

### ***Sailor Balloon (Inflation, Corruption, Identity Death)***

Spreading her feet, Usagi raised her Moon Rod and assumed a defiant pose. “Queen Nehelania, your reign of darkness is at an end!”

On the other side of the throne room, Queen Nehelania rested her chin in her palm smugly. “Is that so?” she said, raising a hand. “Perhaps you should try a little of my darkness first.” She thrust it forward, launching a bolt of Stygian lightning from her palm.

Usagi raised her arms to shield herself, but there was nothing she could do to prevent Queen Nehelania’s dark magic from striking her. She screamed, throwing back her head and writhing as it coursed through her, setting her skin alight with pain.

“Nnnnah! Ah!”

“Ohohoho! You sound as if you’re enjoying yourself!”

Stumbling back, Usagi clutched her belly and moaned as the pain settled in her gut as a terrible, mind-wrenching knot, so tight she wanted to drop to her knees and retch. “Nnn~! Nnnah! Ah! Make it stooooop!” Beneath her hands, her belly bulged, pumped taut, and the pain of the pressure was so intense she couldn’t keep herself from moaning.

Her fattening belly wasn’t the only change afflicting her, however: even as she squirmed, screwing up her eyes in terror, a wave of light washed over her form, leaving the skin it passed smooth and shiny, as if varnished. Pinching it, she plucked it and moaned to see it stretch, pliable as rubber.

With an ominous *bowwing!*, Usagi’s stomach exploded in size, forcing her limbs apart as it swelled into a tremendous sphere. Thrown to her feet, she could only stumble and whimper, her legs shaking beneath her, as she fought to press it back in. “Wh-what are you doing to me-?!”

Queen Nehelania simply laughed at her. “Oh, you’ll see soon enough, my dear. You’ll see soon enough.” She chuckled darkly.

With every second, the pressure in Usagi’s gut became greater, forcing her belly out, out, out, pumped fatter and fatter, impossibly fat. Soon, she struggled even to wrap her arms around it. “H-help me...” she cried. “Help me...!” Sadly, there was no one around to hear her but Queen Nehelania, and she was hardly interested in helping.

“Ohohohoho! Just look at you, Sailor Moon. Perhaps you should have gone on a diet! You’re blowing up like a balloon! Ohohoho!”

As her stomach swelled, Usagi found her arms forced apart, stretched wide by its girth. Finally, with a pop, they snapped outward, they and her feet both, the gas filling them forcing them into a harsh X pose. She moaned, but despite all her efforts, she couldn’t bend them back again.

Nehelania simply watched her and laughed.

By now, Usagi's stomach had become a perfect sphere the size of an exercise ball, and as she watched, unable even to rub its throbbing surface, it swiftly grew even larger. Swallowing her upper arms and legs, it advanced with speed, raising her breasts and stretching them so wide they were no longer noticeable. With a moan, she tumbled backward, landing on a pair of buttocks that had themselves been drawn so taut they no longer really existed. Her skirt had become nothing but a ribbon around her ridiculous new waist.

"Ohohoho!"

As Usagi moaned, rolling side to side on the spot like the giant balloon she'd become, her bloating belly reached her elbows and her knees and sucked her lower arms and legs in as well, leaving her hands and feet flapping uselessly. At almost exactly the same time, it reached her neck, stretching it into nothing more than another circle of color on the rotund sphere of her body.

And it still wasn't finished with her. Now, the process turned its focus to her head, making her moan even louder and wilder as her chin started to stretch, drawn outward as well, flowing over the curve of her spherical new form like sauce over her pudding. The rest of her head swiftly followed it, leaving her face painted on her front like some kind of perverse cartoon. Soon all that remained of her original form was her hair, stapled to the top of her new form like a perverse wig.

As her magic faded, Queen Nehelania burst into laughter. "Oh my! Just look at you! What a wonderful Lemure you're becoming!"

Usagi could only roll feebly back and forth, moaning at the terrible pressure filling her swollen body. "E-enough," she cried. "T-turn me back!"

The Queen laughed. "Hmm, it still looks like there's a little way to go. Next, I'll deal with that troublesome personality of yours."

She thrust her hand at her again, and a second bolt of dark lightning struck Usagi's face. She screamed as it crashed through her head, knocking her thoughts from the shelves of her mind and leaving everything she'd once held dear in pieces.

"N-no...! Stop it...! Stop...! Please, I'll disappear...! I'll disappear...!" With every second, it became a little harder to get the words out.

"Then hurry up and do so!" cried Nehelania.

As her Queen spoke, Usagi found it increasingly difficult to think. Usagi...? Was that really her name? Just who was she...? A Sailor Senshi? No, that didn't sound right. She was... She was a Lemure. One of her Queen's Lemures? That was right, wasn't it? ...Wasn't it...?

Finally, the Queen lowered her hand, and with one last crackle, her dark magic faded. Her latest creation continued to roll back and forth, muttering feebly to itself. Of its former identity, little remained but a few specks of color.

The Queen studied it with a smug smile. "Deflate yourself," she commanded.

"Yes, your Majesty," said her latest minion. With a pop, the hidden opening behind her head untied itself, and the air stretching her rubbery form wide rushed out, returning her to something resembling a human shape again. She looked a little more like her old self this way, though her rubbery skin and the strange expression on her face made it clear that the old Sailor Moon was gone for good.

Queen Nehelania's smile grew even wider. "Perfection. Now to deal with the rest of those obnoxious sailor senshi."