

CLINGING TO YOU

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Isn’t Costa Del Sol the *best*!? Check it out! I even found two free Materia outside of our door!”

“Yeah, it really— Huh? I have a feeling that *isn’t* supposed to be part of their complimentary room service, Yuffie.” Cloud’s group had *finally* returned to Costa Del Sol after their initial visit. It had been a tumultuous time when they had received *less than* stellar accommodations, and then there had been that *attack* on the beach. Suffice to say? Despite the little festival they’d had going on at the time, it had left both a mix of good *and* bad memories in everyone who had ended up participating.

That was why they had decided to come back! Or why they had *forced* Cloud and Barrett to *let* them come back, at least. They didn’t really have the time for an extended stay or anything like that, so the girls had only really been afforded a single night to relax. *Even so!* They ultimately booked rooms in the most expensive hotel in the resort. And Yuffie and Aerith were making the best of it together, since they had ended up roomed together.

Yuffie had returned to the room after stepping out to look around the resort with a pair of green Materia in her hands. She really *had* just found them in front of the door and didn’t assume they could be *dangerous*. After all, a Materia was just a Materia, right? She threw one to Aerith, who just barely managed to catch it. **“Hm. Do you think we should give one to Tifa? I feel bad that she was given a separate room... Not to mention she’s seemed kind of down lately...”**



The cleric didn't really need to guess *why* that was. Cloud had been acting *strangely*. Strange in a *dangerous* way, and Tifa had fallen victim to it directly at the Gongaga reactor. **"Huh? You can give her yours if you want, but I'm keeping mine!"** It didn't seem like the ninja was *nearly* as sympathetic as she slipped into the bathroom with her own Materia in hand, however. Though, to be fair? If the proposal had been anything *but* parting with precious Materia? Yuffie would have done it in a heartbeat!

Yuffie *had* dipped into the bathroom to wash the sweat off her face. It hadn't taken her very long at all, and in the meantime, she had just put the Materia down on the counter beside the sink. **"Man though, Tifa..."** The teen thought back to their mutual friend for a moment. This reminded her of when she had seen Tifa in a bikini the *first* time they had visited Costa Del Sol. **"She's so hot! If only I had a body like that! ...Maybe when I'm older."**

Yet... the moment those desires had been expressed? The Materia on the counter began to glow.

"Huh? Why is it... glowing?" Materia *did* tend to glow ever so slightly when they were first activated, but it was typically just a quick flash when you cast Heal or Fire or whatever. Not only had she *not* cast anything, but this wasn't simply a little *flicker*. The green orb *continued* to glow, and in fact, the ninja felt pretty sure that it was glowing brighter as the seconds ticked on. Before long— **"WAH!?"** The entire bathroom filled with light, putting her at risk of becoming blinded (thankfully she managed to look away in time).

And just like that? The light faded. **"That was weird, right?"** Yuffie felt like she probably didn't *need* to ask. Even though the Materia had dimmed, and the light had waned, her body felt all *tingly*. **"Was that like a defuncted Materia or something?"** She had never experienced it before, but she *had* heard cases of Materia just not working the way they were supposed to. But she'd never heard of any cases of anyone getting *hurt* from being exposed to one either. That brought her some peace of mind, at least.

But the reality of the matter was that while she was in any danger, that didn't really mean that she was *safe*. The tingling feeling that plagued her skin aside, it didn't take much longer for her to become acutely

aware of a *different* strange feeling. A double feature of realizations that included noticing that the counter seemed a little farther away, as well as the feeling that her clothes were a little too tight? **“It almost feels like I’m... bigger?”** Her attention flickered to the Materia for a moment, and while doing so the colors of her eyes shifted. They darkened to a reddish brown while she pondered whether or not she was taller than she remembered.

She then looked down and watched the floor get farther and farther away. **“W-Wait a second, I was totally joking!”** Yuffie *had* been 5’2” before the Materia had activated, but over the thirty seconds or so that followed? She had grown up to around 5’6”. Her outfit still fit more or less *okay* considering all of the segments were detached, but things felt tighter than anywhere else around her shorts. Because her *hips* swung wider, to the point that the front button popped off and the zipper came undone.

“D-Did the Materia do this? Why?” Her mistake in this moment was assuming that this was the full extent of what was going to happen to her. She was due for a wakeup call on that front and received it a few moments later when the thick green of her sleeveless turtleneck top tensed around, of all places, her *bosom*. **“Oh, hm...?”** The girl probably could have said *more* than that but didn’t because the sound of her voice rung out. It sounded familiar.

It sounded like Tifa’s.

Yuffie’s chin pointed directly down at this thought as she remembered what had prompted her to speak out in the first place. The base of her top had been sliding *upwards*, struggling to properly contain the breasts that had swelled to *twice* their original size in just a few moments. Not only did she *grab* them for a moment, but she ended up pulling her top right off. A process that, when the shirt was pulled *over* her hair, seemed to pull the dark locks longer so that they fell past her shoulders when she tossed the top to the side.

