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Tifa Lockhart hummed softly as she wiped down the last table in 7th Heaven, the bar she ran with her husband Cloud. Ten years had passed since Meteorfall, and life these days was peaceful – a quiet routine of tending the bar and home. Tifa wore a simple white blouse and knee-length black skirt, with a pink apron tied around her waist, a far cry from her old battle gear. She smiled contentedly to herself as she worked, happy with the domestic calm.

The front door suddenly burst open. Tifa jumped, then broke into a delighted grin as Yuffie Kisaragi bounded in. “Tifa! Long time no see!” the lively ninja cried, arms wide.

“Yuffie!” Tifa laughed, coming out from behind the bar to embrace her old friend. They hugged tightly. Though a decade older, Yuffie still had the same energetic spark in her eyes. She stepped back and gave Tifa an exaggerated once-over.

“Whoa! Look at Mrs. Domestic here,” Yuffie teased, flicking Tifa’s frilly apron. “I almost didn’t recognize you without a giant sword or something.”

Tifa rolled her eyes good-naturedly. “Very funny. People change. Some of us settle down.” She smirked. “But you – you look the same as ever, Yuffie.”

Yuffie flipped her short black hair proudly. “Still the Great Ninja of Wutai, at your service!” She bounced in place. “Speaking of which... you wouldn’t happen to have any spare materia lying around? Since you’re not exactly using your stash these days...”

Tifa shook her head with a chuckle. Always straight to the point. “Actually, I do have some. Come on, upstairs.”

She led Yuffie to the storeroom above the bar. From a chest, Tifa retrieved a case brimming with materia orbs – relics of their adventures. Yuffie’s eyes lit up at the sight.

“By Leviathan’s whiskers...” Yuffie breathed, reverently picking up a particular red orb. Inside, a water-like shimmer glinted. “You kept Leviathan! My old summon.”

Tifa nodded. “You left it with me for safekeeping, remember? I never used it.”

Yuffie grinned broadly. “Well, what say we give it a little test run? Just a tiny summon – for old times’ sake?”

Tifa hesitated. “Here? Inside?”

“Don’t worry! I’ll be quick. Just wanna make sure the old boy still works.” Without waiting, Yuffie grabbed Tifa’s hand and dashed back downstairs with the Materia.

In the bar’s open area, Yuffie held the Leviathan Materia aloft. “Here goes!” she announced. She closed her eyes and channeled energy into the orb.

At once, a cool blue light radiated out. Water vapor coalesced in the air, swirling around the room. Tifa’s heart pounded – summoning magic felt as powerful as ever. The phantom shape of a great serpent – Leviathan’s form – flickered into being, coiling around the rafters with a low hiss.

“Alright, that’s enough!” Tifa yelled as barstools toppled in a growing puddle at her feet.

“Dispelling... now!” Yuffie called. She willed the summon to stop. Leviathan’s spectral eyes flashed – and then the creature burst apart in a torrent of water.

A wave crashed through the bar. Tifa was knocked clean off her feet with a splash. Yuffie clung to the counter, coughing as water drenched them both and then quickly ebbed.

For a moment, the women just gaped at the sodden chaos. The Materia had slipped from Yuffie’s hand and skittered across the wet floor, now pulsing erratically.

“Tifa, are you okay?” Yuffie panted, rushing to help Tifa stand.

Tifa was soaked but unhurt. "I'm fine... but that was more than a 'tiny' summon!" she exclaimed, brushing her drenched bangs out of her eyes. Chairs were knocked over, and everything was dripping. "What a mess..."

Yuffie bit her lip. "Sorry! That got out of hand." She noticed the Leviathan Materia on the floor, glowing in unstable surges. "Uh-oh... maybe I overcharged it."

Before they could react further, the Materia gave a brilliant flash. A pulse of aqua energy rippled out across the floorboards. Tifa felt a jolt – a strange tingling warmth that swept through her body. "Ah–!" she gasped, stumbling back against a table.

"Tifa?!" Yuffie reached for her.

Tifa opened her mouth to answer, but only a bewildered squeak came out as that warmth in her middle intensified. In disbelief, she felt the waistband of her skirt tightening... and her belly pressing against the damp fabric of her apron from within.

Something impossible was happening – and it was happening to her.

Tifa staggered, clutching at her stomach as an uncanny sensation rippled through her body. Before her widened eyes, she saw her wet blouse begin to stretch over a midsection that hadn't been nearly so large a minute ago. Where once her tummy had been flat and toned, there was now a small but noticeable paunch pressing against the fabric. Her apron strings strained around her thickening waist – with a sharp pop, a stitch snapped, loosening the apron's knot.



“M-my belly!” Tifa gasped, pressing her hands to her midriff in shock. It felt warm and pliable – not the firm muscle she remembered, but a softer layer of freshly-grown fat. Above it, her ample chest, already snug in her blouse, had swelled further, pulling the buttons taut. One button at the bust popped open, unable to contain her expanding curves. Below, her skirt’s waistband pinched mercilessly into her widening hips.

