

DEMOTED TO EXTRA

MAY 2022 BIG STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



While a lot *had* happened, it was nice to be able to take a rest.

That was what the AVALANCHE members who had escaped Midgar were thinking after their encounter with Sephiroth on the edge of fate itself. They had all stepped out into the world. A world where the sky wasn't made of steel, and possibilities were endless. But they also knew there was still work to be done, and they couldn't leave Shinra nor Sephiroth alone in the future. After all of the horrors that had happened in Midgar, they couldn't allow any of those evils to continue their work.

But even so, a rest was important. They were all exhausted from their last fight and just wanted to get to the next city. And so... they had resorted to trying to hitchhike. It was a much needed moment of peace, where the girls were trying to garner the attention of a vehicle and the men were simply relaxing. But that moment of peace was suddenly interrupted by a blast of shining light. One that displaced them all not only from space, but *time* as well.

“What the— Is this Sector 7? How?” Cloud Strife was terribly confused for a number of completely valid reasons. He had been outside of Midgar only to suddenly find himself back inside the city limits. But not only that, but he was standing in an alley of Sector 7. The sector that Tifa called home, and the sector that had *absolutely* been destroyed when the plate had fallen. There was no possible way that anything in the sector could still be standing, yet he could see the square dimly lit by lights outside the alley's maw. It was nighttime, too?



None of that made any sense to him. Had he fallen? Was he sleeping? Was this some kind of vision? He had a million theories as to what could have happened (*though all of them were wrong*) and no means of getting an answer. Say he asked someone about it – they would likely think he was crazy, wouldn't they? If a dude came up to you and told you he might have come from the future and that you were in danger, you'd surely raise an eyebrow.

“This doesn't make any sense. The plate fell, and I escaped with the others... So how did I end up in this situation?” That burst of light must have been related, but

what had caused it and why? In order to get his bearings, he propped his blade up against a nearby wall.

Not that there's a problem! I've got a story to share and Gil to earn!

...*Huh?* What had that thought been? A story? Why was it so energetic? Not to mention that voice the thought had been communicated with sounded *familiar* somehow. But Cloud couldn't exactly place a finger on the cause. It somehow managed to calm his anxiety a little, however.

Although the voice had been accompanied by something *strange*. Well, stranger than a barely familiar voice suddenly hijacking your thoughts, at any rate. Namely the fact that the color of the man's hair had begun to change, darken, plainly shifting from his natural blonde to a dark brown that was almost black in a matter of moments – and that included *all* of the hair on his body.

But perhaps even *more* uncannily, the green color of his eyes that had been created from mako exposure began to fade and dim, until the green was gone entirely and there was naught but a very plain brown in their place. Had it just been a change in their color alone then perhaps it wouldn't have been *that* shocking, but on top of that their shapes changed. They grew bigger, became more expressive, and his lashes likewise grew a little longer.

All the while, Cloud was grappling with a feeling he was *very* unfamiliar with. He felt *restless*. “**Why do I feel like this? This is CRAZY!**” There was a strong impulse to cover his mouth after making *that* statement, because not only did he uncharacteristically shout, but his voice had cracked into something rather girlish at the same time. And that girlish crack was communicated by lips that appeared fuller than they had just moments prior.

The man’s face increasingly appeared less and less like it belonged to a man, with plumper lips and rounder eyes only a small part of the equation. That face shrunk vertically, ultimately leading to a fullness to his cheeks that came across as a little puffy in perceived youthfulness, and even his nose became button small. All the while? His now black hair had made a point to extend, with spikes flattening as this hair eventually reached down past his shoulders.

Antsy as he was feeling, Cloud couldn’t stop his foot from tapping against the ground. “**No, something’s wrong here. But is it? I feel... Great!**” His voice permanently higher, the burst of energy he was enduring was accompanied by a grogginess that had beset his mind. Albeit temporarily, it was like a cloud had been placed over his mind so as if to prevent him from resisting the strange impulses that were washing over him. That said, it was also worse than that. If he were to think back to his most distant memories, they wouldn’t be memories from *his* perspective, but of a *girl* who had grown up on the streets of Midgar.

“**Ngh!?**” It was certainly hard for him to ignore a prompt and awkward tugging at his loins. “**What happened to my...!?**” To *her* what? What had she been just about to cry out? Was there something wrong between her legs? It had been obvious to her for a time, but now Cloud couldn’t remember it being any different. That is to say she couldn’t remember ever *not* being a girl, and never *not* having a woman’s genitalia between her legs.

