

DRAGON TALE

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“When are they going to add the others as playable units?”

With a plate of birthday cake pushed off to the side of his monitor, Joseph had plenty to lament that day. Another year had come and gone and so he was another year older. And the cake? Well, it wasn't his favorite flavor, but he certainly appreciated the ceremony and thought that had gone into it. He'd probably get around to eating it eventually, but after having such a big dinner he wasn't quite in the mood for it *just* yet.

Instead he was fixated on something that even *he* thought was a little silly. With recent Granblue Fantasy updates had come the reveal of the mortal forms of the Six Dragons, ferocious monsters to be fought in raid battles. But their true selves? They were nothing like the monsters that had been demonstrated as within their mortal forms, and for the most part were incredibly attractive. How could you not want to roll them all?

And yet out of the six, only two had been put into the game thus far. He wanted them all, enough to vocalize as much at the very least. **“I wish, at least, that I had the three most popular ones here. Well, I guess I already *have* Fediél.”** Thanks to a lucky New Year's roll, since she was already in the game. Joseph didn't even bat an eyelash as, when he 'made his wish', his Granblue browser client had suddenly flashed. **“Huh? That was a weird graphical error.”** Because what else could it be?

Dismissing it as little more than that, he strangely found himself turning towards his cake. The very same cake that he just been too full and disinterested in to eat little more than *moments* before. Yet now? **“Why**

am I so hungry all of a sudden? Forget this slice, I could probably eat the entire cake!” And he made good on that idea, or at least he did so working with what he could. Joseph practically *inhaled* the cake, and in the end? He wasn’t even satisfied. **“I’m... still hungry? Huh, that’s weird...”**

Could he have been sick? A hunger this intense would normally speak to a greater problem, and yet something deep down *reassured* him that this wasn’t the case. *I’m always hungry, though...* Was it a thought? An instinct? A memory? He couldn’t quite place it. But there was absolutely something *there*.

There was most certainly something *manifesting*, but initially the young man was ignorant to it. Joseph couldn’t exactly be blamed for not realizing all things considered, for without the presence of a mirror they would be rather difficult to identify – a trait that was the exact *opposite* of what would come not long after.

Whether it was his eyes or hair, there was a less than discreet change to their nature. Color was very much a part of it, with both irises and his shorter mane taking on a steely blue that bordered a luminescent silver, but what changed just as much came down to *design*. In terms of the man’s eyes, their shapes seemed to become softer, rounder, but also slightly bigger to make more use of his face’s real estate. As for his silvered hair? It extended, taking on a wavy mess that hung to his shoulders with sheer chaos, a single strand reaching up and curving from its peak.

Those were called *ahoges*, weren’t they?

“Should I fetch something else from the kitchen?” After he stood once more, the man’s eyes flickered to and fro between the polished plate and the door. As much as he *wanted* to leave and do just that, because his hunger was far from satiated, there was something that told him to remain where he was too. It was simply a temporary instinct embedded to prevent him from making a public appearance before whatever was to be completed *was* completed, and at the very least? Because he was so distracted by a plain of action, the fact that his olive skin was so quickly lightening to a pinkish pale unbecoming of his lineage was not quite caught while it was happening.

He was still indecisive, in fact. **“*Jo doesn’t know what to do... Huh? What did I just...?*”** What had he just said? It was true that he *didn’t* know what to do, but it was his choice of wording initially... It was close to *never* that he spoke in the third person, and he would certainly *never* shorten his name like that. *But isn’t it less effort...?* Well it *was*, but that wasn’t the point! Where was this lazy attitude coming from?

No, it wasn't just laziness. He also felt a little *tired*? It was a hard feeling to place, and rather than eat he felt just as ready to take a nap it seemed. Without much guidance mentally on where he should be going, he wobbled back and forth between his door and his bed, but in doing so? He realized something else. That his steps seemed to be covering less and less ground. "**Why is Jo... I MEAN, why am I...?**"

An understanding of the phenomenon was *very* quick to hit him like a truck. Just as sure as he was now that his clothing had become loose, he was sure that the only reasonable cause for it was, well in his own words: "**I'm shrinking!? How is that possible...?**" Loud at first, by the time he came to question the cause his voice had softened, all of its energy gone. *It was just too much effort to be excited, wasn't it?*

That said, he wasn't *wrong*. His body *was* shrinking, and while you might think it was something like out of *Honey! I Shrunk the Kids!* where it was all proportional, it wasn't. Rather, it didn't quite seem like he was becoming a miniaturized version of himself so much as he was becoming an individual suffering from dwarfism of some measure.

