

SUCCUBEE INN

BIG STORY #36

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“I don’t like the look of this place...”

“Don’t be like that, Cloud!”

“Yeah Cloud, don’t be like that!”

Cloud Strife had *complaints*, even though most men in his situation certainly wouldn’t. He had a girl wrapped around both of his arms, leading him down the halls of a hotel in the Gold Saucer as some scantily clad women with a demon aesthetic followed behind them. But how had he even ended up in this situation? It wasn’t exactly an overly complicated tale.

With everything that had been happening lately? Cloud’s party had needed a break. Cid’s airship had *just* crashed and was being reworked for repairs, so the others had traveled all the way out to the Gold Saucer on Chocobo to have a relaxing few days while that happened. They were on the cusp of what would likely be a decisive battle against Sephiroth, after all, and it would have been a major disadvantage to approach that without proper rest.

But when they had arrived at the amusement park? They had been met with a *problem*. It was the busy season, and they couldn’t find a single hotel that had enough space for their full party, seeing as it had grown so much since they had first arrived at Kalm. But that was when they had run into what had *felt* like good luck in the moment.

They had been approached by a woman in a suit that had directed them to a new building on the Gold Saucer’s property: the Succubee Inn. She

claimed it was a new offshoot of Andrea's Honeybee Inn that *actually* functioned as an inn. It still had the whole scantily clad women shtick going on, but they were dressed like succubi rather than bees.

That was what made Cloud so uncomfortable as he walked along with Aerith and Tifa on her arms. They were only doing it to *tease* him. He was used to that. But why were five other women following them so closely? They claimed it had been to help them find their rooms, but— “**This way, masters!**” He hadn't been able to voice his concerns comfortably at the time, and it seemed he wouldn't get to.



“H-Hey! Hands off!”

The women behind them grabbed not only the mercenary, but the two women at his side and pulled them all into different rooms. The last thing he heard before the door was slammed in his face was Aerith jokingly shouting “***Relax, Cloud!***” as if he even could in a situation like this. And he was immediately proven correct as he heard his door lock from the other side. There was no sign of a lock on *his* side, though. “***Fuck.***”

Making matters worse? He could hear it. A *hissing* sound. Some sort of *gas*? It didn't take much more than a backwards glance to confirm that this *was* indeed the case. He could see a translucent substance seeping out through the vents in the ceiling, all of it colored a pale purple. Trained as he was in self-preservation, the young man immediately looked around for something to cover his mouth and nose with. The bedding? But it was right under the vent. It was probably too late.

And so, he covered his face with his arm and *bodychecked* the door with his shoulder. “***Oof!?***” With that much strength behind it, he should have knocked it clean off its hinges. He *was* ex-SOLDIER, after all. But he was instead knocked back. Was the door just that strong? Or was he that *weak*? It didn't really matter. The gas had reached his half of the room and had begun to envelope his body. While he could hold his breath, he *had* to sneak in the slightest of gasps here and there.

Which was *enough*.

Cloud was too concerned about a means of escape to wonder why his blood momentarily ran cold, but *as* it did? The tone of his skin paled to a creamier shade than was typical of it all. That said, the nipples beneath his shirt ended up pinker – and *puffier* – than they had before. Though

the latter part of that change was just a small teaser of what was to come. **“Huh!?”** The man, still attempting to cover his face, jolted forward when his knees suddenly *buckled*.

It was courtesy of his knees buckling. A phenomenon of the likes he couldn't place blame in the moment, largely because he couldn't understand it? The gas had been ingested by his *skin* and was working its 'magic', and what it was looking to do to him included giving him a very narrow waist. The *problem* with this was that he *already* had a narrow waist. So, instead? To *highlight* that, his hips had suddenly been yanked outwards several inches to make use of the slack in his pants. This is what had caused his knees to buckle in towards each other like they had.

“What's— happening...?” Try as Cloud might to hold his arm in place, it began to lower away from his face against his will. Not because he was being guided to do so, but because he was having problems holding it upright in the first place. It wasn't *just* his arms. His entire body felt *weak* and *tired* in ways that he wasn't accustomed to. This was *visually* apparent too, albeit not to the man himself. The ripped muscle in his arms had been deflating, leaving them soft and weak looking – and this was a trend that affected *all* of the muscle in his body.

