

PARENTAL DRAPHT

COMMISSION STORY

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> **Wouldn't you say the prevalence of isekai is oversaturating things now? They've become a little creatively bankrupt.**

It was a Discord message that left Joseph in thought for a moment. While it did sound a little like an argument, what was happening was *actually* a spirited discussion between himself and his friend, Axel, about the current state of the light novel, manga, and anime industries. This was just one of many topics that had come up over the course of their conversation and, well... He couldn't say that Axel was *wrong* on this particular point.

The prevalence of isekai properties over the past ten years was hard to deny. It was way too easy to coax young men into enjoying something through the means of the power fantasy that the genre often displayed. That was because the narratives typically revolved around a young man being transported to another world either straight up or through reincarnation, and then within he would develop fantastic powers, woo every woman imaginable, or *both*.

It had been harmless at first but, by this point, it was hard to deny that there was *too much* of it. A lot of these series didn't innovate past the initial concept, and each anime season had at least one or two low budget iterations. Joseph recognized this, but there was also a counterargument that he wanted to present.

> **Well, what if they shook up the formula in a meaningful way? What about... a fantasy mom from another world, isekai'd into our own? Wouldn't that be an interesting angle?**

Parental characters *generally* weren't isekai'd all that much, especially not women (at least compared to the number of stories that had male MCs). There wasn't an immediate reply, but that was fine. Joseph had decided to get up and get a drink in the meantime while he awaited a response. But upon stepping through his bedroom door...

“...*Huh?*” He found himself in a *different* bedroom. A modern one with a queen sized bed, oak furniture, a flat screen television on the wall... Not to mention it was late evening based on the view through the window? But hadn't it just been mid-afternoon? “**Where am I? Didn't I just walk through...?**” The man turned around, expecting to find his bedroom on the other side of the door he had just walked through. But instead? There was a hallway that he didn't recognize.

A little anxious, he retreated further into the bedroom. He didn't understand *what* was happening, but wouldn't it be bad if someone found him? This *wasn't* his home after all! He wasn't thinking rationally due to the shock of it all. It would have made more sense to just bolt for the front door, right? And yet now he was closer to the bed. Both the bed and an article of clothing spread out upon it. A *very* scantily clad, black dress.

“**Well I definitely wouldn't fit into that.**” He joked to lighten the mood for himself alone. Not realizing at that exact moment that it wouldn't even be a question that he *could* fit into that dress soon. The necessary steps had already begun to be taken, and it had done so with a very subtle slimming of his body fat. Not enough to completely erase a subtle softness to his tummy and chest completely, but it *was* noticeable enough.

While it had trimmed him down at his *current* height, however? Even the slightest change in his vertical length would likely make the weight that remained stand out all the more, and— “*E-Eh!?*” The slight weight loss had been meager enough for the owner of the body it had happened upon to take no notice of it, but as the bed in front of him suddenly rose closer and closer to his eye level? Joseph couldn't exactly deny that something strange was afoot.

Something that was strangely stealing... *a foot*. A little more than that, rather, as he dropped from nearly six feet to a mere 4'9". Pants and boxers slid off, but his larger shirt served nicely as a one piece dress that concealed how the fat that remained from his previous weight loss looked a little more *ample* around his chest, stomach, and thighs now. “**Did I just shrink? How is that possible?**” Still worried about getting caught in a stranger's house, he was keeping his voice quite.

A stranger's home? But isn't this...?

That thought would have to wait, because the weight that remained on his shrunken frame seemed to be *building* now that he was smaller. Not around his tummy or face or anything like that, but around several areas that were more attributed not to the weight of a man, but the weight of a *woman*. “**This feels weird!**” A crack to his voice did not escape his attention, but a building pressure beneath his nipples was far more pressing.

He grabbed his own chest with both hands without thinking things through and was immediately wracked by a jolt of sensitivity that was wholly unfamiliar to him. “**M-My breasts!?**” He hadn't *meant* to describe them that way, namely because a man wasn't supposed to *have* breasts! But as they filled his palms so that elongated fingernails and slenderer fingertips could sink into them, it became increasingly difficult to describe them any other way.

Not much else was uttered on Joseph's part as things (aka his new tits) continued to escalate. He could *feel* swollen, thickened nipples and rounder, puffier areola digging into his palms as he held them. But their weight was growing and growing beyond what he would expect for a *regular* woman's bosom. His shirt's base was lifted as more and more of the coverage was needed for tits that had well passed DDs, which would have been staggeringly large against his short body in the first place.

“**This can't be... happening? But why couldn't it be? Isn't this... my body...?**” Rather than his voice cracking any further, it sounded as if things had finally settled in a sultry, maternal, womanly pitch. He sounded calm even as his tits grew so big that they began to hang down to his bellybutton, and it hadn't even crossed his mind that his hips had jutted out nearly *five* inches to the sides to accommodate an ass and thighs that had bloated with a perfect, womanly pudge as well. He bore an hourglass figure, something that would typically only be found on a *woman*. But, well... “**Mmmmn...**”

She was unable to hold back a moan that had seemingly come on spontaneously from her perspective. But it was a direct result to the dick between her legs folding into a new, moist pussy beneath a thick bush of hair that was *oddly* silver. The fact that her sex had changed didn't even strike her, nor did the fact that the hair atop her head was not only silver as well, but it had been pulling out far past her shoulders and ass.