Limbs shortened more than his torso did, which was saying a *lot* with how short that torso became, and in doing so much of his weight was shed. But that didn't mean that Joseph was exactly becoming *thin*, either. His torso's design somehow seemed a little more *rotund* than one would expect of a human, even more so than a child even *if* his height had begun to resemble one.

Hands and feet became short and stubby, and with his size as it was perhaps it was only natural that all of his clothing would become shed. There was just no physical way for him to support it considering his gait had changed to be so small that he slid through the neck hole of his shirt with a little effort. "**This is... Jo is so small! Why?**" Changed to match, his voice was higher and gentler simultaneously, sounding *much* more feminine than it had before.

And for good reason. "**Ah. Jo's...?**" Even though *she* had just had to say goodbye to her men's genitals with a sharp tug, her voice didn't sound all that shocked. It was a little monotonous, like Joseph couldn't bring herself to care. In some sense or another? She couldn't. Not even as her chest puffed up with a tiny display that would equate to a bosom on any other race, or even as her butt and thighs became just a little plumper. With her height beneath the three foot mark and her figure so rounded, there wasn't exactly much sexual appeal to be had.

There was, however, *cuteness*.

A rounded face spoke to this the most, with features seeming much more youthful than they had before. Considering her racial traits as to what she could now remember ‘*basing herself on*’, a Harvin, this made sense. “**Did Wam... Create this form? ...Wam? Like Wamdus?**” Some memories, seemingly, had mended them with those from when she had been a man, but they also aligned with her desire from earlier. To have those three dragons, and yet... According to her memories, and looking at her short, pale body, hadn’t she *become* one?

To sell that point, her round ears began to stretch. Longer and longer out from the sides of her head, their weight growing so much that tiny fingers reached up to grab them. “**...Big.**” But also *soft*, for as she fondled them she found a soft fur soon coating them. Even as they grew so big that they flew out far past her slender shoulders, they had become coated in soft silver and brown fur.

“**Hm?**” When all was said and done, the fluffy-eared girl tilted her head to the side. “**Wam is confused. Wam isn’t supposed to... be like this?**” Even *Wamdus*, one of the Six Dragons wasn’t sure what was correct and what wasn’t. She could definitely recall her old life, and that was still fairly prevalent. But the way she was acting? Her movements as a Harvin-inspired lifeform? Referring to herself in the third person? It was all very much like the dragon whose identity had been forced upon her.



Was this because she had made that wish? To have the dragons *here*? Had something misconstrued that as a desire to have them physically present in her room? Just thinking about it made her head spin. And you know what was the answer to that? Food! She was still so, so hungry! And still knowledgeable about where the kitchen was, she waddled towards the door to just do that. Only to stop, for something caught her attention. Her computer screen was glowing...

“**Eh?**”

Elsewhere – like very, very far *elsewhere* – another young man was just going about his day as usual. Since the day had just reset for Granblue, Kay was booting up the game to check in on whether or not there were any goodies available. *Probably not* considering they had just stopped giving out free rolls earlier that month, but it was nice to be surprised

now and again. Unfortunately for him? That didn't really appear to be the case.

“Welp, what can you do?” It was easy enough just to shrug it off. He had things to draw and other games to play in the first place, so it wasn't really any sweat off of *his* back. When he went to *close* the game in question, however, that was when something very strange occurred. His computer screen began to glow very briefly before that light seemed to fade away. **“Uh...?”** That wasn't normal, was it? Had something happened with his computer?

Why not look up some stuff about human romances!?

...How do you use this thing again?

Two thoughts struck Kay's mind back to back, and they ultimately left him a little confused. Since when did he care about romance? Why had he specifically referred to them as 'mortal romances'? Why did looking at his keyboard fill him with confusion? Something certainly wasn't right here. ...And hadn't he just botched his own recollection? Humans and mortals were the same thing, right? It wasn't like there were things *like* humans. Well, not in *this* world.

Without thinking too much of it, he suddenly adjusted his posture in his chair. He had to lean in a little more to get his preferred viewing angle with his monitor, and he had to slide his feet out a little further because they had been raised too high. But then he had to do it again, and again, until he finally stood up – only to realize that his pants and shirt didn't fit right after doing so. **“What the—?”**

Kay was taller? While true, even still he could feel that trend increasing. His limbs and spine were lengthening and, as a result of that increase, the soft weight to his body was stretched thinner so that he looked leaner in the process. With shoulders higher it was only *natural* that his shirt would be lifted up to reveal his belly, and his pants? Their bottoms had been pulled up to show off his ankles... and were beginning to show even more as his height climbed.