Once the expectations of his *mind* adjusted? He wasn't offput by this weakness and could move freely again. But the mercenary had *already* uncovered his face and inhaled the— **“...Gas?”** His voice cracked sharply as surprise claimed him again. The gas he had been shielding himself from had completely cleared up? Had it just been another trick of his mind? **“But I was so sure that...? Hm? Am I speaking strangely all of a sudden?”**

Cloud really *was* speaking strangely, but it wasn't as clear to him that this was the case as it should have been. The sound of his voice was feminine in a way that also suggested maturity, and that was carrying over into his choice of words. Because the man had such a *pretty* face for a young man, it might not even have sounded particularly strange if that face had been left untouched.

It *hadn't*, though. Each word carried new weight to his lips, seeing them swell into a thicker, glossier forms that were difficult to pull your gaze away from. It was even *more* difficult when you noticed a dark mole forming beneath the left side of those lips. With the gas seemingly gone, even the slightest of visual changes became more obvious. But you wouldn't need everything obscured to note how his eyes grew larger, or how the mako drained from them to reveal that a bright, eerie golden glow had replaced it.

A shrunken nose wriggled, courtesy of his *hair* tickling it? “**Hm~?**” His spiky, blonde hair *shouldn’t* have been long enough to even *touch* it. But while his face had been changing, so too had his mane. His spikes softened and unraveled as the roots of his hair were dyed a light purple. The bulk of it *lengthened*, including the even paler purple strands that made up that cross-crossed bangs that tickled his nose. In the back? It all reached his ass.

But it had a little help courtesy of his height dipping about *three inches*.

Looking at Cloud now, the use of masculine pronouns had begun to feel a little out of place. And so, it almost felt like it was for the sake of convenience that this was adjusted. “**Mmn~?**” The *woman* shuddered and a sensitive moan escaped her lips; her body’s direct reaction to her cock and balls shriveling away and folding *into* what became the moist, new slit between her legs.

The absence of her masculinity went unreacted to otherwise, though. It wasn’t a matter of not being shocked, it was more-so that she didn’t view it as a problem in the first place. Her memories had slowly been corroded by the gas’ properties, and her brain was being molded into that of the woman she appeared. And that appearance was *beautiful* even without a woman’s *key features*. *With* them? She would be an absolute bombshell.

“**Strange...**” She mumbled to herself the moment her body began to feel *heavy* again. In this instance it *wasn’t* because her body was getting weaker. There was just *literally* more weight for her body to carry, and it was being added in all of the places you would expect an attractive woman to have it. The front of Cloud’s tight shirt was being forced forward, pushing the suspender straps to the sides as the shirt began to rip. Through those rips? It became easy to see *it*. Pale flesh that was jiggling as it surged, nipples eventually tearing through the fabric in kind.

In the matter of twenty or so seconds, a weightless chest had grown a pair of *I-cup* tits that were as big as her head! And they weren’t even *alone*. Even the *bouncy* woman’s spacious pants were struggling. The cheeks of her ass had *blossomed*, a perky A-shape that was typically referred to as a ‘heart’ shape filling the back of those pants. Her pant *legs* met a similar fate with parted thighs thickening too. All in all, she was left with a sexy hourglass figure. “**Why am I wearing something so ugly?**”

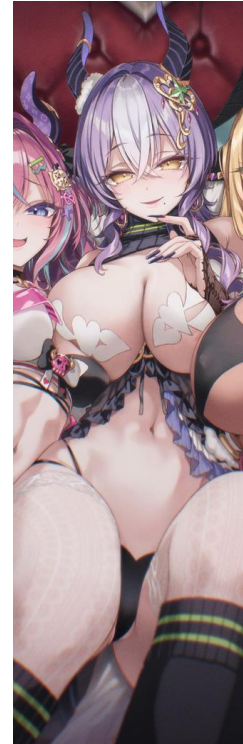
Unsure of why she was dressed in a man’s *sweaty* clothes – and a set that didn’t even fit her at that – she snapped her fingers *just* as her nails finished lengthening with a black paint spread across them. This

stripped away all she had been wearing with magic alone, leaving her instead dressed like one of the women that worked at this establishment. A black thong, a white bikini top composed of revealing heart shapes, with detached sleeves and black thigh highs. A golden ornament even appeared in her hair... just in time to draw attention to the two purple horns that sprouted behind it.

And from her point of view? The purple spaded tail that whipped back and forth behind her wasn't even worth reacting to.