Yuffie stared at her friend with wide eyes. “Holy... Tifa, you just... grew!” she yelped. “You look like you gained a hundred pounds in seconds!” It was true – Tifa’s once-athletic figure was now distinctly plump.

“I-I don’t understand!” Tifa whimpered. Panic and confusion warred on her face as she felt her body changing. People simply didn’t balloon up like this. She gave a disbelieving laugh – a high, nervous giggle that escaped her unbidden. This had to be a crazy dream.

Yuffie tore her gaze from Tifa’s new belly to the Materia on the floor. The Leviathan orb pulsed ominously, still charged with magic. “It must be the Materia! Some kind of side-effect from Leviathan,” Yuffie reasoned, guilt written on her face. “Hang in there, Tifa! I’ll fix this somehow.”

She inched toward the orb, intent on snatching it up. But before Yuffie could reach it, the Materia flashed again.

Another pulse of energy flooded into Tifa. “Ooooh!” she cried out as a fresh wave of growth hit. Her belly surged forward, turning from a mere paunch into a full-fledged potbelly. It pushed against her skirt until, with a ping!, the skirt’s clasp popped open and the zipper split, her growing middle forcing its way free.

Tifa stumbled backward, her newly top-heavy frame throwing off her balance. Yuffie caught her and guided her into a roomy booth seat. Tifa half-fell onto the bench, breathless. Her hips and bottom spread wider, filling the seat. The apron around her waist finally gave way entirely – the damp bow at her back unraveling, the apron flopping uselessly into her lap.

As Tifa struggled to catch her breath, her enlarged chest heaved. Two more blouse buttons popped off, skittering across the floor. Her white bra peeked out through the gaps, the cups overfilled by her swollen breasts. Tifa’s face burned red with embarrassment and a strange, creeping delight.

Yuffie hovered beside the booth, frantic. “Tifa, we have to stop this! How do you feel? Are you okay?”

“I... I feel... heavy...” Tifa murmured, dazed. She placed a trembling hand on the dome of her belly, as if to verify it was real. Her hand sank slightly into the soft flesh. A shaky laugh escaped her lips. “This is... unbelievable...”

Indeed, instead of screaming, Tifa found herself oddly calm. A domestic impulse rose within her as she looked around at the waterlogged, messy bar. “Oh no, everything’s a mess,” she tutted, sounding more worried about the state of the bar than her own body. “I-I should clean this up...”

Yuffie gaped. Clean up? Now?! The thought barely had time to register when Tifa suddenly winced and tugged at her bra strap, which was digging painfully into her shoulder. The strap creaked, on the verge of snapping.

Yuffie snapped back to action. "Alright, plan B!" she exclaimed. "Maybe I can break this curse..." The ninja hastily snatched a green Materia from her pouch and cast a restorative spell over Tifa. A soft emerald glow enveloped Tifa for a moment – but nothing happened except Tifa blinking in surprise.

Yuffie bit back a curse. Of course a simple spell wouldn't undo this. "That's not working... Think, Yuffie, think!" she muttered.

Before she could try anything else, the Leviathan Materia on the floor pulsed fiercely once more, sending out another crackling wave of light.

"Not again!" Yuffie yelped, throwing her arms up as the magical surge washed over them.

The third magical burst hit like a warm wave rolling over her. Tifa closed her eyes and let out a low moan as her body expanded yet again, doubling down on its new abundant form. The booth's wooden seat groaned loudly under her increasing weight. In mere moments, she grew heavier and wider by another significant measure. Her belly surged outward across her lap, forcing her thighs apart as it claimed more space. The lower hem of her poor blouse, already soaked and strained, rode up higher and higher on the dome of her belly until the garment could cover no more. With a final helpless flutter, the blouse hem flipped up over the apex of her stomach, completely exposing the vast creamy belly that now sprawled out from under her ribs. The great soft orb gurgled faintly, as if protesting its sudden growth spurt.

A sharp snap and twang echoed – one of Tifa's bra straps finally succumbed. The left strap snapped apart at the shoulder seam, causing that side of the bra to slip down her arm. Her left breast jounced free from its cup, bouncing heavily before settling against the top of her enormous belly. Tifa let out a tiny gasp at the sensation of liberation. The cool air against her overfilled bosom felt oddly relieving. The right strap and cup somehow still clung on, keeping her decency barely intact on that side, but the garment was hopelessly ruined.

At the same time, Tifa's hips spread further, her butt overflowing the width of the booth bench. The slight tearing sound of stitching signaled her skirt's final defeat: the side seams, already stressed from the prior growth, split open completely. The sodden skirt slid off her widened rear and down her legs, tangling briefly around one ankle before Yuffie kicked it aside. Now Tifa wore nothing on her bottom half but a pair of stretched cotton panties – which, fortunately for her modesty, were black and opaque, though they looked a size too small on her burgeoning behind.

Yuffie could only stare in a mixture of horror and bizarre fascination as Tifa ballooned in front of her eyes. By the time the glow from the Materia subsided again, Tifa looked like a different person entirely from the slender woman Yuffie had greeted just minutes ago. She was now

unquestionably fat – hundreds of pounds overweight – with most of it concentrated in a massive belly and bosom that dominated her figure.

