

MARKET BABE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Rescuing Tifa was of the highest priority. Cloud didn't like it, but it was what had to be done. The reason he didn't like it, though? Sneaking him into meet with Don Corneo was an ordeal with only one real solution, and he really didn't like his prospects. After all, he had to disguise himself as a woman.

For the meantime he had been able to set all of this aside. Aerith was in the care of Madam M so that her appearance would be presentable enough to get her into Corneo's next audition, and he had been left to do some degree of busy work in the meantime. The ex-Soldier needed to build his renown in the city to gain an audience with Andrea Rhodea, but he was desperately looking for a way to avoid having to dress up as the opposing sex.

He didn't even want to fathom trying to move around in a dress.

The most recent and final job Cloud had taken up was yet another delivery for the pharmacy, his destination yet another hidden alleyway in Wall Market. He was getting understandably tired playing fetch quest jockey when his childhood friend was in the custody of a man as gross as Don Corneo, and yet it was better than idling around while waiting for Aerith to finish. The last thing he needed was more time alone with his thoughts.

With the delivery finished, he wordlessly began to move back towards the main street, stopping only when something shimmered beneath the dimly lit alley lights. "**Who left this here?**" Cloud wasn't the sort to monologue, but it had been surprising to find what he had. A beautiful looking corsage fashioned with a rare, blue rose. It was questionable

enough as is while it sat on an old barrel, but the note resting beside it that read '*GET RID OF IMMEDIATELY*' certainly took the sketchiness level up to an eleven or twelve.

Warning aside, he picked it up with the intention of just throwing it out in the street side garbage. Only to find himself hooking it around his right wrist. "**Well, at the very least I'm sure Aerith could use it.**" Or so he lied to himself. Subconsciously he'd seen it as a potential accessory to wear if he had to dress up like a woman at a later time, but he was so insecure that he couldn't be bothered to admit that to himself.

Cloud didn't have any reason to believe that the warning might have been for a greater reason than someone wanting to discard a used corsage, or maybe someone had been allergic to the flower? He really just didn't even bother thinking to entertain that there might be serious consequences for taking it with him. *If only he knew he was in a transformation story.*

As he worked his way towards the main street of Wall Market once more, the young man hardly noticed the fact that he was subconsciously playing with the flower in his grasp. No, it wasn't playing. His fingers were gradually working the flower towards his right wrist, where the accessory was clipped around it with the blue band beneath the flower. It took the clicking of the corsage locking into place for him to finally stop and look down.

"**Huh? When did I...?**" Or rather, *why* would he? Cloud held his right hand out, observing the flower attached to his wrist with confusion. It really *was* an attractive plant, although this wasn't the time nor the place to be marveling at it. Removal came first. There was no way Aerith wouldn't make fun of him if she saw him sporting a blue rose.

The fingers of his left hand slid beneath the band that clipped the accessory onto his right wrist. A tug should have been all it took to remove it, and yet even put a relative degree of his strength behind the motion yielded little to no results. In fact, it almost felt as if it had been clipped on even tighter than it had been moments before.

Sliding an index finger out from beneath the strap because it had simply become far *too* tight, the ex-SOLDIER was left to marvel at his own fingertip with confusion for a little longer than a brief moment. After all, something about it struck him as *off*. Was it the length of his fingernail? Its natural sheen? Both appeared to be relevant, but the more he stared the more certain he became that there was a widespread issue here. It wasn't just one finger that looked strange; it was *all* of them.

Cloud shook his head from side to side. “**I must be tired. There’s no way that’s possible...**” Although even after shaking his head to try and clear it, he couldn’t deny that the strangeness of their appearance had yet to subside. In fact, his fingernails appeared to be even longer than before, jutting out a full inch beyond each tip of fingers that, themselves, looked even smaller by contrast.

Their smallness was an impression that had trended inward towards his hands as well. He didn’t feel like their strength had really diminished any, but at the same time the palm itself appeared both smaller in size and smoother to the touch. Still calloused, but not as much as they should have been considering his long tenure as a SOLDIER before taking up mercenary work in its stead. And he only knew this because without the sizing to keep them fit, his gloves had slid straight from his fingers.

