

# KWEH!?

## COMMISSION STORY

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**“Cloud!? Aerith!? Huh...”**

Tifa Lockhart finally finished hoisting herself up onto the ledge that she had been climbing towards over the past few minutes. It was a climb that the twenty-year-old woman had *wanted* to make, but she hadn't really been given a choice in the matter after everything she had just gone through. There wasn't anyone to blame for it. Realistically, it had all been one big accident. One that had led to her becoming separated from everyone else.

Their party had returned to Nibelheim for the first time since Cloud and Tifa had watched it all burn back when they were only teenagers. It had been an extremely *shocking* trip, if only because they had returned to find that their small village had been entirely rebuilt from the ground up, as nothing had even happened in the first place. Of course, they couldn't rebuild the many lives that had been lost when Sephiroth had burned everything and slaughtered everyone. Including her own father.

After their business had been completed at the mayor's mansion and the Shinra lab that had been hidden underneath, the group had split up to tackle their own little side quests. Tifa had just been looking for an excuse to go out and clear her head after, well, *all that*. Cloud and Aerith had tagged along, but Cloud was worrying her for *different* reasons. He had clearly been... *deteriorating* mentally, and Aerith had caught on too.

That was probably why she had tagged along.

The three of them had simply been exploring the countryside of the Nibel region. Apparently some of the chocobos from the ranch hidden in the mountain had gone missing, and so the three had taken the job to kill some time and pick up a little extra money in the process. They hadn't been given much to go *off* of though – beyond a few sightings. Pursuing one of them, they'd gone down into a ravine. And that ravine's path had unfortunately *collapsed* with them on it.



Tifa had fallen a long way, and she was pretty sure that the other two had landed much farther up than she had. She was lucky that a small pool at the bottom of the ravine had broken her fall, but the current had pulled her into a small cavern with only that vine-covered wall and the light of a hole above to guide her. **“Well, guess the only way is up...”** She had mused at the time, and that was what had led her to where she was now.

**“I must have fallen so far that they can't hear me. But if I keep climbing...”** If she didn't bump into them on her own, then she'd surely reach the surface and be able to find her way back to Nibelheim on her own. The path forward wasn't *immediately* obvious, but she was eventually guided by... a yellow chocobo feather on the ground of all things. It was before a small tunnel that seemed to go deeper. **“Could one of the chocobos we're looking for have fallen down here?”**

If *that* was the case, then perhaps she'd had a stroke of good luck falling that deep? Tifa questioned that luck after squeezing through the tunnel and reaching the other side, though. **“Or maybe not?”** She'd stumbled upon what was *clearly* a giant chocobo next. Fashioned with twigs and straw, it glowed with the orange of the setting sun's light that filtered in through a gap above. Yellow feathers were here, there, and everywhere, but there was no sign of any *eggs*.

Either way, the nest couldn't have belonged to any of the birds they had been looking for. They had only been missing for a day or two, and that wasn't long enough to build a nest of that size. She had to go around it to reach the adjoining tunnel though, and as she made that trip her reddish brown eyes fell upon something... *unusual*. **“Wait... Is that...?”** After making certain there was no chance of the nest's owner finding and attacking her, she stepped in towards the center of the nest where she found a *Materia* of all things.

It was the same yellow as the feathers of a chocobo. Had it taken it because it matched? Birds *did* tend to like shiny objects. The martial artists reach down to pick it up, thinking it might be useful on their journey depending on what it was capable of, and yet... The moment her fingers so much as grazed the magic orb, it flashed with a bright yellow light that startled her into stepping back.

The light faded just as quickly as it flashed, but while it took her eyes a moment to *adjust* after getting flashbanged, she immediately noticed two things. First: Tifa's body felt much *lighter*, while second: she felt much *chillier*. Her hands reached down to find the issue before she could see. "**M-My clothes!?**" Not just her clothing, but her gear was gone. She was standing there, *totally* naked. "**Was that the Materia of stripping?**" All Tifa could really do was laugh awkwardly. Looking around, it wasn't like her clothes were anywhere in the nest. They were just wholly and completely *gone*.

