

DRAGO-NOT

COMMISSION STORY

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It had all started with a regular looking quest from Fairy Tail's quest board.

Although to be fair a *lot* of Team Natsu's most ridiculous quests had beginnings as humble as that. In this case things had sounded easy enough on paper. A town not all that far from Magnolia had been grappling with a strange fog as of late. It didn't seem to roll away regardless of how much time passed, and those who ventured out into the town's outskirts had a tendency to occasionally disappear. Toss in rumors that those who went missing last saw *dragons* before they were taken and it was easily a job best suited for the team that possessed not one but *two* Dragon Slayer mages.

“Probably isn't dragons though! Probably an illusion or somethin'.” Natsu had initially made this assessment about the odds of a dragon being involved and he was *probably* right. This sounded more like a human using the concept of dragons to scare local villagers. The disappearances were concerning, however. And in the end? As they walked into the village that morning he was proven right. Neither Natsu himself nor Wendy Marvell could pick up the scent of a dragon. **“Haha! See!?”**

The group spent their day getting prepared within the limits of the foggy town. Apparently the silhouettes of dragons and the disappearances themselves only took place in the late evening – before the sun set entirely but not until the surroundings were painted in orange. They hadn't thought much of this description at the time, but as they ultimately pushed through thick fog that was dyed orange by the light of the sun? Things ended up making a *little* more sense.



Unfortunately they had underestimated the density of this fog. **“Um... Mister Natsu? Miss Lucy?”** From Wendy’s point of view the rest of her team had been *right* in front of her a moment ago and yet now they were *nowhere* to be seen. No, she couldn’t hear or *smell* them either. It was like they had been taken far away from her. Or... maybe she had been taken far away from *them*? Was this the same path she had been following? Somehow the stonework looked a little *different*. **“M-Maybe I’m just seeing things...?”**

Should she turn around and head back to the town she had departed from? If she wanted to reunite with the others then that was probably the soundest plan. There would be nothing to gain from heading forward if she didn’t know where she was going, especially when it looked like it was going to get dark at any moment. It was odd though. No one else was nearby; she could tell with her enhanced senses. But it felt like she was being watched.

“It couldn’t be...? Did I get ‘taken away?’” The string of disappearances *had* been reported to be unusual. There was no violence attached to them whatsoever and people didn’t go missing in *groups*. One person was plucked away per night, and so if they had been traveling with others then the rest remained unscathed. But she hadn’t felt any magic? Was that why the path looked different, though? Was this not the same place? **“I suppose that makes some sense... but how do I get back to the others?”** Had they even noticed that Wendy was missing?

If her growing hunch *was* correct though, wasn’t a piece of the puzzle still missing? After all, apparently a dragon was sighted whenever someone disappeared. Wendy hadn’t seen anything *like* that, and while she couldn’t be aware of this neither had the rest of Team Natsu. She supposed there was no timeline for when these ‘dragons’ appeared, and it was still very possible that the sightings had been incorrect, but it was probably something worth considering?

HMM... A LITTLE SMALL, BUT YOU’LL DO NICELY. THAT CAN BE FIXED AFTER ALL.

“H-Huh!? Who’s there!?” There was the deep voice of a woman and a chill ran up the girl’s spine. No, was it even correct to call it a ‘voice’? She was aware of it, but she hadn’t heard it in the most technical sense.

Was it telepathy? That voice had been speaking directly into her mind! But again it didn't *feel* like magic. What was going on here? "**What do you want with me!? Send me back to my friends!**" *Whatever* this voice belonged to, she could tell that it meant her some sort of harm and she took a defensive position.

HOW CUTE. BUT NO, I DON'T THINK I WILL. YOU'LL MAKE THE PERFECT CONTAINER.

Container? What did the woman's voice mean by that? Well Wendy could make an assumption. She planned on putting something *inside* of her? Which, depending on what it was, sounded like it could be an absolutely horrific experience. She almost didn't want to ask and, in the end, she didn't really get a *chance* to. Because before she could a strange feeling wracked her body. "**Ugh!?**" She got *really* hot really quickly. Was it a fever!?! *No*. It was something akin to magic.

