

THE MOON DEFINES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The moon in the night sky shone brightly.

It wasn't like Joseph to really *go* outside after dark, at least not to the point where the moon was *that* high in the sky. There might have been days when he'd worked late and had to commute home, but that was more of a necessity. If he could help it, he'd much rather stay in at night. It was when he wanted to relax, not to mention it was significantly safer. Not that he lived in a dangerous neighborhood or anything, it was just a general thing to keep in mind when going out late.

“All this for a lightbulb...” Unfortunately, the man had encountered a spell of bad luck. The bulb in his room had gone out, and while he *had* possessed a spare in his closet, an equally unfortunate accident had led to him dropping and breaking it. He couldn't really wait for the morning to fix it, so he'd ended up walking out to the closest corner store after 10pm. It had been an uneventful trip, and he was now walking back with just the box with the bulb in his hand.

He glanced up at the moon idly when he was almost home. **“It's full tonight, huh? And it looks even *bigger* than normal.”** Which wasn't necessarily *suspicious*. The moon could look larger sometimes, but the thought idly crossed his mind that he had never seen it *quite* that big before. And that was *before* it almost looked like it was... *glowing*? **“...Eh?”** And then there was a dead silence.

Aside from the light thump of the lightbulb box landing on the ground.

“S-Silvermoon Hall?” The man *really* didn’t understand what had happened all of a sudden. He *had* been looking up at the moon, but when his gaze fell back down on what *should* have been the familiar sidewalk on his way home, the view was something *entirely* different. In fact, was it even the *real* world? It didn’t just look like something out of a video game; it was *literally* a location from *within* one, Genshin Impact.

Joseph was standing in a cavern with a high ceiling, illuminated somewhat by a field of pretty, blue flowers, but mostly illuminated by giant moon monument in the very back. It consisted of a crescent moon cradling a round one, and there was no way that he wouldn’t mistake it for another location. After all, he’d been forced to return to Silvermoon Hall a multitude of times to do the quests of the character that occupied it, the Moon Goddess, Columbina.

But knowing *where* he was didn’t really *explain* anything. He was quick to rule out the possibility that he was dreaming. Being able to vividly smell and feel things the way he could meant that it couldn’t possibly even be a *lucid* dream. **“This is crazy, but…”** Assuming it *was* real, what was he doing there? It couldn’t have been *random*. There must have been a reason for it.

There was something off about the air, too. It was a little *tingly*?

Well, the air *itself* wasn’t tingling, but it was making his *skin* tingle. Dressed in shorts and a t-shirt, the air of the Silvermoon Hall *was* a little chilly, but that also wasn’t the issue. **“Hm?”** Uncertain of what it *could* be, he raised one of his arms to see if he’d developed goosebumps or anything like that. But not only had he *not*, as much as that would have explained the tingling, but he watched the dark hairs on his arm *fall out*. **“HUH?”**

But it wasn’t *just* a matter of his hair falling out, and that *wasn’t* the only thing happening to his skin. Leg hair, chest hair, belly hair; any hair that wasn’t on his crotch, eyebrows, or scalp fell out to leave his complexion soft *and* smooth. But also... **“Am I turning white?”** His vaguely darker olive complexion was paling right before his eyes, not *just* on his arm but across his entire body. Aside from his lips and nipples of course, as they turned a darker pink instead of brown.

It all paled over the course of a matter of *seconds*, prompting him to run one hand across the opposing arm to feel how *soft* it was. **“How is this possible...!?”** Had his voice *cracked*? Vaguely, in a sense, but in what world did voice cracks *soften* someone’s voice? Joseph didn’t think too hard about it anyways, not when he was in awe of how smooth his skin

had become. It wasn't *just* smooth, though. Any scars or blemishes he'd developed over his numerous decades of life were just *gone*.

It was so *pristine*. That thought crossed his mind as he rubbed it in awe, but his attention gradually shifted to the hand that was *doing* the rubbing in the first place. At first it had been subtle, and he'd wondered if he just needed to trim his nails, but the next time he glanced at them they had become *even* longer. They had crept a couple of inches past his fingertips, which became shorter and shorter the more he rubbed. At first, he could wrap his hand around the entirety of his wrist... but now there was a slight gap.

“My hands...?” Joseph probably should have been more alarmed than he sounded, right? He was obviously *concerned*, but he was very *calm*. It had started back when his voice had cracked, and it *was* perhaps a little *too* calm. His hands *were* far daintier and feminine, but his feet had actually suffered a similar fate. His toes were smaller, cuter, and ended up with rounder, smoother heels that were odd in that they didn't have the usual wear and tear that you'd expect on a human. Almost like they weren't very accustomed to walking?

