

SONA-SAN AND THE DRAGON SLUT

DECEMBER REQUEST STORY

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"...?" As was typical for Sona Buvelle, no words escaped her lips even as she was overwhelmed by shock. Her circumstances weren't shocking in the usual sense. There was no sudden conflict to aid with, no one antagonizing her to make her uncomfortable. It was just... the setting. She'd awoken with a start to find her surroundings completely unfamiliar. It was a small space that looked to be lived in, but from the flameless light that shone down from above her resting head to the strange black box with buttons on it in the corner of the room, she didn't recognize any of the technology at all.

The musician pushed herself up and off the bed. She'd been sleeping beneath the sheets as if the bed was her own? That might not have been so strange were she not in the garb she typically adorned from her day to day -- her dress certainly wasn't night wear at all. Yet as bare feet dug into a soft gray carpet beneath her and she propped herself up and onto her feet, something tugged at the back of her mind that maybe she didn't want to keep wearing this dress. Not here, anyways.

Which was odd of course. This was her favorite dress. Not a time came where she'd ever think she was better off wearing something else short of when she was sleeping. This thought, this feeling, it made her... uncomfortable? Anxious? She didn't like not understanding things, and when those things were *her own mind* it was only natural that this anxiety would come tenfold.

Was there anything she could do about it though? Not really. Sona still had absolutely no idea what was going on or where she was. Even if she could figure out why these out of character thoughts were slowly bubbling up, she would have been powerless to do anything about them. So she had to take stock of what she could. Where was she? Considering the bed, this was probably a bedroom. Was there more

living space beyond the closed door just short of the foot of the bed? She took a single step towards that door before she froze up. Not because of any anxiety however, but because something tugged at her will.

I need to get dressed. I can't go out looking like *this*.

Get dressed? But again, this was what she normally wore? Not to mention this wasn't her home. If there were clothes in the dresser nearby, they didn't belong to her and likely wouldn't fit. Reason, however, did not stop her from slowly but surely peeling the dress from her body. Arms slid free of her sleeves and the silk of her robe piled beneath her, the musician soon bare after fingers worked to untie her hair and allow blue to cascade down her back.

Internally she was stunned. What had possessed her to strip? In the corner of her eye she caught sight of her naked body in a full mirror, and she was practically seeing herself in a whole new light. Her sex appeal... it wasn't bad? She'd never thought of herself that way before, but her large breasts and subtle curves really made her quite the looker. She almost wanted to *show them off*. To those ends, Sona struck a pose. One hand across her hip, the other running through her hair, she kissed at the air. "**Sexy~**" Sona *spoke*. She didn't even realize the significance of the fact at first, nor think about how almost-ditzy the voice she'd spoken with sounded.

It took another moment, when fingers had begun to caress the contents of a drawer reserved for undergarments, before realization finally dawned on her. "**Ah! I can talk?**" Fingers grazed her lips almost immediately, no mind paid to how they'd become fuller than what she was accustomed to. The musician was far too focused on her sudden ability to speak to realize that, or even that the nails across her fingers had practically doubled in length and had been painted with a flashy lime green.

The properties of her right eye, too, soon became strange. Both were normally a bright blue, yet yellow mixed its way into her iris to dye it green, a yellow slit overlain with her pupil. Attention now drawn to both her voice and the underwear drawer though, it would take a bit for her to notice.

"That's strange though. Why can I talk? I've never... Hah, but there are so many things I've wanted to say but haven't been able to!" Even as she spoke, fingers laced a black thong between her legs and pulled it up towards her pelvis. Cloth dug into her pussy as she fastened a pair of loose straps against the peaks of her hips, but looseness was merely a passing point of triviality. After all, her ass and surrounding area was quickly becoming diagnosed with some *more cushion for the pushing*. "**Words like fuck, and huge cock, and my big old titties...**" Why was it that such filthy terminology came to mind? It was arousing her. Or was the arousal from the feeling of her thong digging into her body with greater intensity as even more body was left to dig into?

