

THE DRAGON BRIDE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Sieg had never wanted any of this.

But what *did* he want? It was still something that the homunculus didn't really understand for himself and for good reason. The world was vast and unfamiliar. While true that he did have some understanding as part of his code as a homunculus, that didn't mean that when he had woken up only days before that he knew what it was he wanted to do, what he wanted for himself. And yet he had been thrown into battle after battle all for the sake of a Holy Grail War.

Slowly but surely he was becoming an uncanny yet dangerous existence. Within his chest beat the heart of the great hero, Siegfried. Even now he didn't understand why such a mighty Servant, one of the Saber class to boot, would bestow to him his heart. What was the point of allowing such a lowly homunculus to live? Perhaps it was a question that he would eventually find an answer to, but for now it seemed unlikely.

That had already been an extremely lucky encounter, at least for Sieg. Siegfried's kindness had saved his young life, and yet another encounter later on would change his life further. After being imbued with the electricity of the Berserker known as Frankenstein's Monster, that magical electricity had mingled with Siegfried's heart and allowed the homunculus boy to temporarily take the form of the Servant who had saved his life.

He was by no means a true Servant as a result of this and the form *was* temporary, but it had given him a means to fight back and protect the things he wished to protect with increasing passion. The only issue was that, while recovering from that incident, something very strange had

occurred. “**Sieg!**” The voice of the war’s Ruler Servant had cried out as the boy suddenly collapsed with absolutely no warning.

The next the homunculus awoke he was resting in a bed. “**This is...?**” It was the base of operations that his growing alliance with Ruler and the Rider of Black had been using. One of the bedrooms where he had been sleeping at night. He stopped talking once he realized that the blonde saint, Jeanne d’Arc had fallen asleep with her torso on the foot of his bed. That provoked some remembrance about what had happened.



They had been discussing the plans for their next move when he’d had a violent reaction. He could still feeling the after effects lingering, in fact. It had come out of nowhere, feeling like the first time he had borrowed Siegfried’s form – so it must have been a reaction with Berserker of Black’s electricity, right? It still lingered within. But it had *hurt* and he had fallen

unconscious. His condition must have stabilized while he had been sleeping.

Sieg quietly slid out of bed so that he didn’t disturb Jeanne while doing so. Even in moments like these he couldn’t help but admire her. She was a kind and strong woman that he was lucky to have in his life. In the end this was all the more reason for him to feel bad. He had clearly worried her if she had fallen asleep while watching over him, so she at least deserved this chance to rest.

He shuffled out of the room and into the bathroom, noting through a nearby window that it must have been late at night. The moon and starry sky were in full view and he could only hope it was the night of the day he’d passed out during and that several days *hadn’t* passed. The boy had just wanted to clean himself up a bit, feeling incredibly sweaty and gross from laying in bed all day. Since that strange feeling from before had more or less cleared up it was probably the best time.

I need to look my best for my darling...

“**H-Huh?**” The thought had peculiarly crossed his mind when he was finishing washing her face and he ended up staring at his reflection in

the mirror with disbelief. His darling? Who was that supposed to be? While he *had* been thinking about Jeanne still, somehow thoughts of romance had wormed their way into his mind in the most extreme ways possible. What she might look like in a wedding dress, what *he* might look like in a wedding dress? Which definitely wasn't something he *should* have been thinking about unless he also believed he could *be a bride*.

What Sieg didn't know was that this was a direct result of her strange incident earlier that day. Berserker of Black's electricity had carried her love for bridalwear and concepts, and that was fueling her dragon's heart. A *different* Servant than Siegfried had begun to respond to his body as a direct result of these two things, and while they had technically resonated earlier that day it was only now that the effects of this union began to come to fruition. Yet unlike when Sieg channeled Siegfried...

More than just his body was changing.

“Grk... What is—!?” There was an *immediate* burning sensation in his belly that forced him to keel over onto the floor, making certain that he wouldn't be able to see the mirror above the sink he had been using. This extreme heat only built further and spread a warmth throughout the rest of his form, but he felt very much like literal flames were flickering inside of him, like a dragon's breath. This was *exactly* what it was though.

