

DRAGON YOUR FEET

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



There were certainly goals out there that were worth pursuing.

Careers, relationships, personal bests; when you thought about what a goal *was*, you would usually think of something along those lines. But when you thought about it, really, what gave something worth? ‘Worth’ as a concept was entirely subjective, and that subjectivity was based on what you *personally* thought was important. It might be valuable to cozy up to your manager at work – there might even be benefits involved! But that didn’t mean you’d think it was *worth it*.

And this *definitely* wasn’t a long winded way of me trying to justify the goal I was presently working towards. Certainly not because most normal people would consider that goal of mine to be pretty ‘pointless’, either! ...But it probably *was* pointless, just not to me! It was something very important to me! Well, and to my friend group.

With the summer months finally upon us, I had some more free time away from my job. This had given me the perfect opportunity to do some much needed cleaning. Specifically, a cleaning of my *closet*, which had filled up with a ton of stuff over the years. I was something of a *hoarder* that didn’t like throwing out things I could *maybe* find a use for someday, and so there were just boxes stacked on boxes inside of it. Good thing the closet was of the walk-in variety!

While going through everything however, I’d found something that had scratched my nostalgia bone. My old Nintendo DS, with my game cartridge for Pokémon Black still stuck in the back. I’d naturally moved onto the 3DS after it came out, but my fondest childhood memories

were of playing Pokémon on my DS with all my friends at school. Which had given me an *idea*.

It was summertime, and as a result most of my old friends had a little more free time. In the end? We decided to plan a little *event*. Those of us that had the equipment and their copy of the Pokémon Black & White games were going to have a little tournament. We had one month to put teams together, but we *weren't* allowed to build meta teams. In fact, we had to stick to the sorts of teams we built as kids.

...Which had been a recipe for assured loss for me, even though it was all for fun. I had been *notorious* back in the day for only ever building teams of Dragon-type Pokémon, which naturally put me at a type disadvantage. “**And I finally have the last Pokémon... Now I just need to level them...**” I leaned back in my chair after catching an Axew, completing the lineup of six creatures I had set up for my team. “**They’re totally going to jokingly call me ‘Iris’ at the tournament.**”

Iris was the Dragon-type Gym Leader in Pokémon Black & White, you see. She had risen to such a powerful place on the trainer hierarchy despite only being a young girl. Being born in the Village of Dragons meant that she shared a powerful bond with creatures of that typing, and in turn that made her a worthy holder of the title of Gym leader. My friends had taken to jokingly calling me that back in the day despite being a guy because I liked Dragon-types so much.

With the catching part out of the way, it was time to train. But first? I really had to take a piss, so I set the DS down on my bed and headed off to do that. I was only gone for two minutes before I returned, sat down on my bed, and— *CRACK!* “**Crap!?**” I’d accidentally forgotten about my DS on the bed and had thrown all of my weight into it, evidently snapping it accidentally. But as I rolled over to try and find it?

There was a *light*.

“**HUH!?**”

I’d been temporarily *blinded*, and the next thing I knew? I was laying atop a sleeping bag beside a campfire, a canopy of shimmering stars painting the sky above me. I’d *just* been inside. There shouldn’t have *been* a sky above me, much less one covered in stars since it had been *late afternoon* the last time I’d checked! I clumsily pushed myself up onto my feet so that I could look around. Was I dreaming? It *had* to be a dream.

The moon and stars were the only light I could see aside from the fire. Rolling hills covered with trees obscured the horizon. Was I in the middle of a forest? Camping? But the more I considered how chilly the evening air was, and how realistic the heat of the crackling fire felt as I wandered closer. **“No, no, no. This is impossible. I *can’t* be out in the middle of nowhere! I was *just* at home, and I broke my DS, and...?”**

My DS? Could that have been the source of all this? A Nintendo DS couldn’t *teleport* you, obviously, but maybe it zapped me and I passed out? If I was dreaming, that might explain why I didn’t remember going to sleep! **“Ahaha! That must be it! After all, what else could even explain this! And if this is a dream, then I can probably just send myself home instantly, right? Like *this*!”** Nothing happened. Why *would* it?

