

YOU ARE THE ONE...

SAILOR MOON!

COMMISSION STORY

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You weren't particularly excited for this leg of the shopping trip.

It wasn't like you didn't *like* shopping, at least when you had the money to do so. Heading out to different stores and seeing what they had to offer was *fun*, and you had jumped at the idea when your friend had put that offer on the table. You hadn't really had anything else to do that afternoon anyways, and with everything going on in the world it would have been a nice change of pace and would go a long way when it came to posing an efficient distraction. **“Hey bro, what about this antique shop?”**

“Antiques...?” You replied with a bit of hesitation in your voice. Putting aside the fact that his habit of calling you ‘bro’ was a little bit grating sometimes, you were surprised that he suggested an *antique shop* of all things. It wasn't your usual stomping ground. Usually when he invited you out to go shopping, you'd hit up the video game store, anime store, Walmart, and so on. Things that aligned with your shared hobbies. But that reminded you of something he'd mentioned recently. **“Oh, right. You've gotten *really* into those antiquing shows lately. Thinking you'll make a big find?”**

You were pretty sure those shows weren't exactly realistic in the first place, or at least the deals they showed weren't plausible for your average joe. He wasn't going to find a priceless family heirloom for cheap and then flip it at another store for a huge profit. **“Yeah! Come on!”** He'd already run off before you could even think to tell him that I

wasn't interested, leaving you to follow at your own pace with your hands in your pockets.

“This isn't the type of situation you'd ever see an anime protagonist end up in.” You mused to yourself as you stepped into the shop. A shop that, by your own admission, was a little more impressive than you had been expecting. It wasn't unlike those antique shops you saw in those shows that my friend was obsessed with, and in fact you had to admit that it was probably *bigger* than a lot of those shops.

There were aisles after aisles of wares, some separated by shelves that completely blocked off the aisle beside them. Because of that, you couldn't tell where *exactly* your friend had gone, but you could more or less intuit his general direction. It sounded like he was chatting up the employee, no doubt doing his best to try and get a deal on something he thought was valuable. You could only assume they got all *kinds* of people trying to replicate what they saw on television however, so all you could think was 'good luck to him'.

Since it didn't sound like he was going to be done anytime soon, you glanced at antiques of interest as you walked past the shelves. Eventually, you stopped at something you thought was pretty funny. **“Is this a monkey's paw?”** Like one of those wish-granting devices that always misinterpreted the wishes? You couldn't help but laugh as you picked the object up. Not only did it *look* creepy as hell, being a severed hand and all, but the fur felt very *real*. And it all felt oddly *warm*.

Of course, there was no way that it was *real*. It was probably just a piece of junk that someone had brought in for a little bit of money. You were still amused by the prospect though, and in thinking of a joking wish to make, you thought back to what you had said when you had first walked in. **“I wish my life was more like an anime! ...As if.”** There was no way life could be that fun. And yet? One of the paw's fingers curled and then the hand fell with a thud to the floor.

Because you were no longer there to hold it.

It took you a moment to reorient yourself. You were suddenly standing in a *bedroom*? But it was odd. Why did everything look so *flat*, and *hand drawn*? The colors were so vibrant, like you were standing in an anime panel. But when you raised an arm with confusion? You realized that you, too, had become just as 2D as your surroundings. **“W-Wait... The monkey paw didn't work, did it?”** You were right to be concerned. You clearly weren't in the antique store any longer.

And despite everything being 2D, you didn't really *recognize* where you were. It was a small bedroom that looked like it belonged to a girl. No, seeing the spare uniform hanging on the back of the door narrowed that down to a *Japanese schoolgirl*, and you were pretty sure you'd seen that seifuku before. The style of everything looked very *90s*, and that helped narrow it down. "**Sailor Moon...?**" *That* was the first anime that came to your mind.

