

FELL DRAGON DOUBLE DOWN

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It had been *surprisingly* easy to capture the Divine Dragon.

When the women that Sombron had corrupted had sprung into action, that had abducted not only Alear, but Veyle as well with next to no resistance. They were *fairly* certain that no one in their army had even noticed that they had taken them in the first place, which meant that it had been a simple task to take them back to the cavern hideout they had been using. A spell had been cast on them until they were able to execute Sombron's intentions for them, but a little bit more time had been needed.

“**Hm...**” After running some tests on Alear's blood, *Loki* was the one mulling over the results. Sombron had used all of his cursed clothing on the women that had done the abductions in the first place and wanted more made: a task that he had entrusted to *Loki* considering her *talents*. But more than simply creating a cursed outfit to turn the Divine Dragon into a low-level grunt, he wanted her transformation to be more *meaningful*, with absolutely no hope of freeing her from the darkness.

To those ends, he had been the one to suggest that *Loki* test her blood first. Doing so had only made the healer *annoyed*, though. “**...If he knew the answer, then why have me go to all of this trouble?**” While ‘purified’ in a sense, there was the power of a Fell Dragon mixed within the Divine Dragon's blood. Not only that, but it was *Sombron's* blood. She was his daughter? Then *Veyle* as well...

“I suppose I can work with this. Maybe he wants me to infuse the new cursed robes *with* this blood... after a bit of tampering, of course.”

“Wakie wakie, little Fell Dragon~!”



“Ngh...? I’m not...?” As Alear’s eyelids finally fluttered open after several *weeks* of being unconscious, she was assaulted by the voice of an unfamiliar woman. Dim torchlight illuminated her surroundings as she slowly pushed herself up onto her knees and then her feet, and she eventually stumbled against the bars of the cell she realized that she occupied. Her mismatched eyes groggily fixed themselves on the shadow of a buxom woman dressed in white on the other side of the bars.

“Who are you? I was attacked, wasn’t I?”

Her memories were a little fuzzy, but she definitely remembered being attacked. Her and *Veyle*, whom she could vaguely see unconscious in the cell beside her. She’d been about to ask if she was okay when the woman spoke... albeit while moving towards the exit. **“Why would I waste my breath explaining when all will become clear in a moment? I’m just helping you return to your... roots!”** Loki opened the door and began to step through.

“Why not enjoy that new outfit of yours in the meantime?”

The door shut behind the stranger before Alear could ask any additional questions, but the woman’s final comment caused her to look down. She *had* felt like her clothes had been a little *tight*, and she understood why now. She wasn’t wearing her usual armor, and instead she was wearing a translucent, black leotard with solid black cups that appeared to be hugging her breasts a little *too* tightly. Her hips were bare, while her lower body was clad in a purple skirt with black, ruffled trim.

That skirt had an eerie eyeball pattern running across the trim, and you could see leggings and heels underneath them that still revealed the tops of her feet. Alear stumbled in those heels once she realized she was

wearing them. Black, arm-length, fingerless gloves connected to the leotard, and a layered cape hung from her shoulder – partially thrown over her arms, with the rest almost hanging like wings down to her hips. “**What is this!?**” She didn’t even realize her hair had been pulled into a pair of tails that were supported by golden, horn-shaped accessories that also wrapped around her ears.

The girl tugged at some of the skintight components, and as she expected there wasn’t much wiggle room... at least when it came to her upper body. “**Why would she dress me in something like this...?**” Did the outfit have some sort of special property? Was she messing with her? Unfortunately for her, it was the *former*, and she began to feel that at work. It had been vague at first, but her skin had been tingling, and it began to grow warmer now that Alear’s awareness of *what* she was wearing had triggered its effects.

“**What’s...!?**” Not only were the tingling and warmth alarming, but there was something *else*. It was as if something was forcing its way *into* her body, a cold and shadowy *darkness*. She shuddered and stumbled forward, catching herself on the bars of her cell. Her red and blue colored eyes were slammed shut before the impact, but the next time they reopened? Almost as if the colors from both sides had merged, both of her eyes shone with a light *purple* instead.

