

DRAGON IN THE YEAR

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



How many years had it been since they had been summoned to Chaldea now?

The advent of the New Year left the Saber class Servant, Yamato Takeru, wondering this because the New Year *was* effectively the anniversary of their summoning. **“Let’s see... I was originally summoned at the beginning of 2024, so that means I’ve been here for two years now?”** That more or less checked out. It hadn’t been long after he had been summoned that Iori and Yui had arrived, not to mention Ushi Gozen. It had been a *very* eventful two years filled with highs and lows.

But Saber didn’t like to reflect on the past all that much. Their life before being summoned as a Servant wasn’t one that was full of particularly happy memories, even if they weren’t *all* bad. They preferred to think of being summoned by Iori back during the Waxing Moon Ritual as their ‘beginning’, with everything that had happened after being their true story... the good and the bad.

Either way, they couldn’t help but notice that Chaldea had gotten very *busy* recently. The hustle and bustle of the holidays couldn’t exactly be ignored. Christmas was a big deal, and even if the staff hadn’t made a big deal about it, the *numerous* Santa Servants would have made sure that it was properly celebrated. As it turned out, it seemed that their duties spilled over into New Year’s.

“Whoa!?” Case in point? A young American girl dressed in Christmas attire ran past them, almost bumping into Takeru as she chased after a rolling ornament. Abigail Williams was one of the more recent Santas that they were aware of, but it seemed she had been decorating the

hallway with fresh, New Year's-themed decorations. They weren't able to ask her about it before she disappeared but seeing her *did* remind them of a strange superstition that went around Chaldea at that time of year.

Every year at New Year's, a Servant goes missing and a new one appears. There was no record of that Servant ever being summoned, and while the majority never notice anything different, there were a few that did. Of course, because they were in the minority, they were treated by the rest as attention seekers at best or liars at worst. Takeru didn't know what they thought about it, but apparently some had tied these mysterious happenings to the arrival of Servants from the Foreigner class.

So, you should absolutely avoid bumping into one during the New Year's period just in case.

It wasn't based on anything substantial, and the Abigail they'd just seen wasn't in the Foreigner class anyways even if she usually was. "**It's probably nothing.**" They mumbled to themselves as they gave a little shrug and continued on down the hall. They knew well enough that it wasn't good for humans to buy into pointless superstitions, so why would a Servant bother?



"...*Mm?*" Saber's destination *had* been their personal quarters, and upon reaching them? They had been surprised to find that they had been *modified*. Well, it was more like they had been *added onto*. The room was still the same, and all of their stuff was still present – mostly artifacts from the era they had lived in and the era they had been summoned into for the Waxing Moon Ritual – but there were *new* things as well.

Things that hadn't been there when they had gone out that morning. Gemstones on their desk, an ornate urn on their floor, an expensive looking lamp beside their futon; stuff like that. "**Where did these things come from?**" It was a valid question. The rooms in Chaldea all had to be secure enough to keep Servants from entering in spirit form, with keys that could not be replicated.

As a result, only the Servant the room was assigned to had the means of entering. No one should have been able to sneak into the room to plant items in their room *unless* they had left their door unlocked, but that couldn't have been the case because it had been locked still when they'd returned. Similarly, only the Servant the room belonged to could *lock* it. **“Well, they don't seem dangerous, but...”** They seemed to be *valuable*.

Of course they're valuable. These are some of my treasures.

The small Saber arched an eyebrow at the sound of an unfamiliar voice. No, maybe it wasn't a *voice*? Nor was there any *sound*. They hadn't actually 'heard' anything, it was more akin to a personal thought that they'd had in the back of their mind. Did that mean that it was *their* thought? But that couldn't be the case, not when they'd never seen any of those items before in their life. **“Unless...”**

There was no way that their appearance was related to those superstitions, right? It *was* New Year's, and for a bunch of strange things to suddenly happen to them at a time that had gained something of a reputation regarding mysterious happenings. **“I should just ignore them... or maybe I should report this to someone?”** Either way, Takeru had resolved not to interact with them at all. Unfortunately, interacting with them was *not* a requirement for what was about to happen.

