

DRAGONS BLOOD

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“It’s nice to get out for a change... Things have been much too stuffy as of late.”

A war had been won and fought, long and hard, and with its end a new era of peace had been ushered across Lycia thanks to the efforts of Roy of Pherae and his allies. He had been young when that war had begun and that had hardly changed physically, but he’d been hardened by the losses and responsibilities of that wartime era.

It had only been a year since the war’s end, and he was only sixteen. Even so, his age had nothing to do with what had been required of him in that year that had followed. It didn’t matter if he was still a teenager, he was the rightful successor as the ruler of Pherae after his father, Eliwood, had passed on. And not long after he had helped with Guinivere’s coronation as the new queen of Fern, preparations had begun for his own coronation of sorts.

The leadup to that event had been... Well, it certainly hadn’t been much to the prince’s liking. He had always been an adventurous spirit, and while he wished the circumstances had been better, Roy had gotten a taste for travel and exploration while moving about Lycia’s lands during the war. There was so much that he had wanted to see now that things had quieted, and yet? He had been saddled in a fort within Pherae to study everything he needed to know to succeed as its next lord.

Needless to say, none of this was especially *exciting*. It was all about duties and manners, and he had certainly had manners drilled into him growing up. His days for the past few months had been spent holed up in a building, only permitted to leave for training, and even then he

couldn't adventure past the fort's walls. That was why he had *jumped* at the opportunity to stretch his legs for a few days. It had been a simple job. Because the fort had been low on staff, they had just needed someone to take a carriage ride to a settlement that was about a day away by carriage to pick up an order.

“This looks to be the place..” Roy had arrived the day before, but he'd arrived in the evening and the shop where the order was located had already been closed. It was fine. The trip had been marked for three days – two for travel and one for completing the task – so even if he'd taken his time during the following day, he still had until the morning of the third day before he was set to return.

The shop had been *curious*. It had shelves lined with curiosities like artifacts and antiques, and there were obviously wares that had been imported from elsewhere in the world to boot. After receiving the item he'd been asked to pick up, a small box that apparently contained something for the coronation, the boy couldn't help but pick out an item for himself as well.



Just under an hour later, Roy returned to the small inn room he had been afforded to drop off the box and take a moment to marvel at the purchase he'd made. He'd noticed it behind the shop's back counter: a smooth, round stone with an icy blue sheen that was likely only slightly larger than his hand. He recognized it for what it was immediately: a Dragonstone.

The boy had no use for it himself, of course. He didn't have the ability to shapeshift into a dragon as far as he was *aware*, and he *had* tried with a Dragonstone in the past when he was younger. But it wasn't like he couldn't transform from a *lack* of dragon's blood. If anything, it was more a matter of not having *enough* of it. $\frac{1}{4}$ of his blood was *actually* from a dragon, or specifically a *Manakete*.

This was because his late mother had been half-Manakete herself. She had passed away from illness when he was only a young boy, but Ninian had married his father and given birth to him before her passing. As a child, he'd deluded himself into thinking that maybe *he* could use a Dragonstone because of this, but.. **“Not like this is going to change**

anything!” Well, he hadn’t purchased *this* Dragonstone because he had any of those expectations.

Because it was icy blue, the color reminded him of his mother’s hair. She *had* been an ice dragon, after all. He’d never seen a Dragonstone quite like it. And he remembered that when he unwrapped it from the cloth the merchant had sold it to him wrapped in. He hadn’t handled it directly at all up until the moment that he’d unraveled that cloth, and so he was very surprised when he rolled it onto his gloved palm and found that it was... **“Cold?”**

Ice cold, in fact. If his mother had possessed a Dragonstone, Roy had never seen or touched it. He didn’t know if the physical properties changed depending on the dragon type that it was meant for. He was utterly fascinated, but he also became rather alarmed when the stone in his hand began to glow with a familiar light. He’d seen those stones activate many times on the battlefield, and it was that very same glow.

“Oh! Is the stone working? Am I... going to turn into a dragon?” It was something that the boy had dreamed of as a child, but in the moment he wasn’t sure if he was excited or anxious. Perhaps it didn’t even *matter*, because within seconds there were signs that, while he *was* changing, they didn’t necessarily seem like changes that would make him a big, strong dragon. In fact, he was fumbling with the stone that had fit perfectly in his hand before. It was ice cold, yes, but he was wearing fingerless gloves. That wasn’t the issue.