"**This... is a problem.**" She could continue on naked, that wasn't necessarily an issue. The issue was that if she finally *did* find Cloud and Aerith, well... then the pair of them would see her without clothes on, which was *obviously* a problem. "**Uh...**" The woman swung her head around, searching the next for something, *anything* she could throw over her body. But there was nothing there that was visible. Maybe she'd have better luck if she continued down the next tunnel?

She wasn't given a chance to investigate, however. Because she soon found that her skin had become incredibly *itchy*. "**Wh-What's going on? Am I having some sort of allergic reaction?**" That wasn't *impossible*. She didn't know *what* was in the nest entirely, but wasn't the itchiness a little too *widespread*? She raised an arm, which revealed to her that there were tons of tiny little bumps emerging across its skin. But these bumps were appearing *all* over her body.

Except, strangely, across the skin of her legs beneath her knees, and her feet. There? The skin looked *entirely* different. So different that she found herself staring down at them. "**What is happening!?**" Tifa became *very* nervous, because this skin not only began to look *dry*, but it *darkened* as well towards a very dark grey that bordered on black. They didn't look... *human*.

And that was an impression that grew as her *feet* did the same. A coolness possessed them as the skin around them became *scaly* and the bones underneath thickened. Flesh was erased until there was very little between that skin and the bones aside from thin veins, but even then? The bone that remained distorted in shape and thickened in size... albeit at the cost of her big, middle, and little toes on both feet being absorbed into the toes beside them. Her heels gradually stretched out behind her,

warped into what looked to be hind toes – although they lacked the hard, black claws that poked out of her front two toes. *Talons*. The talons of a... “**Bird!?**” That was certainly what they looked like: the feet of a bird. But they had *tripled* in size from what they had been, and the number of bird species with two front toes were few. All things considered, the one that came to mind was—

**“KWEH!?”**

Tifa herself stood there with eyes wide, and a bumpy hand brought to her lips when that noise chirped from her lips. It was the noise of an animal. Of a *chocobo*, the very creature that had made the nest she was standing in. It had bubbled up from deep down, and she had been unable to repress it. But what was *more* concerning was the *taste* that had come along with it. A taste that was similar to how gsahl greens, the favorite food of the chocobo, smelled. “**A-Am I turning into a chocobo!?**” Was that what the Materia’s power was!?

As if to prove her point, the multitude of little bumps across her body finally amounted to something more. The itchiness grew more intense, and redirecting her attention to her limbs? She could see soft and down feathers sprouting from all over her body. “**Wait, is that really – KWEH!?** – **the case!?**” As it turned out, the taste of gsahl greens on her breath had been a sign that her body was changing internally too.

The woman felt *very* bloated, because her stomach was growing in size in a way that appeared to be distending her belly at first. “**H-Hey!?**” She *thought* she was stumbling forward, but she managed to retain her balance thanks to the strength of her chocobo legs that, while scaly beneath her knees, had begun to *thicken* into a pair of thick chicken legs above, the increasing amount of yellow plumage concealing their plumpness that had been robbed of any human shape.

She’d tilted forward *because* of those legs, but as it turned out? It had been a necessity to maintain the balance of a torso that was growing increasingly bulky. With her ass in the air behind her, her cheeks firmed and blended together while her buttohole and the pussy beneath it were merged into a single hole: a *cloaca* that would take care of any waste passing through her body regardless of the sort. It was abruptly hidden, mind you, by much longer *tail feathers* that grew until they were nearly a foot each overtop of it.

“**I can’t be become an... KWEH!?**” Tifa’s cheeks would have flushed pink if not for the soft plumage that had begun to sprout across those cheeks instead. She could *feel* her chest swelling, broadening, and yet hanging slightly downward courtesy of her bones thickening and rearranging to better match the ribcage of a bipedal avian. Her nipples

were erased if only because the animal she was becoming was *not* a mammal, and her stomach *continued* to look more and more distended even despite the fact that her legs somewhat hid them.

In fact, the woman felt very *bloated*. She turned her head to try and get a better look, but even her head had begun to feel heavier as it not only enlarged but began to show signs of stretching forward. It felt like she had to... go? Use the bathroom? “*Kweh!?*” She soon found herself *straining*, and the cloaca she had just developed ended up stretching wide before a soft *thump* rustled in the nest behind her. “**What was...?**” She didn’t feel much emptier, but she still turned on her big bird feet to find...