A dragon's flame had been lit within him thanks to the heart mingling with the electricity, and while that flame would not dwindle it *would* become more tolerable with time. His body simply needed to adapt, and adapting it *had* begun to do. Just not immediately in any areas that would have helped with the pain his dragon's flame wrought. Unless altering the shapes and coloring of his eyes was supposed to help somehow.

It definitely *wouldn't*, but that also didn't stop a yellowish gold from shimmering in Sieg's eyes where a crimson had once burned in its place. This yellow was so prominent that it seemed to absorb his pupils, giving those eyes an eerily vacant look upon a face that looked less and less like that of a young Caucasian man in the latter two respects. The 'Caucasian' and 'man' parts, that it. In terms of the shapes of his eyes as he continued to roll around in agony, they pinched in tighter in the corners to give them a more *Japanese* shape.

Sieg's face as a whole inherited that impression, in fact. **“I... *Watashi*...?”** He couldn't exactly see what was happening to his face as he was bound to the floor while moving around uncomfortably, but the

shape of it all really sold the impression that he was becoming a Japanese *maiden*. Rounder cheeks and plumper yet smaller, upturned lips were just as noticeable as his altered eyes. Toss in a button nose and thinned brows and you had the perfect recipe for an adorable face. A face that was *too* adorable. It almost made Sieg look younger, like he was in his *early* teens.

On the subject of his general head area his Adam's apple *did* smooth away. But there was something a little more *striking* happening visually. Messy, greyish-brown hair was pooling all around her as he found himself in the fetal position on his side upon the floor. This hair grew, and grew, and grew until it *must* have been long enough to reach the backs of his knees had he been standing. But more striking than the length was the *color*. An aqua color swept through it at a rapid pace, dyeing the darkened gradient it had into this consistent color, brows and all.

“The pain is finally... E-Eh? Why does my voice sound so sweet and beautiful!?” The burning sensation in Sieg's tummy was finally letting up, but in commenting on this fact he began to notice what was happening to his body. Wobbling, he slowly managed to get back up onto his feet. Yet the hand that grabbed the sink counter in the process of doing so was *odd*. Had his hands always been so small? His fingers so slender? His nails so long? And what was pulling so heavily on the back of his head? Was something caught on his hair?

And why was he speaking about his changed voice so *affectionately*?

But then he managed to pull himself up enough that he could finally gaze upon his reflection in the mirror and it felt like a rug had just been pulled out from underneath him. **“Wh-What? I look like a beautiful girl!”** Had calling himself beautiful been necessary? Absolutely not, but tweaks to his personality had pushed it out of him. He wasn't just saying that. He *thought* he looked beautiful, and that somehow filled him with pride.

The boy hadn't even *realized* that his height had dropped three inches while he'd been laying on the floor. This created a scenario where the shirt and pants he'd woken up on were slightly ill-fitted, though his body was somehow *thinner* now than it had been before? Upon inheriting Siegfried's heart he'd grown a bit bulkier, but even through his clothing you could tell that he'd returned to a state where his limbs were thinner once more.

Why did his heart feel so aflutter. **“What would Jeanne-sama think if she saw me— E-Erm, why would I care about that!?”** He had a point! This wasn't the time to worry about what Jeanne might

think about all of this, and he'd been in the process of wondering about it with such passion behind his words. Sure, he admired Ruler, but... Was this intense feeling welling up inside of him *love*? Yes, but the problem was that it was a corrupted sense of love.

He continued to gawk at his reflection though his cheeks grew rosier the more he thought about Jeanne. He wanted to be beside her. To have her hold him. Even if it was just *watching* her, that would be fine! This was the way the obsessed thought about love, and he was incapable of snapping himself out of that stupor. He hardly noticed what was going on beneath his clothes, such as how a once flat chest had grown rather *puffy*. Fat had gathered beneath plumped nipples, and the end result was the growth of a meager *A-cup* chest size. Not that she should have *expected* them to be much bigger, not when she looked so young.

