

DRAGON CURRY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“I wanna *diiiiiiiie*.”

It had been a long day for Futaba Sakura, like a *really* long day. Sometimes she wished she could go back to her life of just holing herself up inside. Sure, the slowly rotting away emotionally had been a pretty *terrible* side effect of it, but sometimes her efforts to be more social and go outside could be *just* as draining. Then again, this was *Sojiro*’s fault, wasn’t it?

Now that Joker had moved back home, at least for the time being, the extra help that Sojiro had received with Leblanc from him had been gone. There had been an uptick in business at the café too, which ultimately made it difficult for the old man to handle things himself. And so, too stubborn to just hire a part timer already, he had more or less blackmailed Futaba into helping. **“I can’t believe he made me do it by saying he’d switch the internet down to a slower package...”** A fate worse than death for a girl who was usually terminally online!

The teen *had* helped at Leblanc in the past. She’d actually been volunteering a *lot*, but only for short shifts and when she didn’t have other things going on. But on this day she’d wanted to stay home. One of the local channels had been running an anime marathon and, even though she could torrent the episodes whenever she wanted, there was just something *magical* about catching the airings live, wasn’t there? ...Probably not. Futaba had just been looking for an excuse to not go work a full eight hours.

Alas, in the end Sojiro had given her no choice. It had been *way* too busy for even the two of them and this problem had been exacerbated by a limited time menu item that the old man had decided to put on his menu for the day. In celebration of the Year of the Dragon he had been advertising his special *Dragon Curry*. Was there real dragon in it? Absolutely not! Dragons weren't real! And it wasn't like he'd made it with lizard meat!



It was just plain old chicken curry that was seasoned to be a *little* spicier than normal. Not that the customers seemed to realize as much. They just kept ordering it over and over. Futaba wasn't even sure how many batches of rice and curry she'd had to cook and serve over the course of the day! It almost felt like salt in the wound that Sojiro had sent her home with some in a takeout container for dinner and as 'payment'.

“He could've at least paid be in yen like a normal person!” Wasn't this against the law or something? Unpaid for child labor!?! With a groan she sat in her swiveling computer chair, eating a spoonful of the curry while watching *Miss Kobayashi's Dragon Maid* on her monitor – channeled through their cable. It was an anime focusing on the antics of a regular human and her dragon maid, Tohru. From there the cast expanded to include different humans and dragons and it focused on their very comedic daily lives.

A spoon hanging out her mouth, the current antics on screen prompted her to look around at her *own* room. She *had* been pretty busy lately. Between classes, being dragged out by Sumire, and Sojiro asking her for help more and more? She hadn't had a lot of time to herself. She hadn't been *home* a lot. And that had taken a very clear toll on the *cleanliness* of her personal space.

Clothes were piled here and there from when she had just thrown them off after going out to work, suggestive of the idea that she *probably* should do some laundry. Not to mention the small pile of used plates at the side of her desk, or the full garbage bin off to the side. All the things she *had* to do. But her body was sore and she didn't have the energy. **“I wish I had a dragon maid that could clean up after me.”** But dragons weren't real and she *couldn't* afford a maid (even though there was that one maid service Joker had been seemingly aware of for some reason).

There was just no way for that wish to be granted! ...Or so she assumed when she had said it.

“Huh?” The phone on Futaba’s desk began to vibrate not even seconds after those words had left her mouth and it wasn’t a text or call. Just a consistent vibration as a familiar sight appeared on the screen. She grabbed it in a hurry. **“Wait, the Metaverse app? Why is it acting up!?”** There couldn’t have been a *Palace* nearby, could there? But this part of town was so quiet that she couldn’t imagine that. Maybe it was just going *haywire*? Even the Metaverse app must have been prone to glitches, right?

No, something was *odd* here. Futaba stood with the phone in hand. She couldn’t get it to stop vibrating? Even tapping furiously on the app screen did nothing. Until, at least, something unprecedented took place. **“Wah!?”** The girl was momentarily blinded by a flash of crimson light that had her stumble back and *almost* fall onto her bed. By the time she had rubbed at her eyes and her vision had cleared? The Metaverse app was gone. **“That was... weird.”**

‘Weird’ might have been an understatement. She did a quick check of her surroundings to make sure that she hadn’t *actually* slid into the Metaverse somehow, but it seemed this was still the reality she knew. After all, nothing about her appearance had changed! Her outfit was still the... *same*? It was a fact that she had been about to celebrate when she felt it. It was similar to the sensation of her clothes changing that she was aware of, but it was too breezy? Breeze and *loose*.

