

IN THE NAME OF CHALDEA

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It had been a long, *long* Sailor Moon marathon.

The original anime run had two hundred episodes, three feature length movies, and five short films. *All* of which had been shown at Chaldea's little festival as part of BB's attempt of running her own, miniature Ordeal Call for the Mooncancer class. If the viewing, spanning almost a week with breaks in between, had been long for the *viewers*, however? Well, could you imagine how long it must have felt for someone who was *living through it*?

Ritsuka Fujimaru, the Master of Chaldea, had been transformed into one of the characters of the anime and had been forced to live through it all. Existing as the small Chibiusa, events that might have taken twenty minutes in the show itself played out in real time for her. An episode could last several days depending on what happened inside of it, and even then? She hadn't had a way of gauging where she was in the story based on what was happening as someone who had never seen it.

She was just forced to play along, which in itself was *also* dangerous. Everything from how she acted to the decisions she made were all preordained by the narrative. Ritsuka was powerless to fight against it all, and at times it felt like she was losing herself to this new existence. But finally, at least, things seemed to be nearing an end. BB promised to free her when all was said and done, right? Well, she had more or less done that.

But BB actually had *other* plans.



“So, you see! To make sure Chibiusa becomes the best version of herself that she can be, I just need a teensy weensy bit of your help, Usagi-chan!” BB had entered the anime world all on her own without Chibiusa being aware of it. The pink haired child had been incapable of affecting the narrative in any meaningful way, but as the one who had incited things in the first place? Well, BB was free to do whatever she wanted!

There was one ‘final trial’ she wanted Chibiusa to suffer through. It would create a new ‘filler episode’ close to the show’s climax, but for her maximum amusement? She had decided it might be fun to make use of a character close to Chibiusa. Her closest companion. Her *own mother*. Despite just playing the role, the girl undoubtedly would have fostered genuine feelings of attachment to Sailor Moon’s cast by this point. It would have been *perfect*.

BB had appeared to plead her case to the young Usagi. But she hadn’t been honest *at all*. Wanting to test Chibiusa? Needing Usagi to help? Claiming no harm would come to the girl? That was technically *all* correct. The dishonesty came from what she had *left out*. She hadn’t mentioned where she had come from, giving no indication that she was from another world. There was also no mention of Chibiusa actually being someone else from this other world that she hailed from.

And then? She had been ambiguous about the role she had in mind for Usagi herself. The Mooncancer had only mentioned ‘needing a final boss for Chibiusa’s trial’ and that Usagi would have been the perfect fit. **“Oh! Um, well if she isn’t going to be at risk of any harm, then I guess I’d be okay with it? I’m not really sure why she’s being tested, though...?”** Was it because she would one day be the queen? But Usagi herself had never been tested in any way like *that*.

“Hehe! Well, it’s more fun if it’s a *surprise*, I think!” BB had been playing up her ‘good girl’ act to get Usagi to lower her guard, and it had been working. The young teen didn’t know anything about the Servant to recognize how mischievous she was. It was easy enough to lay a trap for someone who wasn’t all that wary in the first place! Even

though BB had just randomly appeared in Usagi's room like this? She hadn't been attacked.

Well, Usagi *had* immediately transformed into Sailor Moon on sight.

BB had managed to talk her down from that point, not that Sailor Moon's powers could really affect her. **"But you just said you were okay with it, right? So, that's good enough for me! Don't worry about the details or anything like that! They'll come to you with time, like they're the most natural thing in the world~!"** The purple haired woman gave a little wave of her wand before Usagi could pepper her with any further questions. She did *try* though.

"What do you— Ah!?" But a beam of purple light shot out from the wand and struck the Japanese teenager, causing her to recoil with surprise. The light was so blinding that Usagi had to look away, but while she couldn't see anything? She *could* hear BB's voice speaking out to her.

"And with that I bid you adieu! Good luck, other me!"

When the light faded, Usagi naturally whipped her neck back to look where BB had been. But no one was there. There wasn't a single trace of that woman. **"What did she do to me!? And what did she *mean* by that, for that matter!?"** *Other me?* They didn't even look remotely the same! Well, for *now*, at least. The girl was having a hard time parsing what had just happened, and she still felt a little disoriented from the light.

