

MOMMY SWAP

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Hmm... What’s wrong with this thing!?”

Shaking around her mallet with her *very* tiny, inchling arms, Shinmyoumaru Sukuna probably could have used the party she was currently attending for a more *relaxing* purpose. But while she had been invited to the Hakurei Shrine along with various other youkai and Gensokyo denizens, she instead found her distracted with some *unwanted issues* related to the Miracle Mallet that she had brought along with her.

The Miracle Mallet was a legendary artifact to the miniaturized inchling people. It was an object of power that allowed them to alter their sizes and the sizes of other objects, meaning that they could grow themselves to the same size as a regular human. That was the reason Sukuna had brought it in the first place, because it was more comfortable to party and drink when she was the same size as everyone else.

But something was wrong with the mallet. It had all begun when she had first arrived. The Scarlet Devil, Remilia Scarlet, had toyed with Sukuna. She’d taken the mallet from her and swung it around carelessly, chipping its handle. Sukuna had stolen it back in a rage and bonked Remilia on the head without activating its ability to change her size. She’d merely wanted to teach her a lesson.

About ten minutes later, however? The inchling had gone to use the mallet on herself as she normally did to make herself larger. But it *didn’t work*. She bonked herself *several times* to no avail. “**Did that little chip... break it!?**” It had been a moment where emotions had been running high and so Sukuna’s body language had grown a touch too

eccentric. So eccentric that she had flailed her arms too hard and the mallet she had been waving about slipped out of her grasp. “**Ah!?**”

And it flew right into the window of the nearby Hakurei Shrine’s main building.

“**Would you grow up, Reimu!? We’re old enough that— OW!?**”

“**Why don’t *you* grow up, Marisa? You— OW!?**”

At the same time as Sukuna accidentally tossing the Miracle Mallet, both Hakurei Reimu and Kirisame Marisa had been arguing within the building in question. The two of them, despite being romantically involved, still hadn’t made their relationship official. It had become a hot button topic to the pair, one so hot that even in the middle of this drinking event the two had disappeared back into the building together to argue.



But that argument had been interrupted by an unidentified flying object. Marisa had been standing under the window so she got bonked first, but the object had enough momentum that it ricocheted off Marisa’s cranium and smacked Reimu in the head too – before bouncing *again* into the next room. “**What the heck was *that*!? I’m gonna check it out!**” Being the more proactive of the two, Marisa ran past Reimu into the room after the object, leaving Reimu to rub wordlessly at the bump on her head.

“**Now where did that thing land? It couldn’t have gone *that* far, right?**” And it wasn’t like the Hakurei shrine was exactly *furnished*. It was just a small building with enough space for Reimu to sleep and have a small kitchen space. She’d left Reimu in the latter while she was in the former, with Reimu’s futon spread out in the corner. The item that had hit them *should* have lanced somewhere on the floor in plain sight, but she couldn’t see it. A real headscratcher!

Marisa ultimately rethought what she should prioritize doing once the lump on her head began to *vibrate* though.

The young woman reached up to rub at the bump on question. She had left her hat in the kitchen area so it was easy to do since it was just on the fringe of her forehead. *While* rubbing, however, Marisa eventually arched her eyebrow. Something felt *odd*. Not about the bump itself, but about the hair that was between her fingers and the wound. It almost felt straighter, silkier, and looking up... “**Wha—?**” It *looked* darker. At first a chestnut brown, the witch’s hair soon darkened to a shade that was closer to black. Not to mention the *length* of that hair. Her side braid came unraveled because her hair was elongating, quickly spilling down to the backs of her shins behind her, bangs growing to just above her eyes.

“**What the heck is happening here?**” Her concerns might have been worth putting a little more *energy* into, wouldn’t they? Especially since Marisa was generally such a boisterous woman. But her words felt a little too *calm*. Where was her usual spunk? She almost sounded more like *Reimu* of all people although she didn’t immediately draw that connection. Even though she continued to change so that she appeared... *similar*.

