

LULULIGHTNING

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Lightning was used to this life by now, loathed as she was to admit it.

To get by on Gran Pulse, to support yourself and others, you had to take up work. Work that was, usually, extremely dangerous. There was no shortage of monsters in the world she called home, and each monster posed its own challenges for the people of the world to face. Whether it was assaulting merchants traveling perilous paths, or attacks launched on the towns and cities forged by humanity; there was no denying that people capable of fighting were a necessity.

Lightning was strong, and so naturally she had gravitated to killing monsters over the years. It certainly helped that she was a L'Cie now. That meant that most people looked down on her and saw her as disposable. What this ultimately meant was that people felt less guilty about letting someone of *her kind* do work that could end with her getting killed. For better or for worse.

But she was tough, and she was used to it. The reward for the risk was definitely worth it. Not only was she paid handsomely for her hunts, but she was also free to keep anything that the monsters she killed dropped. Which was certainly a useful tool when it came to her present journey. Now traveling with fellow L'Cie, it was more important than ever that she have all of the supplies necessary to keep pushing forward.

“A crystal? Is this supposed to augment the user’s magic ability? That might be useful.” After felling a crystalline beast all by her lonesome, the L'Cie in question had found this item among its drops. A purple stone that seemed to shimmer. Lightning had heard rumors of crystals that could enhance magical abilities, and being a magic user

herself? Well, it wasn't exactly an item that was *useless* to her. Quite the contrary, in fact.



Just viewing it as a consumable that would potentially increase her magic capabilities permanently, the woman held the crystal in her right hand and crushed it, releasing the magic she could feel radiating faintly from within. And while that energy most certainly flowed into her body? **“What’s happening!?”** Lightning soon found herself contending with a completely different issue altogether. She was spinning. The *world* was spinning. And the next thing she knew?

She was standing on an unfamiliar beach in the dead of night.

“Where... *am I?*” A gloved hand immediately went to the hilt of the blade strapped to her right hip. The crashing waves nearby were illuminated by a combination of the light from the full moon and the sparkling stars, while behind her? There looked to be a village composed of a number of small with one huge

hut at the back. If this was a village on Gran Pulse, then it wasn't one she had ever visited before.

But then again? If that's what she was assuming, then she was already on the wrong track. This wasn't actually Gran Pulse at all. She hadn't simply been teleported somewhere else in her own world. This was a distant star known by the name of *Spira*. She was naturally not a resident of it, but the magic that had brought her here would ultimately see to correcting that. All while giving her the sharp boost in magic she had expected to receive upon destroying that crystal.

“I suppose I should check in the village and figure out just *where I am, exactly.*” She had disappeared without notice, which meant the rest of her party would definitely worry what with how soft they all were. The moment she had resolved to push into the village, however? The feeling of her hand slipping on her blade's hilt, as well as the blade itself falling to the sand below her, both struck her. **“Did I not fasten... it... correctly...?”**

No sooner than her gaze drifted downward did Lightning piece together what had been strange about all that. The blade had fallen so softly that it hadn't made much of a noise upon impact, and the moment her eyes

caught sight of it, it was clear why. Resting in the sand beside her *wasn't* her blade. In fact, that blade was nowhere to be seen whatsoever. What was resting beside her was a *stuffed animal*. One that strongly resembled a Moogle. **“How did that get there? Where did my sword go?”**

It didn't really matter, mind you. Before long she'd be wondering why she had been searching for a sword in the first place. Because why would a mage as talented as her be wielding a weapon as cruel as a sword, anyways? Perish the thought, really.

Not that Lightning had really reached *that* point yet. Now that she was resolved to set out towards the dimly lit village, she had begun to take step after step through the coarse sand. It would be a little bit of a trip, but she was quickly realizing that it was more effort than it probably should have been to traverse the beach's natural design. **“Why do I feel so tired? Is it a side effect of whatever sent me here?”**

It took her a little bit to clue in, but the issue was very much her stamina. She was so accustomed to hunting monsters and running about that there was hardly a moment in her life that she felt breathless, and yet not only did she find the simple act of moving quickly across the beach to be winding, but her muscles felt loose and worn as well.

Lightning was in no position to just strip and check out her body, but had she? She might have been able to identify the cause of this feeling. The tense muscles that made up the entirety of her strength had softened as if they had just breathed a very consequential sigh of relief, and so her body had lost its overall firmness. That wasn't to say there wasn't muscle *anywhere*, for it still lingered in key places. Just not in places that left her as athletic of a woman as she had been before.

Among these places where muscle persisted was her back though. This might have seemed odd initially, because what kind of exercised would make her back stronger than the rest of the body? An answer quickly surfaced, mind you, and it was something that Lightning both readily noticed and left her utterly speechless.

Or, perhaps, *udderly* speechless?

“What? Why is my jacket so tight?” That said, it had still taken the swordswoman a moment to piece together what she was experiencing, because what had begun with a strange pressure in her chest had ultimately transitioned into a tightness of her jacket above the belt that was bound beneath her breasts. The question had stopped her dead in her tracks, and fortunately she was not wanting for an answer for very long. For with the belt tied beneath them, the ample flesh of a swelling

bosom began to push out through the V cut of her jacket's neck. **"My chest!?"**

It was an expansion that had actually received a little more work behind the scenes, as her nipples had changed long before the heft of her tits had begun to swell. Nipples, erect, had both darkened in color and had been enhanced several coin sizes larger, and it had only been once they had properly adjusted that the rest of her breasts followed suit. And they really wasted *no* time in doing so.