Or perhaps they hadn't had much of a *need* to walk. At least in the traditional sense.

Considering everything he'd noticed so far, the man began to check himself for *other* signs that things were going awry. There *were* other changes, but they weren't in places that were easy to check at that point. Take his *hair*, for example. His face's shape was changing. It thinned in width but rounded his cheeks, prompting bloating lips to curl into a maidenly pout. His nose shrunk until it was shaped like a button, whereas his eyes narrowed with lashes lengthened. It was all *leaner* and more *feminine*.

And at least when it came to being *lean*, Joseph had suffered more in that regard than he had even realized. It had been happening subtly, but his waistline had been slimming while whatever, minimal excess weight he might have had in his tummy was shed. Even his shoulders were narrowing, but that contrasted hips that slipped two inches *wider*. Either way, none of it was so dramatic that his clothing had malfunctioned too dramatically.

“No, I... I...?” Just as the man's Adam's apple smoothed away, there was a *dramatic* shift in his voice. It was so dramatic that masculine pronouns didn't even feel fitting, because it was a soft and gentle young *woman's* voice. Then again, the changes to his face *had* left him looking a little younger. About ten years younger, putting him in his *early twenties*. **“Something is wrong, but... Why are my eyes open?”**

Was *that* what was wrong? The tingling in the air was strange, but *she* didn't need to keep her eyes open with it present. That was why *she* ended up deciding to close them, inadvertently closing herself off to the realization that her *sex* had just changed in the process. As she pondered the state of her gaze – which had become a shimmering mix of purple and pink beneath her closed eyelids – her cock and balls had lessened in size. It shrunk and shriveled, traveling down on her pelvis as blackened pubes shifted to cover the bare space. A slit opened up at the base where what remained pulled inside. “*Mmn?*”

The woman shuddered with momentary arousal, but she appeared to be more *confused* by it than anything.

“*Perhaps... it was nothing?*” Joseph could no longer fathom being confused about why she was in Silvermoon Hall. It was, after all, the place she considered to be *home*. Her memories were in disarray as she became more comfortable with it all, and she wasn't questioning her transformation any longer as it continued. Take the hair atop her head, for example. Black locks grew long, thick, and silky, becoming somewhat messy on top as they not only spilled past her shoulders but practically pooled on the ground beneath her. Strangely, reddish purple highlights dyed the tips and lowest layers, as well as the bunches that framed her face on the sides.

All of that *unnoticed* despite its weight and inconvenience. The woman just didn't *see* it as inconvenient. It felt... normal. Just as normal as it did to feel lighter. For what reason *was* she lightening? At this point, she wasn't paying much mind to her body, even though it was blatantly obvious why that was. Her nearly six foot height was drooping, dropping from nearly six feet to roughly 5'3" in what almost seemed like a sudden drop. Fortunately, her hair *did* shorten in tandem so that it remained consistent in length relative to her height.

Otherwise? A *smidgen* of that weight was returned to her in the form of *fat*. Fat that pooled upon her chest, bringing a bosom to rise with a slight jiggle where none had been before. Puffier nipples rubbed up against the cloth of a shirt that was now *much* too big for her, upon a pair of perky *B-cups* that hardly felt any heavier at all. “*How strange, though. Why am I dressed like this...?*”

It was a question that she only asked herself when she felt her shorts *slip*. Her shirt was effectively large enough to be a dress at this point anyways, so it wasn't like anything was uncovered. But the sight of her clothing pulled her attention away from the fattening of her ass and thighs, which jiggled a bit themselves. Her butt bubbled to better fill out

her widened thighs, while a plushness pulled the pale skin of her thighs tautly. *All* of this felt natural.

“Oh! Perhaps I was... seeing things?” Seeing things through the energy in the air with her eyes closed, of course. It would have been difficult for her to open them anyways, as a white mask in a crisscross pattern had appeared across the top half of her face. It was part of a broader change to her outfit, which had been replaced in the blink of an eye. A white, four-winged ornament appeared in the back of her hair, while white ribbons crossed in the hair to the sides to hold it in place.

She was *largely* dressed in a big, white and blue dress with ornate etchings enscribed into it. Ribbons like the ones in her hair were wrapped around her lower legs and forearms, but she was barefoot... aside from two balls of water that *magically* lifted her heels. It wasn't much of an issue anyways, not when she could *float*. There was a paneled shawl hanging loosely off her shoulders too, adding to how *elegant* and *flowy* the entire outfit seemed to be.

It was almost... ethereal.

“Hm? Why is the concentration of kuuvhaki in the hall so strong today? Was that what I was worried about? It must be...” *Columbina Hyposelenia* slowly tilted her head to the side with confusion, her eyes closed and bound by her mask. The Moon Goddess couldn't have possibly fathomed that the higher-than-normal concentration was what had triggered her transformation, or that she had even undergone a transformation in the first place. Everything *seemed* to be normal otherwise, and that concentration wasn't exactly harmful.

