

# MATERIA POSSESSED

## COMMISSION STORY

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Really, had a stranger game crossover ever been made?

Taking a powerwasher to objects and locations from the Final Fantasy VII series certainly sounded like a fever dream that someone might have had, and yet thanks to the Powerwash Simulator game that was also published by Square Enix, it was something that had become a reality. While only a few levels, it challenged players to clean up things like vehicles in the SHINRA building, a boss enemy, and even the interior of Tifa's Seventh Heaven bar. How the bar in question got *that* dirty was anyone's guess, really.

One of the highlights of this experience was the ability to challenge the grime in multiplayer, which was an experience that Kay and Axel did not hesitate to take up. The two of them were both avid fans of the Final Fantasy VII games and characters, and while the former had yet to play the Remake, it at least gave them an opportunity to talk about it over Discord while playing.

**“Personally I think the Remake is the superior experience, but at the same time they’re both canon as things are now, so I don’t think there’s anything wrong with either of them.”** Axel had seemingly had a lot to say in favor of the remade game, even though only the first of a planned three entries had been released so far. **“Plus we don’t know what’s going to happen with Aerith in the new games. And you like Yuffie, right? She gets a lot of attention in the DLC they added later.”**

Kay chimed in immediately with **“Yeah, I love Yuffie!”**. The only reason he hadn't played the Remake yet was the absence of necessary

hardware to do so. He didn't need to be sold on the game – he was going to play it eventually. **“I guess the old game isn't as good at portraying these things, but I thought she was pretty cute!”** Yet as this conversation of their wound down? Something strange happened. Their call momentarily cut out, and from the perspectives of the two men?

*Darkness.*

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**“What the—!?”** The next thing Kay knew? He had shot up from laying down on the floor in what looked like an unfamiliar building. Nothing about it looked *modern*, and yet it almost looked strangely futuristic at the same time? Like something out of a certain Final Fantasy game he had played. For anyone that might have played the Yuffie DLC in the Remakes, it would have been easily recognizable as the base of operations that Wutai used in Sector 7, not all that far from Seventh Heaven.

But Kay didn't have that knowledge and began to wander around aimlessly, trying to confirm a *correct* suspicion. **“How did I end up here? Is this a dream? But it definitely feels too real...”** It was amazing really. This looked like a scene right out of Final Fantasy VII! And yet how was he here? What had triggered it? Just playing that Powerwash Simulator DLC? If this was a feature, it certainly wasn't one that had been *advertised*.

**“Is this a Materia? A real one?”** His enthusiastic exploration eventually led him to a couch in what looked to be a commons area. Sitting upon it had been a dark green orb that looked like it was made of glass. But it was a Materia, right? Curious, he picked it up. But he certainly hadn't expected it to *glow* once he did so. Much less for it to feel so *warm*. **“Uh...?”** He was quick to drop it back where he had found it.

With everything that had happened thus far he had no reason to doubt what might be, well, *unreasonable*. So the fact that it felt warm... Had it activated? It wasn't like he had ever used one before, so was this what it felt like? He went to adjust his glasses with his free hand to make sure what he was experience wasn't a falsity, but in doing so? **“Huh? Where'd my glasses go?”** He hadn't been wearing them? For how long? But then... **“My... vision is fixed!?”** He was certainly seeing in perfect 20/20 even *without* them.

But this benefit had come with a very subtle change in the color of brown those eyes were. They were just a shade lighter. Not that he could notice.

When it came to subtle inconsistencies? The color of Kay's eyes wasn't even the *only* immediate one, because brown locks darkened ever so slightly too. But a change simultaneously befell them that couldn't affect his eyes in the same way, and that was a change in its *style*. It grew a touch longer and its quality? Softer and silkier. It was brushed to frame his face with bangs now swept to the right in what was a cute, tomboyish bob. Or, well, in his current state he looked more like a boyband wannabe than anything?

Even his pubes had shortened!

**“That’s... impossible?”** Even saying it aloud, remarking that his cured vision was impossible was impossible in of itself, wasn't it? Because the fact that he had magically been *teleported to what was probably the world of a video game* was already pretty impossible by itself, wasn't it? So how unlikely was it *really* that whatever had brought him here could cure his vision?

Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, that line of thinking was soon disturbed. **“Ah!?”** A cry of surprise escaped the man's lips, because without warning? A sensation akin to falling had struck him, even though it was obvious after critically thinking for a single second that he wasn't *actually* falling. **“Oh, I’m just... getting smaller!?”** Why had he been about to brush that off as something so obvious!?

But Kay was absolutely *correct* in his assessment. Throwing out his arms to the sides to help keep his balance, his limbs were becoming shorter in real time and his hands were consumed by the sleeves of his red hoodie as a result, excess length dangling limply over fingertips that were smaller and narrower themselves. In a similar vein, the fabric of jeans bunched up around his ankles while the feet within his shoes collapsed. Heels smoothed and softened, toes curled as they shrunk and gained slightly lengthier, manicured nails...