“Hey! This is too much! This is too... Whoa!?” He'd almost bumped his head on the ceiling!?! Fortunately for him, it stopped just half a foot short of *actually* colliding, but that meant his height had grown so much that he was almost at his *roof*. Considering he was now 6'10", perhaps that wasn't that unreasonable of a reach? **“This is impossible! Who is *this* tall?”** A basketball player?

It was certainly easy enough for him to pass over some related transfigurations considering how prominent and shocking the height

change had been. Such as, to name one example, how the sides of his stomach had pinched inward to give his torso's silhouette a very pronounced curve – one pronounced even *more* by hips that had stretched wider, ultimate bringing tension to the waist of his pants.

“This feels like something out a video game...” An apt comparison considering he had yet to understand the cause of his body's malfunction. How would he explain his height increase to his family? *My family? The other dragons? Dragons? What was he...?*

Idly, he had begun to scratch at his chest, which was still rather tightly constrained by his shirt. But that only worsened with time, for said chest hadn't been itchy without good reason. In fact, Kay realized the cause the *moment* fingers dug into flesh that felt more *ample* than it should have been, even with his slightly soft figure typically. **“Huh!?”**

Eyes shot back down at where he was scratching, and he could feel something pushing his hand away. That something being the very chest he had been scratching. **“What the *HELL!*?”** There was a strange crack in his voice while shouting with surprise, the vernacular swirling around within his head somehow cruder than it normally was. But how was he supposed to be calm about this? He was clearly growing tits!

They were pushing up against the underside of his tee, clothing clenching around them as the protrusion of swollen nipples could be seen ever the more clearly through them. In a matter of moments they surpassed the limits he would consider *normal* for a regular woman in terms of bust size, but then again? Considering his height? **“This is *AMAZING!*”** Plenty of men would have been fearful of a change like this, but Kay? He was elated, and not even because of the mental influence he was being exposed to.

Tits swelled to the point that his shirt tore, first down the neckline to reveal ample cleavage and then around the shoulders where his sleeves were attached. It was uncomfortable, but the man was *loving* it. In fact, he was anxious to see what would happen next even though his breasts had *just* finished rounding out at overabundant K-cups that looked a little *less* ridiculously considering his huge height.

Mortals were designed this way, right? When he had designed this body he had factored it all in! ...Or so his memories stated.

“Bring it on!” Voice now coarser but much more effeminate, he beckoned for the rest of the transformation to take its toll. And his lower end readily agreed to do just that, for the already widened hips were made good use of. His thighs bloated with reckless abandon, seeing his skin stretch tautly around them, while in the process any excess mass

flowed in to give him a comparable rear end. This all created quite the predicament for his pants, which ripped and tore along with his underwear, and his dick?

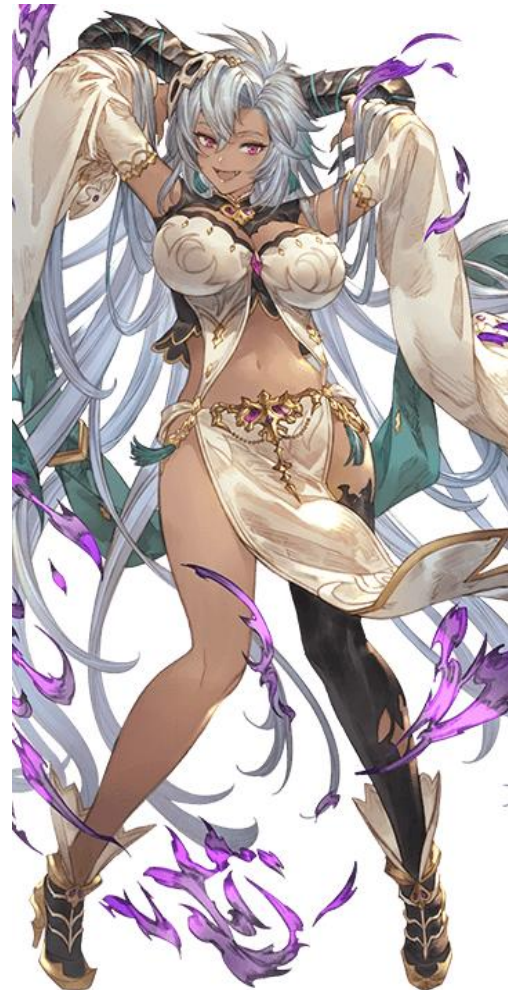
Well, *she* was presented with a more comfortable alternative so that her dick wouldn't get crushed.

