

NEW LIFE(STREAM)

BIG STORY #23

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“Ugh... What the hell happened?”

Cloud Strife picked himself off the ground of what turned to be a cold cavern floor, the sight of snow falling outside and a factory of some sort in the distance all he was able to make out. His head was heavy and his memories groggy – but even so he could piece together the fact that this *wasn't* where he should have been. Those memories may not have *initially* been complete, but it had been so long since he had last seen snow that he knew with one-hundred percent certainty that he wasn't somewhere that snow had existed prior to falling unconscious.

“I was on the outskirts of Midgar...? No! *Sephiroth!*” Memories came flooding back and he pushed himself up into a standing position in a panic. They'd been fighting the Whispers and then, *Sephiroth* had shown up. Their blades had clashed and for a brief moment it had looked like Cloud might win. Yet in the final moments *Sephiroth* had struck him from behind. Things were a little hard to remember from there, but there was a sea of green. The ex-SOLDIER didn't recognize that view, but it had been the *Lifestream*.

Where was his sword? Fearing *Sephiroth* might be nearby he had reached to grab *nothing*. His sword wasn't there. The only weapon nearby was an unfamiliar, obsidian spear that was propped up on the cavern wall. For a brief moment he had considered taking it, but he quickly reasoned away from the idea. **“I wouldn't be able to wield it. I'd be better off using my bare hands over a weapon I have no experience with.”**

Especially if the opponent was *Sephiroth*.



He relaxed a little. There were no signs that Sephiroth was even nearby so maybe he wasn't in any danger? But that didn't explain what he remembered or how he'd ended up in an unfamiliar location that *had* to have been extremely far from Midgar. What Cloud *didn't* know was just how right he was. You couldn't really quantify just how far he was from Midgar, in fact. Because this wasn't even the *world* he knew.

“Wait. Where are the others?”

The man knew that his friends had been present during the fight with Sephiroth. Had they also met the same fate as him? If so, it would have been a terrible oversight on his part. Letting them down that

way... If Sephiroth hadn't disposed of them the same way he had him, his best guess was that he would have killed them outright. **“There's no proof of that. I need to look around.”**

But *where*? The factory off in the distance? The cave he was in was shallow and it didn't seem like there was anywhere else for him to go inside. Out was the only option. But was it wise to go without a weapon? His Mako-infused gaze turned back to the spear again. **“Well, obviously with *all of my spear training*, I—”** With all of his *what*?

That felt *unusual*. Had he always had training with a spear? Didn't he know how to use a *sword*? But a spear worked better for a *woman* of his build in most cases, right? **“...Woman?”** *That* thought was naturally among the oddest of thoughts he could have possibly had. He *wasn't* a woman, but now that the thought was in the back of his head he couldn't get it out. Almost like something deep down was attempting to convince him that it was true.

Unfortunately for him, it would soon becoming difficult to deny.

It could most prominently be seen in Cloud's general build, at least initially. The sign of it was undeniable; his body's shape was getting softer and thinner, arms remaining buff but far slimmer in shape while his tummy curved in slightly from the sides and hips flared out a couple of inches as if the two regions had traded. Hands and feet alike shrunk a

little with digits thinner as well. His height didn't really change much, and he still appeared *strong*, but that body shape leaned into the feminine.

As did his *face*. More chiseled, masculine features softened and rounded, bestowing him with a smaller nose, rounder lips, and bigger eyes. His Adam's apple was ultimately erased and, not to be left out, blonde hair grew out to his shoulders. He looked like 'Cloud Strife: but if he was a woman'. But he was clearly still missing some very key features were this to be the case. Well, missing some and having *one extra*. But not for long!

“Ugh, what the— Wait, why do I sound like— Ngh!” Discomfort and confusion hit the 'man' back to back. The sound of 'his' voice sounded a touch more feminine, but that was hard to dwell on when a tugging feeling between 'his' legs prompted 'his' knees to buckle. Well. It was more or less because 'his' dick and balls had been slowly tugged within *her* new pussy, womb and all developing in an uncomfortable yet surprisingly painless way. **“I'm a woman?”**

Hadn't she always been one?