All in all, hands appeared exceedingly *feminine*.

‘Should I get help? Who could I even go to about something like this?’ None of his Wall Market allies would be of any use here, and in the first place he didn’t have any reason to trust that this wasn’t somehow their doing. Aerith? She might be his best bet with Tifa still trapped, but dammit! He didn’t have time for whatever *this* was!

The corsage tightened further, although this time it was for the very glaring reason that it *needed* to. Cloud’s wrists had thinned, and it seemed like whatever phenomenon was plaguing him, it saw it fit to chip away at his body’s size piece by piece. Thus far much of its effect had been focused on his hands, but at the very same time his feet were being wracked similarly.

Every portion of Cloud’s attire had been properly fitted for a young man of his size. Was he a little smaller or a little bigger, the entire ensemble would begin to fall apart on its own much like as his gloves had demonstrated? So, it was of no surprise from a technical standpoint that the fit of his boots had loosened, not because they had grown large, but because the feet inside had become smaller. His toes had crunched into more petite shapes, nails roughly half an inch longer in general while the back of his heels seemed ever more arched. They remained worn from his journey, but once again not as worn as they probably should have.

Cloud could feel his muscles pulsating and in a way that feeling was borderline pleasurable. Ample as his strength was, it was strange to observe their shapes swell and ripple as they convulsed, but it only took a moment of observation to reveal that this was nothing to celebrate. Each area that twitched was moderately reduced in sized, arms and legs

deflating in size as raw power was eroded from Cloud's very form. A man of as few words as always, the most he did to communicate his shock was allow a worried gasp to pass his lips. On the whole he didn't lose all of his muscle mass, but the integrity of his strength had certainly taken a huge hit.

This wasn't without *any* benefit though, and somehow, he felt even more agile than he did normally – and Cloud was most certainly excessively light and quick despite his size in the first place.

Loss of muscle mass hadn't affected his top too substantially. It was sleeveless after all, though because his pecs and abs had suffered just as his arms and legs did, there was a slight bagginess to his shirt. The pauldron on his left shoulder hung slightly off center, not falling from his person until it had finally been given a reason to. That reason? An inward collapse of his broad shoulders. It added to his woes about a more compact frame, shrinking the upper width of his torso while shoulders were rounded out considerably. This led to a more sizable malfunction of attire since his suspender straps were fit for broad shoulder. One ended up sliding down his arm as a result.

Pants had grown quite baggy as well. This was to be expected, what with an absence of bulging muscle to keep them filled in the interim, but a more slender build in general had come to contribute to how they didn't quite seem to rest against his body properly. For a brief moment the single suspender strap that hung from his shoulder was the only thing keeping the pants up in the first place, at least until he felt the waistline tighten around him.

Wait. Had the pants *actually* tightened? Cloud's *body* had been changing, not his *outfit*. Which meant there must have been a different explanation. And there certainly *was*. The waistline of the pants certainly *was* tighter now, but the pants themselves *had* remained unchanged. It was his hips. They'd swollen gratuitously, pushing the sides of his legs out wildly while bending the posture of his knees in. Wider hips provided ledging for the pants to cling to, while what occurred in the surrounding areas alleviated any chance of them falling off.

“This is just great.” Sarcasm, and sarcasm delivered in an unfamiliar woman's voice at that. He had taken notice of everything happening down south, from the spread of his hips to all of the bloating that was beginning to formulate nearby. Such as the padding of his rear, which was swelling with definition while pushing the back of the pants out and producing the shape of a fine bubble butt despite the existence of firm muscle that still rested beneath the fat.

Cloud's thighs followed after, swelling to take away the chiseled look his remaining muscles defined, retaining that strength while curving their shapes into pudgier, rounder, more effeminate forms. This brought about problems of their own because his thighs largely bulged inwards, filling the gap created by widened hips and pressing in against his cock and balls. Although that discomfort was quick to wane due to one particular fact: that which hung between his legs was shrinking.