There was no shock expressed over how her sex had changed, and instead she moaned with delight. Fingers, longer than ever, traced her curved and fondled her bosom and ass periodically, while her skin tone darkened to a much more luscious, richer tan than was normal for Kay. **"I can't believe I turned into a woman! It's just like in those... things... that I read on the... uh...?"** That flat thing on the desk! *...What was it called again?*

The mental pollution escalated, and so to did the final stages of her transformation. Eyes had begun to glow red and were not only wider, but sported longer lashes as well. On the whole her face was longer and softer, portraying a wild femininity that it hadn't before. Not even her hair was spared as it poured out past her shoulders, turning silver as it spilled down to her ankles – not even pubes spared upon growing into a thick, tangled bush.

"Ow! The hell!?", she barked, rocking back and forth on slender tooties as a sharp pain erupted from her skull. She'd already pieced together what was happening to her so she wasn't exactly surprised by them, but two long, jagged, curved horns erupted – creating the illusion of what would be considered a Draph in the world of Granblue. Albeit one that was *much* too tall.

Thankful that she was no longer bound by the cloth of her previous outfit, *Fediel* stretched with no shortage of enthusiasm. **"That was frigging great! I can't believe I transformed into such an amazing, attractive character!"** That was one part praise from Kay's lingering persona, and another part Fediel's own self-confidence boasting



about herself. Even the slightest stretch saw her hulking bosom bounce, and she *loved* it. The part of her that was still Kay had embraced it fully.

“What I don’t get is *how*. It’s also kinda inconvenient. I don’t know much of anything about this. I feel like I’ve used some of these things before, but what were they called?” Things that mortals used every day had somehow become skewed in her memory. What was the thing with the flat shining surface called again? What did you do with it? Why was it glowing? Whatever it was, was it supposed to apply such an unusual feeling of suction? It had already torn off her scrapped clothes! What was—

“WAAAAAAAAAH!?”

Several days later, a writer by the name of Axel was working at his desk as he always did. It was difficult to get time for yourself when you balanced deadlines with other responsibilities you had as an adult, so you had to fit in your downtime when you could. That was why around the same time every day he’d make some time to check on his mobile games – Granblue Fantasy included. **“Huh? When did I roll...? Is this one even in the game?”**

Upon booting up the game he had found he had somehow rolled Wamdus and Fediel, but the former wasn’t even in the game as a playable character yet? Confused, he clicked on her screen within the inventory – which ultimately was a mistake. There was a flash of light, and then for a brief moment he felt like he’d heard a pair of voices in his head somehow.

“See? Wam told you we could find her.”

“Yeah, yeah. So she’ll get brought here too then, right? After she, you know...?”

Who? The voices sounded familiar, but it was strange to Axel that he could understand what they were saying. They sounded like the two dragon women he had supposedly summoned in game, but that didn’t make any sense? Was it just a strange audio cue from the game coming through his speakers? It hadn’t really sounded like *that* either.

But it didn’t really matter what he *thought* had happened. It was far more supernatural than he could even fathom, and it had already begun to reap its effects upon his person. One didn’t have to look much farther than his ears to see that, for they had begun to stretch. Ever so gradually they reached out into points, cartilage folding over slightly on their tops.

In a way they resembled the ears of an elf, but there were new *additions* to his head that more or less denied that possibility from being a reality.

A great deal of pressure built, prompting the man to clench his eyes shut all of a sudden. Which considering the discomfort made sense, but even in the aftermath he wouldn't open them more than a slit again. Like his mind was utterly repurposed to believe he only needed the bare minimum amount of vision.

What had spurred this in the first place, the pressure within his very *skull*, ultimately resorted in the emergence of not one, not two, but *four* protrusions atop his head. Black horns at the sides of his head that wrapped forward, and a pair of ears decorated with fluffy brown fur that stretched towards the ceiling. Granting him two sets of ears that *both* worked.

“What the hell is going on here!?” With hands gripping the horns that were so blatantly fastened to his head, Axel expressed what could be considered to be an appropriate level of panic all things considered – at least compared to his peers who had been transformed previously. Hands danced between the rock solid protrusions and the fluffy ears that twitched farther north. At times fingers fumbled and touched the pointed ears at his heads' sides, but they didn't even *register*.

After all, he also had to deal with the feeling of his brown hair tickling his shoulders as it continued to plummet, navy streaks finding themselves scarcely intertwined within chocolate locks that seemed to be of a richer color than they had been previously. There was also plenty transpiring that was not readily apparent to him due to his panic, such as how his hoodie was emptying out as his ample gut diminished, leaving his belly trim along with the rest of his figure.

