

DISNEY+++

COMMISSION STORY

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In terms of Moon Cell Holy Grail Wars, this one had been above the bar when it came to uncanniness. In round one of all things, Hakuno and his Servant, Tamamo-no-Mae, had found themselves up against Alice and her Caster, Nursery Rhyme. From Hakuno's point of view, everything that had happened since he'd awoken on day 1 had just been *bizarre*.

Had he fought in this war before? Had he fought alongside this specific Caster before? Everything had just clicked right out of the gate, like he had memories of another world, another *timeline*. But it was all so vague, and with its absence of detail it tortured him. Something that didn't go unnoticed by either his own Servant or those others that wandered around the hallways of the school between battles.

Admittedly, however, these troubles weren't in the forefront of his mind as he barreled through the labyrinth created by Nursery Rhyme's Noble Phantasm, his own Caster at his side. **"Goshujin-sama! Do not stray so far from me in here. If we get separated than I will not be able to protect you!"** He knew she had a point, but they were being chased by something through this distorted, cartoonish space created by their opponent. Trapped within a Reality Marble that couldn't easily be escaped, chased by a Jabberwock that couldn't properly be defeated, the pair couldn't help but feel like they had become outmatched here.

"Caster!?" Despite her warnings, however, Hakuno had taken his eyes off of Tamamo and in the brief moment he'd done so, she had escaped from both his field of vision and the sound of his voice. No, that was impossible. If anything, Nursery Rhyme had taken advantage of that brief moment to separate them with force, hadn't she? **"Dammit!"**

Nursery Rhyme, stop it!” What else was he to do? He could continue to run, but if the Jabberwock caught him then it would be meaningless. He’d die *again*. He didn’t even understand how he’d died originally in another timeline, he’d merely known that it had happened.

WHY ARE YOU SO ANGRY, ONII-CHAN? WHY DON’T YOU JUST *LET IT GO*?

A girl’s voice. Did it belong to Nursery Rhyme or did it belong to Alice? Hakuno couldn’t be sure, but the moment she’d posed her question the boy had been blasted with a wall of frozen wind and snow, completely skewering the labyrinth around him as his run was impeded by the sensation of deep, accumulated fluff all around his feet. It was biting and strange, but it made the most sense to cut off his movements.

Although that wasn’t the intention from Nursery Rhyme’s point of view. In fact, she didn’t intend on killing neither the boy nor her Servant. You see, in the first few days since her summoning, the Servant and her Master had spent their time binging records of Disney movies and, well... that ‘*let it go*’ comment had *not* been just a little coincidence.

The scenery changed again, and suddenly Hakuno was standing inside of what looked like a castle. It felt somehow nostalgic, and it was very warm. Was Nursery Rhyme just toying with him now? But... why did it feel like he had been here before? Like he associated a lot of feelings, good and bad, with this place?

“Caster!?” He put aside these conflicting feelings, at least for the time being. Making sure his Servant was safe was possibly more important to Hakuno than his own life – something about him that made the boy exceptional even among his fellow Masters. His voice echoed throughout the castle lobby interior, and yet there was no answer. Was this space unoccupied? Well, other than Caster, he didn’t want to bump into anything even if it wasn’t. Everything within this Reality Marble would likely try to kill him.

Or so it *should* have been. No harm would actually come to him, at least not now.

Instead, there was something uncanny nipping at the young man. Even though the inside of this place was warm, the cold that had bit at him during his brief, mountain getaway still felt overly prevalent, like it was lingering. The warmth of this place was not enough, or perhaps he had yet to properly adjust? Regardless, most who were ‘*just a little cold*’ didn’t begin to gain strands of silver-blond hair upon their head.

At first it had only been a few, but before long that few had turned into many. His head of typically brown hair lit up with brown and silver, interwoven seemingly at random while, with time, the lighter coloration seemed to gradually overwhelm the dark. At times, the length of Hakuno's hair seemed uneven, strands tumbling down past his neck with vigor while there was a delay for the others to catch up to them. These lighter strands ended up interwoven on their own, ultimately forming a braid in the back while his bangs were swept backwards, showing off all of Hakuno's facial features.

Display his face almost felt necessary somehow, for whatever had seen his hair shift to this longer, brighter hairstyle seemed intent on delicately handling his facial features next. It was done softly, at such a pace that one would have to pay attention to notice that it was even happening, but his face? It was *softening*. Not simply in what you might assume to be a conventional manner either, because there was just something about the process that made Hakuno's face – and head as a whole – seem far *rounder* than it should have been. Was it a trick of the light?

If it were merely an issue of softness or roundness then perhaps it wouldn't have been much of an issue at all, but instead there appeared to be far more at stake than one might expect. A widening of Hakuno's eyes, for example – not from shock, but a natural widening that saw his optics into a state that wasn't merely more feminine, but likewise more traditionally Caucasian by design. Even the color changed, browns brightening to blues while the designs of his eyes seemed all the more bulbous somehow. Between that and the roundness of his head, he might have looked out of place in the Moon Cell.