It only took a moment or two, but everything folded up inside of Cloud's body until *she* had naught but a woman's *pussy*, crotch above completely shaved for convenience's sake. There was no way such an experience *wouldn't* be pleasurable, and her thick thighs had rubbed against one another with need in response to the ephemeral feelings that boiled up from down below, fingers grabbing the place between her legs to confirm what she'd expected once the crimson glow dwindled from her face. "**No way! Did it really just...!?**" She didn't need to ask. Through the clothing or not, her thumb was pressing up and *into* the sensual lips of her new genitalia. "**Ahn...**", she shyly moaned before yanking her hand away, in case anyone was watching.

This moan had purred from a pair of lips that seemed quite plump, at least when compared to what Cloud was used to. In fact, plenty of her facial features were changing to better match her sex even if she did have a strikingly pretty face for a young man in the first place. Aside from her lips, softer cheekbones and a tinier nose accented this face, but on the whole her face appeared just the slightest bit longer. The mako she'd been injected with as a member of SOLDIER was washed out of her eyes while they became slightly smaller in size (*with longer lashes*) and in the place of this green was a light aqua that maintained Cloud's serious expression – the one thing about him that would *never* change.

An uncharacteristically rose-pink tone swept through the new woman's spiky hair, seeing those spikes turn flaccid and flop against the top of her head in the process. In the back it lengthened just past her shoulders, while in the front her bangs were swept to the right. "**How much do I even resemble my old self now?**" Her now-blue eyes crept down to the corsage. Had it been *its* work?

Before she could fully weigh the possibility, her breathing turned to a panting gasp. Warmth had gathered beneath her nipples, which meant to only place left untouched would soon be fully shaped. Fat reshaped where his pectorals once were, flesh beneath her shirt felt to be jiggling as they rippled forward into the shape of a pair of respectable, but *fortunately* not excessively sized, tits. Her new, longer nails groped through the cloth, Cloud not immune to curiosity about her new features. Another gasp escaped her lips, but...

“Uh... You’re Cloud, *right?*” A familiar voice behind her made the new, pink-haired woman jump and through her hands to the side in shame. She spun around to find Aerith watching her, blushing, while carrying a purple-pink dress. She seemed and sounded hard-pressed to process what she had just watched, having found Cloud just before her face had changed and had elected to watch from a nearby garbage can.

Well! There were status effects that could turn people into frogs, so *why not?*

Cloud herself seemed stunned that Aerith had witnessed this, her body half turned around with shock. **“Aerith! It’s not...”**

“It doesn’t matter! I’d picked up this dress for you to wear, but I guess it’ll fit a little better now, huh?” She smiled and skipped up to Cloud’s side. **“Saving Tifa comes first, right? We can figure out whatever *this* is later.”**

Cloud hated that she had a point.

“Wow! You look really beautiful, Cloud!” Aerith clapped her hands together after the ex-SOLDIER emerged from a changing room at Madam M’s place wearing the dress she’d bought. It fit snugly, and Cloud herself was very clearly embarrassed even if it was expressed subtly by her cheeks. She looked extremely uncomfortable with how she walked in those heels, but alas!

“Shut up. Let’s just go save Tifa.” Well, that huff alone was indicative enough of her frustration, body language aside. As she’d been about to huff out though, Aerith wrapped her arm around her to stop her from doing so.

She cleared her throat. **“I was thinking, we probably shouldn’t call you Cloud like this, right? It might be suspicious. So how about the name ‘Lightning’!?”** Cloud hated this, but clearly Aerith was having *a blast*. **“And hey! You never commented on how pretty *my* dress is!”**

“I’ve been dealing with *other things*.”

“True! But how about the name?”

“*Whatever.*”

“And my dress?”

“It looks good.”

“Perfect, let’s go, *Lightning!*”

‘Lightning’ could only hope there was a cure. *But there wasn’t.*