

MAHOU DRACO

MAY 2020 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Hmm... Doesn’t this Grief Seed look a little strange?” Magical girl in training, Madoka Kaname examined a peculiar gemstone that was being held between her index finger and thumb. It had been dropped after a battle with a fearsome Witch, but she had reason to believe there was something off about it. After all, it had dragon-like decals across its green gemstone surface, as well as a tiny pair of crystal wings poking out the back that she’d never seen on a Grief Seed before.

Kyubey wasn’t here to confirm its nature with her and both Mami and Sayaka had already gone home, leaving her alone in her bedroom with the seed. There had been nothing especially dragon-like about the Witch they’d fought. Was this a counterfeit? Maybe it was a separate gem she’d actually picked up from the scene? Still transformed, she held her Soul Gem in the hand opposite the Grief Seed as she weighed the best way to proceed.

“I guess I could just try to purify my Soul Gem with it...” If it really was a Grief Seed then it would be able to do as much. What could go wrong in a worst case? It wouldn’t work, right? So there wasn’t really any harm in checking this way. Though Kyubey would have disagreed were he present, he wasn’t. Which meant there was no one around to stop the fourteen year old from making such a momentous mistake.

CLINK!

The two two stones were knocked into each other as the child sought to test the Grief Seed’s authenticity, and much to her surprise the impurity in her Soul Gem very quickly brightened away. But the light of her gem... turned green... and bright. Very, very bright. It was making her

body burn almost to the point of pain. “**What’s--!? AH!**” And it was in that moment that Madoka Kaname realized she had screwed up.

It was like the two stones had exchanged energies, with the rock she’d thought was a Grief Seed pouring its contents into her Soul Gem without any disregard for anything. The pink coloring of her own gem began to quickly match the green of the seed, and the child jumped as two dragon-like wings suddenly erupted from the back of the stone. She’d never seen a Soul Gem transform before. They weren’t supposed to transform!?

“**Kyubey...! I need to get a hold of Kyubey...!**” He was visiting Mami’s right? She said she had something to talk to him about. But she couldn’t manage to reach for her phone to give Mami a call, not when her body was freezing up like it was! It was a good thing she’d been sitting on her bed with her legs over the edge, for one final jolt of pain completely robbed her muscles of the strength to keep her upright, and Madoka’s back inevitably crashed against her comforter while one of her stuffed animals fell on her face in the process.

A stuffed dragon.

Huh? What? She couldn’t even move her mouth and her breathing had significantly slowed. Was this the end? Was she going to die because of something like this? Was her body failing? A million possibilities ran through her mind at that moment and it was giving her a headache. A very serious headache that was centered on the sides of her head.

But wasn’t that strange? Headaches weren’t usually focused *that* far back? Her tiny heart was beating faster and faster as the pain turned to pressure like something was about to pop out, but she couldn’t really fathom what was going to jump from her *skull*. But something *did*. It felt like growths were slowly sliding outwards, eventually digging into the comforter her head was laying against. Madoka naturally couldn’t see or feel them with her body paralyzed but she’d become the proud new owner of a pair of horns. The ends of either side had split and were ribbed, tips flat. They’d emerged without spilling any blood at least, sparing her sheets for the most part.

Did something poke out of my head? Am I okay? Mental questions were all the fourteen year old could ask, but at the very least her breathing and heart rate had begun to stabilize. She didn’t really feel pain anymore either, a nice change of pace from how sore she’d been before. As soon as she was prepared to feel comfortable with the idea that her condition might be improving again, there was a new pressure. It felt like... *Do I have to poop!?*

That was *kind of sort of* what it felt like, what with the pressure focused around her bottom, but a mix of relief and additional confusion accompanied the realization that she'd just gotten mixed up. It wasn't quite her butt, it was the spot above her butt. That was her, um... tailbone?

As soon as she pieced that together her body began to move on its own. Her pelvis pushed upwards and off the bed like she was being lifted off the ground, but she could still feel a part of herself touching beneath her. Were it just a little bit of height it would have been fine, but before long almost the girl's entire body had been propped up, which ultimately forced her to fall on her side without catching a glimpse of the cause.

Had she the ability to move her head to see the cause she definitely would have freaked out, since there was now an appendage sticking out from above her rear and it was both *long* and *thick*. Unlike the rest of her body it could move, and it's green-colored scales thumped on and off her bedspread as the rest of her body was left paralyzed. *What is that? It's moving... but it's coming from my body...!?*

Pink eyes clenched shut as Madoka attempted to think of what it could be. It could only be a tail, right? But when those eyes opened again they were glowing a fiery orange. *Did I put glasses on? Why does everything look so high def...?* Even staring at her pillow she could make out more fibers than she used to be able to. Was her sense of smell a little sharper too?

