

PATRON OF THE MOON

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“What the hell even is any of this!?”

Lately? Life had been pretty *mundane*. It was the same thing day in and day out, and every day the news had some terrifying new event to be revealed. It was downright exhausting, and yet I couldn't deny that I really wanted something to happen to *spice things up*. Something *good* happening to me would certainly accomplish this, even if it was something small. But in the end? While I had my wish granted, it certainly hadn't been in the way I had expected it to be.

It had all begun in the middle of the night. It was already well past midnight, and I was dressed in a simple T-shirt and sleeping pants combo. My house had suddenly been *rocking* by what had most logically been an earthquake, and it had sounded like something had fallen down in my backyard. These events naturally led me to investigate the source of the sound, at least after I was certain the ground wouldn't shake anymore.

What I ended up finding had been *unbelievable* to say the least. An entire stone staircase had been uncovered in my own backyard, leading down into what appeared to be illuminated depths. I lived alone, so it wasn't like there was anyone I could call on to investigate with me. But it also didn't seem like something I could leave alone until the morning. If the bottom of the stairs were lit up, then there could be someone there. Someone *dangerous*.

Maybe I should call the cops. That was a thought I'd had as I slid on my shoes but ultimately didn't follow through with it as I headed out into my backyard. The more I thought about it, if anyone was down there?

There was no way they were *alive*. Even if the vibes *did* feel like something out of a cult or alien movie. Maybe an alien cult? Either way, I proceeded down the narrow stairwell with caution. Depending on what I found, I'd just call someone in the morning. In fact, maybe I'd drive to stay at a friend's house for the night after...

The staircase was *very* cramped, and being a bigger guy didn't help. There definitely wasn't room for anyone to pass each other, which meant that if someone came up while I was heading down... Well, I probably would have booked it anyways. Fortunately, I didn't really *hear* anyone down there. Not even as I went so deep that I couldn't hear the outside world above any longer.

It eventually opened up into a *big chamber*, which had led to my initial comment. It was empty. There weren't any places for someone to hide, although there *were* stone doors in the chamber's back that looked far too heavy to open without some kind of mechanism. It *certainly* didn't look like the type of thing you'd expect to find under a house in *suburban America* of all places!

"This all looks kind of... Greek? What kind of archeological find even is this? ...The government is going to confiscate my land, isn't it?" Those were reasonable worries to have, all things considered. The reason I concluded that it might have been *Greek* was the item that stood in the center of the chamber. Torches illuminated the outer walls, but they were also placed around a large statue of the *moon* itself. Come to think of it, wasn't it a full moon outside? I had glanced at it briefly before heading down.

Everything was so unbelievable that I got it in my head that maybe, perhaps, *I was dreaming*. Wasn't this like something out of a movie? I'd drawn the comparison earlier, but it really did feel like something right out of a science fiction flick where someone found secret ruins in the opening scene and were abducted by the aliens that put them there... or something. Still, there were no signs that anyone or anything was around.

On the other hand, who had lit the torches? Why did everything seem so *clean*? It just didn't add up.

I didn't really think much of it, even though I probably *should* have, but I stepped closer to the large moon statue in the room's center. It was propped up on an altar, which made it look all the more important. It looked so important that those unworthy probably *shouldn't* touch it. That much was obvious, and yet once it was within arm's reach? I stretched an arm out and pressed my hand against the most convenient place to grab.

The moment I felt the cold stone under my fingertips, it hit me. “**Wait, what am I—!?**” I didn’t even get to finish that question, because the moon glowed with a bright white light and I felt a tingle run up my arm and throughout the rest of my body. I couldn’t pull my hand away! It was almost like it had been magnetized for ten seconds or so. It wasn’t until the light finally faded that I was able to pull away, and in doing so I stumbled back a few steps where I gripped my wrist with the opposing hand. “**Wh-What the hell just happened!?**”

My body still felt unusually... *tingly*. Which probably *wasn’t* a good thing.

Following my earlier suspicions that I was somehow living in a sci-fi movie intro scene, I became immediately concerned that I was in some type of *danger*. Was I about to die? Had that light transferred some sort of *poison* into my body? By the laws of cinema, there was a nonzero change that my body was about to shrivel up and then *explode*. This was too wild of a scenario to *actually* happen, but as it turned out? I was given enough of a reason to at least believe it for a *short* moment.