**“I’m... soooo short!”** When all was said and done he had lost about *eight* inches off his overall height, and the clothes he had been wearing hung like him like laundry that was out to dry. Not only was he shorter, but his body had become incredibly lean and even a touch *buff*, representative of an energetic and athletic lifestyle if that toned tummy of his was any indication.

He also felt *strangely* energetic, and it was shining through his words. He sounded peppier? But was his voice also *dramatically* higher? These were things Kay hadn't noted because so much was happening in quick succession, but to be fair the man had begun to embrace it in a way.

Wasn't becoming someone different *exciting*? Or maybe that was just his newfound energy dictating his opinion?

Nonetheless, there was a very *obvious* perceived source to this youthful energy he now possessed, and it was *youth itself*. Sparing a look to Kay's face, it seemed that when he had gotten smaller and fitter, he had also become *younger*. Not only did he look more like a teenager around the age of *sixteen*, but his facial features betrayed both his perceived sex and race.

To begin with, everything about his face was smaller and cuter now. Its shape was more of an oval than it ever had been, with a rounder chin and thinner cheekbones. But swollen lips and a button nose highlighted a perceived femininity to it. But otherwise? Not only were the lengths of his eyelashes longer, but the eyes in question were simultaneously smaller, more expressive, and much more angular to suggest *Wutai* origins.

Slender fingers were pulled out of oversized sleeves so he could pat his chest, seemingly out of nowhere. **“Wait a sec... What’s going on here!?”** While it was an expression of shock, the boy didn't actually feel all that *shocked*, honestly. Pressing against his chest through his clothes, he could feel what felt to be a pair of B-cup breasts emerging. Not the sort of chest you expected to find on a teenaged *boy*. But pretty much everything seemed to be suggesting the opposite anyways.

Case in point? Scrawny thighs soon squirmed as *her* masculinity was finally stolen from her, leaving her with a girl's counterpart beneath ill-fitted jeans and boxers that were held up only by the fact that her hips were a touch wider than they used to be. Well, it certainly helped that the cheeks of her rear had swollen to give her a tight little bum despite her otherwise lithe figure. It stood out with how thin her waistline was! But the girl? She didn't feel shocked or concerned or anything like that.

She felt *great*!

Waifish hands clapped together without the resistance of her men's clothing, because said clothes were suddenly no more. Instead? Her toned tummy was all but exposed thanks to her green, sleeveless turtleneck and unbuttoned, tanned shorts. Her left arm was clad now with a tanned gauntlet and pauldron over her shoulder, while mesh, fingerless gloves clad the other arm. Finally there were her auburn shoes, white legwarmers, and a ninja headband now hidden beneath her bangs.

**“Huh!? Did I oversleep!? N-No... That’s not right, I know what happened, but...”** The perspective of *Yuffie Kisaragi* was a little

disjointed. She one hundred percent recognized herself as Yuffie! She had Yuffie's memories, acted like Yuffie, and even knew what she had to do. But at the same time? A level of awareness persisted from her old life. One that recognized that she hadn't always *been* Yuffie. Did she remember being Kay? Perhaps not entirely, but she had a vague idea about it.

And so the teenaged girl shrugged her shoulders. **“I guess it doesn't matter in the end!”** As she was? She felt happy. There was just something about existing in this world that really tickled her fancy. She had never felt more at *home*, despite this building in particular? Well, she was only staying there temporarily as part of the mission she had been given. She was excited for the future, provided SHINRA would end up dealt with! And speaking of... **“Shoot! Sonon!”**

The partner she had been assigned for this mission was probably going to be *pissed* with her! She ran out the door knowing this, because she was already pretty late. But he'd get over it, right? He was working with *the* Yuffie Kisaragi after all! *The* Yuffie Kisaragi, who ran back into the hideout just as quickly as she'd left.



**“ALMOST FORGOT MY MOOGLE HOODIE!”**

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**“I feel like I was run over by a truck...”** Or like he had fallen from a high place? Both thoughts crossed Axel's mind as he eventually came to, staring at light filtering down through a broken roof above him. But he didn't see a sky above. It was covered in steel, almost like... **“A plate?”** Like one of the plates that covered the slums of Midgar in the game he had just been talking about?

The sweet fragrance of flowers treated his nostrils, and pushing himself up into a sitting position? It was easy to see why. He was *surrounded* by flowers that had been planted within this building. It was *clearly* a church, adding credence to what he had already been thinking. **“No, I must have hit my head too hard. No way I'm in *that* church.”** The church that Cloud had fallen into in Final Fantasy VII after falling from the plate.

The church where he met Aerith. Or was it better to say where they had been *reunited*?

But he was alone with nary a Cloud nor Aerith to be seen. Why would he expect to see them? There was no way what he was actually seeing was *real*, right? “**A Materia?**” Just as he didn’t believe the crimson, glass orb that had caught his attention on the ground nearby to be real. But when he picked it up and it began to glow? The warmth he felt certainly *seemed* real. But out of an abundance of caution, Axel dropped it back onto the ground.

