

DRAGONSTONED

JUNE REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



FOR THE DESTINED DAUGHTER OF DRAGONS.

Or so read a note dangling from an unusual rock that Mordred had found on her bed in Chaldea. She certainly wasn't pleased about the idea of being referred to as a 'daughter' of anything, but the 'dragons' part could only be referring to her father, right? Artoria Pendragon was known for her ties to dragonkind, and their power flowed through her veins. In contrast, the homunculus child that was born from her blood in an unholy conception could never rise to such great heights. That was what Mordred was often *told*, but of course she was far too stubborn to actually *believe* such a thing. She'd overcome her father no matter what, dragon blood be damned.

None of this was really relevant to the issue at hand however. How had someone gotten this rock in here? The rooms at Chaldea were meant to be impervious to access from the outside, be that from people or even Servants in spirit form. It shouldn't have been possible for someone to sneak in, let alone with some rock.

Fingers spread wide, Mordred grabbed the stone like she might a baseball and tossed it up in down in her hands. **"Alright then. This supposed to be some kind of ascension material or somethin'?"** She supposed she could show it to Master. It had kind of a supernatural, violet sheen to it that was mysterious, but other than that it didn't look too exceptional. At least until it started to glow and emit a strange pressure. "Eh?"

"Surprise! Don't you like my present!?" A new voice cried out from behind the knight, provoking her to practically jump into the air out of shock. Mordred spun around, and sitting on her bed was a tiny Servant with long, white hair. *Nursery*

Rhyme. They were both British Servants and so Nursery seemed to be drawn to her whenever she wanted to play. The Caster's sudden appearance had taken her attention away from the stone, which continued to glow in her grasp. **"Mr. Shadowy Guy told me you'd really like it and gave me a spare key to your room! He said you'd want to play lots!"** As if she knew what the Saber was going to ask next, the Caster gave the exposition she needed to.

"Haaah? Shadowy guy? Isn't that a little too suspicious? After all how's a rock gonna make me want to play with you more?" Valid points to be sure. There were all kinds of Servants in Chaldea that could be considered '*Shadowy guys*' and none of them would likely offer up something with such pure intentions as to give this child a playmate. While she wouldn't get her answers immediately, the scales surely seemed to tip in that direction rather quickly.

It began with a building pressure beneath Mordred's shoulder blades. At first she thought maybe she'd popped something, but as it grew more and more intense she could feel her own skin begin to push outward, strained by the emergence of something beneath. It was fortunate she was garbed in her third ascension attire, which left most of her torso exposed. Eventually something pierced the surface, a pair of black nails that erupted forth strangely free of blood as pair of appendages slid out and opened, their color a paling green. She fell to her knee with a pained cry that provoked Nursery to leap from the bed and run to her side.

Mordred immediately became aware of their nature as, almost like something had been plugged into her nervous system, full control of these appendages and how to utilize them came to mind. **"What... the hell...?"** The stone had already fallen to the ground but the very same glow continued to emanate while the Saber tried to catch her breath. Inevitably the protrusions upon her back stop twitching and, opened into a pair of wings that spanned at least her own height. **"Nursery Rhyme... what did you do!?"** Anger bubbled into her tone, the logical conclusion being that either this Caster had done something of her own accord or she'd been tricked. Either way, she was liable.

But the child was panicking as well. **"I-I-I don't know! I just wanted someone to play with!"**, she stuttered as she ran between Mordred's front and the pair of wings upon the knight's back. There was no blood so that was good, but now with the elder girl mad at her she couldn't help but shrink back in fear. Mor couldn't help but flap her wings intimidatingly, their span too large for the room. It was, then, perhaps fortunate that their size would soon be adjusted along with the rest of her.

She began to grow dizzy as the next stage began to set in. It was accompanied by the uncanny darkening of her hair, though even that wasn't typical in design. The look of her locks not only changed colors but also softened -- Mordred kept her hair wild and unkempt short of her usual ponytail, but hairs began to fall in line as volume fluffed up their overall look. It became clear rather quickly that it wasn't darkening to black but, instead, a rich purple unbefitting of a young British woman.

Nursery Rhyme reached out to help steady the young woman who was swaying thanks to her own dizziness and the additional weight on her back, but Mordred pushed her away without apology. That was to be expected since she still wasn't sure if the Caster was involved or not, but she felt oddly... bad about it. Had she hurt her fellow Servant? Oh gosh, wouldn't it be bad if she did?

