

MOONSHINE'S LIGHT II.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Queen Eve of the kingdom of Firene awoke with a start.

“A nightmare again...” They happened now and again, as they did with most people. A good night’s sleep could be easily disturbed by the slumbering wanderings of one’s subconscious, and this became far more common of a phenomenon when someone was under stress. Considering the war being waged by the Fell Dragon, Sombron, and all of the nightmarish loss that had been endured as a result, it wasn’t especially surprising that the queen of one of the affected kingdoms would suffer from these side effects.

It would have been easy enough to be annoyed that she had been disturbed from her sleep, but Eve reframed the scenario she found herself in within a more positive scope. **“I suppose this would be a good opportunity to check on our guest.”** The moon was still in the sky, though it was departing for the other horizon – it must have been within the wee hours of the morning. As she was housing the Divine Dragon in her castle? It would be polite to make sure he was sleeping alright within the accommodations he had been given.

She wasn’t going to wake him up, of course!

“How odd...” But upon reaching the guest room while dressed only in her serene, white nightgown? The queen had been met with a rather confounding scenario. Alear wasn’t in his room. If he had gone to sleep at some point, then the bedding had been remade – presumably all for the sake of resting what she had found on top of it more apparent: a letter. Or perhaps it was more akin to an *invitation*? Alear had invited her to the secluded garden? But how had he known she would stop by?

“Oh. I *didn’t* expect you until at least dawn’s first light. But *this works*, I suppose.” Roughly ten minutes after Eve had found the letter in Alear’s room, she had set foot within the secluded garden that she had been instructed to attend. The woman had thought it weird at the time because she wasn’t even sure how Alear had been made aware of it, but now? She was all the *more* confused. The Divine Dragon wasn’t there, after all. But there was a blonde woman dressed in a kimono just *floating* there under the moonlight. **“I suppose you have questions for me?”**



The ruler of this kingdom had a *bad* feeling. The smirk upon this stranger’s face was eerie, intimidating, and unsettling – and it contributed to her concern. *Whoever* this was, she had clearly set her up. But for what reason? And for what *cost*? Alear was nowhere to be seen. **“Who are you? Where is Alear?”** She had plenty more, but starting there seemed like the most reasonable course of action.

Licks were lipped on the stranger’s part before those lips curled back up into their smirk. **“Oh, me? My name is *Selene*, the Moon Dragon God.”** That *alone* was a lot to swallow. Was she implying she was a *dragon*?

“As for this... Alear, was it? I actually owe you a great deal of gratitude, Queen Eve. It was due to your *generous* gift that I was able to overwrite his existence and assume my form in this world. I suppose you could say that he and I are one and the same! I *am* the man you’re looking for!”

“H-Huh?” Eve had a hard time processing what this ‘Selene’ had just said to her. She *was* Alear? Her ‘gift’ was to blame? The alcohol? To the queen’s ears it sounded like a hasty lie that had been thrown together on a whim to avoid admitting that she had kidnapped the Divine Dragon. **“You’re lying! Such a magic doesn’t exist—!?”** She refuted this exclamation with all of her being, but Selene cut her off.

“In this world. Yes, you’re correct about that. But you purchased that drink from *another* world, did you not? And now? This kingdom, and this world will be mine.” With a wave of her hand, Selene conjured a small moon that floated between Eve and herself. It couldn’t have been much larger than a small shield, and the queen stood on guard at the sight of it. She wasn’t going to let that happen! It was a bluff! She had to call it! But the ‘self-proclaimed’

Dragon God was one step ahead of her. **“No, no. I’m not in the mood for any disobedience. We have a lot of work ahead of us.”**

We? Did she have allies somewhere? Eve couldn’t have possibly considered that Selene was referring to *her*. **“Moonshine’s Light!”** As of speaking an enchantment, Selene mouthed these two words and the moon that she conjured *immediately* illuminated itself. That light lingered for only a few seconds before it fired a *beam of light* at the queen herself. She instinctively recoiled, but that wasn’t enough to dodge out of the way. It concealed her entire form behind its brightness for a few seconds before fizzling out, leaving the woman stunned.

“What did you d—!?” Eve lashed out the moment her vision came back to her, but she stopped herself when she realized she was *alone*. No, that couldn’t be? Did Selene escape amidst the confusion? Or was she still lurking, watching her? It was the latter. She’d been far too lazy to banter with the woman face to face. Though, from the shadows?

