

FORCE-FUL ENTRY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Cloud had seen some unusual monster drops in the past, but this? It felt even stranger than normal. This feeling wasn't born from anything practical. It was a green crystal, plain as could be. He'd seen any number of crystals over the course of his lifetime, and he wasn't exactly the sort to have any interest in them. If anything, based on the appearance of the crystal alone, he might have wondered if it had any resale value.

But that wasn't what tipped him off. As he held it in his hand, he felt what could only be described as a strange *'power'*. One he could not even really put into words. **“This is strange. Maybe I should leave it behind.”** Then again, maybe Aerith could let him know if it was dangerous? He was heading up to visit her, he just had to—

“Wait. Where am I?” He had lowered his head to examine the crystal one more time before putting it away, and once he'd raised it again? His surroundings were entirely different. He had been in the tunnels of the collapsed expressway between Sector 7 and Sector 5, but now? The young man appeared to be in some kind of temple. It was unlike anything he'd ever seen in Midgar. No, not just Midgar. It bore no resemblance to anything he'd seen or heard of on *Gaia*.

The man hadn't assumed he'd left his own planet though, that would just be silly. Had he wandered into a strange part of the collapsed expressway? No, wouldn't that be a little too convenient of an excuse? Cloud blinked, and his surroundings changed again. Still inside what he assumed to be a temple; he was now standing before a table. A metal tube was resting on it, and something about the sight of it all just compelled Cloud to reach into his pocket... and place the crystal he had found earlier *into* said tube. **“Why did I do that?”**

The act hadn't been conscious; it had felt more like an *instinct*.

“Whoa!?” Not that Cloud was afforded much time to grapple with the ‘whys’ of it all. He had been scooped off the ground and was levitating in place, surrounded by a translucent, bright green bubble. The very same color could be seen glowing from the crystal in the tube. **“A trap!?”** What else could it be? How had he fallen for something so specific? No... he had been controlled? Wasn't that the only legitimate explanation?

Reaching back to draw his Buster Sword, he was met with the stark realization that... his sword wasn't there. In fact, he was floating within that bubble in his birthday suit now, arms alone not enough to reach the edges of the bubble to try and pop them. **“Damn it!”** Now he had the fact that he was naked to worry about, adding to his growing list of concerns. He couldn't fathom *why* that might be so – was it a trap meant to shame him?

However, something was beginning to happen that Cloud had yet to clue in on. Because he was essentially weightless within the confines of the energy bubble, he didn't have any points of reference for things like the lengths of his limbs and the overall size of his body. These things could only be confirmed with his eyes, not feeling. So, while he was desperately looking around for a means of escape, how could he possibly notice something like his *body shrinking*?

It was a fairly consistent loss of mass, one that saw everything even out without creating the illusion that the young man was become *uneven*, so to speak. And yet, there was another way of framing it – it looked as if he was becoming younger as height slid towards the lower half of the five-foot range, and his facial features softened to better reflect how he looked when he was in his mid-teens. Naturally, this came with a loss of muscle mass – but not one as substantial as you might have thought. Arms, legs, and torso all remained tight and firm, implying there was still a use for that strength yet.

“Could I pop the bubble if I could reach it? It's a long shot... and my center of gravity has been pinned here.” Cloud himself was still far too preoccupied to realize that what had happened had even happened in the first place, and the shrinking had made this possible plan even more fruitless than it had been before. It would take something far more substantial to tug him away from his planning and force an awareness than anything was awry with his body.

That *something* basically kicked him in the nuts.

Or, well, it would have... had *she* any nuts left to kick.

“Ungh!?! What the!?!” Her voice had certainly jumped a number of octaves in line with the sensation of her cock and balls being forced inside her body. While Cloud couldn’t move from the center of the bubble, she could still lean forward to examine the front of her pelvis. **“My dick!?! Where did it... Why am I so much smaller? A woman? I’ve been turned into a woman?”** It was a long walk for her to draw the connection, even as the hair above her pussy all seemed to eviscerate to leave a completely smooth crotch.

The trending transformation did not wait for the freshly minted girl’s mind to catch up, and a subtle plumpness was settling into the area directly around her new genitalia. While the muscle that had remained in the wake of her age regression stayed intact, her thighs gained a very feminine springiness that saw their inner halves meet between closed legs very briefly – at least until an uncomfortable popping phenomenon widened her hips and created a small gap between the two.

