

MOONSHINE'S LIGHT

COMMISSION STORY

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The war against Sombron's forces raged on, but that didn't mean that the rebelling army didn't have time for a day of respite.

Such was the logic behind the actions of the Divine Dragon, Alear, as he guided his forces back to Firene, the Kingdom of Abundance. Their recent battles had been extremely hard on their forces as they battled through the deserts of Solm. Before they could take on their next challenge? Some rest and relaxation wasn't just a recommendation. It was practically a *requirement*. And since Firene was on their way to their next destination, it made the *perfect* rest spot.

"Thank you for your generosity, your highness."

"I keep telling you there's no need for such formalities, Alear."

While his forces had settled into the castle town's inns by dinnertime, the Divine Dragon had chosen to visit the queen of Firene, Ève. Not only did he have to share with her the stories of their travels, especially with her children in his company, but it was customary. It was Queen Ève's hospitality that had made it so that they wouldn't need to camp outside of the city limits and was even providing them with food and water. Thanks was the *least* he could provide her in return.

"I know you're young, but I have an additional gift for you as well." The blonde haired queen nodded at the servant who had been standing beside her. Alear had noticed her earlier, how she was holding a bottle for some reason. But in the end it was that bottle that was presented to him. **"This is a special type of sake known as 'Moonshine'. It's quite rare. I had to procure a bottle from a**

traveling merchant. But alas, with my duties I cannot drink it, so I thought to bestow it unto you.”



Alear awoke with a start some hours later with the memory of that moment fresh in his mind. He had been offered a room in Firene Castle for the night to free up an additional inn room for his army's troops and had taken that offer, so the only light filtering into his room at such a late hour was the light of the full moon that bled through a singular, arch-shaped window. The Divine Dragon tried to force himself back to sleep but, unfortunately, found himself incapable of doing so.

“I guess I can find something to do to pass the time...” At least until fatigue took him again and he was able to slip back to sleep. There just wasn't a lot *in* his room to distract him in that

time. His own bags? Alear only carried the bare essentials in those. Clothing, emergency rations, soaps and other cleaning supplies. There wasn't room for him to carry much in the way of entertainment, and the war seldom afforded anyone a chance to relax in the first place.

Then what about the singular bookshelf beside the room's door? Without a candle or torch lit in the room, he hadn't been able to tell if there were any books on it from afar. Checking it personally revealed what he had been concerned about: there was nothing *on* the shelves. **“This is a guest room. I suppose it makes sense they wouldn't keep it stocked with anything.”** He let out a yawn seconds later. A good sign that he might have been well on his way to falling asleep once more.

But another ten minutes passed, and sleep *still* didn't come. **“Okay. Desperate times call for desperate measures, as they say.”** There *had* been a backup plan. It made use of the bottle and tiny glass that presently sat among the dragon's belongings. The bottle of Moonshine sake that Queen Ève, specifically. He was only seventeen, but that was still old enough to have alcohol in Firene. **“I won't have enough to get *drunk*. But a little bit should be enough to knock me out.”**

He didn't want to drink it in his room in case he spilled it though, so he grabbed the bottle and glass and left, following the hallway path out a stone, castle balcony. Being up so high, he could see the rolling hills of Firene as well as the castle town below. It was a gorgeous view, but it wasn't even the most captivating site from where he was standing. What stood out all the more was the pure white moon, full as could be, that shone from above.

"It almost looks like it's closer than normal." He couldn't help but muse to himself as he poured the drink into his cup. Of course, that couldn't be the case. If the moon really *was* closer, that would likely spell the end of days not only for their continent but for the entire planet. And they weren't at *that* point just yet. Who knew if such a thing could become possible if Sombron won the war, though.

With his cup full, the teenager pounded the sake back with a single upwards tilt of his head and the rim to his lips. The Divine Dragon didn't consume alcohol frequently enough to really compare the taste to anything else, but he did believe it tasted quite sweet as it slipped down his throat and into his belly, where a warmth built and then washed over the rest of his body.