It could be seen in the woman’s face more than anywhere else though. Her facial features were always a little narrower than Reimu’s, but her cheeks filled out and her chin rounded – ultimately leaving her with narrowed eyes that glimmered silver in kind. But Reimu’s eyes *weren’t* silver, just as her face didn’t look identical to Reimu’s as much as similarities had arisen. To begin with there was a fullness to her lips that the shrine maiden just didn’t possess. Not to mention her brows were thinner and her nose was a touch sharper. So Marisa looked vaguely Reimu-*like* if anything.

But *why?* A question that probably *should* have been asked, but the woman’s silver eyes had glossed over. It didn’t seem like she was actually paying attention to anything that was going on anymore. “**I feel sort of off.**” Perhaps it was because her face had changed, but it sounded like her vocal chords had followed suit. That voice of hers was like a deeper version of Reimu’s, and perhaps she spoke in an even more deadpan manner.

While things had been trending in the direct of Marisa strongly resembling her girlfriend, mind you? That trend was quick to shatter once the next wave of changes settled into place. It began with a very dramatic jump in height, one that saw her knees exposed. Her witch’s dress usually covered them, but as she grew up to 5’8” more and more of her legs and thighs were exposed, and the short sleeves felt tighter and tighter around her shoulders.

“*...Huh?*” But she barely batted an eyelash at that. That said, upon growing taller there was something incredibly *mature* about her complexion. Those eyelashes that she barely batted were longer, and there were now vague Crow’s feet-like indentations in the corners of her eyes. Not to mention her already thick lips were even *plumper*. Rather than a woman around twenty, she looked to be around *forty*. Her age had *doubled*. *Well I have a twenty year old kid, it’d be weird if I was much younger, right?*

...Was that true?

Her loins certainly suggested it. They demonstrated all of the telltale signs of having experienced childbirth once, but just as notable was the area that *surrounded them*. Like the thick bush of brown pubes that had grown? That may have been part of it but no, not *exactly*. “*Urp!*” A strange noise jumped from Marisa’s lips. A burp? She did feel a little *bloated* – was it the sake from earlier?

Not *quite*. Her stomach had grown to bulge just a little but against the underside of her dress, setting the stage for added gains that bloated beneath it. It was fortunate that she wasn’t wearing pants nor tights, for they would have been absolutely *shredded* by the expansion that occurred there. Her hips swung out three, four, *five* inches, prompting the woman to absent-mindedly stumble before catching herself. This wideness, however, was necessary for reasons that made themselves plain immediately after.

Both of her thighs *erupted* with additional heft, skin pulled as tight as it possible could be around upper legs that jiggled and bounced from the sheer force of the weight being supplemented. It didn’t take long for either thigh to *surpass* her waist in thickness, and those blessings were passed onto her ass in kind. Her rear bubbled and bubbled, pushing up the back of her skirt as cheeks jutted out about *eight inches* behind her. Needless to say, this flossed the undergarments she was wearing uncomfortably between her cheeks in the back while cameltoeing the hell out of her aged pussy.

Marisa shook her head. “**Am I really at the age where I should be wearing my wife’s daughter’s clothes? I definitely don’t have... the figure for it?**” What was she saying? She was *married*? Her spouse had a daughter that dressed in witch’s attire? That shouldn’t have been right in any capacity but it certainly *felt* right. What reason did she have to doubt her own memories? Much less her body, because she definitely could remember being this thick. Even her tits, which had swelled beneath the dress so much that her new D-cups were practically being strangled by Marisa’s old clothes.

Fortunately for her, any issues with her outfit were promptly addressed by the Miracle Mallet's spell. All of the cloth gripping her began to light up and, at one point, that light appeared to *explode*. Rather than leave her naked however, she was left dressed in a mockery of shrine maiden attire. Her tits, ass, and thighs were all on display. Not that the woman really seemed to care. Her *daughter* was the shrine maiden these days, not her.