OH, YOU’LL FIND OUT. THERE’S NOTHING I WOULD
KEEP FROM ONE OF MY PRECIOUS UNDERLINGS,
AFTER ALL.

So, she was still around after all! Her voice was disembodied, but that was still Selene’s voice! **“Underling? What do you mean, Selene-sama!?”** Eve caught that. How could she not? And evidently, the Dragon God had too as her voice turned into amused laughter. **“I... What? Sama? What does that even mean?”** Honorifics like that weren’t a thing in her native language. The queen didn’t understand the meaning whatsoever. **“I-I would never work for you!”** But Selene just laughed again as if to dismiss that declaration. As if to suggest that she didn’t have a choice in the matter.

The queen of Firene didn’t know about *that*, but she *could* recognize that she felt *wrong* in more ways than one. She felt slightly off balance first and foremost – not enough to say that she was dizzy, but enough to feel a little unsteady. If she had to assign any measure of understanding to it, it was like she felt like she was in the wrong body. Everything felt like it was too much. Her height, her weight, and even her... curves.

“I... Is this correct?” No, it had to be! She had memories of this body going back to childhood! Except... they were groggier than she remembered. They weren’t fading, they just weren’t as *clear*. Were her breasts always *this* large? Evidently? The size that she was questioning didn’t wish to remain that size. Because, ever so slowly, the front of her nightgown began to *flatten*. Eve stared at what was clearly her breasts shrinking, the skin tightening around them as her nipples became less

full in their own shapes. She raised a hand to press against one of them, but by then they were already *B-cups*. “**No, this cup size is correct!**” And the woman’s mental state had already been affected.

At least, it had been for a moment. “**N-No! My chest isn’t supposed to be this small! But I... It feels right, somehow?**” She had to question it, but something deep down didn’t *want* her to question it. Just as she wanted to question why the panties that she wore under the skirt of her nightgown felt so loose. That wasn’t really much of a mystery, though.

Much like her tits, the heft of her ass cheeks was gradually being shaved away. The arch of her rump flattened towards the base of her back, lessening the bubble of her cheeks while still remaining nice and perky. It just wasn’t *abundant*, just like her *thighs* weren’t as abundant. Once upon a time you could’ve used Eve’s lap as a glorious, cushiony lap pillow, but with those thighs thinning, those days appeared to be over. Even her hips had no choice but to pinch inwards several inches since they didn’t have as much to keep spread apart any longer.

HOW DO YOU FEEL? I’M SURE YOU’RE STILL TRYING
TO RESIST! BUT DON’T WORRY. EVEN AT THE END,
YOU’LL STILL BE *YOU!* YOU’LL JUST BE A LITTLE...
DIFFERENT! EVERYONE WANTS TO BE YOUNG
AGAIN, RIGHT?

Selene finally spoke up once more from the shadows, evidently intent on toying with the one whose body and soul she was tampering with. “**Y-Young? Oh, Selene-sama, I would love to be— Stop it!**” Selene’s mocking laugh was all that the queen could hear as she did her best to resist the mental conditioning that was still prompting these obedient responses... that enticed an odd *yearning* within that made the woman nervous. The longer this went on, the less cautious towards Selene she became, and the more *endeared* towards her she *actually* felt.

It couldn’t be true that she was getting *younger*, could it? Sure, her chest and butt were smaller... at least she *felt like* they were, but regressing one’s age? It was understandable that she didn’t believe this. After all, the earliest and most suggestive changes towards this truth had happened to her *face*... alongside a little *extra*. The skin of her cheeks and chin had both softened and smoothed, but in exchange? Eve’s cheeks seemed to be a little fuller.

And yet? Her lips thinned so much that they were just thinner by *design*, not necessarily related to her age at all. “**Selene-sama! What is the point of this?**” The next time the woman cried out, her voice

was *higher*, squeaky and annoying. But it suited a face that looked increasingly more like that of a (proverbial) gremlin. Her lips were pulled into a resting cat smile, for one, while above her shrunken nose the shapes of her eyelids pinched in at the corners, and her irises and pupils alike shrunk until they were barely black dots amidst her white sclera. They weren't the eyes of a woman from Firene, but from a race that was equivalent to someone *Japanese*. Not even her brows were spared, for they shrink into very short line above the inner corners...

While darkening to *green*?