In fact, the glove was part of the problem. It was... *slipping?* **“Huh?”** Roy eventually looked down at the hand holding the stone and was immediately struck with a very confusing realization. The stone was larger? While that would have technically explained his struggle, that wasn’t actually the issue. The stone had remained the same size. The problem was with the hand *holding* it, which was smaller and daintier. It was no wonder that his glove was slipping too! **“Hold on a moment!?”**

Unsure of what was happening, he struggled to drop the glowing Dragonstone down on his bed, and then when he succeeded his glove slipped off with it. *Both* gloves did. As it turned out, this worked in the sense that it allowed him get a better look at the problem. **“My hands...”** They were small and dainty, free of the callouses he had developed from years of sword use and with nails that had inched slightly longer than he preferred to wear them. They lacked the *strength* he expected them to possess, and this phenomenon was likewise moving up his arms to both thin and narrow them, stripping them of their notable muscle.

“That is a Dragonstone, right?” The boy looked back to the glowing stone he had dropped on his bed, utterly unaware that the blues of his eyes had begun to shine with a brighter hue that was more similar to the color of the sky outside. In fact, this was part of a broader set of changes that affected his face’s overall aesthetic. Those eyes gradually became larger and rounder for example, while her sharply designed nose caved in slightly with a rounder tip. His cheeks became puffy while any semblance of growing facial hair was defeated, and his lips were turned up into a pout. **“But it’s not like I’m becoming a... What!?”**

Just as Roy’s Adam’s apple smoothed away, it appeared to be the case that whatever was altering him had affected his *vocal cords* as well. His voice *jumped* up a number of octaves until it was high and squeaky, much more befitting of a *girl* of his age. Or, at least, that was the conclusion he’d drawn as he raised one of his smaller hands to a smaller neck to try and rub it away. **“Hello? Hello! Oh no, is it stuck like this?”** If it was the Dragonstone’s effect, perhaps he could revert it?

That was what he didn’t understand. Was it a transformation stone from some sort of *different* race then? Nothing about what was happening to him suggested he was becoming a *dragon*. If anything, it just felt like his body was becoming increasingly androgynous in appearance and sound. This wasn’t an impression that was at all helped by his *hair*, which began to lengthen so that all of his crimson spikes came undone and spilled past his shoulders.

It wasn’t until they tickled the back of his neck that he noticed, but no amount of reaching back to investigate could prevent what was happening, especially as he watched their bright reds become possessed by an icy blue that’s color was effectively identical to the color of the glowing stone that had triggered this confusing process in the first place. **“Why is this happening!?”** A question with an answer, but not one he could figure out.

Making matters worse, the armor that Roy wore had begun to feel roomier and roomier along with the underclothes adorned beneath it. The state of the boy’s arms had already alluded to this, but his body had been losing its muscle mass. He had been pretty built for a boy of his age, but somehow those losses were... inconsistent. Even if he hadn’t been muscular for example, there was no way that his waist would have become as *thin* as it did without those muscles. They made his hips look significantly wider.

Or at least that was how things could be *interpreted*, but his hips had actually widened slightly on their own... as his height regressed several inches. It was nothing so dramatic that he was in danger of his clothes falling off though, especially when it wasn’t *just* his hips that were

getting larger. Within the white legs of his pants, the now hairless skin of his thighs had begun to stretch. Fat was deposited into them little by little, and so they burgeoned both against the pant legs and armor straps that helped secure the armored pads against his knees. They swelled to the point that the seams of his legs split at the sides, but not so much that it was clearly noticeable.

“I’m looking more and more like a girl... It couldn’t be a case of me *actually* becoming one, right?” That was what Roy would have *liked* to think, but unfortunately he was dealt a decisive blow in that regard; one that led to *her* thickened thighs rubbing against each other as her biological seat rose, filling out her pants behind her. The issue was that while her swelling bubble butt filled her pants in the back, the front had become *looser* because there wasn’t the same bulge that had been there before. All she was ‘packing’ was a woman’s equipment below icy blue hair. **“Or... I guess it’s too late...”**

She found herself *pouting* when she felt sensitive nipples rubbing up against the underside of her armor and pressed her hands against that armor with both a mix of confusion *and* understanding. **“And now I have breasts!?”** Small, perky *B-cups* had burgeoned underneath everything, and their weight was... off-putting. Particularly when she was lacking in *muscle* there as well.