Years had passed since you'd last watched it, and you'd mostly seen snippets of it as a child. But that was undoubtedly the school uniform of Usagi Tsukino, the main character. "**Did it misinterpret my wish to put me into an anime? But...**" Why *Sailor Moon*? You were an adult man from the 2020s, you did *not* fit in that setting at all. And while you had clearly become 2D to fit into the setting, you also didn't really fit into the setting at all simultaneously.

At least for the moment.

Regardless of the how or the why – even though the answer to “why?” was clearly the monkey paw – you had to show just as much concern towards the fact that you were in a stranger's bedroom. Whether or not it belonged to a character you knew of, that character was Japanese and a girl that was in her mid-teens. If someone walked in, like Usagi herself, there would no doubt be a panic finding an older man standing there. No amount of explanation would be able to help you there, especially when you didn't know what was going on in the first place.

Perhaps *fortunately* for you, no one would arrive. And there would only be the room's rightful owner standing in there before long. The issue was that you wouldn't *technically* be removed in the process. As for how this could possibly be, well, there were certainly warning signs. The issue was that they went unnoticed until it was too late. It didn't occur to you, for example, that your clothing felt a little *baggier*.

The reasoning behind that was unbelievable, but your expectations for what *was* believable or not had already more or less gone out the window. You couldn't believe you'd ended up in an anime just as you would probably struggle to believe the idea that you were becoming thinner. Whether you had a plethora of excess weight, or a little, or none at all, you weren't free from this. Your stomach would flatten with reckless abandon, without a single inch of your skin left loose or plagued by stretch marks.

“What should I do? What if someone's home when I try to leave?” Your anxieties about your location took precedent as you attempting to work your way through a potential plan. It distracted you from the fact that, once you were thinner, your waistline pinched in at

the sides, which made your hips appear slightly wider by comparison. It would have taken something much more obvious for you to catch on.

And as it just so happened.... “**Huh!?**” You’d been *doing* your best to avoid making too much noise so that no one else in the house would hear you and come running, but something had happened so suddenly that you hadn’t been able to stifle your cry before it escaped your lips. It was no wonder, because your brain registered the issue as something akin to *falling*, as if the floor had opened up beneath you.

The only thing that proved to the contrary was the fact that your feet were still planted firmly on the ground, and the swell of your clothes *as* you fell – which was yet another misinterpretation of your situation from a brain that couldn’t keep up with everything ‘impossible’ that was taking place. Your lower wear ended up *slipping off*, underwear and all by the time things had settled, but your top ended up reaching past your thighs so that there was no danger of anything *unwanted* showing. But all this really proved was that— “**I shrunk!?**”

That was the only conclusion you could draw. You couldn’t have been taller than 4’11” at the end. No, what was perhaps more concerning was that you seemed to *know* that you were 4’11” on the dot. It was a height that was definitely *abnormal* for a man, at least one of your age, but that was only until a completely different, but related realization dawned upon you without even checking.

“**Wait! Am I younger, too!?**” In part you had realized this because you had put two and two together after considering what someone of your height must have looked like. You *were* correct, as a youthful sheen had done everything to your face from rounding it, to erasing any stubble, to seeing your more anime-styled features swell and round to take up more of your smaller face. But your voice indicated something *else*. It sounded like the voice of a *girl*, and one whose voice was quite shrill.

You didn’t *want* to think about what that implied despite your powerlessness to do anything about it. But once again, your face told the true story. Your brightened eyes gradually turned blue as your lashes lengthened in slight, as your nose shrunk and your lips turned upright slightly. You were *clearly* a *girl*, one that couldn’t be any older than *fifteen*. No, you knew for a fact that you were a fifteen-year-old girl.

And since you were in an anime, you were undoubtedly now *Japanese* to boot.

“**Eep!?**” Even the squeak of surprise that slipped past your lips sounded like a girl... but it had that excessive overdramatic sound to it that you’d

expect from a character being voiced in the 90s – which made sense, all things considered. You had only squeaked in the first place because something had felt *weird* between your legs, but with everything that had happened thus far you could only assume you were now *officially* female between your legs.