To those ends, her body began to adjust to better suit her new sex. That meant that the curvature of her torso curved so that it became more pronounced, and her hips flared out slightly to make room for a double whammy of swelling. Her pants grew fuller because of this, with thighs plumping up nicely and her rear end swelling into a perkier shape, but there was something about it all that seemed to just fall shy of full maturity. This was mirrored in her chest, for while her breasts blew up into *almost* C-cups, their perkiness seemed too unreal for a woman in her twenties.

But then again? “**Woah!?! What the—!?! Why am I so dizzy!?!**” What she *perceived* as a dizzy spell was actually her mind catching up to the

fact that she was shrinking and, as a result, her center of gravity was changing. She promptly dropped down to 5'2", making her features look a little more pronounced against the backdrop of her new height. But this also included her hands and feet shrinking to be just a little more compact.

It was absolutely undeniable. With her rounded face and smaller body, she better looked the part of a girl in her late teens as opposed to a young woman (*by definition*). It made a lot of sense that this would be the case, from her boundless energy to her overly casual manner of speech – she certainly seemed to *act* every part that of a teenaged girl.

Although her outfit was a *problem*. Cloud's outfit was not designed for a girl of her height or figure, and there was no way she could pick up her sword again – as her muscles had all diminished, leaving her quite scrawny. But that was all taken care of thanks a sudden feeling that forced the girl to blink. When her eyes opened again? She was dressed in a tomboyish outfit consisting of a cropped, gray vest, matching shorts, leather gloved, striped thigh highs, and black boots. There was also a dark teal Gatsby hat atop her head, which she quickly adjusted as memories of what she was doing there came rushing 'back'.

“I know AVALANCHE is in Sector 7! I just need to wait for them to make a move, and BAM! I'll be able to build upon the story I already have!” Where Cloud had once stood was a completely different person altogether. The seventeen year old *Kyrie Canaan* was a rascalion who had grown up in the Sector 5 slums. She was a delinquent and a thief, but she also dealt in information. With a good story she'd blurted it out in public and expect the masses to pay her for what they had just involuntarily heard.

And she had caught wind of the terrorist organization AVALANCHE being in Sector 7. If she could get proof, then she would be able to rake in the big bucks! Or at least that was what she believed, even though her beliefs were unfounded. Gone was Cloud entirely, replaced by this rambunctious youth. Not even the girl herself realized as she let out a yawn. **“But it iiiis getting late. Maybe I should find somewhere to sleep for the night and ask around in the morning?”**





“The Shinra building!? Why am I here!?” The room light in an eerie green was not unfamiliar to Aerith Gainsborough, who had spent far too long in Shinra’s possession in the past thanks to her Cetra heritage. In fact, this was the lab used by Scarlet, the head of Shinra’s Weapons Development. They had encountered this room when the others had come to save her, but they had thoroughly trashed it thanks to some *conflicts* that took place within.

But the room had been restored to its proper state so quickly? There wasn’t a crack or dent in anything, like the room was brand new. That was eerie enough, but Aerith was also fixated on how she had ended up there in the first place. There had been that flash of light, and then she had been displaced? Was it Sephiroth’s doing? It was difficult to think of something with enough power to accomplish something like that. **“Oh well. First thing’s first. I need to get out of here... again.”** A woman of action, she didn’t linger longer.

Get out of here? My own lab? Why in the world would I do that?

Or her plan *had* been to escape, up until a voice boomed in the back of her mind. Aerith recognized it well. It wasn’t the voice of Scarlet. But why was she hearing it in her head? It didn’t make any sense! **“Something’s... not right here.”** Why was she hearing *Scarlet’s* voice within her own mind? It didn’t make sense! After all she had been through, it was *scary*. Scarlet was responsible for some truly terrible and inhumane things. She was not a woman to be trifled with.

But aren’t words like ‘terrible’ and ‘inhumane’ up for interpretation?

“...!?” There it was again. Where were those thoughts coming from? Why were they arguing with her? And why did, on some level, she *want to agree*? As much as Aerith would have liked to grapple with this mental menace longer, something happened that finally forced her to consider there was more at work here than she had realized. It was that the fit of her dress felt *odd*. **“Huh? Wait, what’s going on!?”**

The feeling was accompanied by a sense of wooziness and looking down at herself it quickly became clear why. She was wobbling about because not only were her legs growing longer than they had been before, but her body at large was doing the same. She sprung up to a whopping 5’8”, with her torso stretching taller and her arms and legs both doing the

same. In the process her hands and feet both also grew, which left her shoes in particular feeling incredibly tight. Being taller, it was natural that her dress would get lifted due to the changed location of her hips, and the bottom of her skirt had been hoisted as high as her knees.

