

THE IDEAL MOM

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"Maybe I shouldn't have gotten so mad at her..." Walking down the streets of Mistal, Yang Xiao Long turned her head from side to side as she looked down alley after alley in search of something. Someone. Her little sister Ruby, actually. Ever since the fall of Beacon Yang knew she'd been a little on edge and she'd definitely becoming more prone to lashing out. The subject had been a touchy one. When it came to Yang's mom, how could it not be? But what she'd seen beneath the school, and the words that had been exchanged between herself and her mother? They weren't really Ruby's business.

Still... perhaps she could have been a little nicer. Ruby had run off into the night and try as she might she just hadn't had any luck in finding her. She couldn't help but think this could have been avoided from the get-go if she didn't just have the worst mother ever. Yang knew it, she'd always known it, but since rejoining with the team Blake had spoken a lot of her own mother. Kali, her name was? A mother that was always there for her daughter, a strong woman that didn't run away from her problems?

Yang was envious. How could she not be? Not when her own mother was a coward that abandoned her own daughter. It was a strong emotion, the kind that could be preyed on by a very particular kind of Grimm. Say, perhaps, a ghost-type Grimm that possessed a host and twisted their form and mind in response to their emotions? Perhaps, then, the very same that Yang wasn't aware had already taken her younger sister from her?

Of course that would be incredibly convenient, but also absolutely true. The Grimm had hung around in the vicinity within which it had transformed Ruby, sensing the potential for another victim nearby after

taking possession of Ruby's memory. Upon finding its next feast, it slipped into the body of the one it looked to transform. In this case: *Yang*.

The possession went unrecognized by the host, Yang unrelenting in her search for her sister as she started into a nearby park. But, full of energy as she generally was, she suddenly found a bit of sloth in her step. Her body was finely tuned, years of training and beneficial health habits culminating in perfect form for a brawler like herself. Because of it she always felt light-footed even when she was tired, and yet all at once it felt as if all of that training had just *relaxed*. The muscle that lined her arms and legs just seemed heavy and disruptive.

"**Ruby!?**" But she paid it no mind. Her sister came first, and she could easily have shrugged it off as catching a cold or some other illness. As she continued across the park the weight seemed to lift from her shoulders... and legs... and arm... and quite *literally* at that. It was because her muscles were thinning, firm pectorals melting to make the weight upon her chest heave and droop in slight while the definition of her ass drooped while retaining its abundant size. As a result, were she to sit with her butt as it was it would undoubtedly be a much more comfortable rest, and the fatty cheeks would surely press awkwardly against the leather of her pants.

Yang's legs wobbled as the weight of her thighs became more pronounced to her without the strong muscles within them to aid in their support. They drooped subtly, held firm only by the container of her pants. Her single biological arm suffered the same absence, flesh around each arm becoming soft like a pillow, but from there a more superficial change became evident as well. It began with peppered patches across the skin exposed between her glove and her sleeve, but the color of her skin grew evidently darker as if a pepper shaker was being dashed across her creamy tone. Tone didn't quite become super dark, instead taking an almost olive tone as the same phenomenon persevered across her exposed tummy and face as well, until her entire body was coated with a skin that wasn't quite her own.

It's quality, too, suffered from the change in color. Crows' feet indented themselves beneath Yang's eyes, skin rougher and more worn in general as she was unknowingly beset with advanced age. A girl in her late teens, it almost looked like Yang had progressed into her forties in the blink of an eye. Mind you, as things stood, she looked more like her mother with blonde hair and darker skin at this point, but she hadn't even taken notice.

And the Grimm was already working to skewer her memory and personality. The two were intertwined. One's past shaped their

personality after all, and you couldn't alter one without adversely affecting the other. Yang became confused about who she was looking for as her cognitive perception of her various bonds seemed to skewer. "**Ruby!?** **Er...** **Who...?**" Uncertainty plagued her; thoughts jumbled as the thought '*why am I looking for Blake's friend?*' popped up in place of the certainty of her goal. She was certainly looking for someone, she didn't doubt that at all. It was just the subject that she wasn't sure of. Lost in confusion, the coarser nature of her voice had otherwise gone unnoticed.