There was a natural flow to the increase in mass, and what blessed Cloud’s thighs likewise kissed her rear. Cheeks that were flat short of the muscle that kept them firm began to ripple as a softness befitting of a girl’s body bled in, seeing both cheeks expand and the skin that contained this new fat tensed around them. Never did they become excessive or exceptionally abundant, but one could not deny it was a butt better suited for the overall appearance of everything below her waist now.

But even her waist had pinched in a little, making her remaining abs seem all the more significant. She shuddered, and her nipples responded to the quivering nature of the gesture; the first sign that the femininity she was earning hadn’t quite completely taken just yet. Not as flesh began to pool beneath them and see her chest swell into small, yet perky breasts. They were likely on the lower end of a B-cup and wouldn’t be particularly apparent while she was dressed. But in the open now? They certainly stood out.

“No way this is happening!” Cloud barked with an energy she didn’t typically possess. The best word to describe how she felt was ‘scrappy’, almost like she could take on the world... or at least whatever had turned her into a girl. Even as she began to flail around wildly with the intention of trying to break free somehow, change was sweeping across her body. Her lips, ever plumper, were darkening to a dark brown. And her skin? While her features there had already softened, it almost looked like someone had begun to apply nacho dust to its tone.

Orange splatter wasn’t merely decorating the skin of her face but was a plague that was afflicting her from head to toe. It began in splotchy

chunks, the color certainly not typical of any human if it were natural. Of course, Cloud knew about tanning, but as she stared blankly at her arms and turned them over, she became convinced that this was no tan. In fact, the more she gawked at herself? The more *natural* it all felt. Like *'yeah, this has always been my body'*.

Not everything turned orange, however. Her brown lips, now looking more emphasized than ever, were among the different colors, but there were also the *markings*. Lines of white that ran across the tops of her eyes, etched up onto her forehead, and shone upon the cheeks of her face. There was also the manner of her nipples which had likewise browned like her lips had, but they didn't stand out like these markings had. Not that Cloud was in any position to see what was on her face, but she kind of felt like she knew they were there. Those white facial pigments were meant to hide her from her enemies, weren't they? A key biological aspect of the *Togruta*.

Togruta was a word she'd never heard before, so why had she mentally just described herself as such? How could she be a Togruta without montral or lekku?

...Even though both of these things had begun to manifest. They were the only aspects left to appear, and the former had begun to jut out of the top of Cloud's skull. Beginning as little, white bumps that had snuck out from beneath her hairline, that line of hair very quickly retreated as the two bumps rose higher and higher, a bridge forming between the two, hollow horns to provide a gentle incline. No sooner than they'd fully formed was Cloud overwhelmed with new sensory information – she could actually perceive the movement of everything around her.

Why did that strike her as surprising? *That was what montral were for.*

From her new montral, lekku began to fall downwards. Two beneath either horn and one additional lekku attached to the center of her head in the very back. As she was now hairless, this created the illusion of hair in a way, bearing the same black and white horizontal striping that her montral did. The lekku had no fundamental purpose but were a key feature of her species.

That's right, she was a Togruta after all.

But more than that...

It suddenly struck her. Why was she so paralyzed by this trap? Why had she been confused? After all, *her lightsaber was right there*. It was as if something had just clicked in her mind. Her old identity had been slid out, and the new one had been slid into its place. Not only did how she

perceived herself change, but she now had full control over new powers, and answered to a completely different now. **“I am Ahsoka Tano, and you won’t confine me in here!”** Right! She had the power of the Force on her side. How could she be detained by such a simple trap? With a wave of her hand towards the tube the crystal had been deposited into earlier, the tube was summoned to her through Force-based telekinesis, and with a single swipe she cut the orb that had contained her.

“Eugh, why am I naked!?” Fortunately, there had been an old cloak on the table. It was a little oversized, but it was better than strutting around in the nude. After all, this was—

A battlefield.

The world had suddenly changed around her, and Ahsoka now found herself with her lightsaber drawn at a mechanical man that she immediately recognized as General Grievous. How had she gotten here? Hadn’t she just been at the temple? No line of logic could really explain away how weird it seemed – especially since she was now clad in her usual outfit.

A sea of fallen droids had been laid to rest around them, but fortunately the girl did not see any of her comrades among them. Had any of them fallen, had Anakin fallen...? Then she wouldn’t have known what to do with herself. But faced with the General himself? Her options were clear. Fight, or flight? Wait, that’s right. Her allies were right behind her. That meant she had nothing to fear.

"They sent a child to destroy my station? The Republic must be running out of Jedi."

"You must be General Grievous. He's just another tinny, boys. Let's scrap him like the rest."

It appeared that history would repeat itself with a different player in Ahsoka’s seat.