In fact, it had essentially already begun in earnest.

They had *just* mentioned reporting the appearances of the items to someone, and yet they made no effort to leave their room to do just that. In fact, they were staring at the ornate urn with an expression that almost suggested *longing*? Or perhaps a *protectiveness*? Something deep down made it so that they didn't want to leave it behind. It was much too *precious* to them? **“E-Eh? No, I need to go report this, I...”** *Why would I report the existence of something that belongs to me?*

Saber gave their head a good shake, evidently unaware of the *color* that traveled down their thin, braided ponytail as they did so. Their hair was already relatively dark, but it darkened further while adopting a dark green hue. Some of the strands mixed within that braid *were* straight up just *bright green*, and they soon gained exposure as the braid came undone, allowing that hair to fan out with new length and volume, curling up at the tips. Dark green bangs came across their right eye, not covering it but *threatening* to.

“Hm? Is something wrong with my hair?” Considering how *obvious* it all was, that certainly felt like a silly question to ask. The issue

was that it wasn't really obvious to *them*, or at least something was preventing them from taking proper notice of it. If they'd been able to properly recognize issues otherwise, if not the length, thickness, and color that their hair had now adopted, they probably would have noticed various other irregularities that were probably far more blatant by this point.

Takeru's ears probably weren't *the* most noticeable of these things, but they were certainly noticeable from an external point of view. Their small, rounded shapes were stretched into long points that folded inward reminiscent of the ears of a cow, extending about five inches past the green locks that framed their face. They were of an inhuman design, but would a human even have *horns* in the first place?

They hadn't wondered for even a second why their chin kept tilting downwards, prompting them to lift it a little higher once more. They didn't wonder why there was so much resistance, nor did they piece together that it was because their head was growing heavier thanks to the keratin-born growths that had extended from their skull. Dark green, jagged horns that reached straight up, shaped like branches of blackened coral.

“No, these items... must remain under my supervision...?” Saber didn't sound completely certain of *what* they were saying, and they even raised a thinning brow at the sound of their own voice. It sounded deeper? But they put the thought aside even though it *was* correct. They had no idea what was happening to their face, such as how the eyes beneath thinned eyebrows widened.

The colors of their irises sharpened with a mix of dark red and green between lusher lashes, nestled right above a smaller nose, which then sat above a pair of lips that jiggled out into a full pout. While Takeru's face *had* been gender neutral, they clearly looked much more like a *woman* now. One that looked to be around *twenty-five*, meaning they had somehow become older in the process. They even sprouted a black beauty mark under their right lip.

Their height changed in such a minor way that it was hardly noticeable, as they gained a singular centimeter before it settled. On the other hand? What they didn't gain or lose in height was gained and lost in far more excess elsewhere on their body. Their shoulders *and* hips both widened, with the former only widening an inch or two while the latter... **“Hm!?”** Takeru was relatively oblivious to anything happening to their *body*, but their *clothes* weren't technically their body.

Rather, they were worn *around* it, so if they became too small for their body in any way, they'd feel it. Their hips had jut out *significantly*, and

the waistband of their baggy trousers slipped down and tightened in kind. They were certainly the types of hips that could be considered 'childbearing', but whether *she* had the equipment between those legs to actually bear a child...

Evidently, if she *hadn't* had it before, she did *now*.

It wasn't like much about her body continued to give off the impression of androgyny anyways. Her hips had certainly widened for a *reason*, even though the bagginess of her pants more or less concealed it from view. Her thighs were thickening for one, with ample amounts of flesh pooling beneath skin that had no choice but to pull itself tautly around upper legs that were soon thicker than her own, narrowed waist. **"These clothes feel so stuffy all of a sudden... Are they not from my own, personal collection?"**

Takeru examined them with a renewed interest. They felt both *familiar* and *unfamiliar* to her at the same time, though she was gradually leaning more into the latter point of view. The pants she was wearing never felt *tight*, but the room they allowed *was* infringed upon. Not only by her thighs, but by an ass that ballooned out upon the canvas of her widened hips. It bloated *so* quickly and with so much added mass that her cheeks jiggled and bounced, the crack between them deepening like a canyon.