Little by little, she really *did* seem to be younger. Her face aside, which now made her look so young that she had to be around *eighteen* or so, there the matter of how perky her tits and ass had become, or how the skin of her fingers was no longer so dried and cracked. If there would be an affirming change that would be much more apparent to Eve though, then it would have to be her— "**Hey!?**" Her *height*.

The girl had only cried out because she *legitimately* almost fell. She'd worn heels out into the garden, but all of a sudden, she'd become unsteady on a pair of feet that slipped about in those heels as if they no longer fit. She was ultimately given no choice but to kick them off and step onto the dirt path with her bare feet if she wanted to avoid falling, but by then? Her white gown was already dragging on the ground. She'd already dropped down to a mere *4'11"*. It was a height that was *significantly* shorter than the *5'7"* the queen had stood at before.

Yet, at this height? That foreign feeling she'd felt in her own body finally went away. This was the shape and size she was *supposed* to be? "**I'm... adorable!**" Or so she squeaked with a smile, undermining the resistance she had been putting up all this while. Eve looked herself over with enthusiasm, though in the meantime? The forest green from her eyebrows seeped into the hair atop her head, shortening it slightly to the center of her back and cutting her bangs into a hime fringe.

Matching the circle of green pubes that now rested above her pussy.

HM. YOU CERTAINLY LOOK THE PART, BUT YOU
AREN'T DRESSED THE PART NOW THAT YOU'RE ONE
OF MY PRECIOUS MOONLIGHT DIVINITIES. ONCE
THAT'S DEALT WITH, I CAN FINALLY TARGET YOUR
CHILDREN.

Selene's voice *wasn't* lying. She truly meant to target the queen's next of kin next. But she'd brought it up to check something. Sure enough, it elicited an angry reaction from the teenager that had once been the

queen. **“You leave my kids alone, Selene-sama! Don’t you dare touch a single hair on their heads! ...O-Or would it really be that bad? My fair Selene-sama probably wouldn’t *kill* them...”** All the God had wanted to check was if Eve was still in there somewhere. She *was*. That was good. That would make things more *fun* in the future.

Her new underling’s rage quelled itself, and the girl became distracted as her nightgown shone with the same light of the moon that Selene had conjured prior. She could feel the fabric rearranging, covering more of her body. And when the light finally lifted? She was dressed in a white yukata top with the moon imprinted on its sleeves, underneath a royal blue hakama skirt. Geta sandals sat overtop short socks, lifting her an inch of the ground, while bare shoulders were shown beneath hair that had been tied into two loops that now hung over the front of her shoulders – with a matching on her head’s top.

BY THE WAY... WHAT WAS YOUR NAME AGAIN?

Selene prompted one more ‘wellness check’ with the girl’s mind. **“Yoko? YOKO? My name isn’t Eve, it’s Yoko!”** The young lady clad in the yukata and blue hakama skirt frantically danced around in an almost comical manner once it finally occurred to her that she couldn’t introduce herself by her original name. Not only did the name ‘Yoko’ keep leaving her lips, but the more she said it? *Yoko* felt right. **“Oh, to think I was such a pitiable, old queen before! But Selene-sama will take better care of this world, hehe— Ah!?”**



What was she saying? Her children were in danger, so she had to... But Selene-sama was that danger? There was no danger at all, then! Selene-sama would give them much better lives as fellow members of the Moonlight Divinities – of which Yoko now knew herself to be a member. **“See? You like your new life *much* better, don’t you?”** Selene didn’t even *surprise* Yoko as she reappeared. In fact, Yoko was more than happy to see her, contrary to how she had acted as Eve.

“Mhm! I can’t believe I was so *boring* before! This new life suits me *much* better!” She practically attached herself to Selene’s side like a magnet. Being beside her master made her feel safe, and like

her life had found new meaning. It was a *good* feeling, even though it was unlikely Selene had anything good in store for the world she had grown up in. Oh well! She was younger now anyways, right? So, did that time even count?

The Moon Dragon God was clearly content with her handiwork. With one underling remade, she would just need to find two more. And she'd already teased the two that would fulfill that role near the end of Yoko's assimilation. **"Very good. Now, do you know where I might find your two children? We still have a little bit of work to do before we're ready."** Yoko may have looked, acted, and felt differently, but Eve's memories still lingered at her core. She knew exactly where to find them now the sun was coming up.

"They should be arriving in the throne room shortly, Selene-sama!"

"Perfect. Then let's go greet them, shall we?"