

DRAGON FORCED V.

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Lisanna Straus, like Juvia, had come to the very same temple as the women of Team Natsu in search *of* the women of Team Natsu.

It would have been futile to recount the reasons for this in great detail. But the women had gone missing on a mission to investigate the temple, and to help find them? A backup team consisting of Juvia Lockser and the Strauss sisters had been sent. The plan *had* been for them to all go in together, but Lisanna had arrived with her older sister Mirajane alone. **“I can’t believe Juvia went ahead without us...”**

And even then? Lisanna was now alone. Not unintentionally. Upon arrive at the temple gate, Mirajane had suggested the two split up to cover more ground. Juvia had traveled to the temple before them to scout, and they were going to use the information *from* that scouting job when they infiltrated the landmark. The issue was that Juvia *hadn’t* returned to report to them. Even though she had been told not to step into the ruins themselves.

“At least sis was right. There doesn’t seem to be any monsters or enemy mages around. No signs of the former at all, really.” While the youngest Strauss sibling didn’t hold command over Beast Souls with her Take Over magic, she at least knew how to check for signs of general wildlife due to her affinity with Animal Soul magic. She could tell well enough that if anything had been patrolling the halls she had wandered into, it hadn’t been recent.

That was what she had concluded, and yet she was proven *wrong* just seconds later. Was that a *woman* down at the end of the hallway she was treading? One with *horns* and a *tail*? Was she a mage, then? A

Dragon Slayer like Natsu and Wendy, perhaps? But if she was here when her friends were missing, then...



For better or worse, the stranger had her back turned to Lisanna and hadn't noticed her presence. That made sneaking up towards her all the easier. She didn't really have a plan beyond that, but if that woman was responsible for her friends disappearing then she probably couldn't afford a head-on fight. Using an Animal Soul probably would have made it easier.

But before she could even shift into an animal's form? Her foot sunk into a stone tile... and then the entire floor *lifted* her up into a room above. "**HUH!?**" It was so sudden that she wasn't able to react, and she could only count her blessings that it hadn't crushed her into a paste upon the ceiling. Instead, a hole had opened up and had brought her into a... modern bedroom? One with a big, grandiose bed and...

A number of maid uniforms dressed upon mannequins?

"**This is kind of creepy...**" If not for those mannequins and the fact that this was still *underground* and so there was no natural light, it might have been homely. But torches were the only things that illuminated the space instead. Well, if the room didn't suit Lisanna's sensibilities, then... those sensibilities would just have to *change*, right? Changing the room itself would have been too much work! "**...Ow!?**"

In service of that 'solution', a strange chill set over the young woman (even though she believed it was just a chill from the state of the room). But what had prompted her to cry out *wasn't* that chill, but instead a tender pressure that evoked a sensation not unakin to pain on the sides of her head. Hands were raised up to those points with confusion, and what she ultimately found led to another squeak of surprise.

The delicate tips of her fingers had reached them just in time to feel hard *growths* protruding from her skull. They were flat-tipped and small at first, almost like— "**Horns!?**" Well, Lisanna had figured the truth out on her own. She could wrap her palms around the golden keratin that continuously pushed out into *four* branches – two on either side. When all was said and done, they were about eight inches in length.

Lisanna, however, did not realize that it wasn't just a pair of horns that had grown. She'd been clenching her teeth to help deal with the pressure the changes were rendering upon her skull, and her canine teeth had

been sharpening and creeping several inches longer to give her a pair of *fangs*. And as her eyes widened? Their dark blue ignited a brilliant red with yellow mixed within. **“What is happening to *me*— COUGH, COUGH! A-Ah? My voice?”** There had been a crack and then a cough used to attempt to dismiss it, but a new higher pitch remained.

The woman felt *understandably* disoriented. Her body was changing! ...Or at least she *believed* it was, right? Why was it becoming so difficult for her to confirm what had or hadn't changed? It really *should* have been obvious, and yet it just *wasn't* thanks to a fog settling in over her mind. As it took root? The woman's face rounded and took on a more youthful glow, even though her lips *did* swell. This left her looking more like a *teen* again. Her red eyes narrowed in the corners, making her look more like someone from *Kagura's* homeland.