"Mm... No, they clearly *aren't*." The woman wasn't *wrong* (well she kind of was), but what had prompted her to draw this conclusion was the sight of her own chest pushing the front of her tunic forward. It wasn't as if they'd just gained a *little* bit of weight, either. They began as a pair of aspiring mounds but quickly burgeoned into hills that then bounced into *mountains* that's peaks were puffy nipples larger than her own eyes. They had to be *I-cups* at minimum, maybe even larger, and her tunic was much too small to disguise them.

Unlike the victims of the past years, however, Takeru did not wait for her clothes to change on their own. She snapped her fingers, resonating with her own altered Saint Graph, and in doing so what she was wearing disintegrated into particles of gold. For a moment she was rendered completely naked, but the particles converged once more to redress her in something more *familiar* to her altered memories.

"*Hup!*" Her tits lifted and dropped with a bounce courtesy of a pair of tall, wooden sandals lifting under her feet. The woman's toes were bare, but grey leggings wrapped under her soles and crept up to her thighs where the grey darkened and rounded cutouts emerged in their thighs. Her body was actually... *quite naked*. A black bikini bottom was fastened

to a similar material that hugged her hips, but it otherwise left her toned tummy bare despite wrapping around her back and cupping her tits.

The woman's cleavage was entirely exposed, and she seemed to be *pleased* with this fact even though her neck was covered by a white collar that attached to long, flowing sleeves of the same color that hung down inches from the floor like the sleeves of a shrine maiden. Gold decals were everywhere in this outfit, even wrapping around the base of the *draph's* horns with red tassels at the back. In a way, it really seemed to be a modified shrine maiden's outfit... revealing as it was.

“Hm? Were so many of my treasures here before?” The last that the buxom woman had checked, there were only a few of the items from her hoarded treasures in the bedroom. But now? Aside from her bed, the room was essentially filled to the brim with priceless artifacts and varying other items. *Payila* was content with their number, but she also recognized that the number was paltry if she was to compare them to the number she had amassed back in the Skydom.



The *Caster* class Servant looked around with another hum, her breasts and thighs jiggling from even the slightest of movements as memories that had been groggy before became clearer. **“Ah, of course. My Noble Phantasm...”** While most were forbidden from using such powerful abilities within Chaldea, the dragon woman had been very adamant that she *had* to use her own if she was to serve as a Servant.

In the first place, it wasn't a particularly powerful Noble Phantasm if used passively anyways. It was similar to Gilgamesh's Gates of Babylon, giving her access to a treasury where all of those important treasures of hers were stored. She was allowed to use it once per day for a few minutes, and every day she pulled a new item out. **“Unfortunately, I'm beginning to run out of room... Perhaps Chaldea has a free storage unit?”**

Payila was the type of woman that would sleep *on* her treasures if that meant getting to see them, though. She probably had a few more weeks before things would reach *that* point. She was so protective of them that she wasn't certain if she'd trust a storage space anyways. There weren't any guarantees that any of Chaldea's more nefarious Servants wouldn't try to steal from her. ...Particularly that golden king that she absolutely did not see eye to eye with.

“This is a problem for later, I suppose. It is the New Year, after all.” And the New Year meant that everyone would be celebrating, including the other Divine Generals that had been summoned. The others were no doubt waiting for her to join them if they hadn't sent Anila or someone else to find her in the first place. **“I suppose I should be on my way before I get scolded...”** Even though she would have *definitely* preferred to stay inside with her treasures like the hermit she was. Then again...

Her stomach let out a loud growl.

“I *am* pretty hungry...”