“**Uh...!?**” I’d been desperately looking myself over for any concerning signs. Like maybe my skin turning blue as my blood was infected? Funnily enough, while that didn’t *quite* happen, my complexion actually *did* change in color. It was just too dimly lit in the chamber for me to realize with how subtle it was, that my paler skin tone had pinkened very vaguely, and that the excess hairs around my arms, torso, legs, and even on my chin had been shaved away as that skin softened almost *youthfully*.

But no, that had gone unaddressed. What had prompted me to express surprise played into my earlier suspicions of ‘shriveling up’, because as I’d mentioned before, I was a tall and heavier set guy. What had caught my attention was that the ‘heavier’ part of that equation was being ‘corrected’. I was watching the front of my distended bedtime T-shirt flatten, feeling my thighs lose their unnecessarily loose fat, and even the skin in my face was tightening. “**I’m really shriveling up!?**”

You couldn’t really blame me for not thinking of a more logical explanation when there really *wasn’t* one. People didn’t just suddenly shed excess weight without surgical intervention, so how could I have known that it was going to stop at... a *healthy* weight? My body was left perfectly trim, with even the slightest bit of muscle to my tummy. I could feel as much by touching it with my shirt in between, but if I’d moved my hands around my stomach’s sides? I might have noticed that they curved *inward* a little farther than they should have if I was *just* losing weight.

“Did it stop? Okay... So, I’m not shriveling up? But then what? Surely that wasn’t just a little trick to make me thin?” Who would even create something like that? I let my pants fall from my hips, because not only was it too much work to hold them up, but it wasn’t even necessary. Because I was so thin, my shirt was practically a *dress* with the bottom hem reaching the tops of my thighs. Yet, just as I began to believe the worst was over? **“Huh?”**

That bottom hem began to inch farther down my thighs, leaving me to look down with a renewed skepticism. Was my shirt getting *bigger*? No, and it wasn’t until I looked back up in the moon in the center of the chamber that it struck me what the *real* problem was. It looked nearly two heads taller than it had before. That couldn’t have been the issue, though. *I was two heads smaller!?* **“D-Did I just shrink!? W-Wait... My voice sounds higher too...?”** And oddly... *British?*

I had *been* nearly six feet tall, but by my best estimate I had to have dropped down to 5’4”? *It’s no estimate. That’s how tall I am?* So, it *was* factual? Wait, how did I know that, and why had that thought carried the same pitch and accent as my voice now did? It had undeniably *been* my own thought. Regardless, my attention was torn between my size and my tone, though both issues converged when I lifted my hand to rub at my neck (as if that would accomplish anything).

My hand didn’t make it that far anyways. I caught what appeared to be the tail end of another, yet related change. It was the sight of my fingers becoming a little smaller and the chewed tips of my nails not only repairing themselves but growing *longer*. Even a beauty mark on the back of my pinky had been erased atop what was clearly a hand that was small and *feminine*. **“Like the hand of a woman?”** It was hardly even *just* my hands. Less notably, the feet within my shoes had shrunk two sizes with my toes now just as well kept as my fingers.

That felt like a strange thing to say aloud... for but a moment. I began to question why I felt like *being a woman in the first place* could have been strange. My memories spoke of my gender always being female... and my body in turn came to reflect that at the most basic level. My thinner thighs rubbed together as a mild arousal built between my legs. But while that arousal *built*? It was all so that the part of my body that should have *stiffened* from it was *torn down* instead.

It was a direct response to my cock and balls *actually* shriveling away, pulling into my tight new pussy’s folds. I was for all intents and purposes now a *woman*.

Had I even managed to reach my hand to my neck without interruption, I would have found my skin there to be as smooth and supple as anywhere else upon my *divine* body. A fitting descriptor, because the face above it had been softening *and* beautifying in the meantime. The years had just *peeled* off of my complexion, making it so that I appeared like a pretty woman in her early twenties. One with lips that had grown swollen and pink, whose face was dotted by a delicately curved nose, and whose ovular, fluttering eyes of sapphire were lined with eyelashes that were as long as they were dainty. There was no reason to doubt my sex.

Nor my affinity for the color *blue*. Not only was it present in my gaze, but it became a staple of my *hair* not long after. Hair that fluttered down past my shoulders as a vivid navy shade permeated throughout it. It thickened as it grew longer and longer, although once it passed my shoulders? That blue's vividness showed signs of fading, leaving everything that hung past my shoulder blades as a shade more akin to the clear waters of a billowing brook. My bangs, blue and full, even found themselves with a strand of this lighter shade curling in the center like the crescent moon.

And this was to say nothing of how my neatly trimmed bush now sported the darker shade of sapphire.