On the other hand? Her hair *didn't* follow that trend at all. Kagura's people largely had dark black hair, but Lisanna's silver mane had *ignited* with a golden orange that drew comparison to the mixed shades of her eyes. The gold spread into her brows and pubes, but it *also* cascaded against her shoulders and *well* down her back; courtesy of her hair *growing*. **“My hair... Was it always this length?”** Why was that even a question? Should the answer have not been extremely obvious?

Lisanna's uncertainty was a direct product of her transforming mindscape. The face she remembered seeing in the mirror was her *new* face, and she had fond memories of living alongside *someone*? Someone very different than the *monster* she was? But was she a monster? Wasn't she... human? *No, my life would have been much easier if I'd been human!* With her subconscious acknowledging this new reality... a more monstrous feature than even her horns grew out.

And it certainly wasn't subtle. **“YIKES!?”** The young woman's entire body was almost yanked back and onto her butt by a dramatic *pull* that felt as if it had pinched her tailbone and *tugged* with all of its strength. But where nothing should have been pulled out? A long, fatty, green *tail* pushed out into a near *ten foot* length. This reptilian tail was so fat at its base that it pushed the back of her skirt and top away, compromising her balance while she stared back in awe. It was so *shocking*!

“Eh? But this is how my tail usually looks?”

Well, what about the surrounding area? Had her *ass* always been so *fat*? Because spurred on by her new tail's appearance, her cheeks had both widened *and* thickened – and even ended up passing on those gains to a pair of chubbier thighs that were pressing out against the outskirts of her skirt. *Yes*, in fact. She now remembered having such a big butt! Just like she had a huge... *chest*.

That was a realization that hadn't actually be *realized* itself at that very moment, but it only took *seconds* for it to kick into gear. *High* gear. Because the bust that Lisanna was *imagining* she had was *excessively* larger than the conservative bust that paled in comparison to her sister's. Mirajane had always been the bustier and more beautiful of the two sisters, and Lisanna had always been a little jealous as a result.

“Hm?” Had the woman not already become so bottom heavy due to her ass *and* her tail, she might have been pulled forward as the mounds upon her chest began to swell. But she instead raised an eyebrow, noticing only that the base of her shirt was lifting to reveal her navel? She tried tugging it down, but that was naturally ineffective considering the pace at which her bosom was *ballooning*. Twice their original size. *Three* times their original size. Until they finally bounced with her shirt only just *barely* covering her nipples. **“Why aren't I wearing my uniform?”**

All she really got out of her tits exploding was that she was wearing the wrong outfit? Really? Well, she definitely *needed* something new to wear. Just not until after her height dropped a few inches – not that this could impact the fit of her current outfit any further. Ultimately, the curse that had transformed her stretched and dyed her clothing, redefining her fit into a long, navy blue maid outfit overtop a frilly, white blouse. She also gained a maid head dress, lace gloves, black socks, brown shoes, and a red ribbon wrapped around her collar.

Her long had had been even pulled into cute little tails!

“Woah!?” I feel *really* out of it.” While the newest girl with dragon features, this one wearing a rather traditional maid uniform, took the form of a person around the age of sixteen? The truth was that she was actually *much* older. She was, after all, *actually* a dragon. She could tell that Lucoa had summoned her, and she knew that this was her temple. But more than that? It felt like she had just awoken from a dream.

A dream of another world. One that had strange electronic devices. It was a world where *Tohru* had developed her love for maids and was likely why Lucoa had set up her room in the way that she had. But it hadn't been a dream, right? Just like she *wasn't* in a dream at that moment. This was her reality now. **“But how am I supposed**



to live like thiiiiiiiis!?” Despite it all, all she could really do was whine. Because she was missing something important.

“I want my Kobayashi-saaaaaan!”