The special gas had done its job, and by the door of the Succubee Inn room? There now stood a scantily clad woman with hair of purple, a gaze of gold, and an *incredibly* well endowed body. Her hourglass figure was highlighted by just how little she was wearing, but her horns and tail were what really stood out. They weren't props. They were real. **“Are you finished in there, mother?”**

It was a voice that *should* have been unfamiliar to her that spoke from the other side of the door, and yet *Faelilas* recognized it anyways. **“Yes, my dearest daughter~! Were you in need of something?”** Her behavior was only natural. She was, after all, the *proprietress* of the Succubee Inn. The head succubus and owner of this humble establishment that sought to turn in profits by luring in men and woman and *sucking them dry*.



Faelilas opened the door on her own and stepped outside. She had no memories to the contrary, but the succubi that started the inn had been in desperate need of a leader. They had been creating succubus after succubus in hopes of finding a worthy leader. And it had finally happened. **“Yes, mother! What would you like us to do with the other two?”**

“Is that even a question~? We'll put them to work!”

Tifa Lockhart truthfully *had* been a little concerned when the women dressed like demons had suddenly separated the trio and pushed them into different rooms. It had been her own understanding that Aerith and herself would be *sharing* a room, yet they'd been torn away from each other and gently guided into rooms across the hall from each other. **“Uh...”** Needless to say, she became even *more* concerned when she heard the door lock behind her.



“What was that all about? And why lock the door?” Had that been an accident? **“Um? Excuse me?”** She turned and knocked on the door with her knuckle several times, only to receive no response. The sound of something *loudly* hissing forced Tifa to look *back* at the room just in time to see a light pink gas leaving in from the vents in the ceiling. She immediately had the good sense to cover her mouth and nose. **“Ugh, I can’t open the door!”**

But as Cloud had already proven, that was a futile effort.

With the smaller room filling quickly with the gas, the signs that her body had begun to absorb what was essentially the equivalent of *magical nanomachines* began to show themselves. Just not in places where Tifa would have immediately thought to look, especially when she had no context regarding what was happening just yet. Take her *eyes*, for example. Their reddish brown *brightened*, with a glassy blue seeding itself into her irises instead.

But at least blue was a *normal* color for a pair of eyes. The same couldn’t be said of what ultimately befell the woman’s *hair*. It didn’t start consistently in the roots of her hair, but instead individual strands began to change one by one. Their styles became wavier and a little shorter, while their dark colors lightened to shades that couldn’t *possibly* be normal hair colors for a *human*. There were two colors. A more dominant cotton candy pink that made up the bulk of her hair, and a cotton candy blue that appeared inconsistent to give her new hair *highlights*.

“UWAH!?” There had been something almost *childish* about her new hairstyle, and that momentum was only built upon by the childish cry of surprise that escaped Tifa’s lips. She had been forced to pull her arm away from her mouth because she *believed* she had fallen. Her eye level, after all, had dropped a fair amount rather suddenly. But it was only once that feeling stopped that she realized her folly. **“H-Huh? I didn’t fall?”** Not at all. She had *shrunk*.

Down to a meager 4’11”.

But for some reason? The *girl* couldn’t comprehend *what* she had just felt. She couldn’t even imagine ever having *been* taller. If anything, didn’t her body feel a little *too* heavy in some places? Looking down, the size of her breasts almost felt *wrong* somehow. But it likewise didn’t even occur to her that the face she was looking down *at* her chest wasn’t

quite how it had appeared prior. As she had shrunk? She had become more *youthful*. Her lips had thinned, and her eyes had narrowed, while her face was a little rounder. She didn't look *exactly* like a child, but she couldn't have been much older physically than *eighteen* now. A very young looking eighteen year old.

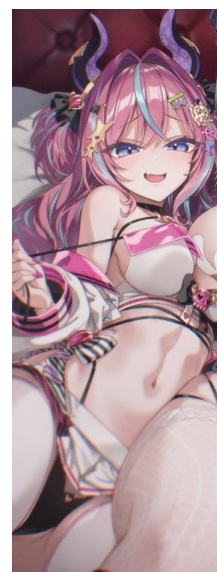
It made sense then. Why she believed she was a little *too* curvy subconsciously, at least. “**Ugh, if I’m gonna be bigger like this... It’s kind of a hassle!**” ...With the higher pitch of her voice and the way she was now talking, Tifa kind of sounded like a *brat*. At least she wouldn't need to whine about her figure for much longer. Because once her excess muscles smoothed away...

Everything else lightened up too. Her weaker body wouldn't have been able to accommodate her curves otherwise. And so, the shape of her bust was ultimately only preserved by the sports bra that Tifa was wearing beneath her crop top, as the contents of that bra remained perky but shrunk two cup sizes. These losses were even seen in her ass and thighs, which lessened until they were smaller, but still sensual and perky considering her height.