This was true, and it began to show in your shorter figure. Because you were only wearing an oversized shirt, most of this was concealed by that top's bagginess. But that didn't change the reality that your body was swelling in the places you might expect a young lady's body to have weight to them. It was just that, considering your age and height, you probably wouldn't be expecting much. **"I really am a girl..."**

Your lower and upper body swelled at roughly the same time, in fact. When it came to the area around your loins, your skin paled a touch as it was stretched into a pair of thighs that touched together between your hips. There was a *bit* of muscle to them, as there was to your butt that bubbled out behind you to lift the shirt a tad. It explained why your hips had remained wide despite your loss of stature... while your narrowed shoulders made the slight swell to your bosom that pushed your shirt forward appear pronounced, but lacking. Those perky breasts were *B-cups* at best, which were still quite sizable.

Either way, they felt foreign to you. You seemed to recognize your own sizes, just like your age and height, but you didn't have any of the memories of the girl you were becoming. **"Why is this happening!? I must be becoming Usagi, right?"** Well, you *were* in her room, and you *might* have sounded like her? Your memory of the show was too vague to know for sure if that's how Usagi had sounded. You'd yet to be handed a piece of irrefutable proof, but at the very end?

You were given it.

Your hair had remained untouched aside from whatever body hair and pubes you'd had previously lost, but the hair atop your head soon exploded in both color and length. To a blonde that was far more vivid than it could have been in real life, and to a length guided by two long tails that almost reached your ankles from two small buns on the sides of your head. **"Oh... Yup..."** That was *unmistakably* Usagi's hairstyle, so you had no more room for doubt.

Just in time for a wave of rainbow light to wrap across your body. *That* you recognized. **"Am I transforming into Sailor Moon n—!?"** You *wanted* to say more, but something stopped you. It was like the thoughts you had wanted to vocalize had been locked inside your own mind. Whether or not you could comment, when the rainbow light faded your old outfit was gone.

Instead? You were wearing a white leotard with armor around the chest, beneath a red bow and a heart pendant that had technically been the source of the rainbow light in the first place. You were also dressed in a dark blue sailor collar that matched a pleated blue skirt that hung a few inches down across your thighs, while red boots came up to your knees with crescent moons near the tops. Otherwise, your arms were sleeveless but *did* have elbow-length, white gloves with red trim. Circular red shields sat upon your odango buns, and a tiara could be seen beneath your blonde bangs, which had fluffed up and parted in the center to make a small heart.

“Eh? Why did I transform into Sailor Moon? There isn’t a threat, is there!?” As much as you tried to fight it, you couldn’t stop yourself from saying nor doing the things that you were. You *wanted* to question what had happened more *literally*. You didn’t mean to refer to the magical girl outfit you were wearing; you had intended for that question to be broader, referring to how you had become the actual *Sailor Moon* and girl named *Usagi Tsukino*.



But as if you were being forced to play a character, you sounded more concerned about your outfit. You undid the transformation as if it was the most natural thing in the world, returning your attire into the form of... a pair of pink, flannel pajamas? You hadn’t noticed the time, but it *was* early morning. And while you knew deep down that you had to figure out a way to return to ‘normal’?

It was also time for school!

“Oh no! If I don’t hurry up, I’m definitely going to be late!” You stripped down without even bothering to look at your body, because you just *knew* how to get dressed without doing so despite it being the body of a girl. Bra, panties, and then the uniform hanging from the back of your door all went on without any hesitation, and before long you’d skipped into the bathroom to make sure your hair was tied up into its signature style. Doing so *also* felt natural, much to your internal dismay. All the while, you were humming popular 90s Jpop songs that you *hadn’t* known before.

You wanted out. You wanted to stop acting like... *Usagi!* But you couldn't help yourself, and you were worried that if things kept going, you might eventually end up living out the entirety of the anime. **"Thanks for breakfast, mom!"** But externally, none of those worries shone through. You ran downstairs and into the kitchen where you stuffed a piece of toast in your mouth, waved goodbye to your mom, and then ran out the front door with school in mind.

You might as well get used to it. That was your life now!

Fighting evil by moonlight.