

DRAGON INSTALL

BIWEEKLY STORY #155

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“Hm... Was it like *this*? HYAH!”

May, the first mate of the Jellyfish Pirates, was seemingly making a fool of herself up on the deck of the May Ship II. The young adult woman (despite how small she seemed), had been throwing punches and kicks into the air erratically, her words suggesting that she was attempting to replicate that she had been shown before. It wasn't particularly surprising that she looked that silly, though. After all, the moves she was trying to replicate had been shown to her by *Elphelt Valentine*.

The Jellyfish Pirates had docked near the capital for a few days and so May had taken it upon herself to head into the city to meet up with some old friends. She had joined Elphelt, Bridget, and Ramlethal at a local bar the night before, and while drinking amongst themselves the subject of Sol Badguy had come up. “**So, you know that cool Dragon Install thing he does!? I think I figured out how to do it!**” Elphelt had boldly declared at the time to the drunken applause of her peers.

And she'd gone as far as to do a demonstration. What had unfolded before their eyes was certainly... *a number of movements that a body could do*. At the time, they had all just laughed it off. There couldn't be any truth behind it, could there? Unfortunately, May was easily manipulated at times. Sure, it hadn't worked in that moment, but there was no definitive proof that Elphelt's moves were *wrong*, was there?

These intrusive thoughts were what had led to this 'training exercise'. It was still early in the morning and the rest of the pirates were asleep. May had been *bored*, and believed she could vividly remember the show that the Valentine had put on the night before. “**She really could**

have been onto something..." Such was the *failed* line of logic that had culminated in the brunette doing those silly dance-like moves without even an ounce of shame present.



May *might* have felt differently if she'd had an audience. She didn't *yet* though. "**Let me try it one more time! If I could unlock the power of a Dragon Install, then the Jellyfish Pirates would become unstoppable!**" Even Johnny would have to bow before her! "**Hyah! Hyah! HYAAAAAAAHAH!**" She could feel it! The power was flowing through her! She was becoming incredibly— "**...Nothing.**" Her own delusions didn't equate to actual results, unfortunately.

Just as she'd been about to *understandably* give up, though? The young woman *did* notice *something*. Her skin felt a little *tingly*, and she felt oddly... *tired*? She normally swung an *anchor* around, so she wasn't the type to become fatigued very easily. "**I sure hope I'm not coming down with something...**" That would have *sucked*! She was having supposed to have another girl's night that evening!

But wouldn't that involve going out? I'd much rather stay in.

May raised a brow not at how she *felt*, but at the intrusive thought that had just run through her mind. She was hardly an introvert or a shut-in, she *liked* being outside and being social. But the thought she'd just had ran completely contrary to everything she felt and believed in. Still, as an isolated incident it was still easy enough to dismiss as an outlier. Sometimes you just considered things for the heck of it, right? Like thinking about collecting rare and precious treasures! That definitely wasn't a thought she'd typically have, but now she was considering it!

"**E-Eh? What is *wrong* with me?**" The young woman made a disgusted expression and gave her head a shake, ignorant to the increasing levels of resistance she felt *as* she shook. It almost felt like something was there pushing against the air that *hadn't* been there before, but it had been caused by such an *outlandish* factor that the pirate wouldn't have thought to check. That was because it was due to her *ears*. They had widened, stretched, and pinched in, eventually growing into a pair of ovular ears with points that felt *vaguely* reminiscent of a cow's more than, say, an elf's ears.

Any ignorance she'd had at this stage was fair. She didn't have a grasp of what was happening, and anything that changed would have been difficult to sense all on her own. Take the young woman's face, for example. If your senses had been dulled to not notice anything stretching or tugging, would you feel your nostrils flare out? What about your eyes slowly narrowing, your cheekbones lifting, or your lips filling in so that they were thick and pouty? A beauty mark even darkened under her lip on the right side. It gave May's appearance a much *different* vibe. A more *mature* vibe, despite the fact that that she was only going to age about *three years*.

It just felt more dramatic because the young woman *looked* a lot younger than she was.

May not realizing that she ultimately *shrank* could be forgiven too, because she only shed a single inch. She had dropped down from 5'2" to 5'1" in a matter of seconds. It really wasn't *much* of a loss. "**Hm?**" Though the woman *did* look for side to side all of a sudden. Had it registered with her on some level? She made a questioning face soon after. "**I... Test? Test?**" She'd definitely heard it. The sound of her voice was notably deeper, and she'd caught on... *briefly*.

Unfortunately, this realization only lingered for a moment. The orange of her eyes was drowned out by an emerald green, and her pupils gradually became lighter until they were pink. And in that short period? Something had happened to her mentally. "**Was something wrong with my voice? Perhaps I'm not accustomed to hearing it outside...**" *I really do wish I could spend the day inside.* Her personality had been altered. No, was it *just* her personality? Perhaps her memories had succumbed to this effect as well?