“**Mumumu... This is all kinda hard to move in. Who even dressed me!? Did my girl dress me in something weird again!?**” Tifa had been single, but she didn't question why she believed she had a 'girl'. Instead, she pulled at oversized attire while her own demon horns emerged from her head, and her own spaded tail began to whip about behind her. “**Why am I even bothering?**” All it took was a snap of her fingers to correct it.

She was instantaneously dressed in a white, sleeveless crop top with pink details that matched a jacket that was hanging from her slender shoulders. A black thong's straps could be seen peeking out from within her shorter, whiter skirt. Even her hair had been done up into cute twin tails with star-shaped hairclips on the front. It was all *very* cute in a way that was meant to capitalize on her sex appeal at the same time.

“**Wow! I guess its to be expected, but the rooms here are pretty damn nice, hehe!**” While there was something youthful and bratty about her, *Belltan's* expertise as a succubus was something that couldn't be denied. She *looked* like a woman around the eightier years old range even though she was technically much older, and she was an expert at using that appearance to her advantage. She'd been working in the shadows of the streets with her girlfriend, but— “**Huh, wait a sec? Weren't we supposed to be rooming together!?**”



That *had* been part of the contract she could remember signing with her partner at her side, but that partner was nowhere to be seen. Fortunately, she didn't even need to *ask anyone*, as one of the succubi that already worked in the building suddenly entered. **“Are you looking for your girlfriend? Mother wanted you to get a sense of what it will be like when you service our guests, so separating you momentarily was important to make sure you could function apart as you're so close.”**

“Oh. Huh. Guess that makes sense!”

Did it, though?



Out of the three ‘guests’, Aerith Gainsborough was the only one who didn't express much concern even *when* she heard the door lock behind her. **“This is so fun! I wonder if this is something they do with all their guests?”** Like an escape room? Or maybe they had seen just how easy Cloud was to tease and wanted in on it too? Either way, she didn't really think that she had any reason to worry.

But, of course, her tune changed when the *gas* began to filter through the vents. **“Or.... Not.”** She was quick to pivot so that she could bang on the door. **“Hello!? This isn't *funny* anymore! Could you let me out, please!?”** She didn't *sincerely* believe that this would help at all, and it didn't. And, when she checked over her shoulder? It occurred to her that the room was *already* almost filled with the light blue gas.

“...Don't tell me I have to admit to Cloud that he was right?”

Aerith didn't even *try* to shield herself from the gas; not that it would have mattered in the first place. **“The room's already full... I've probably already inhaled it.”** So, she had to hope that it *wasn't* poison. And it wasn't! In fact, it was already beginning to fade within the room. But that didn't mean that there weren't going to be complications. Perhaps it was because the Ancient didn't bother attempting to resist and had inhaled a great deal of the gas right off the bat, but her *own* transformation unfolded with the most indicative changes of what she was going to become taking shape first.

Because, before anything else? The Cetra woman felt *pressure*. **“Ow?”** It was a pressure that didn't *really* hurt, but she was just being a little bit

dramatic about it all. It was building on the sides of her head *and* at the base of her spine. And from all three of these points? Things *grew*. “**Um... What’s... happening?**” Aerith didn’t know what to make of things, especially when the back of her pink dress suddenly *tore* courtesy of a sharp object piercing through it. What she thought was an object wasn’t *actually* an object, however.

Even though her skull felt like it was under duress (no doubt courtesy of the *black horns* that had begun to peek out from behind her hair), she craned her neck to look back and glance at the actual culprit. “**A-A tail!?**” A long, black, and ropey tail with a spaded tip that stretched about *eight* feet out behind her. It was swishing from side to side, and with a little bit of concentration? She found she could *control* it.

“**Ooookay. So, I grew a tail! I’ve been turned into a frog before, so this isn’t the worst thing that has ever happened...**” But had she forgotten about the horns that now curved forward? Yes! Even though the roots of the hair that *surrounded* that hair were changing in their own ways. They were *extending*, pushing additional length out in a way that was *only* noticeable because her this *new* hair was a golden blonde. Her hair was pumped longer until it reached the base of her back, with bangs now covering her forehead. But once it had fully grown? What brown remained was dyed the same blonde as the rest of her hair.

Just as thinned eyebrows and a thickened bush did.