“This is so weird!” Lost in it all, however, was Roy’s voice. Not the sound of it because that had already been addressed, but it was more a matter of *how* she was speaking. There was a lot more energy behind it, and she almost sounded even more casual somehow? Perhaps *carefree* or *vapid* were better words, but not in a way that made her sound less intelligent. She noticed the light of the stone had finally begun to dull, but it didn’t seem like her transformation had concluded just yet.

If anything, she was about to receive ‘blessings’ that might have been associated with her initial assumption that this *Dragonstone* was going to make her a *dragon*. Beginning with— **“Hey!?”** She found herself temporarily unable to lift her chin after an immense pressure built on the peak of her head. Her hands reached up to get a feel for things and ended up gripping around a pair of long, hard, black growths that had jutted from her skull. They curved towards the front of her head while they became thin and point, and they could only be *horns*.

Roy would have said as much, but something had ended up forcing the back of her cape up behind her with a weight that had her stumble in reverse a little bit. Her shirt and pants had been pushed apart by *something*, and she caught the *tail* end of that *something* growing in. *Pun intended*. **“Whoa!? Am I actually becoming a dragon!? But wait, it stopped...”** Because it *was* a tail that had grown. Thick and

wrapped in glistening, white scales, it was exactly what she would have expected had she turned into a proper dragon. Except... it had stopped with the horns and tail.

The tail was probably a little *too* long honestly. It was longer than her body was tall, and it kept getting wrapped up in her cape while threatening to knock furniture in the inn room over. She was about to cry out for help with it when, all of a sudden, it stilled without a cape to get in its way. “**Whoa!?**” She had thought things had felt a little breezier too, and looking down? She could see why.

Her cleavage and armpits were exposed by a new outfit. It consisted of silver-plated armor that resembled scales across her tummy with white cloth cups hugging her small breasts, worn over a teal skirt with white frills. Her thighs were mostly bulging bare, but there were black spats worn under the skirt and scale-armored knee-length boots on her feet. Otherwise, she was accessorized with gloved gauntlets with gold and white, and a half cape worn off her shoulders that almost resembled a jacket.

“**... Um...? Even my clothes!?**”

The maiden was still a little unstable on her own two feet, no doubt due to the altered center of gravity that the many changes her body had undergone provided. Not only was her body a little shorter, but she had less muscle where there had been more before, and more fat where there had been *none* before. Throw in those huge, heavy horns, a long tail, and an outfit that she wasn’t accustomed to, and you had a recipe for the odd stumble here and there.



She was doing her best to try and process what had just happened. It wasn’t just her *body*; she could tell that she was *much* bubblier than she used to be, and there were motions and behaviors she kept demonstrating that were clearly feminine. Even though her body felt foreign to her, there was a strange sense of familiarity. “**Did the Dragonstone draw out the potential of my Manakete blood?**”

Even if it *had* drawn that potential out, she *looked* more like the percentage in her body had gone from 25% to 200%, as she’d never seen an untransformed Manakete with icy cold dragon features jutting from their body untransformed. Then again, if that had been the *only* thing

that had occurred, then why had she been transformed into a girl!? Manaketes could be male as well! In fact, it was very natural for them to be!

“What am I supposed to do now, though? Will anyone even believe me if I introduce myself? ...In the first place, strangers would definitely be suspicious if I introduced myself as ‘Roy’...” At least for those instances, she’d need to think up a new name to go by until she could figure out how to change back (*if* she could). Something close to her old name, but more feminine... **“Oh, how about *Ria*?”** She felt satisfied with that, so *Ria* it was.

Of course, picking a name for herself didn’t solve any of her immediate problems. She wouldn’t even be able to board the next day’s carriage without somehow proving her identity. There were people she could try and convince when she get back to the fort, but... **“Oh! I should be able to just use the package I was sent here to pick up to at least gain passage... I hope?”**

Because she had literally *no* idea what to do otherwise!