“N-No way... Am I really turning into Tifa?” The large, heavy weight upon her chest was definitely the same *size* as Tifa’s, and examining herself in the mirror more closely she could tell that she had the woman’s hair and eyes, too. No, as the seconds ticked by, she could see an increasingly strong resemblance in her face to the martial artist in their group. Her Wutai lineage was being erased before her very eyes, eyes that became more circular upon a face that was longer *and* more mature.

It was Tifa Lockhart’s spitting image. Even the way she was talking felt more *like* Tifa. Yuffie’s usual energy wasn’t present as she calmly

reached down to pull and eventually kick off her own shorts before it was too late, removing gloves and footwear along with them. She stood *entirely* naked, watching as her now *twenty year old* body became *firmer*. Tifa's buffer figure shone through her arms, legs, and torso.

While a softness came through in all of the *correct* places. She'd already grown Tifa's tits, of course, and so it was really just a matter of watching her thighs inflate several inches to somewhat mask the muscle that had just grown. Even her *ass* perked up, pushing out into a fleshy bubble behind her. It forced her posture to shift ever so slightly, once again pushing her to take on another of Tifa's habits. It didn't really *feel* all of that surprising now that she was the woman's *spitting image*, however. Even her bush was bigger and messier.

When Yuffie had expressed her desire to 'have a body' like Tifa's she hadn't really expected things to turn out like this. **"Wow... I'm literally Tifa."** The long haired woman stared at her reflection in the bathroom mirror with awe. The resemblance was uncanny: from the long, dark hair, to the reddish brown eyes, to the abundant figure, all the way down to the chiseled abs she possessed. But she could recognize that it wasn't isolated to her appearance alone, either. She didn't remember things that only Tifa would remember.

But she was very much *acting* like her. From her body language to the way that she spoke. She was calm, mature, and composed, just like the real *Tifa Lockhart*. **"Did the Materia do this? But it's lost its color? Wait, doesn't that mean I won't be able to turn back? What if I used the Materia I left with Aerith?"** That was true. If they had come in a set, then it was possible the other one could change her back! And so she slipped into the main room of their hotel suite, still in her birthday suit.



Aerith was *not* going to believe this!

In the meantime, Aerith had placed the Materia that Yuffie had tossed her onto the coffee table in the inn room they were sharing. The suites really *were* luxurious, possessing comfortable beds, a living room area, and even a kitchenette. But the Cetra wasn't really in the mood to savor any of that. She really *did* want to help Tifa feel a little better. Maybe she

could ask Yuffie if she would switch rooms with Tifa? Then again, that would probably just come off as rude.



“Maybe Yuffie would want to go out to dinner with us?” The cleric clapped her hands together. A good meal with some good company could lift anyone’s spirits! She was just wary of Tifa *pretending* to feel better. She had a bad habit of doing that! And she felt like she was the only one in their group that had caught onto it. **“I’d do anything to support Tifa!”** And she really meant it!

So, why was the Materia on the coffee table glowing so suddenly?

“Oh! That... probably isn’t right?” Much like Yuffie, who was having the exact same issue in the bathroom at that exact same moment, Aerith was uncertain about what to do as the object began to emit a light that grew brighter and brighter. She *also* recoiled once it became bright enough to fill the room, but when that weight faded, she felt a little *differently* than the teenager had. Her skin wasn’t tingling. In fact? She felt a little *cold* for some reason. Once she opened her eyes and looked down it became obvious as to *why* that was, though. **“I’M NAKED!?”**

The light must have stolen her clothes away for *some* reason. But while it was embarrassing, it was a minor setback at most. It was the woman’s favorite dress, so it went without saying that she had a couple of spares in her luggage. **“I wonder if something’s wrong with that Materia? I should ask Yuffie when she comes out of the bathroom, but...”** For now, she had to find something else to wear! And maybe put the Materia in a place where *that* wouldn’t happen again.

Unfortunately, before she could make it to her bag? Her body began to feel rather *stiff*. It became hard to make dramatic motions like moving her legs forward, and before long she was standing relatively still in the hotel room. **“Huh? That’s... weird! Maybe another side effect?”** The woman was trying not to worry about it *too* much, but it *would* be embarrassing if someone came in and saw her frozen and naked!

She couldn’t even bend her neck downwards, so her chin was pointed forward towards the wall. It was a letdown in the end, because moments later she had *really* wanted to look *down*. Namely because her body had begun to feel a little *heavier than normal* in place. **“Um... What’s going on down there?”** Aerith couldn’t have even *imagined* what was happening to cause that heftier feeling. But it was a lot of *expansion*.