“Did I just grow taller!?” *Although I do look good...*” Aerith blinked. What had she just said? And in what voice? She had practically purred that out! She also hadn’t *meant* to comment so confidently on her body, but nonetheless she had blurted it out without so much as a thought. The words weighted heavily on her mind. *What? I do look good though. And I bet I’ll look even better shortly.*

Although before her figure could arise to the lofty expectations that the young woman now evidently possessed, a look at her skin revealed that something else was transpiring first. It was hardly noticeable at first, but her complexion had begun to appear a little more *worn*. Wrinkles, albeit few, began to show here and there, and crow’s feet clearly could be seen creeping from the corners of Aerith’s eyes. All in all it made her look much *older*.

But when it came to her face, she was looking less and less Aerith-like on top of this. Her cheekbones became far more pronounced for one, giving her face a much more chiseled look. Her lips swelled, and her nose both narrowed and lengthened. Throw in the fact that her eyes shimmered with a blue and continued to show her age, and, well... She was looking more and more like the woman whose voice she kept hearing.

And she was beginning to embrace it. Without even thinking, she pushed the bangs of her hair to the left. **“Hmph.”** As if her old hairstyle had been inconvenient at that. Nonetheless, these brown locks quickly lightened to a faded blonde and actually shortened so that they hung to her shoulders’ peaks rather than past them. These hairs were clearly worn by time, but age was not something that could be fought.

“Yes, here we go! As I expected!” The woman bit her lower lip, responding to a pressure building beneath her chest. It was an arousing warmth that flourished, and it ultimately resulted in a surging growth that yanked down the neckline of her dress as breasts swelled *gratuitously* large, to the point that it was surely undeniable that there were *implants* housed within. Despite how much they had grown so quickly, and how they’d all but ripped through the front of her dress? There was no bounce whatsoever.

Then again, the same could be said about her *ass*. It had pushed out the back of her dress not long after, not tearing it but the fabric was pulled so tight that the shape of her peach shaped ass could be seen in its entirety

pushing through. These cheeks were just a little *too* abundant to give off the impression that they were wholly real. But on the other hand? Her thighs *were* though, and their plumpness pushed her hips a handful of inches wider so that she bore a clear and apparent hourglass figure.

The woman scoffed now, unaware that black nail polish had painted lengthen nails, or that red lipstick had coated her lips, or that mascara had been placed *thickly* around her eyes. With another blink, her disheveled ensemble was replaced by a shimmering dress of red that shows off her arms and fake tits, while her legs were clad in black tights with heels.

“Everything seems *fine* to me. *Excellent, in fact.*” The woman who was still alone in the lab spoke assertively with no lack of confidence in her voice. It wasn’t all that surprising as to why, what with how full her figure was and how attractive she was overall. But *Scarlet* was also a woman of status, holding a powerful position in the most powerful company in the world.

The forty year old wasn’t sure why she had believed something was awry at first, but that couldn’t possibly be the case, could it? Her next big project was in development, and short of some mild interference from that AVALANCHE group, Shinra’s plans appeared to be going forward smoothly. There were rumors that they would begin attacking the mako reactors any day now, but that would be dealt with when it happened.

For now, Scarlet had work to do. She plopped her firm ass down on the chair at the head of the room, before turning to the glowing green tubes that housed experimental materia.

“Now, where were we? Ah, yes. What if we bound materia to a human’s body permanently? I wonder what sort of ill effects *that might have?*”



After the flash of white light, Tifa found herself on the outskirts of Midgar once more... although it wasn’t near the same exit they had come out of. **“Wait a minute... Cloud!? Aerith!? Barrett!? Where did everyone go? Or maybe I’m the one who was separated?”** There was no road nor path nearby, she was simply standing amidst a worn



field of sand and worn plants. But there was also a small bag propped up against a rock nearby. Had someone left it there?

“This doesn’t make sense. I was just with the others, and then there was that flash of light. I didn’t feel like I was tossed anywhere by an impact, so how did I end up somewhere different?” And were the others okay? Tifa being Tifa, she was much more worried for her friends than she was worried about herself. She had to get back to the others as soon as possible, but which direction were they in? Looking at Midgar from where she was, were they maybe on the other side?

No, I need to go into the city! I have work to do!

