”** Their lips had almost touched!

“It's no problem! With my husband always traveling, this is the most action I've gotten in quite some time!”

Alicia *half*joked.