That said, her eyes weren’t the *only* aspect of her body that was undergoing a color change. As the darkness wriggled deeper into her body like a worm slithering into a fleshy apple, the vibrancy of her red and blue hair began to *pale*. Reds to pink, blues to a lighter shade of blue, and before long? Both halves of her head evened out to a dull yet glossy *silver* that had its long length *cut* at the center of her back. If the excess had fallen onto the floor of the cell behind her, then it wasn’t easy to spot, what with how dimly lit it was.

The maiden’s purple eyes twitched violently, and her breath was becoming shallower with each passing second. “**Get out... Get out... GET OUT!**” The fact that there was something there that *shouldn’t* have been, something *evil*, but also something... *familiar*. It haunted her, and the familiarity of it haunted her more than anything else. Ever since she’d awoken at the start of the war, Alear had been plagued with amnesia. So then, why did this darkness feel so... *warm*? So...

Good?

Despite her unceasing screams, Alear could not stop *it* from stretching across her face. An upturning of her lips that was distorted into an almost *manic* smile as the purple of her eyes began to *glow*. Those lips swelled a tad, just below a nose that inched very slightly longer while the

cheeks around them narrowed. So too did her eyes slim in shape, giving her a face that was wholly *different*. Wholly *unlike* the face she'd had before, right down to a maturity that betrayed the tender age of seventeen she *should* have been. Rather, she appeared closer to *twenty-one* or so.

“*Mmn...*” Her bellows of rejection quickly faded once that *smile* had formed upon her lips, and she found herself beginning to *embrace* the darkness that was corrupting her mind and, by extension, her *flesh*. As she appeared much more *mature* from the neck up, one might expect that her body would become more voluptuous to better suit it. But there had been signs from the very beginning that this wouldn't be the case, because after all... the outfit she'd been forced into was *tight*.

Or, at least, it *had* been. As Alear slipped into *accepting* the corruption, her outfit gradually became more comfortable. The most relief was provided around her *bosom*, which had been quite sizable for a girl of her age or, well... her *previous* age. But their sizes eroded, skin tightening and fat fading, all in the service of loosening the restraint of the leotard around her bosom. They dipped from D-cups to perky *C-cups* that weren't unimpressive, but either way? The woman did not *care*.

How my human form appears is of no importance to me.

At what point had she stopped thinking of herself *as* a human? Regardless, it had happened. She saw herself now as something much *greater*, and a purple mark began to appear on the back of her right hand in tandem. Six eyes looked out from it, and it was indicative of a *connection...* or a *possession*. Either way, there was no way to remove that mark any longer, not with the *Fell Dragon* blood that had reawakened within her veins. That was the truth of the 'Divine Dragon'. Her origins were of a *Fell Dragon*. Which was Loki had chosen to capitalize on with those robes.

“**Hah. It all makes sense now.**” It seemed that Alear had come to that conclusion and had chosen to *embrace* it rather than reject it. In the meantime, her height unraveled ever so slowly, shedding a couple of inches so that there was some more slack around the tummy of the leotard, and yet contrary to her bosom shrinking? Her lower half didn't *exactly* follow suit.

The changes there *were* minimal, mind you, but they did not trend towards *loss*. Her hips actually stretched wider by two inches, although what she was wearing made this difficult to see. In a similar fashion, her thighs very gently stretched thicker, and the curvature of her ass took a rounder arch thanks to her cheeks burgeoning from the shape of a

bubble into the shape of a peach. But this just had the leotard sitting much more comfortably around her rump.

And with that, the warmth and tingling faded.