But it wasn't *just* from being stunned. The light from the beam had pierced *right* into her body. Into the very core of her soul. Something had been created within the very depths of her being. A *Spirit Core*. A *Saint Graph*. Things that a *living, breathing human* shouldn't have possessed under any circumstances aside from being a Demi-Servant. Those were the hallmark qualities *of* a Servant, after all. But it wasn't Sailor Moon's destiny to play *host* to a Servant, either. Her fate was much more elaborate and completely according to BB's designs.

"I don't feel great, actually. Kind of... dizzy?" Usagi felt a little unsteady on her feet for reasons that were not immediately apparent to her. But there *had* been a reason for that unsteadiness. She didn't have the knowledge to know what to look out for at the time, and while some semblance of awareness *would* eventually grace the girl. It would already be too late for her to do anything at that point, though. Not that she would necessarily *want* to, either.

What had knocked her balance off kilter so discreetly had been her body, of all things, *stretching*. It was only a little bit. Two inches, more or less. Because the blonde had grown up from being just shy of five feet, at 4'11", to 5'1" instead. It was *incidentally* the exact same height as the woman who had struck her with the beam in the first place. Not that she had spent enough time in her presence to note their height difference. Nor had she really realized that she was taller. Her Sailor Moon uniform would always change to match her body's size, after all.

Usagi had closed her eyes temporarily while she shook off the dizziness. Those eyes *had* been bright blue when her eyelids had closed over them. But when they opened again? They were a pale *purple* instead. Her lashes had likewise grown a little longer while closed, and were her eyelids even the same *shape* in the end? They seemed smaller. Narrower. Like they belonged to a *different art style* somehow. "**Mmn...**"

She groaned, and unbeknownst to her, her voice sounded a touch deeper. The girl's brows furrowed, her face directly responding to shifting, *maturing* features. There was no doubt about it. If you looked at her face, you could tell that she was clearly getting *older*. Perhaps not *significantly* so, but fuller lips paired well with her eyes to make it seem like her age might have been closer to *eighteen* than fourteen. Until eventually?

It finally happened. A change was offered to her that *finally* registered. "**Hm?**" In the form of a strand of hair. Well, *several* strands of hair. Her bangs had fallen down to obscure the very top of her vision. That in itself was notable, because her 90s hairstyle was always fashioned to keep her bangs as far away from her eyeballs as possible. But there was more. "**Wh-What's wrong with my hair!?**" It was a light purple color? On second thought, now that she had actually shouted something? She could hear it in her voice too. She sounded like a different person!

She sounded like... that *BB* person.

"**Didn't... Didn't she have purple hair, too?**" It had only been about five minutes ago so of *course* she remembered that much. But she was also pretty sure BB's purple hadn't been quite *as* washed out as hers was in terms of color. Reaching back, she pulled one of her twintails forward to get a better look. Not only was it *definitely* a pale purple now, but her hair was *shorter* too. One of her twintails probably only reached the bottom of her back now, as opposed to her feet. "**H-How can this be happening!?! Was it that beam? Is it turning me into BB...?**"

That was a problem, right? She had *said* it like it was a problem, but once Usagi reflected on what she said? She began to have *doubts*. It didn't take long for a mischievous smirk to play upon her lips. "**Ahaha~!**" She giggled a menacing giggle. "**H-Huh!?! Why am I laughing!?! I don't... want this to happen... right?**" BB seemed like she was strong, right? Wouldn't it be nice to be really strong? She could protect the things that were most precious to her. *She could protect Chibiusa*. Even though she was supposed to pretend to be her 'enemy' as part of the role BB gave to her.

Usagi's resemblance to BB was *already* uncanny. She was the same height, had the same face and hairstyle, and even had a similar hair color. But in terms of build, there were still a few prominent places where stark differences could be observed. A *pleasant* pressure began to gather in her body, beneath the surface of her skin, in these key areas in particular. Namely beneath her small breasts and tiny butt.