“What the—!?” Futaba whipped her head back down to look at herself, feeling something slide a little atop her head in the process. **“I-Is this a maid uniform!? Actually it looks kinda familiar...?”** The teen’s keen eyes weren’t failing her. She was dressed in a white, button-up shirt beneath a long, flowing blue maid gown. With a red ribbon tied into a bow around her neck, black socks and leather loafers upon her feet, and long gloves that were slipping off her hands on her arms, it was certainly a sight to behold. Largely because it was much too *large*.

Her small body was practically swimming in it, and even though she hadn’t noticed it as keenly, even a frilly white headdress atop her head had been slipping despite splitting her orange hair into tails was present upon her person. **“Wait! This is the uniform from Kobayashi’s, isn’t it? Did the Metaverse just dress me up in cosplay? Why!?”** Was it because she had joking made a wish about having a maid? **“It could’ve at least given me a uniform that *fits* then...”**

While there was a problem with the fit... the fit of the *uniform* wasn’t the problem. As Futaba would soon learn.

Funnily enough, it hadn't really dawned on Futaba that some *else* had been odd the moment her clothing had changed. She was viewing her uniform perfectly, right? With 20/20 vision? But *her glasses were gone*. She was seeing perfectly without aid, through eyes that had shifted in their color from mauve to *orange*. The fact that she hadn't noticed *wasn't* an accident though. The Metaverse app had set it up that way so that Futaba wouldn't panic nor seek help.

At least her concerns about the uniform's fit wouldn't last for very long if things trended as intended? "**Ow—!?**" Confused but tempted to check the internet to see if anything similar to her own issue had happened elsewhere, Futaba had gone to sit down at her computer desk. Yet where she normally sit comfortably within it? She found the space to be a little *cramped*. "**That's weird...**" Her knees were too high? Her arms didn't have to stretch as much as she was accustomed to in order to reach the mouse and keyboard?

Confused, the girl stood up again and almost took a tumble. Her balance was a little weird, wasn't it? "**Was *her* computer always so low?**" Somehow she remembered the computer desk being closer to her eye level, almost like she was *taller*? Funnily enough her gloves fit much more snugly now too. But the truth was as simple as it sounded. While trying to sit down Futaba's body had grown *taller*. Up from 5'0" to 5'5", which meant the skirt wasn't dragging on the floor anymore either. Even the loafers fit! ...Likely because her feet had enlarged just like her hands had within the gloves.

"Weird. *Her* room feels so much smaller than I remember? Wait, who's her? Futaba? But aren't I...?" Her confusion seemed unusual. While this was supposed to be *her* bedroom, it was almost as if she was seeing it through the eyes of a stranger. It was *Futaba's* room, wasn't it? So how could this not be *her* room? For her to view things that way would imply that on some level she didn't believe she *was* Futaba. But Futaba wasn't supposed to be this tall. She wasn't supposed to have orange eyes.

And the differences only continued. Speaking about her eyes specifically, her own eyelids twitched a moment for seemingly no reason – but there *was* a reason. They had stretched and rounded in their shapes, pupils becoming more slit-like in their shapes and lashes lengthening. These differences spread throughout the girl's very facial structure, somehow managing to round her face's shape while maturing the shapes upon it in equal measure. This meant thicker, kissable lips, a flatter yet larger nose, and all the complexion implications that seemed to suggest she was not a teenager but instead a woman in her *twenties*.

At least *physically*.

Longer lashes blinked. “**I’m... I have memories of sleeping in that bed though? With master! With... with who?**” Even the woman herself didn’t seem to be able to comprehend what she was saying. And saying with a deeper, peppier voice at that. Her memories had gone askew. That was Futaba’s bed so it was only natural that Futaba would sleep there? But then there was no room for her? Unless she *was* Futaba, but she wasn’t? Futaba was her master and sometimes she snuck into bed with her? She furrowed her brow at this conflicting information.