Mordred bit her own tongue. She could tell there was some sort of mental interference taking place here and pain seemed to be the only thing that pulled her mind away from the temptation of succumbing. With time she found the weight of her wings less overwhelming, but of course she hadn't realized that it was because their width had begun to reduce... along with the size of the rest of her body. Wingspan crumbled but would stay consistent in relation to her overall height.

The hand planted on the the ground in front of her begin to twitch in a distracting manner, length of her fingers stubbing as they became daintier and smoother. Years of wielding a sword had left Mordred's hands calloused, and yet they were rejuvenating in real time.

"Mordred? I think you're..." Realizing what was happening, Nursery Rhyme spoke up only to be interrupted by the click of Mordred's tongue.

"Tch! I don't care! Just shut up!" Wait, was that too mean? What was this stirring in her chest? Anxiety? About something as simple as being rude? **"...S-Sorry, didn't mean it."** She hadn't bit her tongue quick enough this time, and an apology sputtered out regardless.

The muscle in her arms and legs was quickly deteriorating, their forms thinning but not quick turning lanky as their lengths crumbled inward to match her overall shrinkage. As what little breast she had shrunk away, the band Mordred wore around her top had loosened to the point that it had slid down passed her navel, a child's chest left bare in its place. This alarmed Nursery Rhyme more than anything as realization donned on her.

She'd have someone to play with because Mordred was being turned into a child? That wasn't what she wanted! But as her gaze was snatched away from Mordred's shriveling form to the stone glowing on the ground... wasn't that what she'd always wanted? It seemed it could influence more than merely the mind of its target, and Caster hardly had the Magic Resistance that had kept Mordred's memories in tact thus far.

As Mor's hips crunched inward and any real feminine definition across her body was lost in its entirety, she couldn't help but wince. The greens of her eyes had turned to the color of blood, and yet that was indicative of her mentality. In fact, as much as she wished to lash out she couldn't bring herself to vocalize that anger. Not as her ponytail split into a pair of purple twin tails nor as her oversized sleeves and lower wear slid off a frame that was twice what it once had been, leaving her little more than a naked child sitting in a pile of clothing.

“Wh-What happened to me...?”, she squeaked shyly, eyes darting around without their usual conviction and certainly without the frustration she wished to convey. The entire world looked bigger and she didn’t understand how things had gotten that way. Eventually her gaze was cast downward at the stone glowing beside her (*one she recognized as a Dragonstone somehow*). She clutched her hands together and raised them to her chest as the last of her distinguishing features began to fade from her face.

Said face had already grown much younger, possessing a much more radiant glow of youth than she had previously. All that was left was for its general design to conform to its new role. A nervous quiver ran through her lips as they became small and cute, and a single wrinkle of her nose brought about a button design that coincided with her smaller cheeks and housed tiny but sharp teeth.

“Myrrh? Are you okay?” Gloved fingers running across her cheeks suddenly snapped Morr back to attention. The name sounded right but also didn’t, so she wasn’t sure what to make of things. She recognized the fluffy haired girl in front of her though. Nursery Rhyme? A... *friend*, right? But the issue of her name... her memories? Who? Why? **“Myrrh?”**

The dragon child blinked as her name was called again. The scraps of clothing around her begun to swirl and, ultimately, took the form of a crimson dress that decorated her tiny form properly while leaving room for her wings to stand tall behind her. **“Nursery?”** Her will to fight her own confusion inevitably gave way, and she looked at her friend with confusion in her red eyes. **“W-Who’s room is this?”** She felt like Nursery Rhyme had led her there for some reason that she couldn’t recall. She’d been summoned as a... Servant? Caster class? Did that make any sense?

OH! Right.

“This is your room silly! Master said you could have it, so put your stuff away and I’ll give you a tour! Then you can meet Jack and Bunyan and Abby and all the other kids!” Right, she’d been given a room. Her heart beat fast at Nursery Rhyme’s enthusiasm in regards to meeting new people though. She wasn’t very social and was shy around strangers, but... She felt like she could trust this girl, just a little.

And so she took Nursery Rhyme’s hand before they set out.

But she felt like she was forgetting something.