

# BUSTER TO QUICK

## DECEMBER REQUEST STORY

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A groan escaped Cloud Strife's lips as he lifted his head, a head that felt ever so heavy, off the comfort of a pillow. The ceiling wasn't one he recognized, nor were the walls. *White*. Everything was white, and held a metallic sheen that he had no familiarity with. **"Where... am I?"** His skull buzzed at even an attempt to recall what had brought him here almost like the memory was off-limits. Sephiroth's return and the supposed end of Geostigma were both recent events but he could imagine they'd bore any consequence on his appearance here.

At the very least his Buster Sword was mounted on the opposite wall, which meant he probably wasn't in any danger. Most captors didn't make a point to provide a weapon to their captives at the end of the day. Throwing legs over the side of the bed Cloud found that he had no injuries. Short of his headache he wasn't in any pain, which meant he could function normally. Before he did that however he would certainly be reclaiming his blade. There wasn't very much space between himself and the opposing wall, so it only took a few strides to close the gap and grab the blade by the hilt.

*That was a mistake.* The moment he had he was hit by two sensations. One he could not see but merely feel: his headache worsening to an almost crippling intensity. And one he could see: blue lightning bolts consuming the Buster Sword holy, some jumping into Cloud's body and stunning him proper. The man stumbled backwards but did not fall, instead left to watch as the electricity faded and the blade left mounted was not the one he recognized at all. It had a curved center with a blade on either side. Nothing about it looked practical, and yet a party of him felt like he could wield it just fine if needed.

**"Am I being screwed around with? Was the Buster Sword even there before?"**  
The pain that wracked his brain having dulled, Cloud inevitably found his words

again and began to mull over the possibilities of the phenomenon he'd just experienced. It was possible that an illusion of his sword had been overlain? A hologram? But could either be as realistic as that just had been? Appearances aside, he knew how the hilt of his blade felt and that had been wholly authentic. Was what he was looking at, now then, an illusion? Was it just to make him think the Buster Sword *wasn't* there?

Cloud steeled himself and reached out again, this time to the hilt of this strange, new blade. He fully anticipated his skull to scream out once more but was likewise ready for it, and gloved fingers soon found themselves around that hilt. But the hilt felt different. Not like his Buster Sword, but it felt familiar all the same, like he was holding something comforting. But comforting or not, that didn't stop the blue electricity from shooting out of the blade again now with complete focus on Cloud.

**"GyaaaAAAAH!"** He reflexively let go of the blade, the feeling of electricity reverberating through his body a little too intense to consider pursuing his theory any longer, but unfortunately that did not stop the energy from charging into his body and making it vibrate from the intensity. The pain in his cranium was only intensified, but suddenly it just stopped. *Internally*, anyways. There had been a trio of what he'd assumed to be ornaments on the table beside his bed, each metallic and gold. Two looked like giant decorative bolts for a machine of some sort, but they grew attracted to his magnetized form and essentially drilled into the sides of his head without any blood. The third? A large spike that he hadn't considered might be a horn into he found it burrowing into the center of her forehead.

In a way this new horn was beneficial. As opposed to the lightning sparking wildly and threatening to scar his flesh, it was completely drawn to the horn. Some stability was provided to how his body reacted though the reverberations didn't cease, and unbeknownst to Cloud himself his eyes had begun to glow the very same blue as the lightning. Almost like how some electronic devices had things light up when they were charging. He was robbed of his ability to speak and even move, mentally stunned by both the shock of being well, *shocked*, as well as the new accessories that were now completely one with his body.

The lightning eventually came to a halt and his body merely stood motionless for a second, almost like he was booting up again while the glow to his eyes faded. **"Wh-at is happ-en-ing to me?"** An attempt to vocalize his confusion saw strange pauses in his words. The headache had gone, but he was having difficulty processing things. Thoughts, emotions, he could hardly put his sentences together right. Any complicated words might as well have been zapped from his brain entirely. And that was without him coming to the realization that the pitch of his voice was substantially higher.

Smoke had been wafting from his body throughout the duration of the electrocution, but it persisted even after that horrid experience came to an end. His whole body felt hot, but he also felt like he had a lot of energy? It was a strange

feeling. Despite not being a man of many words, he almost wanted to keep attempting to babble if only for his own benefit.