Understandably confused, she had hoped that the voice would give her a little more information to help her understand what was happening. But when that didn't come she defaulted to using her own eyes. She hadn't grown warm so suddenly because she was *sick* or anything like that. It must have been magic, or a curse, or something else of that nature. If she was to be a container then would something happen to her body...?

Wendy's hunch ended up being right on the money. "**Wh-What? Why?**" But what she witnessed didn't exactly clarify very much. Patches of her skin appeared *off*. The skin was darker, sporting a pale copper shade. Were those freckles? No, that couldn't be it, could it? While they had started sporadically distributed, they soon spread and multiplied up her arms and down her legs. She could only assume they were covering her face too, with the spots fusing into an even, copper, melanin-rich skin tone.

Unfortunately it had also erased the Fairy Tail mark on her right shoulder.

"**I-I don't understand!**" Why change her skin color? She couldn't think of a reason to do that. It might have been more *immediately* clear to her had she any semblance of what had begun to happen to her face in the interim. Already recolored bronze, Wendy's very identity was slowly being eroded from the place that easiest to identify in the first place. It began by changing the color of her brown irises to a bright blue and the *shapes* of those eyes so that they had narrower corners and thicker lashes.

That alone made it so that the thirteen year old appeared slightly older, but further facial changes cemented that. Structurally, for example? Her chin was pulled a tinge farther away distance wise from her forehead. This gave her a longer looking face with a sleeker curvature. Wendy's nose grew a touch too, but nowhere as near as plump and luscious as her *lips* did. In the end it seemed like a very severe mismatch had happened; like a woman's head had been stuck onto a young teenager's body.

The swell of her lips had prompted the girl to probe them with a tongue that was a little larger itself. "**Hm? Why doeth it theel like... *Feel like... Are my lips...?***" She struggled with their thickness for a moment but quickly adjusted, raising a finger to poke at them – while likewise noting how her fingernails had grown and inherited a proper *manicure*. There was no doubt about it. Her body was changing.

Yes, we're changing into something better.

There it was! That voice again! But this time it didn't feel quite like it was speaking *into* her mind so much as the voice was a *part of her own thoughts*. This unnerved the Dragon Slayer enough that she focused her attention inward. A mistake, because around that time her long, dark blue hair showed signs of both lightening *and* lengthening. Not that the color shifted towards a lighter blue. Instead the hue hard pivoted to a very light purple while the ornaments on her hair were knocked off by lengthening strands. It all spilled out down to her ankles and fanned out behind her, whereas lengthy bangs fell across her left eye.

"Who are you? Why are you doing this!? I don't want to... *feel strong and sexy? To crush men under my heel? N-No, I don't...?*" Just what was she saying? Had she *meant* to say that? Surely not, and yet the words had come out on their own. Replaying them in their mind though... Did a life like that really sound all that *bad? Strength is important. Beauty is important. With both I can get whatever I want!* Her head was spinning. It didn't matter anyways! With her small, young body it would take years and luck to make a life like that a reality!

But the voice wasn't promising something it couldn't give her. It had already been making the necessary preparations, after all. Wendy's knees wobbled and she stumbled a step. It was only seconds later that she realized the *reach* of that step was much longer than she recalled. No, it was the read of her entire body! **"I-I'm getting taller now!? *Oooh~!***"

Whether or not that noise she had just made was age appropriate it seemed like it was *about* to be. The girl's height sprung up like a weed,

inches not just seeing her limbs and torso stretch but allowing her head to grow and necessary locations to *widen* as well. These locations were fairly obvious. A taller body meant that shoulders needed to be broader and hips wider. But in the case of the latter? Should Wendy's hips have needed to be *that* wide? They jutted five inches wider than her shoulders to present her with hips that were childbearing with some change to spare.