Where Madoka's hair had been naturally pink since the moment she was born, the roots around the horns that helped weigh her head down had become alight with orange blonde. Like magic the color swept through to the tips, but once the tips were reached the color just kept and flowing and flowing down locks that lengthened as they brightened. Before long her usual twin tails were long and thin, the color better matching her new orange eyes that vibrated from side to side as panic continue to sway her emotions.

But she was suddenly freed, and all of the motions the girl had wanted to express broke out at once with an "**AH!?**" as she almost flailed off the bed. As quickly as she could she looked over her shoulder while still laying down. "**A tail!**" Hands reached for the growth on her heads. "**Horns!?** **Is this a magical girl transformation!?**" It was the only thing she could think of to explain this, and even then it didn't really make sense. Her magical girl form was born of her own imagination and desires, and it didn't explain the long blonde hair she now sported.

She'd thought she was free of change in that moment, but new feelings told her that wasn't true as that same pressure-like tension suddenly

rang from her fingertips to her shoulders, knees to her hips. It encompassed all of her tiny body and teased the worst. But the worst came first, and it was the worst because of how it soiled her costume's layout.

It was Madoka's chest. She was only a young girl, she didn't have any ambition for big breasts like her mama had, not yet, but... her hasty actions with that weird Grief Seed were seeing to it that she receive her bounty early. Flesh began to push up against the inside of her magical girl costume. She wasn't big enough to wear a bra so that wasn't getting in the way, but very quickly it became clear that the boobs growing would be much too big for her costume to contain. By stealing room meant for the rest of her body, the skirt was tugged up from beneath her even with her weight leaning against it trying to pin the material in place, and this just exposed her panties.

Along with everything happening around them. It seemed it wasn't just growing breasts that had pulled her dress up, more and more skin was revealing that the length of her torso was just longer overall. Her usually absent figure became properly defined as the arches of her stomach tucked in with more prominence, coasting to prominently defined hips that snapped the band of her pink underwear with how quickly they popped into their new places.

“What’s going on!?” She couldn't really see past the breasts that were beginning to tear the front of her costume open, let alone the frilly skirt that was resting just above a deeply engraved navel now. It was extremely drafty down by her crotch, and she could make out the bulg of her hips with how she was laying. Her voice, too, was a little deeper and womanly, much unlike the girlish pitch she'd once possessed. **“Am I getting older? And with the horns and tail...”** It was pretty much pointless trying to piece this all together.

Her butt wriggled beneath the tail as fat padded it with a maturity to match the girth of her hips, every movement seeing a ripple flow across one cheek to the next particularly when her tail wildly flickered from side to side. Thighs fared no better with mass, and as legs had practically doubled in length so too had her thickness increased to better suit them. Toes erupted from the fronts of her little moots, each larger and red from being crunched inside for so long, and she couldn't help but wriggle them to try and bring them comfort once more. Legs rubbed together, thighs lipping over one another and hiding a pussy engorged with new age.

That age certainly showed on Madoka's facial features too. Her face wasn't nearly as chubby and round as it used to be, everything narrowed as skin quality lost its youthful vigor. It wouldn't be correct to call her

old looking, but she definitely looked *older*. She pursed her thick lips together as the breasts could no longer be held by what was left of her dress, and she dug her own, elongated fingers into a rip that had formed to yank it off with a strength that was absolutely superhuman, leaving her otherwise naked short of the shoes stuck to her feet. She'd get those later.

Madoka felt dazed to say the least. "**I...**" It felt like she was having problems processing everything that happened, but she still rose to a sitting position with some difficulty. Her head was heavy from the branching horns, and she didn't like how her E-cup breasts smacked loosely against the top of her body. Hands resting on her bare thighs, she could truly grasp just how thick she'd become. "**I'm...**"

The Soul Gem that had transformed had been laying at the foot of the bed all this time, and it suddenly shone as Madoka's costume was eviscerated thanks to the magical girl transformation being undone. But what reshaped around her was not her school uniform, instead becoming a uniform of a different sort. A *maid*. That wasn't all that had been undone though.

Reality reshaped around her. The bed she'd been sitting on became a couch in a living room. A living room that should have been wholly unfamiliar yet hit a striking nostalgia point. Her memories were undone and replaced in the process. Thoughts of attending middle school, memories of being a magical girl, memories of her parents, Homura, they were all gone.

Instead was a life of service. Service to a woman she loved more than anyone. Woman...? Wasn't she a child? She was... how could she be fourteen? With a body like this!? She was kinda smoking! But she had to stop sitting around. "**Kobayashi-san will be home soon! I need to make dinner!**"

And so would begin Madoka's first attempted lesbian romance, as a dragon named Tohru. For once she'd be the girl pursuing the gays instead of being pursued, not that she'd ever realized the latter nor would she ever recall it.

Elsewhere... Homura Akemi came across a Grief Seed with light blue coloration and...

A pair of dragon wings.