“**D-Did I just lay a – click – egg!? Click!**” Well, there *was* a large egg resting on the ground behind where her ass had been, so that certainly *appeared* to be the case. She soon found herself straining *again*, and that clicking sensation become more frequent. It came courtesy of her *lips*, if they could even be called that any longer. They were growing harder, darkening to orange while being pulled forward with the top ‘lip’ growing *numerous* times larger than the bottom as it rounded and developed a sharp point at the bottom. Her nose eventually merged into that upper lip, becoming little more than a pair of nostrils built into her *beak*, with her tongue struggling now to make any noise that didn’t sound like it was coming out of a bird. “*Kweh!?*”

Tifa could do little more than click together the two halves of her beak when, yet *another* egg was laid, landing just inches from the first, and it felt like *another* was on the way. Her arms had stiffened a while ago when their feathers had begun to sprout, and with everything else going on she couldn’t exactly be *blamed* for not noticing that they had shortened in exchange for her fingers growing lone and boney so that longer flight feathers could grow across them. Not that chocobos could typically fly very far at all. It was more like they could *glide*.

*Need to... stop... laying... egg...? Egg... Protect...? Young...? Huh...?* She’d done a good job of hanging on all this time, but as her head continued to move away in shape from that of a human, her brain’s shape and design were affected and it began to wear on her ability to think, much less rationalize what was happening to her. When her head began to thin at the sides and her brain within shrunk, her thoughts rapidly deteriorated in quality until she could barely think as humans comprehended the idea of ‘thought’ at all.

It even affected her movements. Her three-toed bird feet felt easy to move upon, she ruffled her feathers and flapped her wings as if it was normal, and while her neck lengthened? She began to turn and twitch that head strangely. All while her ears shrank, and her long, black hair

withdrew so that longer yellow feathers could crown her head? She became confused about why she had even been spooked in general. Eyes that had both bulged and darkened to black looked around on the sides of her head.

Just in time for the third and final egg to be ejected from her body.

“**Kweh!?**” What was she doing? Where was she going? The nameless *chocobo*’s big bird feet stomped around the next, careful to avoid doing anything that might harm the *five* eggs that she had laid behind her. She recognized those eggs as her own, and they inspired a very *maternal* instinct within her. More than anything, she had to protect them. When they hatched? She would have to feed them. Raise them. Until they grew big enough to leave *her* nest on their own.



Was Tifa still *in* there? In a sense, yes, but not really in the way you’d think. She was no more intelligent than the dumb and stinky animal that her body had been transformed into, and so she saw nothing ‘weird’ about picking up sticks and straws as she rearranged them. “**Kweh!**” Her thoughts were simple. She was guided by what she had to do to survive. *Instincts*, not reason. If anything entered her cave, they would be kicked back into the river below.

If anything, the bird felt a great deal of *relief*. Because she had finally laid the eggs that she remembered carrying in her womb, her body was much *lighter*. She could move about with ease, and she felt hungry for *herself* for the first time in weeks. “**Kweh!**” Maybe, then, she had time to go to the surface? On her long and powerful legs, she could make the trip quickly. Find food. Water. Things for her nest.

And so? Off she sped without looking back. The sun was setting, and so she moved through the tunnel system with ease. “**Woah!?**” She only ended up stopping at *one* point, though. Because she crossed paths with two humans that seemed to be making the same ascent. The bird heard the male one ask “Is that one of the ones we’re looking for?”, but the female with him shook her head from side to side.

This chocobo, not having been domesticated at all, didn't really know what any of those words or gestures meant. But she could tell that they were lost. "**Kweh!**" They also had the scent of food *and* chocobos on them. They were likely 'friends'. And so, as she walked ahead, she kept looking back and kweh-ing at them.

**"I think... she wants her to follow her? Is she going to show us the way out?"** The said words that the bird didn't understand. Her voice was soothing for some reason. Familiar. But none of that mattered to the bird, not when she had eggs in her nest below. She simply guided the two humans out and went on her way. But she did get a little treat from them as a result, so it had been worth it!

**"Kweh!"**