Her Sailor Moon costume upheld its ability to conform to its wearer's body shape. "**Oh!?**" It was a feature that was tested to what felt like the extreme thanks to the bouncing sensation upon her chest. Well, it was more like it was her chest *itself* that was doing the bouncing. Her small bosom rose so that each breast had a much fatter form comparatively, small mounds exploding into *G-cup* orbs in just a few seconds. Her uniform lacked a bra, so the costume could only jiggle and bounce along with the new mass. It fit her quite comically.

The girl didn't feel alarmed nor unsettled by this. It felt *nice*, in fact. She was becoming *sexy*, and a switch had been flipped in her mind to register 'sexiness' and 'power' as interchangeable concepts. Her ego had been infected, the corruption that was BB's personality slowly seizing it until it had her personality within its grasp *completely*. But not before seeing to it that her ass would find new bloat, cheeks straining against her underwear and skirt. "**MMMN...**" Providing her a rather sensual wedgie that she was forced to pick with long, slender fingers herself even *after* her underwear had changed.

Something compelled her to take a skipping step right after, and the weight of her thighs jiggled along with her ass and tits as she did so. It seemed to prompt two final changes to her girthier form. Not affecting her *body* this time, but instead discarding her Sailor Moon uniform once and for all. It was replaced instead with a white, one piece swimsuit that looked like a leotard, shrouded in a black cape with a red underside – sharp nails sticking out from it. A big, red ribbon was tied around her neck, a bow found her hair that now hung loosely behind her, and white gloves covered lengthened digits.

She hummed to herself. “**Hmhmhm~ I like the look of this better, buuuuuut~!**” The *final* change was actually one she initiated herself. All it took was a snap of the Servant’s fingers to see her porcelain skin began to *darken*. It didn’t do so with melanin, but instead a copper tan that could only have been blessed by a tanning booth was enforced upon her. The lines matched up with the swimsuit she was now wearing, meaning that if she was to strip? Everything that was covered would be just as pale as she had been before.

“**Hm... The other me was right. I do have all the context now. Perhaps a little too much context! I can’t imagine she was expecting me to recall that she hailed from another world, or that my cute,**



little Chibiusa was actually someone else from that world. Hmm...” The tanned, swimsuit-clad *BB* rested her chin on a bunched up fist playfully. She could definitely recall *being* Usagi, but when it came to acting on that? She didn’t really care! She felt *way* better in this new form of hers.

Could she really go by ‘BB’, though? It would be a little confusing if she ever bumped into her ‘other self’ somewhere. “**What if I just go with BB-Usagi~? A union of the past and the present! Works for me! Plus, I’m sure it’ll get a rise out of Chibiusa if I introduce myself that way. Hehehehe!**” If BB had wanted her to play the villain at the end of Chibiusa’s story, then she would be happy to oblige!

“**Hah... Hah... Hah...!**” Ritsuka Fujimaru awoke with a start, panting as the shock wore off of her body. It took her a moment to realize it, though. “**Wait. This is my room? I’m not trapped in the show anymore? I’m... me!?**” The last she could recall? BB had appeared in front of her, claiming to *actually* be Usagi. It had been a confusing deviation from the plot that had allowed her to wrestle some control from her role at the time. She had managed to defeat BB-Usagi in the end, and was rewarded with... being returned to normal?

The Master had *naturally* been about to celebrate her own return when a voice from the shadows brought shivers to run down her spine. “**Hm?**

You may be back in your world, but I really don't think that this form suits you anymore, does it?” It was BB's voice, and her body stepped out from the shadows. No, it *wasn't* BB. It was the same woman she had just fought. BB-Usagi? She had managed to come into the real world too!?

“Wait, don't—!?” Too little, too late. Ritsuka didn't even have time to see the message from the real BB asking her to meet her in the Command Room. BB-Usagi shot a beam of pink light from the tip of her wand, and the moment it struck Ritsuka she began to shrink once more. Before long she was rendered nothing more than an eight year old girl. Chibiusa's spitting image, but this time her clothes nor memories had changed. **“N-No! Change my back!”**

“Hehe! Why would I change my precious Chibiusa back~?”

Was she going to be stuck like this *forever*?