

THE DRAGON'S YEAR

FIRST PERSON STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



There was definitely something relaxing about the holidays finally being over. Sure, you returned to your everyday life without any special days to look forward to, but in the end the autumn and early winter were *full* of them. Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and then finally New Year's. I couldn't say I hated any of them (even though Thanksgiving was little more than enjoying a meal) but when all was said and done I was pretty glad that they were, well, *done*.

Other than the festivities involved there *were* other benefits though. If you were an avid gacha game player then you knew that most, non-Hoyoverse games tended to run special events for the holidays. Whether it was Christmas events or special New Year's campaigns you could find a little bit of anything to throw your last, wayward rolling currency at in hopes that you didn't suffer from endless disappointment. It's always that little glimmer of hope just before the despair of an ultimate loss that gets you hooked, you know?

On top of running numerous campaigns with free rolls, Granblue Fantasy revealed a special character every year that was based on the Chinese New Year animal of that year. We'd had plenty of unique and interesting designs in the past, but I'd been very curious to see what 2024 would bring. It was the Year of the Dragon, after all. That wasn't even an *animal* but instead a mythical creature!

In the end we'd been shown what this new Divine General would look like before her banner. Her name was Payila and she was a scantily clad, buxom woman who appeared to be an extra tall Draph. And in the end... "**Ugh, absolutely *nothing* from my rolls, huh?**" It was New Year's Eve and I'd staked everything on rolling her to complete my collection.

Free rolls and all of the crystals I had amassed almost entirely spent for about four Gold Moons and a broken dream. I did have *one* ten roll left, but historically the ‘maybe I’ll roll them on my very last roll’ hope didn’t pay off.

“BUT MAYBE THIS TIME IT WILL!” And with an energized click my finger came down on the left button of my mouse to sound a satisfying click. This was it! All or nothing! And the results were... *not* what I expected. **“H-Hey!? Did the game client just freeze!? You’ve gotta be kidding me!”** The rolling animation had just frozen in place which, honestly? It didn’t change what the rolls would be, but it did deprive me of the immediate emotional response of knowing if I’d hit the jackpot or would be doomed to suffer.

In the end I wouldn’t know regardless. My computer screen began to glow before shooting out a cold, snowy wind. **“WH-WHAT THE HELL!?”** That was definitely impossible, right? But when I tried to cover it with my hands a small, slender grasp grabbing my wrist and *pulled me in*. **“WAAAAAH!”**

THUD!

The next thing I new I was warm again. Or at least *vaguely* so. I had somehow landed on my ass in a cozy, open room upon a futon. All around me were expensive looking trinkets that I couldn’t identify. But then again I couldn’t identify where I *was* in the first place. Just that in I was in a room with windows overlooking a vaguely familiar, snowy landscape. But why *was* it so familiar? I felt so disoriented by the entire ordeal that I couldn’t piece together the obvious.

Unfortunately for me I would never be given the chance to process things *naturally*. Well, I suppose you could argue that if I had tried to *really* concentrate I could have, but in the grand scheme of things how was I supposed to when things got so *weird*? Weird in what way? Well—**“WHOA!?”** A sudden lurch tricked me into tossing my hands out into the air at my sides to try and maintain my balance.

My stupid brain had assumed I was falling, but realistically I’d still say it was fair of me to think that. My eye level had fallen dramatically and quickly, and while my feet hadn’t left the ground there wasn’t really any *reasonable* explanation for that. But even holding out my arms I could feel something off about my clothing as I ‘fell’. It was loose? My long sleeved shirt had swallowed my hands and was bunched up, and did I lose my pants and underwear!?

It was all something I couldn't really check until the falling sensation stopped. The room looked *bigger* somehow and I felt substantially *lighter*. I looked around, and then down, and then blinked a plethora of times before finally reacting to what I had realized. **"I SHRUNK!?"** Not just a *little* bit either. I had been almost six feet before but now I had to be flirting with the *five foot* line. Patting and grabbing at my body with hands that had shrunken in kind, I realized that *most* of my excess body weight had dwindled too. My figure had been trimmed to perfection and I was particularly taken with fondling my flat tummy through my shirt. I was nowhere near as unhealthy as I had been, but I also hadn't gained any muscle mass.

"This has gotta be impossible... A dream? Yeah, this has gotta be a dream!" *Mm? While my beauty is something worth dreaming about, how could I be asleep? I am surrounded by my precious treasures, after all.* **"Right, how could I...? Huh?"** I'd almost found myself in blind agreeance with some thoughts that not only didn't sound like me, but certainly didn't *belong*. I'd never seen myself as beautiful, I didn't even think I was handsome!

Well, things could change. **"GRK!?"** It was no sound of *pain*, but the feeling of my very figure being adjusted in real time took my by surprise. At least when it came to my *bones* it was done in what felt like a rather violent manner. With that noise my smaller knees had buckled for it had felt as if someone had gripped onto my hips and pulled them wider so that they pushed out my shirt at the sides. At the exact same moment my shoulders were forced in towards each other, narrowing my upper gait.

I couldn't have been sure if it was related and I couldn't see this occurring with my shirt in the way regardless, but my waistline had dipped in so there was a several inch decline around the sides of my bellybutton. This rendered my hips perceptually wider by comparison, and ultimately contributed to the idea that my body was growing more *androgynous* in appearance. Not that this aspect really bothered me.

"Wait, *wait*, wait! My body's *changing*, isn't it!? Is this like something *out* of a smut novel or *what*!?" I was freaking out a *little bit* and understandably so. The more I spoke the more I heard it, however. The sound of my voice cracking up to a higher pitch that was still rather deep yet carried the undeniable hum of a woman's voice. And with the way the skin on my face had begun to crawl I was growing closer and closer to that 'ideal'.