“Impossible.” He'd *meant* to vocalize more than that, yet he simply continued the thought internally for some reason. There's no way this could happen! People didn't just *transform*! Real life wasn't like the stories he wrote on the... the... what was the thing he wrote on called again? ***“Falling!?”*** Again, a single word was left to represent his surprise as it almost felt like the floor had been ripped out from under him.

Which it hadn't. His feet were still firmly planted on the ground, but the feeling of inertia when you fell had struck him, nonetheless. The weight of his outfit became excessive, and pants fell from his waist while his hoodie was soon likened to a blanket just barely clinging to his form. His desk nearby, the device upon it he could no longer name? It looked higher.

Because *he* was *shorter*.

He had, in fact, collapsed from a height of almost six feet down to around 4'5", his height more comparable to someone in their preteens than anything. Yet while Axel's face shone with a more feminine softness thanks to rounder cheeks, lusher lashes, and plumper lips, he did not appear to be much younger – still appearing to be in his twenties. And if there were any doubts about his supposed age, they were dismissed with no shortage of immediacy.

“Woman.” *Why can't I express what I want to say!?* With a voice like honey, Axel could not speak more than a word from thick lips despite how hard he tried. And he'd really needed to state this too, because he'd realized what was happening to some extent. After all, the chest of his sweater was pushing out, speaking to the emergence of a pair of sensitive somethings within that were rubbing up against the cotton interior much to his dismay. He was growing breasts. He was become a *she*.

And now that this was apparent thanks to *her* immense and perky H-cups, the remaining assimilation wasted no time. So quickly was her cock and balls ripped away – or, well, *pushed* away as they were squished into her loins where they became a tender pussy beneath a trimmed mane of brown. The area around it swelled soon after, with thighs pushing her hips wide uncomfortable as they met in the middle and swelled even more gratuitous.

It would be nice to have someone's head resting on those thighs.

Thoughts like those, somewhat maternal in nature, became more and more common in Axel's mentalscape, her personality changing to better suit the identity being enforced upon her. Once she recognized from her game and was not as hesitant to accept as she had expected. She no longer expressed shock at her transformation, not as her ass swelled big and plump to give her short frame a terribly dramatic hourglass shape. She just felt calm. Collected. Open-minded.

Almost like a goddess.

“Transformation. (My entire



being has been altered, how peculiar.)” From *Galleon’s* perspective, she could still recall her life of old. But compared to the other two? It felt much more distant. Like, instead, her bond with the earth itself was so strong that nothing else seemed to matter much. Her manner of speech was certainly inconvenient, speaking a single word and then communicating her thoughts telepathically separately, but such was her new way even if there was no one around to hear them. **“Reason? (How could this have happened to me?)”**

The computer screen, a device she no longer recognized, began to glow. She could feel something *pulling* at her, and yet the woman sporting the features of both a Draph and an Erune seemed unphased as she was pulled in after her clothes were eviscerated. She could feel something calling her. Something *familiar*. From her point of view she was consumed by the light, and when her perception was once again renewed? There were two other dragons standing before her, dressed in mortal clothes that she could only assume they had picked up in a dump somewhere.

In a very cramped bedroom, at that.

“Hehe! It took a couple of days, but we finally found our Galleon! Or, well, guess you can still remember our other lives like we do, right?” Grinning ear to ear, it was Fediel who had spoken up. Wamdus was the quiet type and wouldn’t speak unless addressed, normally. But they had expected their closed-eye friend to be in a similar condition to themselves. She was naked, as they had been thanks to their own clothing malfunction...

But Galleon? She tilted her head to express her confusion. **“Other? (Do you mean our dragon forms?)”** The little she had retained from her past life had been zapped away when she had been pulled through the computer. Everything about this was strange to her, including the words of her fellow dragons. **“Blessing. (You must be unwell, so let us address that.)”**

Both Wamdus *and* Fediel grew bashful as Galleon approached. She stood upon her tiptoes to kiss Fediel on the forehead, and then crouched down to do the same to Wamdus. And the strange thing? When they were kissed, when Galleon bestowed her blessing upon them, it was like an antivirus software had been run. And it eliminated all of the memories of their past lives, leaving them each a singular individual in nature.

“Galleon? Did you do something to Wam? My head feels all fuzzy.”

“Is this what mortal courtship feels like!?”

“Negative. (That is unlikely.)”