All of a sudden, the moon somehow felt even *larger* than it had before.

Alear stared up at it. It was strange. He had become overcome with a feeling of *familiarity* when gazing up at the sky. He had seen the moon time and time again, of course, but it wasn't *really* that. As the light of the moon was reflected in his heterochromia-laden eyes, what he felt was something akin to a *kinship*. Almost like the moon itself was bound to his very own existence. Try as he might, he couldn't seem to tear his attention away from it at first. Given a few moments, he was finally able to shake himself from this trance.

But not without an unrecognized sacrifice. The red and blues of the Divine Dragon's opposing eyes had blended together, rendering either iris the same shade of *purple*. **"Am I feeling the effects of the alcohol already? Maybe I should already head back... to...?"** Any efforts to return to his room were effectively disrupted by a dizzy spell that left the boy holding his head. It was a little *sudden*, wasn't it? He had only *just* taken a sip of the sake, and he wasn't about to accuse Firene's queen of poisoning a gift. **"Perhaps it's just a mixture of the alcohol and my prior fatigue..."**

Either way, this meant it would have been unwise to leave the balcony until his head had cleared. Now and again, he found vision that blurred and cleared over and over in quick succession flickering back to a moon

that felt like it was even larger every time his looked at it again. Was the moon itself mocking him?

No, for I am the one who controls the moon!

“...**What?**” That was an intrusive thought. One that hardly made a lick of sense. Why would even think that in the most unusual of circumstances? He didn’t have the power to *control the moon*, not in a million years. But deep down he felt strangely *certain* of it. Those thoughts became almost obsessive, distracting him from some very crucial shifts in his visage beyond just his eyes, even if those eyes were still changing themselves. They narrowed in the corners of his eyelids, redefining their shapes until they were much more *angular*, more akin to the eyes of a different race altogether.

Alear placed a hand on the nearby wall to support himself through his dizzy spell. It didn’t occur to him at all that he was slowly being forced to *readjust* where his hand was resting on the wall to keep his standing posture consistent, raising it due to, of all things, his *height*. “**Hm?**” It wasn’t until the cool night air teased his *navel* openly that he finally realized. His clothes were sitting higher on his body, and the hand on the wall? His fingers were small and delicate. Like a *woman’s*. “**Am I taller?**”

He was roughly *three* inches taller than he had been before, compromising the fit of the white pants and the white, button-up shirt he had worn to bed. The state of his hands didn’t even occur to him until a tickle between his eyes drew one hand upwards to check. “**Ah!?**” The boy chirped with a voice that sounded deeper but also carried a more effeminate undertone.

With his head a little clearer, it was the smaller shape of his hand that had caught his attention first, and the source of the tickling sensation that became apparent secondary. Daintier hands still paled in comparison to the sight of *blonde* bangs swaying between his eyes and across his nose. “**Why is my beautiful hair so blonde?**” Adding the ‘beautiful’ part, and the more possessive tone had not been intended on his part whatsoever. Something was wrong with him physically, but mentally...

It was like there was another will overlapping with his own. One that accepted whatever strange change his purple gaze was set upon.

“**This isn’t good. I need to resist! No matter how... Mm... good it feels...**” Good? What part of this even *felt* good? Was it how his now blonde head of hair fell both over the front and back of his shoulders until it reached his ass? No, certainly not. Was it then the vague tingling

sensation around his face that he was deriving pleasure from? No, not that. But it *was* softening his complexion, bringing his lips to swell to give them a glossier, poutier appeal, and giving his face a sleeker, more mature, and more *feminine* look than before.

No, what he subconsciously found to feel *good* was that he felt more *powerful*. It wasn't a strength that was represented through muscle – in fact, his muscles were softening away at that very moment, leaving his arms, legs, and torso lean. It was more like the innate powers he had as one of *dragon blood* were strengthening and *distorting*. On some level Alear was concerned, but what was more concerning was the part of him that graced his fuller, feminine lips with a *smirk* instead.