The vertical belts running across the front of her chest, while initially a little loose as she'd become leaner, soon tensed up again as weight compounded beneath. Nipples swelled in size; areola twice as thick in just a matter of seconds to lead the charge that the fat beneath them provoked. A small handful of breasts emerged first, and for a time that seemed like all that would swell – just as a little weight had found her ass and thighs – but weight in *all* of these areas suddenly pushed beyond this.

Because her transformation had entered the next phase. Now that she had become a woman? She had to change further to become the woman the changes *wanted* her to be. This woman *clearly* had larger breasts, because the small showing Cloud had first grown soon erupted into a pair of D-cups beneath her flexible shirt. And she also seemed to have a plumper, more defined ass as the back of her baggy pants seemed to show.

“Heh. I don't really get what's going on, but I'm starting to feel pretty good.” The woman was growing chattier and more expressive, with a smirk now playing upon lips that were even thicker than before. Structurally her face lengthened a couple of inches into a more vertical oval shape, eyes narrowing and nose flattening with a longer bridge. With raised cheekbones there was no longer even a smidge of her old identity visible in her face, and that was doubly enforced thanks to the Mako coloring of her eyes fading to reveal a regular green.

Cloud began to pace around, not even noticing the gradual dip in her height from 5'8" to 5'5", which ultimately meant the crimson spear against the nearby wall was more her size. She *knew* it was her size. She knew all of the complex maneuvers she could do with it. How *high* she could jump with it so that she could feel the wind in her hair. And speaking *of* her hair, it grew a little past her shoulders and while remaining blonde at its base, the color became a darker, silvery shade.

Green eyes were turned back to the snow and factory beyond the cave and in that moment, without her notice, her clothing changed. A set of black leather armor that showed off her toned midriff and cleavage along with boots and a cape. It was both fashionable and effective – or at least that was how *she* saw it. But it certainly wasn't good for *this* weather.

Aranea Highwind had the uncanny feeling that she'd just undergone something *strange*. At least for a single moment. But after giving her head a violent shake and grabbing *her* spear from the cavern wall, she cleared away any doubt. **"The hell was with all that? Guess I didn't sleep well last night. Unsurprising."** The woman cast an annoyed look at the corner of the cavern she *recalled* propping herself up into in order to sleep. Not only had it been uncomfortable, but it had also been *cold*.



She looked outside. **"First Magitek Production Facility, huh? Hopefully I can find something warmer in that building. Like snowpants. Or a jacket."** And she would. The place that the ex-mercenary had decided to come to and investigate all on her lonesome after cutting ties with the Empire of Niflheim was well supplied. She didn't know what awaited her within, nor that she would have a fated reunion. But what she *also* didn't know was how different she had become from the man she had been minutes prior. Cast into the Lifestream of another world, it had flung Cloud into this one to give him a new lease on life. It had *succeeded*.

And he *wasn't* alone.



Tifa Lockhart had been walking for nearly an hour now. Alongside a beach overlooking a ruined city off in the distance. It was an alarmingly violent sight, but in terms of everything else that was transpiring it was practically small potatoes. **“I still don’t know how I even got here. Is this... even our world?”** The scenery was such a departure from Midgar, much less anything she had seen in her limited time outside of the city. It was crazy to think that this might not be the very same world she had lived on, but... That fight with Sephiroth, being thrown into the Lifestream... None of that had been ‘normal’.

“But if I’m okay the others must be too. I just need to *find* them.” Not that she knew where to start looking. There hadn’t been anyone else on the beach with her, and aside from the ruined city she couldn’t see any other traces of civilization. Aside from what she thought *might* be a road off in the distance – but that was why she was walking in the direction on the beach

that she was.

Until finally? *Something* midst the scenery stood out to her. A white dress folded up neatly on a fallen tree stump. It was *incredibly* odd. Why was a dress out in the middle of nowhere? Why was it completely clean? **“Hello? Is someone else here?”** The only explanation that she could think of was that she *wasn’t* alone. But the landscape off the shore was almost entirely flat. There was nowhere for anyone to hide... unless they were in the water? **“Well they’ve been holding their breath for a while if they’re swimming...”** Hopefully nothing bad had happened.

Though at this point Tifa wasn’t exactly looking inward. She didn’t have any reason to since she had no idea that she should have been concerned about her own body. But there *were* signs that settled in relatively quickly the moment her eyes had set on the dress. Like the very eyes she had seen it with – reddish brows *quickly* brightened to a sky blue. Her skin’s complexion was becoming a touch pinker too, and her long, dark brown hair? It lightened as if it was being dyed in real time. Not towards white or grey, but towards a platinum blonde that seemed to tug closer to her shoulders in length.