“If I was to bother myself with *anything* at this moment, I would sooner bother myself with this manner of dress. It certainly isn't appropriate workplace attire?” I still held memories of putting that shirt on, but they were rapidly blurring. I pinched at the front between my index finger and thumb and gave it a tug around my chest to demonstrate how large it was, but it seemed that doing so gave my chest the space to burgeon freely. My perfectly pink nipples grew puffy and led the charge for fat to pool in the deposits beneath them, allowing a pair of perky *B-cup* breasts to push the shirt forward when I eventually let go. It must have been chilly in the chamber with how erect my nipples were!

Mind you, my bosom wasn't the *only* part of my body to swell in that moment. My legs had become quite lean with the prior loss of mass, but some of that weight seemingly returned so that the skin was pulled tautly enough to shimmer with the torchlight reflecting off of it. They were about eight inches across, and within seconds mended the gap between my legs and the bubbling cheeks of my derriere so that my ass only extended about two inches past the backs of my legs. Compact, yet accentuated!

I was just about to speak on the subject of my attire once more, but thoughts regarding my responsibilities in the chamber soon

overwhelmed me. I returned my attention to the moon-shaped *device* in the room's center, looking away from my top just as it tightened against my fairer form. The cloth unraveled in length and lightened in color, soon becoming something akin to a sleeveless toga a non-existent neckline, almost having it worn more like a bikini top with golden cups around my breasts.

Fittingly, beneath the translucent toga cloth that hung from the golden cups, you could see that my pelvis was hugged by something akin to a white bikini bottom with dark blue frills on the side that matched my hair. White bows were pinned to my hips by golden latches, while light blue fabric hung around my sides and back with tassels tangling from their tips. Golden bracelets with crescent moon protrusions covered my wrists, though my left arm was shrouded in a detached, white sleeve, and my delicate feet were hoisted by matching heels with white fabric that wrapped like inconsistently applied bandages up only my left leg.

I took a moment to correct my posture while my blue hair was lifted from my shoulders. As it seemed to be the trend (because the metal was a status symbol around here), gold appeared atop my head both in the form of a head wreath with a pair of winged ornaments behind them that pulled my hair into two long tails. Black ribbons then helped to raise some of that hair on either side into loops. A complicated hairstyle, but one that was solely my own. No one would dare mimic it, and I certainly wouldn't stand for it if they tried.

All of this went on without me batting an eye, mind you. I had more important things to do.

“Quickly now. Open the skylight.” With my sense of purpose renewed, I clapped my hands together to signal to one of my disciples the next task I expected of them. How odd... Had I not just been alone? Perhaps I had been, and they had just walked on? In the grand scheme of things, it surely didn't matter. My duties as Septimont's future-studying Priestess took precedence in the moment, else I, *Iuno*, would not have made the trek all the way out to the isle's outskirts.

But was that what I had been



doing? **“No, I recall making the journey. These underground chambers are useful for inviting different reflections of the moon’s light.”** As a Priestess that could gleam the future by studying changes in the light of the moon, having sites away from the capital were important for supporting research, even if they were hardly used due to their proximity.

As I was eager to get to work, I tapped my foot impatiently against the stone floor and crossed my arms beneath my bosom. I looked over my shoulder at the disciple who was fumbling with a panel in the chamber’s back corner. She could clearly sense the irritation I was expressing and began to hurry herself. Before long? The stone above began to twist as the roof was withdrawn to reveal glass paneling. This allowed the moon’s light to flow freely into the chamber, where the moon statue absorbed it so that I could study it easier. **“Very well. Give me peace.”**

All it took was a wave of my hand for the girl to bow and run up the stairs. Stairs that no longer led to a modern home, but to a rocky Septimont shoreline. Not that I expected it to be anywhere else. **“There has been some sort of change in the moon’s light, but what does it mean?”** Augusta had sent me to investigate after sensing a change, but the temple in the capital hadn’t revealed anything. So, this change of perspective? Hopefully it would help me gleam something.

That, or Augusta’s intuition was off. That seldom happened.

“Hm... I see.” My arms remained crossed as I circled the glowing statue, and at times I raised slender fingers to tap at my chin. The only conclusion I could draw from what I could see was a *confusing* one, admittedly. **“It seems that what has changed is... me? Perhaps there is something interfering with the moonlight? Consider the Rover’s presence in the city, I couldn’t rule it out.”**

Because I was the same as always, wasn’t I? The beautiful, intelligent Priestess of Septimont, *Iuno*. As I had always been.