An uncomfortable sensation seared across the right side of Yang's body with focus on her arm; something that was incredibly unusual because of that arm's nature. It was artificial, her real arm lost during Beacon's fall and later replaced by a prosthetic. It got the job done, but when it came down to whether or not she could feel using it the answer was a big old no. She hadn't felt sensation in her fingertips on the right side of her body in almost a year now, but at that moment she could feel them quivering uncomfortably.

She brought the prosthetic before her violet gaze just in time to observe the most bizarre of phenomenon. A strange film had begun to spread itself across the metal prosthetic, the same olive color the rest of her skin had taken on. Fingers were wrapped in a matter of moments, the surface where nails would have been on a normal human hand hardening with fresh keratin that looked more worn as they settled into their position as a fresh set of fingernails. Warm returned to her fingers and palm as the sensation spread upward, steel melting into a goo of flesh and blood that settled properly all the way up to her shoulder.

Fingers flexed a moment out of sheer awe before she wondered why she was staring at it in the first place. Had she wanted someone to hold it? Oh, right. That was why she'd been looking for someone in the first place! After her husband had left her she'd found partnership with another... "**Huh?** **Husband?** **When the heck did I...?**" Yang, when normal, undoubtedly would have posed the question in a much cruder manner. She was gay, wasn't she? Or, no... she'd thought herself straight at one point, but after learning a woman's touch later...

Subtle arousal brought nipples to rise, but the platform they rose upon had begun to lessen in scale. The fat that had arrived in abundance when her muscles had melted had begun to diminish at a rapid pace, and it was most obvious in her breasts at first. They retained their faint sag, but as they shrunk to fit more comfortably within her top it was evident that this sag was from age. They were still perky in a way, but her bra tightening around them did wonders to make them look fuller than they were.

Cloth around her torso lightened, cleavage found itself smothered by a wrap of white that had once been her undershirt. The jacket around Yang's shoulder met at the neck, but otherwise tore to tatters in the center as only the sleeves darkened and remained.

Thighs and ass lost some of their mass as well, reduced to merely half of their earlier forms as pants loosened and parted into what looked like the bottom of a black hakama, the skin of her thighs on full display thanks to the cut-outs on either side of the legs. And her pussy? Pubes above darkened to charcoal, but the organ itself swelled inside, damage from childbirth evident to anyone that might be an expert in that kind of thing. A *child*... How was Blake doing, she wondered?

Strands of blonde hair were caught by the evening breeze, blowing away into the night as she approached a swing set in the park. Yang could remember when her daughter was always playing with such things. Darkness had claimed the hair that had remained atop her head, the excess severed as if cut by a barber and kept just above her shoulders. One eye shone yellow, and then another, her facial features overall beginning to resemble Blake more than herself. A narrower jaw, thinner lips, it all brought together by purple eyeshadow that was spread atop her lids to help disguise her true age.

Yali was certain of it. The one she was looking for was nearby. She knew because she could hear them, the power of sound more evident once a pair of feline ears protruded from the top of her head. They danced around in response to every sound hiding in the night. A cricket chirping would bring them to twitch one one, chains of the swings rattling pointing them in another. But it was the sound of footsteps approaching that captivated the attention of the Faunus woman.

Faunus... *yes*. She'd always been among the persecuted.

“We came here to check on our daughters and you ran off, Raven. We’ve talked about this, haven’t we?” The sight of a silhouette against the trees stirred her heart in two different directions. One was anger. *Kali Belladonna* wasn't sure why, but she almost wanted to yell at Raven. She'd made some mistakes in her life and was incredibly awkward, which made it difficult for her to fix them. Kali understood that. But it was also what she *loved* about her.

“Shut up.” And so came the usual response as Raven stepped into the light of the moon, just a foot away from Kali. Roughly, she took the Faunus' hand and pulled her close, burrowing her face in the cat's shoulder. **“I just don't want to, okay? I can't face her.”** She was brooding again, and so Kali reached back to rub her back before planting a kiss on her cheek.

“I’ll go alone in the morning then. Did you get us a room?”

“Of course.”

“Well then...” Frayed fingers reached back and slid against Raven’s ass a moment, before she gave it a playful tap. **“Let’s do that and then get some sleep. You’ll have another restless night if you don’t go to bed in a good mood, right?”**

“Tch.” Or say Kali said, but Raven knew just how strangely frisky she was. Not that she minded all that much. **“Fine, but I’m not letting you take the top away from me again.”**

“Fufu... It’s not my fault you just pretend to be a top.”

“Enough.”