“Hm?” Well, it would have been wrong to say that the bartender *completely* missed the fact that she was changing. Her bangs swung from a rightward parting to a leftward variant, and in the process she’d noticed blonde strands. **“My hair... it was *always* blonde, wasn’t it?”** It certainly *hadn’t been*, but Tifa’s mental state had clearly already

been contaminated by the process that was working through her body. Her face already began to look smaller, blue eyes far less wide and her nose a touch more pointed. On the whole her facial structure ultimately became *sleeker*, with thin yet puffy lips and very narrow cheeks that all gave her a much more refined aesthetic with her now blonde hair.

“I must be shaken up from the incident...” Shaken up? Incident? Even the woman herself wasn’t exactly sure what she was talking about, the words just felt *natural* to say. The explanations for these things all felt like they were on the tip of her tongue, and they must have been *good* reasons, right? After all her memory felt so oddly cloudy! The issue was that most of those memories involved her identity and personal history, each one slowly changing to reflect a different woman with a different appearance.

And said appearance *continued* to change. Tifa didn’t grow in *any* way, really. In the literal sense her height retained its 5’6” peak even despite her changing persona. In a broader sense? Everything else *lessened*. Her toned, muscular body was at the forefront of this loss, and she became surprisingly weaker comparative to the body she had trained. Her arms and abs *did* retain a bit of muscle tone, but she was left much trimmer, especially around the waist. This actually helped her hips seem wider and child bearing by comparison though, and her hips *didn’t* shrink.

The regions around them *did* alter a touch though, leaving thighs a little narrower and her rump a bit flatter. That said, there was something very plush about it all. She hadn’t become less attractive; her beauty was just a *different kind* of beauty. An elegant, refined, delicate beauty. Something that was further exemplified by breasts that shrunk a single size. Despite all of the body changes, thanks to the fit of Tifa’s costume her clothing wasn’t really disturbed in any meaningful way aside from her gloves becoming looser around daintier, softer fingers.

Yet it all disappeared to leave the woman in a set of white, lace lingerie that dug slightly into her rump and lifted up her tits, so they appeared even perkier than they already were. **“I need to take a moment to put everything together.”** Her head was shaken a little as if to clear her thoughts. Unfortunately nothing that came to mind would be even vaguely recall things from her previous life. Her most recent memories were much more *traumatic*.

“I’m... supposed to be dead.” The memories that came rushing back to *Lunafreya Nox Fleuret* were



alarming at best. She'd felt disoriented up until moments ago, and with that clarity she couldn't remember *what* about her situation had been all that disorienting. But now? The former princess of Tenebrae realized she had more important things to worry about. That ruined city? It had been her *grave*. Or at least that was what she could recall. A far cry from the life of a bartender that she probably *should* have remembered.

Clad only in her undergarments, Luna looked down at her dress. She'd set it out to dry, hadn't she? But it was a miracle it hadn't gotten filthy from her time in the water and washing up on shore. Rather than dwell too much on what had happened to herself, the princess' mind instead wandered to another. "**Noctis... I wonder if he's alright?**" She had to find him, didn't she? To prevent what was about to happen. To stop the worst. But Tifa's fate in this world was unique and had the potential to change history.

Lunafreya Nox Fleuret *was* supposed to be dead.



"Hmm... This is a garage, isn't it? And it's so hot." Aerith Gainsborough couldn't do much else than wipe the sweat from her brow as she walked around the inside of the garage. It reeked of motor oil and machine parts, opened vehicles and gasoline canisters strewn about in this dimly lit space that was only lit by the odd raised window and crack in the wall. The garage doors were *shut*, so she had to find a normal door to leave. "**But why did the Lifestream send me here?**"

Unlike Cloud and Tifa, Aerith had some familiarity with the Lifestream and its machinations. But that didn't mean she had answers about what had happened. Had Sephiroth *planned* on this happening, or was this something the Lifestream had done to protect them? Nonetheless, Aerith's knowledge was a danger to the balance of this world. And so that smart little mind of her? It had to go.

Or, at the very least, her knowledge needed to be warped into something far more *useless* comparatively.