And even though this was arguably for the *best*, truthfully it was much too late by this point. Even allowing it to keep in contact with his body for roughly thirty seconds was enough to prompt changes of a similar vein to Kay’s, all while keeping the end result completely different. Because it would have been *totally weird* to have two Yuffies running around, right?

Though things didn’t even *unfold* in the same way. “**Holy sh—!?**” The man stopped himself short of completely cursing, because looking down he’d noticed the fact that his notable gut was rapidly regressing. The front of his shirt flattened just as the sides pinched in, the slightest burgeon of muscle pressing up against the underside of his skin so that he was utterly trim in every capacity. There wasn’t an excess scrap of weight *anywhere* on his body now, and while a shirt that was now *huge* upon him his as much, his waistline had become almost unusually narrow... *for a man*.

Not only that, but his hips somehow looked a little too wider? And it was by their grace that his pants and boxers hadn’t fallen after his dramatic weight loss. On the other hand, narrowed shoulders meant that his shirt’s immense neck hole risk falling off to one side. All in all, his clothing appear *disheveled*. And that appearance only grew as the man, well...

*He shrank.*

“**N-No way!**” It was all he had to say, really. It was all he really *could* say, because how was he supposed to stop it from happening? Limbs shortened as his body compressed overall, which only highlighted further the widened gait of his hips and the narrowed width of his waist while slenderer fingers now with manicured nails were left tugging at his pants to make sure they didn’t fall off. When all was said and done? Axel had lost about six or seven inches himself, now at 5’4”. His body was shorter, thinner, and arguably more feminine.

But it was becoming less and less of an argument as time ticked on. Just looking at the man's face, for example, it not only hardly resembled him any longer, but it had taken the form of a beautiful young woman's face, one surely no older than twenty-two. **"I can'th belieth thith... Huh!?"** His lips were smacking together awkwardly for a time because they were actually thicker, resting expression a glossy pout. But even his voice sounded higher and cuter, much more like a woman's.

This face was actually *longer* than it used to be, Axel's face usually a rounder shape. But now it was much more oval by design, and this highlighted that while his nose was narrower, it was also longer and had a rounder tip. Bright eyes clouded to an emerald color while the brows above them thinned, yet the eyes themselves? They were a touch bigger and brighter, lengthened lashes sealing their newfound femininity.

There was something picturesque about it all. Beautiful yet young. And it was all helped as his hair took on a rich chestnut color and began to lengthen. It fell over the front of his shoulders at the sides, while bangs were raised and brushed so his forehead was completely bare. In the back? Tangled hair looked like it was used to being braided.

**"I'm... am I becoming Aerith?"** Axel could scarcely believe it, but considering the location and the hum of his voice he could draw that conclusion even without seeing his own face. **"Nn..."** Or *her* own face, as she realized thanks to a squirming sensation between thighs that swelled rounder and fuller not long after. There was a voice within that was telling her that she had *always* been Aerith, and yet her memories of Axel's life persisted. It was just that they were beginning to feel more distant, almost like *visions*.

All the while, the final touches to her body, at least to make it consistent with her new identity, filled in. Similarly to her thighs, her rear swelled so that it was fuller and perkier, pushing out the back of her jeans. And to corroborate with them, B-cup breasts and puffier nipples pushed out underneath her shirt. With her clothing so oversized you couldn't make out these new womanly features, but that was promptly corrected.

Black boots, a long, light pink dress, and a crimson, short-sleeved jacket made up the bulk of the new outfit that adorned her – a perfect match for the clothing of the woman she had realized she was becoming. Her hair was braided in the back now, with a big, pink bow tying it, and both a choker and a necklace accessorized her neck. Bracelets otherwise found her wrists. Of course, she had the appropriate undergarments on too!

*Aerith Gainsborough* shook her head. For how tumultuous things had felt for a time there, her mind now felt like it was at peace. Like it was *still*. It wasn't often it felt that way as of late, not with the voice of the planet always reaching out to her. But of course, she already knew things about this world that she couldn't share with others. So what was being burdened with *additional* secrets? **“I suppose it doesn't matter, does it? I'm still Aerith, even if...”** Even if she could remember having lived another life in another world.

To be fair to the flower girl, these memories felt vague and distant now. **“Maybe it's for the best that I just don't dwell on them?”** She balled up her fists and gave a cute tilt of her head. Rather than dwell on this, it made more sense to move forward didn't it? Besides, she had told Cloud she would meet him outside shortly. She wanted to make sure he got back to Sector 7 safely after falling all the way down.

And so with a hum, she started towards the church door. Anything memories of this past life had told her were things she already knew about her world anyways. What was going to happen, her potential fate... These were things she was going to have to deal with, but she had hope for the future.

**“Cloud? Did I make you wait long?”**