Several moon spirits, the Kuuhengi, began to appear around the goddess and looked around curiously. **“I see. You all find it disruptive? I doubt it would do you any harm, but it would be for the best to scatter it.”** After all, kuuvhaki was an energy born from her own being... which was likely why she had *become* her in the first place. Regardless, the goddess didn't really think much of it. She was planning on making a trip to visit the Frostmoon Scions shortly. So, she raised her arms and the kuuvhaki in the air thinned.



“...There! I’ve scattered it across Nod Krai. Now we have nothing to worry about.”

She was, of course, correct. *They* had nothing to worry about.

“I... Huh?” Unlike Joseph, I *hadn’t* been outside when I had suddenly found myself spirited away. I had been replying to my e-mails, as it was still an hour earlier than Joseph’s time zone. There were all addressed to *Axel* of course, but it didn’t really matter now. The next thing I knew, I found myself sitting on a cold, stone bench surrounded by three high, stone walls. One side was open, overlooking a small settlement and open fields of blue and violet. Even the sky was the same color.

I recognized the location, even though it *shouldn’t* have existed in reality. It was the *Frostmoon Enclave*, the home of the Frostmoon Scions in *Genshin Impact*. And so, there was literally *no way* I could have been standing there. But I was. **“This... is impossible, right? There’s no way I’m in the game somehow, but...”** It also didn’t *feel* like a dream. At the very least, I *appeared* to be safe. But I began to question that fact when the air started to feel oddly *tingly* against my skin.

Was there something wrong after all?

As if out of nowhere, I suddenly found myself compelled to cover my mouth like I might vomit. My stomach had lurched in a way that made me think I was *sick*, but rather than puke like I had assumed? I ended up stumbling back and sucking in. No, I wasn’t *sucking in*, was I? Then why did it *feel* like I was? I used my free hand to press against my belly but was even *more* surprised by what I found there. Or, well, it was more a matter of what I *didn’t* find.

“My stomach...!?” I was by no means a *thin* guy, I was the polar opposite, really. But that appeared to be a thing of the past, because I ended up pressing down against *far* too much loose shirt, with my fingers colliding against a belly that wasn’t *just* flat but was vaguely *toned* as well. **“H-How?”** I couldn’t have fathomed how it was possible, but I could tell that it wasn’t *just* my stomach. The skin on my face, chest, and lower body all felt like a great burden had been lifted.

My skin had naturally tightened, but it also became softer and smoothed away any blemishes. Scars, beauty marks, unnecessary body hair, and even the stretch marks that would have typically plagued someone obese even after losing weight. It was as if none of that weight had stretched that skin out in the first place. Like my body’s weight and state had done something of a reset. **“I don’t understand...”**

My concerns were presented calmly. Perhaps a little *too* calmly, all things considered. It hadn't even occurred to me that I'd also *shrunk* very slightly with everything going on, but it had only been about an *inch*. I was still close to six feet, so compared to everything else that I'd noticed happening, it was hardly striking in any way. Mind you, there *were* more striking things happening.

Take my *eyes*, for example. In terms of chances of me noticing, that was probably even more difficult than my height, but their changes *were* more dramatic. For example? The colors of those eyes darkened to a steely blue, and their shapes narrowed in tandem with a lengthening of my eyelashes. There was something quite *feminine* about them, and that femininity bled into the rest of my facial features before long too.

“What is happening to me? Mm... My voice? Why does my voice sound like this? So... soft.” I hesitated to add ‘feminine’ to the list of adjectives, just because I was having problems fathoming why that might be... even if it would have been a correct assessment to make. Its sound shifted just as my Adam’s apple smoothed until it was hardly noticeable, and it was communicated through lips that had swollen into a much suppler pout than Columbina’s.

In general, there was an enhanced maturity in my own features when compared to *my* Moon Goddess’s. My nostrils narrowed, yet the length of my nose grew. My cheeks, already thinner, narrowed into a more pointed chin. While I remained Caucasian, the profile of that face was the profile of a beautiful *woman* around thirty or so, and one with a much different background than my own. If that wasn’t clear enough as is, well...

Pointier ears growing out from the sides of my head would have made that obvious.

The appearance of my face versus my sex was a little mismatched. It would be hard to see me as anything *but* a woman, especially as my dark hair began to thicken, lengthen, and find itself dyed the same blue as my eyes while it split into wavier lengths in the back that reached past my butt, and lengthened bangs were swept to cover my left eye. **“Hm?”** There wasn’t a world where I *wouldn’t* have noticed that, but just as quickly as it seemed out of place... it ended up feeling *normal*. I could see somewhat through those strands anyways.