“I must— Oh... Oh dear.” The Divine Dragon *shuddered* at what transpired next. He hadn't been privy to it, but the cock between his legs that made him a man had slowly been sapped of its flaccid girth. The few non-erect inches that he'd possessed were pulled closer to his pelvis, and before long? The nub that remained pushed *into* a newly formed gap between his thighs, sucking his balls into what had become *her* new pussy beneath an untamed bed of blonde pubes.

It was alarming. How could your sex inverting *not* be? But she also felt a touch of *thrill* underneath that alarm, and she began to engage with her body in a way that suggested she was expecting *more*. **“Perhaps this isn't so bad. Especially now that my head is beginning to clear.”** What the woman meant by this *wasn't* how it sounded. What she meant by 'clear' was that her memories had been adjusting to her new form. She could now envision a past where she had been a woman her entire life. A woman, and an *incredibly* powerful dragon.

The light of the moon illuminated her porcelain skin while more of it slowly became exposed. Alear hardly fought against her transformation anymore and even took the steps to unbutton the top half of her button-up shirt so that the burgeoning flesh beneath it had a chance to grow unhindered. Her chest had naturally been flat as a young man, but with her sex altered there was hardly a reason for it to remain that way. Rather, puffy nipples soon sat upon a pair of *F-cup* tits that pushed her open shirt off to the sides. Their heft was excessive, but she knew the best posture to accommodate that weight.

She even slipped a hand under the open shirt to *fondle* one while her spare hand reached down and behind. Even though she couldn't see past her heaving chest, the sensation of her pants getting tighter didn't escape her attention. **“How novel, but welcome.”** That second hand was slipped under the waistband of her pants just in time for the white cloth of those pants to reach near capacity. Her hips had been pushed wider to accommodate the heart-shape of the thick ass she was

massaging, but also the pleasantly plump thighs that forced tears into the legs of her pants. All in all, she had quite the attractive body.

But it was the body of a woman in her *thirties*.

Her body had completed its change. The rest was in the hands of the dragon herself. *Literally*. All it took was a snap of her fingers to activate a magic that washed over her now ill-fitted men's attire. It mended it together into a thick, white kimono with a black fur trim that was worn off her shoulders, with a purple river pattern and dark blue stitching on the sleeves and skirt. A purple and pink obi hugged beneath her open cleavage, while geta sandals rested over white socks. A white hood with a crescent moon decoration on the front covered her head, though it was detached from the kimono and appeared to be held up by magic alone.

“Hm... Well, this is certainly a much better fit. And it appeals to my tastes in fashion much more *keenly*.” The loose and flowing fit of the kimono that the blonde woman now wore. She ran a finger across the cloth that clung to her thighs and hips, no longer distracted by the view of her deep cleavage nor the absence between her legs. It all felt so *natural* to *Selene*, a dragon woman from another world entirely.

The woman seemed to understand what had happened, something only possible because her old identity had not entirely faded. She could recall being Alear and held all of his memories, but there were also *new* ones that added context to the life that she had led as this powerful dragon she had become. **“The queen must have purchased this sake at an Outrealm Gate.”** It only made sense. To become a woman from another world required a catalyst from another world.



And those gates were the only way for items from other realms to enter *this* one.

Even though she understood how things had happened, Selene had *no* intention of seeking a way to return to how she used to be. **“I quite like this body. Not only am I beautiful, but I’m *strong*.”** Physical power was part of that admission, but she now had *other* talents as well. She possessed extremely powerful magic and a means of converting people into her underlings. She wouldn’t even be bound to *this* world,

for with her *Aqua Aera* spell she could travel between the dimensions themselves.

The woman took the bottle of sake and poured herself another glass. She downed it in a much more delicate way than she had as a boy as her gaze rested on the bright moon above. A fitting background for the rebirth of the *Moon Dragon God*. She moved to the edge of the balcony and sat down with a smirk upon her face. **“I’ll figure out what to do in the morning. For now I’ll make the best of this beautiful view and this *delicious* sake.”** She did have one or two ideas, though.

“I wonder if the queen and her children would make suitable vessels for the Moonlight Divinities?”