Her breasts *and* her ass had begun to grow, flesh embiggening in a way that gave her curves a *much* more substantiated look to them. Even *if* Aerith had been able to watch her breasts almost *double* in size, or her ass jut out into a big heart shape behind her, she might not have put two and two together. That the shapes and sized of her curves now bore a *very* strong resemblance to the curves of *Tifa*. In fact, her figure was identical. She was just missing the height and the muscles.

But she would acquire them, because they weren't at all *necessary* for what was in store for her. The cleric wasn't suffering the same fate as Yuffie; she wasn't becoming Tifa's second doppelganger. As if to drive that point home? A pair of *THUDs* hitting the floor to either side of her certainly had. "**H-HUH!?**" Unable to move, she hadn't been *certain* but... It had almost felt like...

Her arms had fallen off?

"What's... happ...?" Aerith's voice croaked. She was struggling to speak, and then all of a sudden simply *couldn't* anymore. The stiffness of her body had reached maximum levels, stealing away even her speech now as her lips froze and her eyes locked forward. She was utterly incapable of comprehending what was becoming of her *now*. And for anyone who *could* see her body? They probably would have had even *more* questions.

Patches of her skin looked like they were changing color. Specifically? A band that wrapped around the base of her breasts and back, while a similar band wrapped around her hips and pelvis – covering even her pussy. The colors were bands of *grey*. Dark grey in the center, darker grey bands on either side next, and then out to a pale grey that *almost* appeared to be white. The fronts of her breasts were eventually bound together, while her nipples and pussy faded into colored skin that seemed to be *rising*?

Ruffled frills peaked out from the center of her tits, and bigger frills emerged downwards among her longs, with pale grey nylon filling in her ass crack underneath. It would have looked *like* she was wearing a rather elaborate swimsuit since straps emerged across her shoulders. But that wasn't the case. This swimsuit? It *was* her body. And now that it had fully formed? Everything else was *unnecessary*.

Aerith was suddenly plagued by two disorienting feelings. Total darkness took over for a moment, but while she was blacked out? It felt like she was *falling*. But it was *strange*. She didn't fall with a *THUD*, it was more like she was fluttering downward towards the ground that she eventually hit. Of course, it only felt this was from her perspective

because she couldn't tell that all of the flesh and bone of her body had suddenly *evaporated*, leaving the swimsuit the only thing left to fall to the ground.

It wasn't until 'she' finally settled that her senses returned to her, but it was *strange*. She was clearly lying on the floor, but so much of the room was visible to her now. She was able to see *all* around her, including the floor. And including what looked like... Tifa's swimsuit? From Aerith's point of view, it was almost like it was on top of her? Or was it below her? She still couldn't move, so it was hard to say. *Wait, am I the swimsuit!?*

She *was*. And fortunately, she still seemed to have consciousness despite having become an inanimate set of objects. She really couldn't comprehend what had just happened to her! And a naked Tifa exiting from the bathroom with a confused look on her face didn't help Aerith understand things any better!

This wasn't the *real* Tifa that was picking her up. Aerith could tell *that* much even as a two piece *bikini set*. Considering she had come from the bathroom, that meant she had to be *Yuffie*, right? Had her Materia transformed her too? But why into a *naked Tifa*? Wait. She had said she had wanted to *support* Tifa. Bikinis *supported* women, especially women with hefty bosoms. If they were perhaps changed by their desires, then had they overlapped? Was that why she had transformed into a swimsuit?



It wasn't like she was in any position to vocalize her thoughts, however. **"I wonder where Aerith went...? Oh well! At least I found something to wear!"** The 'Tifa' bent down to pick the 'bikini' up, utterly ignorant to the fact that the pieces of clothing *had been* the woman she was looking for. Aerith subconsciously shuddered under the woman's touch. Why did it feel so *good*? But she didn't even know the half of it just yet.

Tifa's doppelganger slid one leg through Aerith and then the other, pulling the bikini bottoms up until the fabric was pressing into the woman's loins. The bikini bottom could feel her pussy's warmth as its shape distorted her own, and her 'body' flossed into Tifa's ample cheeks. It felt *amazing*. It felt *right*. And these feelings only escalated further as her upper half, the bikini top, was laced over the woman's shoulders.

“Good thing it fits, too. Why is it so warm, though?” She supposed it *had* been sitting by the window. Maybe it had just warmed up there? Tifa reached back to clasp the bikini top behind her, the very act forcing Aerith’s ‘body’ to fondle the woman’s breasts, hard nipples digging into her and providing to her a great deal of ecstasy. It almost felt like Aerith was being *edged*. It all made her so *horny*, but there wasn’t a single thing she could do about it.

But even then, a more perverse thought had arisen in the back of her mind. How would it feel to be *taken* off? To be *discarded*? To be *washed*? And then to be *worn again*? Such was the fate of all clothing, and she almost couldn’t wait to experience that for herself. On the other hand? This second Tifa was worried about something much more concerning.

“So... How am I going to break this to the *real* Tifa?”

She did have a point.