The amount of smoke that leaped off Cloud's body was doing a pretty good job of concealing that his physical woes were not yet satisfied. His skin tone was typically a natural tan, although not a significant one, but it had lightened several shades to a porcelain that might have been suited a doll. The mass of his body, too, had been afflicted by aftereffects as the electrical charge saw to better conform his body to a shape that he could make use of it, and as more smoke filled the air, less and less muscle was left to decorate his body.

**"Ah! My special gloves!"** Speech still careful and uncertain, alarm was sounded as the black accessories he wore on his hands slipped completely off his fingertips. He immediately crouched to pick them up, but was stunned when he extended fingers to grab one. He could make out their shape, their size. Since when had his fingers been so small and dainty? His nails so well kept? As he debated this debacle, a memory surfaced. One of an elderly man with a mustache caring for them for him? But Cloud knew no such man.

But he *really* felt like he did. *Moriarty*? Where had that name come from? Yet in exchange for this person he had forgotten someone else. A girl with hair long and raven.

Blue eyes squinted closed as his head ached once more and he forgot all about those gloves, ultimately standing upright again. The smoke in the air was thinning and it didn't seem like much else was coming off his body, but he did blow upward at pink bangs that were obscuring one of his bright, blue eyes. **"Ah? Pi-nk...?"** Mind blanked again, this time at the realization that his hair was pink? It had always been ~~blonde and spiky~~ pink and long and tied into two buns for swimming-- Oh, then there was no problem here. **"No... pro-bo-lem..."** There was something unique about the sound of Cloud's voice now. It sounded like a young girl, but even then it was very unique. It was just bizarre because, despite having thinned out, he didn't look like a young girl at all.

*Yet*, anyways. No sooner than he'd come to a strangely quick acceptance of his new hairdo then did his custom costume begin to feel big and loose around his frame. His height succumbed quite rapidly but he didn't even lose all that much height, and his clothes peeled off with the same pace as legs and arms shortened along with his torso, which seemed to pinch inward with new femininity as his hips bore a wideness that a boy would certainly not typically possess. **"Wha!? Am I fall-ing down?"** It certainly felt like he was in a free fall with how quickly the shrinkage had come on, but in the end he'd only lost a centimeter or two height wise. It was how his form had become so much leaner and slender that pants had fallen and vest slid down an extremely narrow shoulder.

Cloud had resolved to accept the fact that he could not keep the pink hair from obscuring his right eye, so it was the left that stared down at himself with palms

pointed skyward. **"I look kind...of... like a girl..."** Simple words still found strange pauses between them. He wasn't wrong though. His body small and thin, the curves of his stomach and hips surely made him look more girl than boy. **"Clothes do not fit."** Concern about his attire saw another spark of blue electricity run across Cloud's form, the clothes he was wearing as well as the ones at his feet suddenly bursting into strips of cloth that floated around his naked body, blacks quickly dyed white. The boy was very quickly enamored by this, deeming it magic as they floated around him like stars orbiting a planet.

Naked at this point, the androgynous nature of his body was on full display. If not for the tiny dick that was nestled between a pair of thighs that seemed a little too pronounced one could have easily mistaken him for a maiden, particularly as the flesh of his chest bubbled into a pair of budding breasts. A-cups at best, but they were quite clearly born of a girl's anatomy. A similar plumpness found itself nestled in his rear as cheeks were emphasized, and before long that dick was nestled within a chasm that could only be a woman's biology.

With nothing left of the boy named Cloud, the strips of white cloth floating around the confused *girl* came to converge on her body. They wrapped like bandages around her chest and waist, likewise bandaging her right arm as a pure white sleeve was formed on the left. Some hardened into a blue hair clip that made sure more of her pink hairdo remained out of her left eye, and all in all she looked beach ready.

Who was she? For a moment she'd lost her identity. Cloud? Like a cloud in the sky? No... She was fundamentally a monster. A beast born from body parts and given live via electricity. Created by Dr. Frankenstein, she was his monster. Or just Fran for short!

The maiden was left blinking as the remaining memories of her past life were filtered out. **"Why am I... in my ro-om?"** Had she come back to fetch something? Wasn't Moriarty taking her to a beach Singularity today to practice her swimming some more? **"Ah... sword..."** Glancing at the wall she remembered. She'd forgotten her sword! Being a Saber was more exhausting than being a Berserker in ways, but she liked how she could be far more expressive. She just liked to practice talking and saying how she truly felt.

Which surely wasn't a trait of her old self at all.

Not that Fran would ever remember that.