“Uh... Well, I guess dreams aren’t so easy to control! I’ve never had a dream *this* lucid before, so maybe I just don’t have the process down?” It really *was* extremely lucid, so vivid of a dream that even the heat of the fire felt *incredibly* real. I was going to give myself basically any explanation before accepting that what I was experiencing could somehow be reality. Because it just *couldn’t*. The very idea that I might have been teleported defied absolutely *all* logic.

As you can imagine, even though I had that campfire – as well as the night sky above, visibility was still a little low because of how dark it was outside. It was a little difficult for me to even notice changes in my surroundings, not that *those* would change any further. The point was that if I wasn’t noticing changes in those surroundings, then how could I possibly catch anything that might have been happening to my *body*? At least as long as it didn’t interfere with my ability to *feel* things.

Which wasn’t happening... yet. Things *did* begin to change about my body as I tried to convince myself that I was dreaming, though. You didn’t really need to look any further than my body’s color palette to see as much, because it almost seemed like I was a fighting game character being painted in an alternate color scheme. Something, of course, I definitely was *not*.

Take my skin, for example. At first, it seemed as if dark brown freckles were beginning to spread across my face, arms, *everywhere*. But those freckles became so numerous that they bled together, eventually making my *entire* complexion that shade, right down to nipples that were even darker – though my palms and the bottoms of my feet were a *little* lighter than the rest of my skin.

“So, if I *can't* leave, then what? *Do I just wait to wake up?*” It wasn't like I didn't hear those sharp voice cracks as I pondered, but the air beside the fire was dry and so I shrugged it off as a side effect. All the while? My eyes were taking on a color that certainly wasn't *normal* for a regular person – at least not in the world where I came from, the only world I *perceived* to be real. My irises darkened to a blood red, but it was actually *more* than that.

The structure and appearance of my face changed in kind. My red eyes went first. They became rounder, my lashes longer. It didn't even occur to me that my *perception* changed as well. That once my eyes had changed, it was as if I saw the world through an *anime-style* filter. Everything around me, including my own body, *looked* 2D. But I could still touch it like it was 3D. The reality that I didn't notice was a symptom of a face that my *mind* was being affected along with the rest of my body.

Nonetheless, my face continued to differ, now looking rounder than ever in that 2D style. My lips became a little plumper, my nose shrunk, and there *would* have been way more of my forehead left showing if not for the fact that my hair *hadn't* been spared from whatever was happening to the rest of me. My shorter locks had already *darkened*, dyed towards black with an almost purple hue depending on how the light hit it.

But it was more a matter of that hair *growing*. Shorter strands lengthened dramatically, cascading down my back at an alarming rate. But it wasn't just their *length*. They curled, coiled, and ever inherited a coarser feel to the touch so that they were frizzier. All in all, these were all traits that could be found in the hair of people of African descent – something that would have been much more obvious in my face if I hadn't been turned 2D. Even so, my bangs covered my forehead almost like a pair of fangs, while bunches at the top and bottom were somehow styled to have a set of prongs sticking out of them.

A hairstyle that could only truly be accomplished in anime.

“*I guess this might now be a dream. After all, didn't I want to come out here?*” No, I hadn't. But why the sudden change of attitude? My mind was being polluted with new memories that not only affected my perception but were corrupting my personality as well. My voice sounded like a young woman's, and yet I didn't find that strange? Well, that wasn't even *as* obvious as *everything being 2D*. Still, my face and hair definitely looked like they belonged to a young Black woman.

It was just a matter of the rest of my body conforming to that image, which it *did* before long. Even beneath my clothes, 'adjustments' were being made to bring that to fruition. It didn't occur to me that the front

of my shirt was gradually being pushed forward, nor that I kept adjusting my posture to prevent myself from tilting forward. There had been a swell upon my chest, one that ballooned brown skin into a pair of *B-cup* breasts that a man's body absolutely *shouldn't* have possessed. And as they grew? The waistline beneath them thinned. I ended up tugging at my shirt because the sensation of it rubbing against my bare, but now erect, nipples was a little distracting.