Wendy's height finally peaked at 5'10", a substantial boost that was nearly a *foot* taller than she had been moments before. Without even thinking the *woman*, as she was undeniably an adult physically, tore off her dress and undergarments. "**I won't need these anymore.**" *But I'm naked! But... So what if I am?* The mental struggle was ongoing but it was clear which side was losing. Wendy's. Wendy's side was losing. She cupped her almost nonexistent bosom and tweaked her nipples. "**Fix them.**"

Who was she talking to? No one, probably. But if something *was* out there it was listening to her. The woman's nipples swelled between her fingers, quadrupling in girth and growing fully erect from her tweaking. That was *better* but not what she had been talking about. That came right after. "**Mmn! Yes!**" Wendy could hardly believe the inappropriate noises she was making nor could she stop them. But just as unbelievable were her *breasts*.

Starting as mere mounds when the woman had first touched them, bronze skin stretched as they were filled with soft contents in a way that was almost like the sight of a pair of water balloons filling. Wendy's hands gingerly cupped and gripped mounds while pushing forward and rounding into proper orb-shapes – almost unnaturally so. They jiggled and bounced as they surged, flesh peeking through opened fingers and rubbing up against her palms. The heft pushed hands back, prompting Wendy to give them a little jiggle once they grew past her head in size.

"**Much better.**" Not only was the woman satisfied with her tits even though they were now so big that she couldn't see past them when she looked down, but she let out a coo as long, elegant fingers reached behind her to smack her own rump. She'd caught the feeling of her cheeks growing just in time, skin pulled tight around the ample cake that was baked there. It made good use of how much wider her hips were now, plush and extending a good eight inches off the curvature of her back. What couldn't fit within these mighty cheeks was soon offloaded into her thighs, seeing them expand to be far thicker than her waistline.

She gave one of those thighs an aggressive slap. And then a number to her ass, peering over her shoulder so she could watch flesh jiggle like

she had with her tits. **“Everything seems to be in order now.”** Including the landing strip of pubes that had been stylized above an aching, needy pussy. She was aroused from her transformation, but she’d put that thought aside for now.

“Hmm...” Her tall and bodacious body being on full display was *certainly* a problem, and yet it couldn’t have been helped considering the circumstances. After all that small, childish body had been fitted into similarly sized clothes and, well... *Garnet MacLaine* was *far* too big for them as the tatters that had been carried by the breeze could attest to. Not that Garnet really seemed to care much that she was nude, not when it came to matters of shame. After all, if she were to dress herself she would only cover the bare essentials.



The fog had cleared around the woman specifically, the light of the newly risen moon glistening off her bare, tanned body. **“So that was it. She wanted to imprint a piece of herself on me?”** There was a part of this woman that was still *fundamentally* Wendy, but at the end of the day she had become Garnet in thoughts, memories, and body. So when her perplexed expression twisted into a sadistic grin there was nothing particularly out of character about it. **“Hah! Isn’t that pretty damn good for me? Look how sexy I am!”**

A big part of Wendy had always wanted to be, well, *bigger*. And now that desire had been granted. She was sexier than Erza or Lucy, maybe sexier than any woman she had ever met! It made her feel strong and powerful – and she was also both of these things. As she was now she wouldn’t hesitate to use this strength to hurt others, either. It took her a moment, but Garnet *did* realize something else.

“Guess a dragon *did* appear after all.” Yeah, *her*. While she maintained a human form at present she was fundamentally a dragon deep down. It was likely that all of the other missing persons had experienced a similar fate. This fog was something seeping in from other worlds. Perhaps because of the prominence of dragons in Fiore, it had been brought there and used as a breeding ground for new dragons... by bringing the souls of dragons from other worlds there. It was just unfortunate that in Garnet’s case that she was very *menacing*.

She was already plotting what she could do once she left the fog. **“I’ll need to get my bearings I suppose. But there is that village…”** Surely she could get directions there? Well, directions and *clothing*. She could only smirk thinking about the reaction she’d receive walking into town naked with her big tits bouncing about everywhere like gelatin. She’d certainly savor that as well as what would come after.

The process of razing the town if they did not give her what she wanted.
But it probably wouldn’t come to that.

A little bit of violence would probably be enough to deter them.