Her thighs practically exploded, and while impressive in their own right even before this tampering commenced, there was no denying that there was a breath of fresh abundance to their supple sheen. Not quite having stood back upright after slapping on the underwear, finger poked curiously into this fat and she watched the consequential imprint slowly fill back out to the springy state her flesh had held before. **"Wow, were my thighs always so luscious? Oh! And my fat ass!?"** Craning her head behind, she could see her cheeks filling out in reach time, the back sting of the thong finding itself lost in an expanding crevice that drew attention to the thickness of her rump. Compelled by a force she did not understand, Sona suddenly brought her hand against it with a loud slap. The mass of the cheek she'd struck jiggled gloriously. It brought a smile to her face. Wouldn't it be good for... *anal?*

With the thong now nestled comfortably against swollen hips, Sona's hands went back into the drawer. Her lower body covered as much as she felt like covering it for the time being, it was now time to cover up her nips! Though whether or not what she pulled out from the drawer could properly *do* that? This was a little debatable. Laying out what was essentially a pair of black, rubbed bands against her bare nipples, the woman stretched them against her breasts and clipped them together behind her back. Her breasts, ample as they were, were completely bare otherwise. It was... well, it was pretty slutty, especially when she didn't intend on putting much else over them.

But it felt weird. No, not the lack of skin coverage. For some reason despite her earlier protests Sona felt strangely at ease with being so exposed. It almost made her feel *powerful*. Instead, she wondered if the straps were a little too comfortable? This realm had very slowly been messing with her memories, and now those memories were beginning to catch up with her body even if her core identity wasn't at risk. Yes, these straps were usually tighter. Because her breasts were usually *larger*. **"Oh, maybe if I massage my huge titties!?"** Such a weird idea was communicated with an equally weird amount of enthusiasm as each hand found itself grasped around a tit, and so the massaging commenced.

And the most bizarre aspect of this idea? It actually *worked*. As lime green nails dug into her fleshy breasts, the fat within began to swell and give them fuller forms. Already blessed with great tits though, one would think Sona didn't have much room to grow. That thought was misguided, and before long they had practically doubled in size and left the two straps straining vertically across other breast strained to the max, flesh practically muffining around them.

"Ah... They're so... so heavy!" That, paired with the fact that she'd gotten a little too excited playing with herself and likewise tuckered herself out, saw the woman stumbling backwards and crashing onto the comfortable bed she'd woken up in. Well, the top half of her body had landed on it. Everything from her huge butt and below dangled off, feet still planted on the ground to keep her from sliding off.

Sona? As the hair trapped beneath her began to lose its straightness and a bright, yellow green saw the blues removed from everything other than the tips, she had a

much more difficult time with her name. Sona was right! She knew that! But was it right for this place? It was almost like a new identity had been copy pasted over top of her own, leaving her in a position where she was both herself and *not*. Having been frail her whole life, she could feel her muscles strengthening as she laid there, which would no doubt give her a much easier time with her new breasts the next she stood, but her shortness of breath saw these tits rising, falling, and jiggling as she was left forcing a wince.

Her eyes had found themselves shut because of a weird but momentary pressure. She was confused about the cause at first, but before long a pair of flat-tipped horns erupted from her skull and left the weight atop her head even heavier. But when the pressure subsided? She didn't find herself interested in opening her eyes again. Not fully, anyways. Just a slit was enough, hiding the green eye and an even more suspicious gold that had replaced the left.

Sona? No. That wasn't her name here. *Lucoa*. A shorthand for Quetzalcoatl. Memories overlain told her of her past. A once-deity that had descended into the realm of mortals and... had become hooked on the pleasures of flesh. A hand had reached down to her crotch and had begun to press into her pussy through the cloth of her thong, the very thought of showing herself off and having a good fuck getting her motor going. Was this fate all that bad? Considering she couldn't talk back in the world she came from? Considering she had no *freedom* there?

But here she was free as could be.

Sensual giggles escaped her lips as she stood from the bed and sauntered over to the door, tits bouncing and huge rear dancing as she did so. Her fingers grasping the knob, she pushed it open and stepped outside of the room she'd woken in for the first time. But it didn't feel like the first time, and it wouldn't be the last. If she could recall there was a little black book with a whole lot of numbers inside of it. Men, women, anyone looking for a good time.

And Lucoa was going to have a good time.