Aerith shook her head from side to side. Her head felt really *heavy*, no doubt because her hair had grown, *and* she now had a pair of horns. But she didn’t seem to realize *and* accepted this as ‘normal’, despite this not being farther from the truth. “**Wait, *like*, changed into a frog? When did that happen? I *totally* don’t remember it!**” Her sudden, overtly vapid use of vernacular aside, the woman *wasn’t* lying. A memory that had been so clear to her just seconds ago was now *gone*. Just as the colors of her eyes turned greener than ever, and her eyelids lengthened with longer lashes to boot.

The changed to her eyes were part of a broader set of alterations to her facial design. Her nose, for one, appeared to grow longer, while her lips swelled until they were the perfect size to smoosh on nibble on if you locked lips. The idea *of* locking lips kept crossing her mind, in fact, but a younger looking woman kept coming to mind to do it with. This more mature look of her face was accompanied by a much more widespread change, too.

Her complexion darkened to a bronze tan. But it wasn’t fake. Her legitimate melanin levels had been enhanced, and even her nipples and

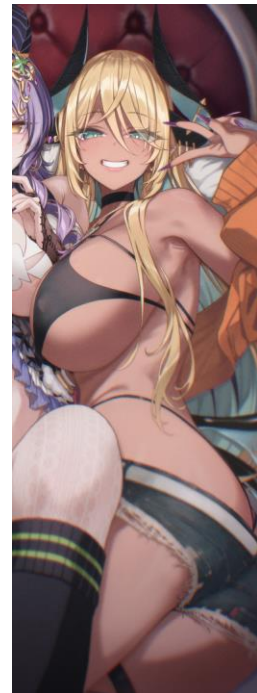
pussy lips had darkened in color. **“Actually, what was I even doing? My head feels all light and stuff!”** Her intelligence level had *legitimately* dropped. Aerith had become demonstrably *dumber*, which seemed to pair nicely with how her appearance mirrored that of a mature looking gyaru woman, and that maturity was built upon at the cost of her dress.

Aerith’s body simply *grew*. In multiple ways, dramatically, all at once. Her height lifted upwards until she was 5’10”, which naturally raised her skirt and pushed lengthened arms out of her sleeves. At the same time, the sides of her skirt were forced outwards thanks to her hips flaring out nearly *six* inches to accommodate the swell around them. The swell brought heft to ass cheeks that pushed the back of her skirt out until it *tore* and wedgied her panties both into her cheeks *and* ground it up into her pussy, while thighs ultimately rubbed sensually up against each other with a thickness that dwarfed even the woman’s waist.

Somehow, all of this height and weight *paled* in comparison to what ultimately happened to her chest, though. With an ass that was bigger than her own head, it felt natural that her tanned tits would do the same. **“Like, wow!”** With little in the way of a coherent thought in her head, the woman acted surprised even though she now *remembered* having a pair of huge tits as they *grew* to that size, easily *doubling* the size of her head and pushing well behind her dress’ V-neck so that they fell into plain view with a hefty, sexy *bounce*.

The succubus’ nipples were larger than her eyes, but they were only bare up until the tall woman stopped growing. Once that growth concluded? What *remained* of her dress largely melted away, with some of that cloth darkening to create a black bikini top, matching thong, and a pair of incredible short jean microshorts that looked like they’d slide down and show off her ass if she bent forward even a little bit. And they *would*!

There was no need to admit *anything* to Cloud now, seeing as the excessively busty *Izalara* only saw the succubus that the mercenary had become as her new employer, and a figure she could potentially call ‘mother’. Even if she *was* taller *and* sexier than Miss Faelilas. **“This is quite the nice room, but why in the world was I, like, separated from Belltan again!?”** She couldn’t really recall the past few minutes very clearly.



Izalara and Belltan made quite the eye-catching duo, though. While Belltan was small and youthful, Izalara held all of the appeal of a buxom woman in her early thirties. Her huge tits and tanned skin were appeal points that she used to coax most men and women into bed, but she only really cared about how she could use them with her tiny girlfriend. A tiny girlfriend who ended up barging through the door seconds later. **“Izalaaaaara! Didya miss me!?”**

The smaller succubus was quick to cozy up to the larger one, burying her face in Izalara’s gigantic tits. **“My, my! You two really *are* close. I wonder if we could offer both of you to a single customer? For a greater price, of course.”** And then Faelilas followed after, with all of the energy of the ‘mother’ the other succubi saw her as. **“Would you two be alright with that? Though you’ll still have to do individual jobs as well.”**

“Yes, mother!”

“Yes, mother.”