“But how could I get her to look at me? My body should change more first, right!?” Sieg wasn't even thinking about the burning sensation in his tummy now. In fact, his breath was growing hot for completely unrelated reasons. He was growing a little *aroused*, and yet this didn't provoke a tent in his pants. Instead what *was* there had been shrinking and eventually folded into *her* pelvis. A girl's genitalia replacing the dick that had one existed in its place.

A disheveled smile spread across rosy lips at the realization that her sex had changed. She kept her golden gaze fixated on the mirror the entire time, thighs now rubbing together eagerly. They hadn't met so easily between her legs before but now they were helped by a plush weight that not only filled them but gave her a perkier buttocks. The underwear that Sieg had been wearing had tensed up as a result, but she kind of liked how the cotton was rubbing up against her loins.

Unfortunately for her, the clothes she was wearing eventually scattered into hundreds of golden mana particles, rendering her naked in the bathroom. **“Oh?”** She finally looked down to stare at her bare form. It was strange. It was wholly unfamiliar to her but it seemed familiar all the same. Because her mind was a mix of two variables: Sieg and the girl he had become. **“Ow!”** Making matters stranger still, a pair of white horns erupted from just behind her ears, three points fanning out in different sizes and directions.

She knew *why* she had horns though. She was a *serpent*. A *dragon*. And once that realization clicked, the golden particles reconverged upon her form to dress her up in an aqua-colored kimono tied with a yellow bow. She felt comfortable in her thigh highs and wooden sandals. It all felt nice and nature. But all of that awe quickly evaporated. She was thinking of *Jeanne* again.

“Oh dear! I want to see her so badly! But will she accept me as I am now? I’m sure she would, she’s a saint after all!” The draconic Japanese woman held her own cheeks, still fidgeting before the mirror even despite the fact that her body transformation had reached its final conclusion. It went without saying but even her mental shape had succumbed to the transformation. The way she was acting, and had been acting for a *while*, was very different from the quiet boy that Sieg had once been.



On the other hand, *Kiyohime* was *anything* but quiet. She was a noisy maiden that liked to act a lot older than she looked. Once she fixated on someone, true to her legend with Anchin, she became obsessed with them. There was nothing she wouldn’t do for her beloved and summoned as a Servant that energy *had* to be fixated onto another. It was a major part of the reason why she was summoned as a *Berserker* in the first place. **“Jeanne-sama will love me, and I’ll incinerate anyone who gets in our way!”**

Her otherwise sweet expression distorted in the mirror as she said that, somehow forcing its glass to *shatter*. The darkness of obsession could be a terrifying darkness indeed and this girl exemplified this well. The burning sensation in her stomach likewise suggested that this was no mere threat. She *wouldn’t* hesitate to light anyone who got in her way aflame.

“Jeanne-sama! Wake up!” A short while later, Jeanne d’Arc found herself being stirred awake by an unfamiliar voice and a rather violent shaking of her body from the side. She rose and rubbed her eyes, expecting that perhaps it had been Astolfo based on how feminine the sound of that voice was. But upon looking to the person who had woken her, she was shocked to find a *Servant*. A woman with horns and piercing, golden eyes. Yet she was blushing sheepishly.

It took the stranger a moment to compose herself. **“I know what it looks like, but I’m Sieg! I mean... You should call me *Kiyohime* now, because that’s the name I identify with. But deep down I was once Sieg! I guess Siegfried’s heart and Frankenstein’s electricity caused a little *oopsie*, heehee!”** The girl drew closer as she rambled, eventually clinging to Ruler’s arm as the Ruler in question looked on with confusion.

Was any of what she had said even possible? She did sense a vague *familiarity* from the girl, but the way she appeared and acted wasn't anything like Sieg at all. Not to mention the vibes she was giving off were vaguely *unsettling*. **"Give me a minute... to process this."** More like a few hours.

Because how was she supposed to respond to such an unusual development!?