My pants faced a similar issue. Mass built within my now hairless thighs and my ass alike. These regions ballooned a little, seizing the little space that had been present in those pants and boxers, pushing the fabric to the point that you could perceive their bulge through the defined shape. Like my tits, they weren't *huge* – more befitting of a leaner woman that had a little cushion for the pushing than anything. And it was around here where *that* finally became a reality.

That I became a *woman* properly, that is.

“Eep!?” My voice sounded like a young girl squeaking with surprise when I felt it. My cock and balls had retreated almost all at once, pulled *into* a woman's pussy that was connected to a womb that had been established deep with my flesh. The sensation made me squirm, but curiously? I didn't react too much to it. There was a strange disconnect. Like a voice was telling me *‘I'm way too young to feel anything from that’*. I *was* an adult. Despite becoming a woman, I had still looked like one up until that point.

But that changed almost instantly. *“Whoa!?”* I squeaked out in a voice that sounded like a young girl once more, but this time? That sound wasn't at all inconsistent with how I *looked*. I felt like I was *falling*, because my point of view rapidly dropped. My clothes became burdensome, pants and boxers falling off as my shirt became more akin to a dress than anything. My hands and feet slimmed and shortened, and all of that weight that had swollen in to grant me a womanly figure? It evaporated, leaving me without much definition aside from a pair of *A-cups* that would one day grow larger, and a bit of padding in my thighs and butt.

Not only had I dropped all the way down to *4'10"*, but a significantly lesser age was reflected in a face that was rounder and cuter than ever. I was *twelve years old*, not yet fully exposed to the full effects of puberty. I was also very innocent and simple minded! So simple minded that my clothes changing? That didn't even occur to me! Wasn't I just wearing my usual yellow dress with big, puffy sleeves and pink accents? Along with my usual white pants with yellow trim? Plus my favorite pink and white shoes with Dragon-type Pokémon claws on the bottoms?

Even my mess of curly hair had been tied up, with much of its volume tied at the bottom in the back, and with hair clips hoisting large hefts of it atop my head into two frizzy ‘tails’.

“NGGGGGGH! Hwah!”

My body had felt so *stiff* all of a sudden that I just felt the *biggest* urge to give a *big* stretch! Something I had no problems doing considering how small and flexible my body was! I wasn’t old enough to have back problems or anything like that yet! I was barely even a teenager! Still, it felt *really* good to stand up on my tippy toes in the middle of the night and reach up towards the sky! At least until I allowed my posture to settle again.



I gently rolled my shoulders and then crouched down beside my campfire so that I could poke at it with a stick, now rocking back and forth on my heels. I *loved* to go camping. As a daughter of the Village of Dragons, being out and about in a natural environment just *called* to me. I was *Iris*, after all! Though my responsibilities at the Opelucid Gym meant I couldn’t *really* get out to do it as much as I would have liked.

Once I had my fill with the fire, I hopped up and skipped over to my sleeping bag, where I childishly rummage around inside of it with my hand and my tongue sticking out inquisitively from my lips. **“Aha!”** My tiny fingers eventually wrapped around something small and round. I pulled it out – a miniaturized Pokéball that grew to full size when my dark finger pressed the tiny switch on the front. **“Come on out!”**

I gave the ball a light toss, and when it hit the ground beside my sleeping bag? An Axew emerged from the red light within, giving off a very cute cry (in my opinion) and dancing around! I’d just caught the little guy earlier in the day in the woods after he’d been following me around. He must have noticed my strong affinity for Dragon-types! **“Heya! Are you hungry? I have some stuff to make sandwiches... want some?”** The little guy nodded excitedly, which worked out perfectly. I was *super* hungry myself after a day of running around the woods!

But alas, the following day I'd have to return to Opelucid. At least I'd made a new friend on this journey. It had been super memorable! But it was kind of strange... *I felt a little like I was forgetting something important?* And I was also full of motivation to train my new Axew friend up! He was gonna be the strongest!