"Huh. It really stinks over here." Adventuring behind some shelves in hopes that a shelf might be near, Aerith couldn't help but comment on just how much stronger the smell of motor oil and grease was there. The problem with this assessment, however, was that no such things were nearby. The scent was coming from *her own body*, with her skin becoming increasingly sweaty and oily with even visible splotches of grease seen across her arms and on her face. It was the scent of a woman

who had been working really hard in blistering hot temperatures. And it accompanied a change in Aerith's skin color so that it was just a teensy bit lighter.

The woman stumbled a moment but didn't seem to quite understand *why* she had. "**Woah! I reckon I almost took a mighty big spill there!**" There was definitely something *off* about how she was speaking, too. Like both an accent and a more *country* vernacular was trying to slip in there gradually. But what was actually important was the cause of her tumble, because while *she* hadn't noticed it was *definitely* obvious to the discerning eye.

Her body's proportions had changed suddenly and dramatically. Among them? Her bosom. Aerith's modest chest size had seen itself *double* in bloat, *D-cup* tits pushing out and peeking over the low neckline of her dress while pushing a great deal of strain onto the back of her bra strap. On the *lower* end of things? The woman's hips were forced wider by the combined efforts of her ass and thighs. Both regions saw their skin stretch into tauter, juicier forms from an explosion of additional mass. Unfortunately the skirt of her dress hid them, but she had a much more seductive form now. One that was one whole bonus inch taller!

One that had become much more physically toned, too.

After stabilizing herself on the nearby shelf she managed to regain her bearings. She *knew* the door out of the garage would be around the next shelf now. "**Why the heck am I walkin' around like a chicken with my head cut off? I've been workin' here fer like ever! ...Wait, is that true?**" The southern accent she was speaking with was becoming increasingly difficult to ignore along with the strange phrases she was throwing out there. Rather than the city girl she was, she was beginning to almost sound like a farmer's daughter. Or a *mechanic's*.

The woman's hair was soon matted with grease and grime... or perhaps it had been matted with these things just as long as her skin had. It was hard to say, namely because it only became apparent as the color of her brown locks lightened towards a sandy blonde. Her bow came untied in the back, a direct result of hair shortening until it was just above her shoulders. But, more than that, the style took on very messy, unkempt curls. With all the dirt mixed in from a hard morning's work on vehicles that had been left with her overnight, well...

She looked pretty *hot*, actually.

"Whew! I sure am gettin' ripe! Better take a shower when I go on break!" Why had she been heading to the door anyways? Well, Aerith *supposed* it was getting to be around that time now that her prep

work was done. Looking around, the final physical changes repurposed her face. It granted her olive green eyes that were vertically larger than they had once been, longer lashes matted with dirt as well. Her nose? More upturned. Her lips? Abundant in a thickness that were borderline erotic all on her own. She remained beautiful, and yet despite only growing about two years older that beauty was far more mature than the cute beauty she'd had before.

Altogether this made her very sexy, and her altered personality was the type that would take advantage of how good she looked under select circumstances. Of course that wouldn't work all that well with what she presently had on, so thankfully she was changed into something a little more risqué and simultaneously work appropriate. Well, if you considered very short jean shorts, a cropped, open jacket that showed off her jugs in a pink bikini top, black gloves, thigh high leggings and white boots to be work appropriate. She grabbed a red cap and a pair of headphones from a nearby shelf on her own, putting the headphones around her neck and the hat where you might expect.

And of course every good mechanic needed to wear a tool belt!

“Huh. Reckon I should prolly open up before my old man throw his hip out, huh?” Wiping at some grease on the bridge of her nose, *Cindy Aurum* stretched in a fairly seductive manner that almost popped one of her tits out of her top. **“Oh, whoopsie! That woulda been bad!”** It probably didn't need to be said, but any threat that Aerith had posed before was *not* present within Cindy. She was a simple-minded grease monkey. A mechanic whose head was full of the knowledge of her craft and not much else.

If her tit *had* slipped out she wouldn't have batted an eyelash even *if* there had been an audience. That was just the kind of gal she was – utterly carefree. But even *she* had her worries with everything that had been happening in the world. Like reports about what had happened with that princess. **“Hope the little prince and his friends are doin' alright...”** She couldn't offer them much more than her prayers at this time.

But hey, she'd keep on working. She had to do what she could for *everyone*, right?