It was honestly a little difficult to assume her age. She was petite in frame, yes, but the woman had excessive curves that bore a weighty droop to them – suggesting she might be *older*. While Joseph's face had remained largely untouched until this point barring looking a touch

more feminine, that quickly changed to make her age cleared. A rounder shape and swollen lips gifted her a maturity that hadn't been there before, but narrowed eyes that turned pink likewise earned Crow's feet – while the subtler beginning of wrinkles emerged elsewhere. She had to be in her *forties* at least. These were all lines that became clearer as her olive skin tone was finally replaced, rendering her a pinkish pale with even pinker nipples.

She could feel clarity returning to her, but before it completely did? There had been a slight pressure on the sides of her head above her ears. A pressure that culminated in the emergence of two smooth, black, rock-hard *horns* that curled above her forehead – directly above ears that were somehow pointier, almost like an elf's but not quite. She didn't look *human*, and yet this was a world populated solely *by* humans.

But her new memories had an explanation for that.

“Oh dear! Why in the world am I wearing my hubbie's clothes?”

Even then, 'wearing' might have been the incorrect term now. With her body so short and sexy, it was really only the shirt that still clung to the woman's body. Not that it was generally very easy for *Jaliya* to find clothes in *this world* in the first place. She was a Draph, a woman from *another world* who had been transported to modern day Earth about twenty five years ago through a magical mishap.

She could never return home, and things had been difficult at first since only humans existed in this realm. But with time she had adjusted.

Jaliya had been taken in by a young man when she had first arrived and had eventually not only fallen in love, but also birthed two daughters with him. This world had accepted her, but at times there were still problems. Finding clothes that fit a Draph's buxom, shortstack proportions was one of them.

Being mindful of her horns, she lifted the men's shirt up and over her head so that her huge tits spilled out. **“Good thing I had this ready...”** And immediately picked up the skimpy, black dress on the bed. It was what she had been wearing when she had arrived all of those years ago, and with her two daughters out for the night... Well, the forty



year old woman wanted to remind her husband of just how good she looked in it.

“I suppose I should give her that gift, too...”

“I *definitely* shouldn’t be in here.” Axel’s voice was hushed, and why *wouldn’t* it be? He hadn’t even seen Joseph’s reply because he had been using the bathroom at the time. After washing his hands and passing through the door to his hall to return to his office? He’d instead ended up in an unfamiliar bedroom. With a small, single bed and walls painted a baby blue... It was modern, but I was definitely the room of a teenaged girl? He could tell by the cute laptop on a small desk, as well as some of the clothes folded on the bed.

That desk seemed a little *too* small for some reason, however.

What should he do here? This was impossible, right? His bathroom wasn’t on the other side of the door... Had he fallen asleep on the toilet? This must have just been a dream, right? **“I should probably leave...”** But despite saying that? It didn’t quite strike the man that he had gradually been inching closer to the center of the room. Almost like he subconsciously *wanted* to be there.

Considering the circumstances it probably should have been *obvious* that Axel had found himself in a situation similar to what Joseph was actually experiencing at the exact same time. And while partially true, the destined outcome wasn’t meant to be *exactly* the same. Although there *would* be some similarities. But they didn’t emerge in the exact same order, either. **“Ow? What’s with this headache?”**

It had come on harshly and suddenly, the man’s head pounding with a throbbing sensation centered around the two sides on the top of his skull. He’d wondered if he had perhaps hit his head and had reached up to touch around for any tenderness. **“AH!?”** But he’d found something *much* more alarming instead. Two jagged, hard growths were poking out. They felt like bone – no, *horns*? And while he couldn’t *see* them, he could tell that they had a ribbed texture. Not only that, but they were growing *longer*.

While those horns jutted out of his skull with their black coloring, they curled forward towards his face before that growth came to an end. Yet just below them? His ears had been tugged into lengthy points that were grazed and then fondled briefly as he lowered his grasp. **“And my ears!?”** This had to be a dream, right? Well at least the throbbing pain had stopped once the horns had *grown in*.

Although he had more to worry about than he had realized at the time. Silver streaks had begun to emerge amongst his short hairstyle, whereas facial? He was speedrunning his descent into femininity. His eyes were already growing larger and more expressive as lashes lengthened and silvered brows thickened. Those eyes were pointedly feminine, and swollen lips and a smaller nose contributed. His rounder facial shape thinned ever so slightly, but his face's shape also *compressed* vertically. He not only looked like a *girl* above a now Adam's apple-less neck; he didn't look like himself, and he looked *significantly* younger. Like a girl around *eighteen* rather than a man touching his thirties.