In the meantime? Her dyed orange locks began to seem a little *lighter* in color than the dye had originally rendered them. Like a very orangey *blonde* that tickled all of the hair on her body. But this was no dye job. Even her natural black hair color underneath had turned this shade, and at the very least the hair atop her head was growing longer than before, reaching just past her ass while still style in twintails.

“**H-Hey! That’s not like me...**” A sudden surge of *something* had prompted the woman’s balance to fumble and she’d almost crashed into *her master’s* desk as the consequence of that imbalance. Futaba had written it off as her being uncharacteristically clumsy, but that involved a high amount of mental gymnastics to avoid the elephant in the room. Or the *udders*.

She had been flung down because the heft of her bosom had increased very dramatically *very* quickly. There *had* been a bra in the maid uniform but it had been flat without anything to feel it, yet its shapes filled and were even stretched almost *past* capacity, full basketballs shaped within her uniform. The were gigantic *N-cups*, absolutely unfathomable to most humans in terms of size. But her body was somehow strong enough to shoulder them after they had fully grown.

Futaba didn’t seem to think all that much of them anyways. Just as the inflation of her thighs and ass into plusher shapes didn’t exactly give her much pause. Big tits, a heart-shaped rump; it all felt incredibly *normal* to her. Or at least to who she was *becoming*. But her ass and thighs weren’t even really the main draw of her lower body. *That* came from a very fierce pressure just *above* her ass, at the base of her tailbone.

CRASH!

The blonde woman swung around suddenly, noticing that one of the shelves had been knocked over. “**Oh no! Did I do that!? Master will be mad!**” She actually *was* the culprit even though the shelf had been

so far away. Because something long and *thick* had erupted from her tailbone, now hanging and poking out from beneath her skirt. A scaled, green *tail*. Like a reptile's tail if it had been an *extremely* large reptile. “**I need to be careful with my dragon tail in small rooms...**” *Dragon tail*? She must have *truly* been far gone if she didn't question that. But she *was* wielding it like a natural part of her body.

Futaba got to work cleaning up the mess she had made, humming to herself and blissfully unaware of the dull pressure at the sides of her head. A pressure from where four cylindrical, segmented, tanned horns pushed up. If that tail was the tail of a dragon? Then those horns must have been the *horns* of a dragon. It only made sense. In fact, she looked identical to one of the dragon maids on the show that was *still* playing on the computer. But the connection seemingly came to an end along with her transformation.

It was then that she got a more ‘aware’ look at her surroundings.

“**HUUUUH!? THIS ROOM IS A HUGE MESS!?**” When her mind finally cleared, the dragon-featured woman couldn't help but shout at the sight of her surroundings! What was with all the clothes!? The garbage!? The dishes!? The person living in this room must have been the laziest person in the world! “**Huh? Wait a second, isn't the owner of this room my master? Futaba-chan, right?**” *Did* that make sense? It was confusing from an onlooker's perspective because she *had* been Futaba until she had transformed.



But a replica of her old life had been created and was just walking back from Leblanc now. She had effectively been transformed into a dragon maid that served... *herself*! *Tohru* was and would forever remain ignorant to this fact, getting to work cleaning immediately rather than thinking anything about her circumstances. Those circumstances made sense to *her*, so there was no reason to question them. Plus reality had changed so that this was all the ‘truth’ anyways.

It only took her about five minutes to get everything in order. Dishes in the dishwasher, laundry in the laundry machine, and the garbage was taken out. “**Whew! I wish master wasn't so messy. But I guess if she cleaned up after herself I'd have nothing to do, right?**” And

the only fate worse than death to the dragon would be being useless to her beloved master! Though she supposed she could make her own messes to clean up? With her fat tail and big boobs it wouldn't be that strange for her to knock things over, right?

But even Tohru had her pride! ...*Most* of the time.

The sound of the front door perked Tohru up. It must have been Futaba returning from the café! She had been gone for *sooooo* long! Tohru just wanted to be doted on! Maybe a head pat? Maybe her master would sit in her lap to tell her she had done a good job? Oh *that* would be exciting, wouldn't it!? Unable to contain herself any longer, the dragon ran down the stair with her arms open wide and, on sight, she tackle-glomped her poor master. **“Welcome hoooooome!”**

Well, one could say ‘poor master’, but she received a face full of Tohru's boobs. Things weren't *that* bad for her. Especially since Futaba was a little *perverse*.

“H-Hey! You're smothering me!”