He looked more like a CG movie character.

It didn't stop there, and his facial features were cast, overall, in a much more feminine glow. An almost exceptionally tiny and round nose was the headliner, but there was also the matter of his lips. They were plump, but almost seemed intentionally crafted to not be overtly attractive for some reason (*not that this would stop any fan artists*).

Hakuno shook his head, a wave of dizziness striking him suddenly. “**Oh my, where did that come from...? Hm...?**” He had to give pause to the sound of his own voice, however. The pitch and tone sounded like a woman's, but that was only half of the issue. Why was he speaking in such a stiff way? It was too proper, like he was pretending to be royalty or something of that sort. “**Oh dear. What's happening to me?**”

Strange and unnoticed, even if he wanted to swear now, he couldn't even think of a curse word.

He might have wanted to swear, too, for a sudden pain in Hakuno's groin provoked an uncomfortable “*URK!?*” from his now feminine lips. Had he just been kicked in the—kicked in the *what?* Why couldn't he think of the word that described what should have hung between his legs? Or, well, *her* legs now. Whatever that word was, it was now the complete opposite, feminine version; and now that the inevitable had begun, the rest of her masculine form began to crumble with haste.

Hakuno's figure? It diminished with consistency, both bringing down her height and bringing in her shoulders in a way that gave her body an almost unnatural appearance. Her head, as a result, looked far too big for her body – and its roundness stood out even more. It knocked the woman off balance, and she stumbled, catching herself with her hand on the castle wall. But escaping her notice? From where her fingers had contacted the elaborately decorated stone, *ice had begun to spread.*

The curves of her body? They were strange. Her shoulders seemed too narrow somehow, and on the contrary? Her hips appeared too *wide.* The result was a situation where her men's uniform was dangling off of her like a tent, threatening to slide off of her like a stick even at the neck, where it dangled from a single shoulder. Even if the shirt and coat had managed to slide down though, they still would have gotten caught on her wide hips despite her obscenely narrow waistline. It was her rear end that contributed to this prevention, for it bulged with a cartoonish roundness that could quite literally be described as a 'bubble'.

All that really left was Hakuno's breasts – or her lack thereof. Even though they would sprout, there was no unnecessarily lewd aspect to it. Her nipples did not grow erect, and they didn't even poke out from beneath her top. They were merely subtle, smooth arches upon her chest, shielded by her clothing.

So much had happened that the once boy, now completely woman, felt lost. Not only was she female now, but was she not a little older? Her memories extended back farther than they had, which then again, wasn't that hard to do since Hakuno was an amnesiac. She felt as if she had a full twenty-one years of recollections. Some happy, many sad.

Shaking her head, eventually her eyes fell on her fingers and the wall. And she noticed *it.* “**Oh no! Not here! I thought I'd learned how to control it!**” The spreading ice took her by surprise, and she withdrew her hand. Had she always had powers? They felt like something a Servant should have... what was a Servant, though?

Maybe Anna could help her dear sister, *Elsa*, figure things out?

Elsewhere, not only was Tamamo distraught to find she had been separated from her Master, but she was confused by the shape of the labyrinth. Her time within had been brief, and yet everything about it had been unconventionally surreal thus far. But now? The wind that bit her cheeks was cold, and her surroundings opened up into a rustic looking village that, unbeknownst to her, was the perfect replication of a small fishing village from a certain Disney movie.

“First goshujin-sama disappears and now I’m stuck in who knows where!? MY DEAREST GOSHUJIN-SAMAAAA!? **WHERE ARE YOOOOOU!?”** The only thing that yelled back at her in the end was her own echo, which was furthered as the blowing snow cleared to reveal a sparkling bay and vast mountains all around the village. Forget being in a Reality Marble anymore – this felt *far* too authentic.

**ISN’T IT A HOMELY PLACE? YOU AND YOUR SISTER
WILL BE SPENDING A LONG, HAPPY LIFE IN
ARENDELLE TOGETHER! WE’RE SO GLAD FOR YOU!**

“Hah!?” Arendelle? Was she supposed to know where that was? And what was that about a sister? She didn’t have a sister! She didn’t have a... *Well, there was Elsa, wasn’t there? How could she forget about-* **“WHO!?”** Where had that thought come from? What was an ‘Elsa’? Was this Reality Marble affecting her more fundamentally than she had first assumed? If so, she had to find her *sister*—HER MASTER, and *fast!*

But where could she even go? Towering over the tiny houses of the chilly seaside town was a castle. If Hakuno was here, then he would likely set out for a place like that in hopes of meeting someone, right? Luckily, it looked like it was only a few minutes away by foot, too; faster if she made use of her Servant speed Parameter. **“Why... am I going so slow?”** Except, she couldn’t seem to move faster than a normal human girl might. She couldn’t even sense her own mana anymore. **“CASTER, WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME!?”** No answer from Nursery Rhyme, of course.