“...Erm?” Why had *that* thought crossed her mind? She didn’t need to go back into Midgar, and she most certainly didn’t *want* to. But looking back at the city. **“Wait, is the plate above Sector 7 still up?”** No way. That was impossible... wasn’t it? *But why wouldn’t the plate be up? That’s just how Midgar is*

according to the reconnaissance I was given!

Reconnaissance? Why was she thinking as if she wasn’t familiar with Midgar firsthand? Like she hadn’t lived there for years now? Unsure of how to proceed, the woman gave her head a good shake – but in the wake of that shake, she found herself feeling a little dizzy. **“Woah? Why do I feel so off?”**

Tifa didn’t quite notice it, even though she absolutely should have, but a phenomenon had struck her body that had begun to transform it. The dizziness, for example, had two purposes. The first was to help cloud her mind to make it difficult for her to understand what was happening, while the second was simply a side effect of the fact that she was *shrinking*.

It had only been a few inches, but it left her suspenders sitting loosely on her shoulders and her top to hang down to just above her navel. In the meantime, her thigh highs also appeared to be growing looser and sliding down her legs – all because the shrinkage hadn’t been limited to her height alone.

While not excessively so, for example, Tifa was certainly quite buff. She retained that fitness even after shrinking, but just not at the same capacity. Her muscles diminished some, which in turn left her body to

appear thinner and lither – but at the same time that was helped as some key areas became less fatty simultaneously.

Her breasts, tragically, were among these areas. The cups of her top emptied out thanks to tits that collapsed in on themselves, the fatty tissue that gave them their plump perkiness disappearing into obscurity all the while. The bosom that remained was likely around the B-cup area, but their youthful perkiness couldn't be denied either.

Tifa found herself leaning back and forth on different feet, constantly adjusting her stature. **“Why are these clothes so stuffy? This isn't convenient at all!”** Were these even really her clothes? Sure, she liked to expose her tummy, but this all felt a little awkward to wear in how loose it was! ...Of course, the fact that she saw it this way, and the fact that she was speaking with a higher, peppier pitch was all a sign that the changes were more than skin deep.

Her ass ultimately went the way of her breasts, with them collapsing until they were smaller yet perkier – while her thighs shrunk so much that they barely came off as pronounced as well. This just contributed to how *lean* she now was, but there was something else, too. She looked *younger*. Like not one or two years, but perhaps five or six, like she had regressed into her mid-teens.

This was demonstrated in her face as well, albeit with a caveat. Her complexion became more and more youthful, but the younger it looked, the less she looked like Tifa. Her eyes narrowed until they were undoubtedly Eastern, and her lips thinned just the slightest bit. With fuller cheeks and thicker brows, she looked the part of a Wutai native rather than someone from Midgar, and one that could still be called a 'child' depending on how you saw teenagers. The final change was a sudden snip to her long hair, which saw Tifa's hairdo restyled into a short bob with bangs swept to the right.

She couldn't remember what she was supposed to be doing here. In fact, some of her memories made sense while others didn't? It was a complicated feeling, really. But with a blink, her concerns about her outfit faded. As well as all of her concerns about Sector 7, her bar, and Cloud. Because Tifa's memories had completely evaporated.

Just as her memories had been overwritten, so had her outfit. With a green, sleeveless turtleneck that showed off her thin tummy, tanned shorts with the button upon, and shoes and gloves that were accessorized by a ninja headband, a left-sided pauldron, and very fluffy socks. She definitely dressed like she came from a different part of the world, and according to her memories now? That *is* where she had come from!

The young ninja, *Yuffie Kisaragi*, stretched with no shortage of enthusiasm before skipping over to her bag, which she had propped up nearby. **“Okay! So for the infiltration I’ll need some kind of disguise, right? Good thing I brought just the thing!”** Her hands played with the bag’s zipper in a rather clumsy manner. While only sixteen, she was still a coveted member of Wutai for her abilities, and it was because of those abilities that she had been sent to Wutai to help investigate whatever Shinra was up to.

But she no longer could recall that she had been attempting to *escape* Midgar as a woman named Tifa Lockhart. While she still had Tifa’s kindness, there wasn’t much else about Yuffie that was similar to her old self. She lacked Tifa’s maturity and finesse, which wasn’t all that surprising since she was still in her mid-teens.

Before long, she fished out a Moogle cloak. The item she had been seeking, and what she had packed to help hide her identity. **“There it is!”** She even clad herself in it in a single motion. But her bag would not come with her, she had to leave it behind. She had all her supplies on her, including her favorite materia.

“Let’s go! What could possibly go wrong on this mission!?”

So, so much.