With my figure changing my face had been the last bastion of obvious masculinity. But my facial scruff smoothed away, and the overall shape of that face changed. As a whole it became slimmer and far more

angular, stealing away any of the remaining roundness. But that roundness was reallocated into a *different* place: my lips. They protruded an inch or two thicker than they had before, making them very plush in design beneath a small nose. What was perhaps more striking was what befell my eyes. They angled themselves downward slightly while corners were pinched in, giving them an almost Chinese aesthetic. Lashes lengthened and irises shifted dramatically in color to a mix of green with reddish pink. A beauty mark had even emerged beneath my right lip.

It was undoubtedly a woman's face. An Asian woman's face, even though I was supposed to be Caucasian. But then again I was also *supposed* to be almost six feet tall and overweight. I was also supposed to have short hair but that was changing too. Dark locks crept outward, sliding down to tickle my shoulders where I grabbed a handful with fingers that were a little longer and bore professionally kept nails now. **"My hair? What is...? It looks quite beautiful. As expected."** There were no longer any voice cracks to note because my voice had entirely shifted into that sultry, feminine sound that had been heard in the previous voice cracks.

As expected. A part of me wanted to push back on that, but it was *correct*, wasn't it? This hair that was falling down my back and curling outward, base darkening to black while bright green highlights danced among it... This was the way my hair was *supposed* to look? As strong as the voice doubting my form deep down was, the voice of acceptance was growing stronger. I was beginning to believe that whatever changed? I was *supposed* to be that way.

"Mmn..." I combed through some of this long, silky hair with my feminine fingers. *Hair can be a treasure too. One that I personally treasure.* But in the end I was just doing this to distract myself from a tugging in my loins. On a subconsciously level *I* wanted to ignore it, even though I could also subconsciously recognize what was happening. My dick was shortening, thinning, and tunneling into my pelvis – dragging my balls along with it. My legs did squirm in the end because it felt *arousing*, but how was the formation of a woman's *pussy* supposed to be? **"Ah..."** I had biologically become a *woman*.

And I felt rather *relieved* by it. Perhaps even *happy*?

I was becoming a beauty to be treasured.

To those ends my body soon developed further. My height and build would no longer be touched, but my changed sex certainly had some serious implications for my figure, which had remained rather androgynous behind my widened hips and thinned waist. At the very

least the reason *for* those wider hips was soon apparent. The back of my oversized shirt lifted up at the base, exposing my new pussy to the cool air and revealing the immediate cause.

My bare ass was swelling little by little, cheeks a perfect peach shape that would surely bounce with each step. Similarly, it was easy enough to make out my thighs swelling like sponges, taut skin resting atop an especially soft looking lap that almost completely filled the gap between my legs. **“Hmhm! Things seem to be going nicely. If so, the next area...”** I stared directly down at my flat chest even though something smaller had been changing. My ears were poking out from my beautiful hair in longer, triangular shapes.

But that didn't mean my gaze was misplaced. Not by a long shot. Without pants nor underwear it was an unfortunate side effect that my loins and ass soon found themselves *completely* exposed. That shirt had been lifted higher by the orbs that had developed on my chest, beginning as little mounds that rapidly developed into full, sensual *M-cup* tits with nipples that were larger than my eyes. The feeling of them rubbing up against my shirt was *stimulating*, but I was much too proper of a woman to react in an indecent way!

I may be a little taller than average, but a Draph woman should be accustomed to having such a large chest.

That much *was* true, and to solidify my transformation *into* a Draph I was still missing one key element. Fortunately that element – or elements – developed just as painlessly as everything else. There *was* pressure upon either side of my skull, but it was brief, dark, and jagged horns that were just under a foot long reaching up towards the ceiling. Their weight felt completely natural to me even though I had only *just* developed them. The said could be said of my entire body. It just felt *right*.

“As a connoisseur of all things beautiful, I cannot say I have any qualms with this arrangement.” At least now that my body was better dressed, that is. If a gacha character was a treasure then I had become one myself, having transformed both in body and soul into *Payila*, the character I had desired to roll in the first place. But it was in terms of my *memories* as well. There was a subtle sprinkling of my old life amidst them, but when all was said and done I view myself as *Payila* entirely. **“Aside from my clothes...”**

The shirt no longer suited me. And so I tore it off, allowing my massive tits to bounce into view – puffy nipples still erect.

The ‘arrangement’ I was referring to was my own body. I was quite beautiful, wasn’t I? Anyone would be lucky to *collect me*, but sorry to say that I was the one who collected others. Beautiful objects and beautiful souls alike, although at present I was only surrounded by the former within *my* shrine. Picking up a fan I began to navigate the treasures, fanning my face even though the room was barely warm at all against the cold, wintry outdoors. **“And how long are you going to hide there? You’re the reason this happened, are you not?”**



I peered at a corner of the room and from it a small, horned woman with white hair stepped out. She may have appeared normal enough, but she was a shikigami. *My* shikigami. Her hands were the exact same ones that had grabbed me and pulled me into that odd, flat box to bring me back to this shrine. It was *her* fault I had transformed. She bowed apologetically. **“I’m sorry—”**

Smirking, I raised a hand to stop the acolyte from speaking. **“You needn’t apologize. I quite prefer this form. And I’m certain you knew that in the first place. Let us simply continue on as if this is how things already were.”** In fact I would have liked nothing more than to live this new life of mine to the fullest.

“Now could you change me into my usual garments?”

“Y-Yes master, right away...”