"H-Hey!?" Axel couldn't help but chirp in the voice of a jittery maiden as his balance fumbled. He didn't really understand it at first, but the bedroom was growing larger around... *No*. It took him a second, but he ultimately understood the true context. **"I'm shrinking!?"** Not just a *little* bit, and certainly not *just* in terms of height. He had been a *big boy* on top of being tall, and almost all of that fat was drained away while he continued to shrink as if a weight was pressing down on the top of his horns.

His height dipped beneath the five foot mark before long, but not *everything* was shrinking or diminishing as height and weight alike were shed. Hair that had already silvered was growing in tandem, not just in length but also in a messy thickness as it eventually spilled out in front of his shoulders, bangs rendered a voluminous mess beneath a withering ahoge above.

By the time the (now) young man's body had stopped shrinking he had to be around *4'4"*. A height that would have made sense for a child under *normal* circumstances, but it certainly made sense why that desk was so small. *She* would fit perfectly underneath it. Even despite the fact that *she* still had the slightest bit of chub to her tummy. *She* looked down at the pants and underwear that had slipped off her legs. **"Um... What's wrong here?"**

Axel may have noticed the initial shock of becoming smaller, but now that she was? She didn't have any questions about her height nor, evidently, about how her old dick had shrunk to such an extreme length that what remained had burrowed into her new pussy. Eyes had shifted to an orange color the very moment her manhood had been lost and her silver pubes had been shaved down to only two neatly trimmed inches.

"These clothes... Did I put them on?" They didn't *fit*, right? And even if they hadn't been too long for her, with her shirt now so big that even her ankles were hidden, they wouldn't have fit her proportionally otherwise, right? Maybe this didn't *sound* like it made much sense, but only because that t-shirt was hiding so much. You couldn't see that the

skin around her thighs had been pulled taut by the advent of soft, fatty tissue beneath them. Those thighs bulged until each one was just an inch or two shorter across than the width of her pinched-in tummy. She also couldn't see that the cheeks of her ass had bloomed into a pronounced peach shape that helped dissuade any thought of her being a child despite being so short.

And if any additional proof was needed? Well, the force that raised the base of her shirt up to her *knees* would have made it clear. All of a sudden Axel could recall how she had been an early bloomer. How much trouble it had been that her breasts had started growing before she'd even turned ten. And now? As an eighteen year old? They had grown up to the point that they were comparable in size to her own *head*, which looked even bigger upon such a short body. Her nipples were as big as her eyes and could be seen poking against the cloth. They looked heavy and jiggled freely beneath the shirt, but the girl herself didn't see them as strange enough to fondle. If she found *anything* strange then it had to be...

“Why am I wearing dad's clothes!?! This isn't the time!” Fretting, now that clarity had been restored to her, *Aselia* wasn't worried about the fact that she had just been a man – rather, those memories no longer existed. What the eighteen year old *was* worried about was that she had a date with a girl from her class in an hour and she *still* didn't know what to wear!

It was obvious looking at her, but the girl *wasn't* human. Despite being born to a Draph mother and a human father, she was a pure-blooded Draph in form just as her older sister was a pure-blooded human somehow. She knew of her mother, Jayila's origins, and honestly? It made growing up on Earth a little *complicated*. Not only had she been an *extremely* early bloomer, but she had gone through high school with men constantly ogling her because she was short and *very* curvy.



Maybe it was because of that, or because she was just always meant to be that way, but as she had gotten older she had realized she was a lesbian. **“Sis said I could borrow these, but... Ugh, guess I'll just need to try.”** Aselia had torn off her dad's oversized t-shirt and kicked it away, eventually sliding on a pair of her own, black lace panties beneath exceptionally short, black shorts, and

turning to the clothes folded on her bed. She had to be careful of her horns, but she managed to get the green shirt her sister had leant to her over her head. The issue? It didn't go much farther than that.

“As I thought... even skipping my bra, it doesn't...” She couldn't get the top over her bare tits. It only reached just past her nipples, and she couldn't go meet her date looking like *that!* It was *extremely* hard to get clothes in her size with her proportions, at least not without wearing something that was too *long*. And then it just looked like she was wearing a tent! **“I guess I'll need to wear one of the outfits I wear to school then.”** Something she *hadn't* wanted to do. She wanted to look nice!

“Why not wear this, sweetie?” Aselia almost spit out her own tongue at the sight of her mother walking in, dressed in an *extremely* revealing gown. The daughter recognized it. That was fashion from her mother's home realm, supposedly. But she only wore it on nights that... *Oh god, she's going to fuck dad while I'm out.* That horrifying thought crossed Aselia's mind for a moment.

But then Jaliya held up a smaller version of the dress she presently had on. Her mom was sweet, kind, beautiful; she was amazing, really. Aselia looked up to her a great deal, especially knowing the two of them faced similar issues considering their bodies, yet...

“N-NO WAY IN HELL!”