Lightning wasted no time at all when it came to removing the belt strewn atop her jacket, for regardless of how alarming the sight was, she could not refute that it was getting harder and harder to breathe. Without the jacket tightened to hold them in place, both tits, now two sizes larger, ultimately spilled out and popped the middle button of her jacket clean off. Both tits were full in size, and the woman caught a full taste of that once had hands caught them without thinking. **"This is impossible!"**

Yet while her breasts, relatively perky despite being as big as her head, were certainly shocking, it wasn't even a trend that had been isolated to her bosom alone. *Expansion*, that is. Because if she wasn't already having enough problems maintaining her balance with her huge, fleshy rack, she was almost knocked forward thanks to a widening of her hips.

"*Argh!?*" Lightning evidently wasn't amused, but she also hadn't noticed that there was a different sound to her voice. Still that of a woman, but there was a sultrier tone to it that was likewise communicated through lips that didn't quite match her old appearance. In fact, much of her facial structure had been changing as she grappled with her swelling figure.

Her lips were part of that, having swollen to a much plumper, wider size. But just as quickly as they had grown, they had found themselves painted black – a color that would become an aesthetic staple when it came to accessorizing. You could easily point to the black mascara that was soon painted around eyes that had narrowed, or that while fingers had grown longer and bonier, nails painted black had grown even longer still. That said, there was no makeup applied to her cheeks nor nose, but that did not stop them from growing thinner and longer, respectively. Nor did it stop a beauty mark from surfacing beneath the left of her lips.

It took her a moment to correct her posture after widened hips almost sent her down to eat sand, though a swelling discomfort soon saw everything beneath these hips transform as well. The crimson leather of the satchel bound around her left leg ultimately dug into the flesh of her thighs not because the satchel had shrunk, but of course because her

legs themselves were growing more abundant near their peaks. Thighs blossomed gloriously, making good use of the new gap afforded by her widened hips, while any excess was pushed up into the cheeks of her ass. The tanned, leather skirt she was wearing was given no choice but to ride up against her cheeks, revealing the base of her underwear around a pussy that was getting cameltoed to hell by panties that were constructed by her plump, abundant bottom.

“I don’t understand what is... mm... happening here? I’m not supposed to be... I’m a swordswoman, not a... mage?” Her head spun, and she couldn’t stifle the moan provoked by her underwear grinding into her loins, either. Her memories were changing swiftly, with any knowledge regarding how to wield a blade quickly falling from her head, making room for elaborate Black Magic spells and the like. Had she been searching for someone? A sibling? That *felt* right, but she couldn’t remember embarking on a journey, much less having a sister.

The stronger these memories became, the browner her eyes became, and the darker her hair grew. What went unnoticed was that the woman had shrunk a single inch, but in the grand scheme of things so much dramatic change had afflicted Lightning that this wasn’t all *too* surprising.

Her hair, now almost pitch black, lengthened down to just above her rear end while the quality thinned and her bangs were ultimately cast in a wavy fashion across her left eye. Once grown, the length behind her began to tie itself into a trio of braids that were bound by beaded ties, while a bun atop her head was kept by a pair of pins.

“Am I going insane? Of course this is where I belong.” The new ego that had slowly been replacing Lightning’s own finally pushed back with enough effort that her old voice was drowned out, and acceptance took hold. Just in time for the rest of her outfit to reshape, in fact.

From a long, flowing dress of brown that left her shoulders and the peaks of her large breasts bare, to its fur trim and the leather corset beneath it, to the strange skirt that appeared to be made of belts overtop lace thigh highs... It was very much a *peculiar* outfit, but at the very least Lightning’s taste in belts was retained? Was that a silver lining? No, not really.

“Oh? Why did I stray so far from Besaid? Surely I of all people was not having difficulty sleeping?” This was the first thing the woman said once the fog had lifted from her mind. It was almost like she had just woken from a stupor – or at least she had been given a little too much to drink. She had a reputation among her village for being dark and a little unsettling, but *Lulu* was not one to really embrace that

reputation for gain. There was no need to wander the beach by her lonesome unnecessarily, lest her people start thinking she was up to something befitting of a woman with her reputation.

Leaning forward and down to lift the Moogle plush on the sand, her ample bosom swung about and even threatened to pop free of her promiscuously designed dress. She did not wear it as a tool to steal the gaze of men; that was hardly the point. Lulu simply wore what was comfortable, and what spoke to her fashion sensibilities. Anyone ogling her would receive their punishment in due course. Not that there was anyone on this beach to do just that.



Besides, even if they did? *He* would undoubtedly do something about it. She'd been idly thinking of him throughout her entire transformation, but hadn't been able to put a name nor a face to that identity. With everything clear now, however? She had no doubt in her mind that she was thinking of Wakka. A dumb jock of a man that she had, for better or for worse, begun a relationship with. It was possible that they might even be able to start a family together now that Sin was no longer a threat to Spira.

It was a strange feeling, though. Being in love. Desiring to settle down. Those were things Lulu had never thought she would be able to do. Of course, some of that feeling was actually lingering from Lightning's old personality. Lightning had *never* been the sort to care about things like that. But now as Lulu? It just felt like a natural development of her new life. **“That fool. Letting his lover wander off in the dead of night? I suppose I could pin this on him.”**

It would be humorous to see his reaction, if anything.

Until the day their child was conceived, however, she could continue on with life as usual. That meant living as Besaid's most powerful wielder of black magic – and this was most certainly a part of her new self that was true. The crystal that she now forgot she had broken in her hand as another woman had possessed this goal all along. To bring in a suitable host to fill in the pieces that had mysteriously gone missing from this

world one day. Lulu naturally had no idea that she was part of this ploy, and never would. But she wasn't the only piece of this puzzle.

Hopefully, no one else back in Gran Pulse found *similar* crystals.