All Tamamo could do was push forward at the pace she was allowed, but the weakness came with some additional side effects. The cold of the air? It felt more intense somehow, and each step of her legs felt more exhausting. This was because her Servant-born benefits were fading away, leaving her both a living woman and one without any kind of supernatural abilities to boot. It was ultimately the worst-case scenario for Tamamo, but in exchange Hakuno had gained powers of their own.

As if to signify that mundane mortality was being forced upon her, those traits that made the fox look more than human slowly dwindled into obscurity. Her big, bushy tail? Numbed by the cold, it had gone unnoticed as its length was reabsorbed into her body until it looked like little more than a brown bush sticking out above her ass, before disappearing entirely. And her vulpine ears? Smaller and smaller they became, until her head was completely bare – replaced only by the rounded, fleshy cartilage of human ears on the sides of her head.

Like adding insult to injury, the shining gold of her eyes came to be replaced by a bright, but more mundane blue. But this is where her transformation had begun to resemble her Master's, for the shapes of these eyes grew wide, round, and exceptionally bulbous while her head following after.

The very same, stylistically different reappropriation of her skull and facial features bled in, stripping her not only of her Japanese descent but of her anime-like appearance. Her destiny was, like her Master's, to become 3DCG – button nose and all. On the whole, though? Her face became much plainer than even *her sister's* – than her *MASTER's*. The plethora of freckles that emerged certainly didn't help with that impression though.

“Something is wrong here. Something is very wrong here. Why can't I mikon? ...What does that even mean!? I'm thinking some crazy things right now! Is this happening to the others, too? Kristoph? Elsa? I should find them...” But wait, who even were *those* people? Saying their names made her feel surprisingly bubbly and warm, but she couldn't put faces to those names! Well, Elsa was her Master... No, her sister? She wasn't like, Elsa's maid or anything? Why would she call her Master? **“...This is so very weird.”**

The cold wind teased her hair as she passed a frozen fountain in the castle's courtyard, yet the vibrancy of this hair's shade came undone as her twin tails unraveled and all of the hair fell down her back. It was like the pink was slowly being mixed with brunette, brightness disappearing until only a smooth and well-kept chocolate color remained, styled into a pair of braided pigtails. It was a somewhat childish hairstyle, but it also matched her relatively immature and cartoonish face better.

First, Disney had come for Tamamo's fox features. Then, Disney had come for Tamamo's face and hair. But now? Disney would come for her *curves*. Breasts and ass alike became less shapely, the front and back of her kimono emptying out until she couldn't be much bigger than a washboard. Had her old personality persisted, she absolutely would have been upset by this, but now? Chilly fingers reached to grab her clothes so that they wouldn't fall from her slandering frame. **“What**

was I thinking when I put this on this morning!? Elsa is going to think I was playing a prank!” Admittedly, Anna couldn’t even remember putting these on, let alone them belonging in her wardrobe. She would never, in a million years, wear something this indecent!

But all she could do was press on, and with her light weight pushed up against the CG castle door, she pushed her way in, only to breathe a comfortable sigh of relief as the building’s heat melted away her discomfort, from her fingers to the tips of her human ears. She smiled to find Elsa waiting in the lobby for some reason, but she was a little confused. **“What are you wearing? Is that something the queen of Arendelle should be dressed in?”** Mimicking their deceased mother, Anna wagged her finger.

At the very least, it earned a laugh from Elsa. **“And what about you, Anna? I wasn’t aware your relationship with Kristoph was quite... there, yet.”** Parental guidance prevented her from even thinking to elaborate on *that* point. Watching her sister blush shyly, she smirked. But were they both in this same situation? How had it come about? **“Do you think there’s a magic at work here? I’m guessing you didn’t decide to put that on with this weather.”**

Anna? She just shrugged. It clearly wasn’t weighing much on her mind as she passed Elsa, heading towards the stairs to climb up to where their rooms were. **“Hey, if you ask me... You could have gotten changed before I got here.”** Okay, *that* point was valid enough.

There was something the pair of them weren’t bringing up, however. A lingering uncertainty about the state of reality itself. It almost felt as if they were forgetting something important, but their fingers couldn’t quite land on just what it was. For Anna, she was confused about her own feelings. Had she ever felt so much love for people before? Why did she feel so strangely powerless? She had never possessed any abilities like her sister. And for Elsa? She was confused about her powers. Why did they feel so new, even though they’d been such a big part of her life?

“And then they lived happily ever after, just like in the movie!” The Caster-class Servant, Nursery Rhyme, turned off the CRT television she had been watching a DVD on with her Master, Alice. Both children had used the story of *Frozen* as fodder for the Servant’s Noble Phantasm, and they had effectively trapped their opponents in the storybook world of the movie. The war? It was still young, however, and Alice piped up with a new idea.

“Who should we trap in Rapunzel!?”