With her thoughts gravitated towards the interior of the ship – to her own room – her physical appearance was beginning to differ in increasingly dramatic way. Her hair's length spilled out from under her orange hat and *darkened*. Most of it turned dark black, but there was a greenish hue to it that was much brighter in various, natural highlights that weaved among strands that ultimately reached as far down as the backs of her ankles. Her bangs were swept above her right eye, and these colors were replicated equally in a bush of pubes that shrunk down into a neat trim.

"**Why did I come outside in the first place? Was there some important reason for— it!?**" May had gasped sharply at the end of her sentence, almost as if she'd had all of the wind knocked out of her suddenly. No, was it *squeezed* out of her? She was stunned and confused, wholly unaware that she'd felt that way because her waistline

had been *compressed* several inches, which then led to her hips flaring out a few inches of their own. Almost like what happened to the water in a water balloon when you squeezed its center.

More was displaced than the relative inches of her body's silhouette, though. The pirate's hips had flared out, yes, but they then invited additional *padding* to the nearby areas too. Her tummy was probably the least extreme example of this. It softened ever so slightly, concealing the toned abs that she'd possessed. But things were a *little* more extreme *below* her narrowed waist.

Weight fattened the cheeks of her ass and the firth of her thighs alike, testing the integrity of her black, spandex shorts and underwear now that her outfit was beginning to become a problem. Those shorts were *skintight*, so you could see her cameltoe pressing up at the base of her pelvis as the spandex was filled to the brim by a peach-shaped ass and thighs that grew so immense that they bulged around the legs of the shorts. For one so short, she had really developed a fat ass.

But in comparison to what happened with her *chest*? Her rump was practically *small potatoes*. May was *extremely* lucky that she didn't wear a bra or even a shirt underneath her super huge and comfy orange sweater, because it would have constricted what even the essentially brainwashed victim couldn't help but react to. "**Oh!?**" It was because her posture had been suddenly tugged forward.

How could it *not*? What had once been a fairly sized B-cup bosom had downright *exploded* just moments after her ass had rounded out. Weight gathered within their sacks, stretching the skin around them as they filled more and more, even stretching her areola and thickening her nipples so that they were bigger than her eyes. Those tits *blew* through conventional cup sizes in a matter of moments, lifting up her hoodie until you could see her shorts in their entirety *and* her bellybutton, because her breasts had reached an *unfathomable* cup size.

Q-cups.

"**That felt... odd.**" But *why* had it felt odd? May couldn't grasp what was happening to her, but then again, she could even remember her name *being* May anymore. She recalled being a woman with tits as huge as hers were. They may have been unconventionally sized for a *human*, but that problem was naturally solved if she *wasn't* a human. Just as her ears suggested. And they *weren't* alone. The woman found herself gritting her teeth for a moment due to a pressure on the top of her skull. Two black, branched horns emerged, reaching up about nine inches above her. And cementing her as a *Draph*. Her horns looked suspiciously like those of a *dragon*, though.

Had the Dragon Install technique technically worked? That seemed to be the case. ‘Dragon’ was a keyword relative to her existence now. She was the Divine Dragon General, after all! With this clear in her head, the woman didn’t notice how the airship she was standing on changed. The skies around her changed too, but so did her *clothes*. Her sweater and shorts disappeared briefly, but her Q-cup girlies were soon supported by a white bikini top instead. There was a matching bikini bottom holding her pelvis in, with translucent white draped across her hips. Not to mention a yellow, long sleeves shirt that was light enough to be worn in the summer hanging off her elbows.

“Hm? My swimsuit? Was I planning on basking in the sun’s glow today?” She had tugged at her cream colored bikini top out of curiosity, but doing so didn’t provide *Payila* with any clarity regarding her own memories. It was almost as if they had been beset by some form of *fog* for a time, and it didn’t even occur to her that she was standing on the deck of a *totally* different airship in an *entirely* different world. This was because, of course, the Draph woman and Divine General saw the deck of the Grandcypher as the *only* airship deck that she knew.



Because this was all so familiar to her, the dragon woman moved seamlessly toward a reclined chair on the deck. Traditionally, Payila was the sort who would have preferred to remain inside, hoarding her treasures and probably napping. But ever since she had become a member of the Grandcypher’s crew, she had found benefits in *napping on the deck in a swimsuit* instead! It was much healthier for her skin since she didn’t burn!

As she laid her back down against the reclined chair, her massive mammaries bounced from the change in posture. She closed her eyes. **“Hm... It’s strange though. What does this term mean? I haven’t been able to get it out of my mind... Dragon Install?”** Well, a dragon had definitely been installed in *her* considering her post and aesthetic.

But what of the other three had been drinking at the bar that night? What if *they* replicated those movements? Would a similar fate await them?

Only time would tell.