“I see... Returned to my roots indeed, but only as a Fell Dragon.” The silver-haired beauty paced comfortably now that her body had conformed to the fitting of her attire. She wasn't the Fell Dragon, Alear. She was the Fell Dragon, *Grima*. A dragon that was originally from another world entirely, occupying the body of a woman from the world that Emblem Lucina hailed from. And yet it was still Sombron's power that ran through her veins, as Loki's clothing craft had modified the schematics to do so. It felt so *easy* to disregard her old identity and embrace her new one.



Grima had been thoroughly corrupted, and she loved *every* second of it. Just the thought of being able to spread despair across a foreign land filled her with anticipation. *So* much anticipation that, well, why not begin *then* and *there*? Her power alone was enough to break the lock on the cell that had been holding her. She was being watched, she could sense as much, but she also didn't care. **“If they want a show, I'll give them a show.”**

She strut over to the cell beside hers and broke the lock with the same amount of effort before stepping in. The Fell Dragon still *recognized* Veyle, who was laying there in a magic-induced slumber on a bench, and even saw her like a younger sister. Alear had been her base, so she still had Alear's memories. And if *she* was a Fell Dragon, then this girl, being her own sister... With a devilish smirk, she place a hand over Veyle's face and began to channel a dark power.

“Rise and shine, Fell Princess.”

Veyle awoke with a start. She could have sworn someone had just placed a hand on her and uttered something, but when her vision finally

cleared? She realized that there was no one there. She was in an *open* cell all by herself. She could vaguely remember being attacked while at Alear's side, and then everything had gone black. Had she been captured then? Regardless, if the cell door was open then this was her opportunity to escape!



She stood and began to move towards the door, only to stumble and catch herself on one of the nearby bars. “**Wh-What!?**” She felt *weak*. No, was ‘weak’ even the right word? Something was wrong, but it felt more like a *strength* than anything. A raw power that *scared* her, and she became even more fearful when it occurred

to her a purple flame had begun to burn from her body. It didn't *hurt*; it was more akin to the manifestation of a *curse*.

And Grima was still in the cell despite Veyle's inability to see her, watching with amusement.

Unlike Alear, Veyle was more than aware of the circumstances of her own birth. She *knew* that she was one of Sombron's children, and it was something that she had looked back upon with disdain ever since she had managed to break free. But that was why she ended up feeling *terrified*. Whatever that power was, she could feel it bringing up the darkness she had dedicated her life to repressing, and she feared the fact that she was finding it difficult to *resist*.

“**Stop... Stop it!**” The princess defaulted to words that were similar to the same ones Alear had uttered when the corruption had tickled her soul. It was beginning to have an adverse effect on her body as she grabbed the bars that contained her, but *how* adverse it was really depended on whether you saw them as good or bad. It wasn't as dramatic of a phenomenon as becoming an entirely different woman like Grima had, and Veyle's base identity was at least preserved.

The violet in her eyes was displaced as a crimson glow possessed them, but she slammed them shut moments later when her mind became overwhelmed. Overwhelmed with thoughts that *disturbed* her. Of suffering. Of death. Of things she should have loathed and feared, and

yet she slowly took *comfort* in them as a purple energy began to swirl around her body. Her body was *about* to change, but not before that energy ‘burned’ her dress.

It didn’t burn it in the traditional sense; it was more like that energy was darkening its cloth. Within seconds its whites had become a dark black, and the material began to split and layer itself into a number of overlapping pieces that almost resembled the wings of a bat wrapping around itself. White feathers *did* erupt around her shoulders, and her gloves darkened to the same black with a pinkish purple around her wrists. A black, leathery strip ran down her spine behind her, and six black claws with pinkish nails wrapped around towards her torso, with the bottommost pair looking more like a dragon’s wings while conforming to the shape of her dress.

And on top of her head? A black crown appeared with pink and black horns that reached about eight inches, as if to bury her usual, feathered headpiece.

“**Heavy...**” The girl had been screaming the entire time, but she went eerily quiet *and* still for a moment before muttering that word. You might assume she was referring to the horned headpiece that now rested atop her head, but that wasn’t *quite* it. While her dress had changed, extra space had been left in the chest area for some reason. There had been a purpose for that which had been quickly capitalized on.