“Huh? Did I have a lump on my head a second ago or something?” The forty year old *Rei* found herself rubbing at *nothing* on top of her head of her long, dark brown hair. There was little point in denying it. The woman that Marisa had been transformed into by the Miracle Mallet looked exceptionally similar to a much older version of Reimu. Albeit with tits and an ass that were well beyond the shrine maiden's reach.



But Rei didn't see herself *as* Reimu. She was *Hakurei Rei*, and in her mind she was Reimu's *mother*. The fundamental nature of her very existence had been inexplicably altered by the malfunctioning mallet, perhaps feeding on the argument the two young women had been having when it bonked them on their heads. **“I guess I should just go see what Marie is doing in the kitchen...”**

Still, it was almost a wonder just how much like Reimu she acted. Everything from the indifferent and lazy attitude to the movements of her body. Well... *Rei's body did jiggle a lot more*. But that was understandable considering how naturally sexy she was. Something that would surely give her daughter no shortage of envy.

Wait. *Marie*?

“It sure is taking her a while to find it. Was I seeing things though, or was that Sukuna's mallet?” Reimu, meanwhile, had been patiently waiting for Marisa to return after fetching whatever had flown in through the window. A minute passed and that had *definitely* been too long considering how small her bedchambers were. It wasn't like she cluttered her floor either, so spotting something like that on the ground wouldn't have been a difficult task.

The shrine maiden blinked. “**Marisa? You okay in there?**” No reply



came, but there *were* some strange noises. Probably noises worth investigating, so Reimu resolved to go and check on her officially unofficial girlfriend. She didn't make it that far though. Not before the small bump on her head gave her pause. It felt a little weird? “**Actually, come to think of it... if that was the Miracle Mallet?**”

Should she have been expecting to shrink or something?

With the knowledge of the Miracle Mallet she possessed that certainly was an intuitive expectation. Mind you it wasn't one that came to pass. Rather, Reimu was immediately struck with the realization that her shrine maiden garb wasn't as properly fitted as it should have been in the *opposite* sense. The top half was rising up to show off more of her tummy, whereas her skirt was lifting up past her knees. Even her arms were a little longer. “**Uh... Did I just get taller?**” It didn't feel like *much* if so. Maybe only a couple of inches up to 5'4” if anything.

She supposed Sukuna hadn't been holding it when she had been hit, so maybe the effect had been off? While she considered how much her size hadn't really changed, however, she was missing a crucial piece of the puzzle without a mirror present. Her *face*. She wasn't *merely* taller. Her complexion had aged so that she strongly resembled Rei in the next room. In the sense that she looked *older*, as if she were a woman in her *forties* instead of around twenty. But more on that later.

“**UHM!?**” It didn't take her long at all to realize that she had a much more astounding change to take note of, and it was separate from the reveal that her voice now sounded like a vaguely deeper variation of Marisa's. The fit of her shrine maiden outfit had become *dramatically* tight very quickly. She had made that noise upon looking *down*, largely because she couldn't *see past her chest*.

Reimu's bosom was a pretty average size, or at least it was *supposed* to be. That wasn't a descriptor that could really be applied for much longer, mind you, as the upper discomfort with her outfit's fit was very

clearly the result of those breasts growing. “**My titties are so big!**” Her... *titties*? An uncharacteristic use of vernacular aside, it might have been a warranted remark considering how true it was. They had *already* ballooned to completely fill the top half of her costume, mounds around the size of her head. Their weight had her leaning forward passively but every so often she managed to correct it.

And yet fate sought to make that near impossible. “**Whoa!?**” She *almost* flew face first into the nearby table because the already impressive size of her breasts *doubled* in just a matter of seconds. The front of her outfit stood no chance, and tits that were about 1.5x size her own head bounced and jiggled into the fresh air, tattered cloth spilling all around her from the phenomenon.