“Oh my! This... is certainly not the time or place.” A wave of arousal around my loins soon sought to correct that mismatch, just as my bush of pubes shortened while cooling with the same blue as the rest of my hair. My genitalia had *clearly* shifted in a way that had led to my

knees buckling, but... Well, my knees had *also* buckled because just as my dick was pulled up into my new pussy, my hips had been wedged out nearly six inches overall, leading to pants that had been *barely* hanging on from my weight loss finding new footing.

I was undeniably a *woman* by this point, but I also couldn't have fathomed being anything *other* than a woman. Which essentially *worked out*, as my body was becoming *quite* the feminine beauty. My widened hips had already set the stage, and they stood firm as bloat poured into my thighs and ass. The pants that had become so loose when I'd previously lose weight were refilled, but this time with a much perkier, shapely weight that pulled the back of my jeans into a heart-shaped bubbly behind me with my ass stretching nearly five inches out, and with the seams on the sides of my pant legs *splitting* with how much supple girth was applied to my thighs.

But it my butt had grown big, my chest swelled to *readily* surpass that. My shirt had become *incredibly* baggy with all of that weight lost, but it was quick to pull up once more once it had something to grab onto. "*Oh!?*" It was almost like most of that weight that I'd lost previously had returned *while* pulling weight from my waist to trim it down – making my hips appear all the wider. Mounds had grown quickly, but I had cried out as it had all forced me to *stumble* – catching myself on the nearby wall with delicate fingers courtesy of the *H-cup* breasts that somehow remained perky despite my age and their heft.

Part of the reason I had even stumbled had been because of my *attire*. As my feet hit the ground, the clacking of heels hoisted my feet up with golden shoes that revealed teal polish applied to not only my toenails, but my lengthened fingernails as well. The clothing change worked *up* my body, erasing my pants and leaving only thin, blue ropes bound beneath my knees. My shirt wasn't *erased*, but it *was* transformed into a light turquoise robe that sported cutouts for my hips and had golden moon embroidery at the base of the robe.

Moon symbology was ever present in what I ended up wearing as a result. One white moon hovered over the imprint of my bellybutton, while another golden crescent moon hugged a small, round one above cloth that covered my collarbone... while leaving my shining cleavage and shoulders exposed. The straps that hung low on my shoulders were decorated by pale blue flowers, and teal tassels hung around me. Feathered earrings even dangled from my pointed ears... just below golden studs on top of my skull that blue *bone* pushed through, curving back into almost wing-like branches of *horns*.

"**Oh dear. Did Kuutar redisperse the kuuvhaki again?**" Instantly realizing I made an error, I closed my eyes gently and corrected it. "I

mean Miss Columbina.” With everything that had happened, I had been trying to stop using the title of ‘Kuutar’ when referring to the Moon Goddess. After all, as the leader of the Frostmoon Scions, *Lauma*, I had a duty to lead by example. And I wanted her to feel loved and accepted by the Scions after everything they had done to the past.

I walked closer to the open side of the enclosure gracefully, each step elegant, but this elegance did nothing to stop my sizable bosom or butt from jiggling with each step. I place a hand on the wall beside me as I looked out over our territory. **“Well, I suppose doing so doesn’t do any harm. The air does tingle for a time, but...”** The plants and animals enjoyed it. There wasn’t really any downside.



As I looked down at the enclave, however, I noticed a familiar individual floating in. **“Oh! She even took time to make a visit today. I should go say hello.”** A little hospitality would go a long way in making her feel welcome, so I descended down to the entrance. It wasn’t a very *long* trip. I made it in less than a minute, although it helped that Columbina had effectively met me halfway.

“Miss Columbina! What a pleasure it is to see you again!” I didn’t waste *any* time before drawing close. She looked ready to return the greeting, but in my haste I didn’t give her an opportunity to do so. I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her in for a hug, which at her height meant her face went directly into my chest. I couldn’t see how bright her cheeks turned from embarrassment at first, but she *did* seem to snuggle into it at the end. **“Was your journey a safe one?”**

Once it finally occurred to me that she *couldn’t* reply through the smothering, I finally let her go. It took the young woman a moment to collect herself before she smiled up at me. **“Yes! The weather has been clear, and with Il Dottore gone the Fatui haven’t been much of a bother. I don’t need to worry about much when I**

travel.” Which was how things *should* have been. Even so, I couldn’t help but wonder if that *other* death still bothered her. It likely did.

“That’s good! Would you like to come to my home? It’s almost dinner time, so I could cook you something if you’d like?”

“Mhm! That sounds nice. Thank you, Miss Lauma.”