That was because, naturally, that space had been *needed*. The heft that Veyle groaned about had been upon her *chest*, as her A-cup bosom swelled into a pair of perky *C-cups*, making short work of the leftover space while she unknowingly sprouted *upwards*. It was slight, but she’d gained about two inches of height that wasn’t at all because of footwear – in fact, the chains around her ankles were untouched. Her ass and thighs burgeoned as well, but it was both slight and hidden by her gown.

What was happening was the simple process of the princess growing *older*. It was the fundamental way her body was changing, almost like her insistence on rejecting her Fell Dragon blood had led to her stunting her own growth, and now that she was embracing it? The years were catching up to her... vaguely. She had *been* a girl in her mid-teens physically, but now her figure was more akin to a young woman around twenty or so. This also showed in the maturity of her face, with her lips swollen and her face’s design narrower, including her crimson gaze.

“**Sister Grima... Were you the one to reawaken me? I’m more than grateful.**” While there was a smile upon the *Fallen Veyle*’s lips, it was twisted in a way that, when paired with the raw menace displayed by her eyes, suggested what was obvious. There was no goodness left in

the young woman's heart, her Fell Dragon blood left dominant, and her priorities rewritten. While she wasn't certain of how she hadn't noticed Grima there before, her presence was now overwhelming. She looked up to Grima like an older sister, no doubt due to the influence of older dragon's power.

That woman was a Fell Dragon from another world whose power rivaled her father. Under no circumstance would she show her disrespect, and so she even curtsied while offering her thanks. Grima appeared to be *amused* by this and stepped forward, eventually grabbing the girl's chin and turning her head from side to side as if she was inspecting a fruit at a stall. Veyle, recognizing this as her sisters 'more handsy' side, simply pouted. How embarrassing!



“Hm... Seems my own corruptive powers don't function quite the same. Makes sense, as Lord Sombron's powers are greater than all of ours combined.” She *had* been hoping to make more *dramatic* changes to the girl's body, but what she'd accomplish would have to do. It must have come down to the clothes.

She let go of Veyle's face just as teasingly as she'd grabbed it, leaving the princess to recompose herself with the agitation upon her face plain, directed more-so at her circumstances. She wanted to remind Grima that she *was* Sombron's sole remaining blood-related daughter and claim that she wouldn't be shamed so teasingly regardless of whether or not she saw her as a sibling, but Grima's rank still likely stood over her own. “**What? Are you embarrassed, dearest sister?**” Grima caught on and laughed.

Before any further altercations could unfold, Loki allowed herself back into the prison. She hadn't expected Grima to corrupt Veyle on her own, but well... That was less work for her, wasn't it? “**Ladies... Might I suggest you point that aggression at other things? With not one, but *three* pureblooded Fell Dragons among our ranks, and not to mention with the Divine Dragon removed from the board, it's finally time for us to see Lord Sombron's plans to fruition!**”

“Ah, right. He must desire to slaughter all of the humans and enslave any that remain.” Knowing her own father well, it was Veyle that spoke up as she followed Grima out of the cell. **“I suppose father wants us to meet with him first? But I suppose we should bring him a *gift* as *thanks* for all he’s *done* for us?”** It was a suggestion that led to all three women cackling. They had some pretty nefarious ideas as to how that could be accomplished.

And all of them involved snuffing out the flames of what remained of the Divine Dragon’s rebellion.

“That sounds like a good idea if you ask me~!” The door into the prison opened and two more of the corrupted entered. Kronya, who had been the one speaking, and Sonia, who remained somewhat quiet. It was obvious that Kronya was the *much* more excited one of the pair. Sonia just looked the two new recruits over, clearly concerned that they were *much* more powerful than she was. There was a brief moment of silence, but it was Grima that ended up taking control.

“Well then ladies, shall we put their heads on pikes for Lord Sombron’s sake?”