But that cloth wasn't alone. The tatters of her *undergarments* had joined them because her tits hadn't been the only parts of her body swelling. They had simply been the most obvious because they obscured the sight of everything past them. Yet her ass and thighs had bloated into glorious shapes and sizes in tandem, cheeks bubbling out about six inches while thighs were exceptionally thick near the top. But if you were to compare her lower half to Rei's? Rei would still edge Reimu out in terms of the size, shape, and perkiness of her ass. She definitely lost in the tit department though.

“**Weird, why am I wearing Reimu-chan's clothes~?**” Wait, wasn't that a strange thing to say? Was she *not* Reimu herself? And where had all of the shock that she had aimed at her swelling bosom gone? A switch had been flipped in her mind and she was perceiving reality in a different light. Her memories had been changing and the new ones interpreted her bombastic figure as normal. The clothes, on the other hand? *They belong to my daughter-in-law!*

Seeing as Reimu still resembled herself from the neck up this might have sounded confusing, but that *was* quick to change. Her face had begun to think out a little, nose rounding and lips plumping up. Her eyes were bigger and brighter, causing her face to *strongly* resemble Marisa's while once more not being a perfect match – seeing as she had inconsistencies like the fact that her eyes had been turned an emerald-green instead of Marisa's usual amber.

And then there was the matter of her *hair*. After everything it was the only part of her appearance that still *looked like Reimu*. But much like her (thicker) bush of pubes already had unknowingly done, the color of it all came alight. Strands flickered brighter towards a golden blonde; darker than Marisa's, but it certainly aided in making her appear much more similar. From there the hair fluffed up *and* lengthened, spilling

halfway down her back. It was pretty, but the signs of aging were certainly there too.

As had been the case with Rei, the newly matured woman's clothes, tatters and all, came to glow before exploding in a flash. When all was said and done she was now wearing a big witch's hat, a dark, open-chested leotard, black tights, and short boots. She looked every bit the witch that her *daughter* Marisa did. Like mother like daughter and all that.

Kirisame Marie gave her head a little shake once the fog on her mind lifted. "**The heck was that about!?**" Speaking boisterously, the *ample* heft of her big tits and full ass jiggled about after she gave a little twirl. She was very much in the same situation as Rei. She looked a *lot* like an older Marisa around the age of forty, and yet she saw herself as Marisa's birth mother. She had all of Marisa's energy too, much like Rei had Reimu's... lack thereof.



The two had become each other's mothers, and yet...

"Rei-chan! There you are!" At the sight of Rei stepping back into the kitchen area, Marie jumped at and clung to the taller woman while pushing the full force of her hefty bosom into the shrine maiden's torso. It was enough to make even Rei blush. "**I don't know why, but I was missing you all of a sudden!**" Rather than being girlfriends who had been in the middle of a fight, their relationship was *different* now.

They were more intimate. They were *married*. Though they had gotten married *after* having their children and they had left their husbands. Rei affectionately returned Marie's hug by stroking her head. "**Oh really? I guess I was feeling the same way. Why don't you come back into the bedchamber and I can show you just how much?**" Oh, right...

They were also very sexually active.

“Eugh... Why are our parents like that? Gross!” Peering through a crack in the front door, Marisa and Reimu had been privy to the sight of their parents about to go have sex. The issue was... they couldn't have been the *real* Reimu and Marisa, right? This was the truth. The Marisa who had spoken had been *Remilia*, but she didn't seem to remember that fact. On the other hand, Reimu...?

She was *Sukuna*.

And she could remember that, even though her personality had transitioned into Reimu's *along* with her body. **“Um... Yeah. This is *bad*.”** She simply mumbled to herself, thinking about the fact that even if she could find the Miracle Mallet, her now human body wouldn't be able to wield it. But she squeaked with surprise when the new Marisa suddenly planted a kiss on her cheek.

“So how about *we* go and... you know?”

“Wh-What!?”