“Tifa... how do you feel now?” Yuffie ventured shakily. She was almost afraid to ask.

Tifa slowly opened her eyes. She had expected to feel even more panic or discomfort, but instead she felt... strangely good. Heavy and full, yes, but the initial shock was fading, replaced by an almost soothing lethargy. The bench beneath her was sturdy enough to support her bulk, and she sank into it with a sigh. There was an unfamiliar weight to every part of her – her arms rested on the swell of her belly, and she noticed how cushioned and plush her once-muscular arms had become. Her whole body felt like it was swaddled in warmth and softness.

“I feel...” Tifa paused, considering. A lock of her wet hair fell in front of her face, and she puffed it away absently. “I feel a bit tired,” she said truthfully, her voice now calm and oddly sweet. “And heavy. But not hurt.” She looked down at Yuffie, who still knelt by her side. Seeing the ninja’s anxious expression, Tifa managed a gentle smile. “It’s okay, Yuffie. Really. I’m not in pain.”

Yuffie blinked. Tifa’s demeanor had shifted dramatically. Instead of the fierce, battle-ready friend Yuffie knew – or even the panicked woman of a few moments ago – Tifa now sounded almost serene. It was unnerving. “Not in pain? Tifa, you’re... you’re huge!” Yuffie exclaimed, waving her hands around for emphasis. “This isn’t okay! We have to change you back.”

“Hmm.” Tifa tilted her head, as if pondering Yuffie’s words, but there was a curious lack of urgency in her eyes. In fact, there was a softness there, a dreamy contentment. “If it’s a curse, maybe it’ll wear off?” she mused quietly. She shifted her bulk, trying to sit up a bit straighter. Her single remaining bra strap slipped halfway down her right shoulder, and she idly adjusted it. “Although... I’m starting to wonder if it’s really so bad...” she added in a whisper, almost to herself.

Yuffie’s mouth fell open. “Not so bad?! Tifa, snap out of it!” She reached up and took Tifa’s hand, which was plump and damp but still Tifa’s hand. She squeezed it. “We’re going to fix this, okay? I’ll—I’ll call Vincent, or Reeve, maybe one of them knows about weird materia curses. There has to be a solution!”

As Yuffie babbled, Tifa found her attention drifting. Her eyes settled on the remains of her apple pie, still sitting covered on the bar counter across the room, miraculously undisturbed on its shelf despite the chaos. The thought of the pie sent a sudden pang through Tifa’s midsection – not pain, but... hunger. Ravenous hunger, as if her expanded stomach, empty and enlarged, demanded to be filled.

She licked her lips absentmindedly. How long had it been since breakfast? The magical ordeal seemed to have awakened a ferocious appetite. Tifa could almost taste the sweet apples and flaky crust in her mind.

“Tifa? Are you listening?” Yuffie’s voice cut through Tifa’s food reverie. Tifa blinked and focused on the ninja’s face again.

“S-sorry, I drifted off for a second,” Tifa said, giving a lighthearted, apologetic laugh. To Yuffie’s ears, even Tifa’s laugh sounded different now – a bit lower, and undeniably more carefree, almost bubbly.

Yuffie frowned. “This must be affecting your mind... You’re acting like this is just a casual chat over tea!” She got to her feet, determination setting in. “Stay here. I’m going to try to contain that Materia before it—”

But of course, before Yuffie could finish, the Leviathan Materia flared once more, its glow now a constant radiance. The previous pulses had come with pauses in between, but now the orb shimmered with sustained power, as if reaching a crescendo.

Tifa felt a tingling anticipation well up inside her. Instead of dread, she felt almost... eager. The logical part of her barely had time to question why she’d feel eager about something so bizarre before her body answered that unspoken question with another surge.

“Oh!” Tifa chirped, bracing herself as best she could. “Here it comes again...”

“Here what comes ag—?” Yuffie yelped, though she already knew. She scrambled back towards Tifa, one arm thrown up to shield herself from any stray magic as the next wave hit in full force.

The next surge of magic washed over Tifa with tangible force, like a tide pushing her body ever larger. Her transformation was accelerating. Yuffie stumbled back as Tifa’s form expanded outward in all directions with a swiftness that was dizzying to watch.

Tifa’s breasts, freed from the confines of her destroyed bra, plumped up even more, each one growing to the size of a prize-winning pumpkin. They spilled heavily to either side of her chest, their sheer mass pressing down on her belly. What little remained of her white blouse – essentially just the sleeves and back, since the front was completely torn open – was now woefully insufficient. The material slid off her shoulders entirely, fluttering down to snag around her elbows. Tifa made a token effort to pull it back up, but gave up with a breathy little laugh as the blouse simply wouldn’t stretch around her girth. In the end, she let it hang behind her like a cape, leaving her upper body effectively bare save for the long dark hair that cascaded over her shoulders (and even that only partially hid her generous bust).

Her belly surged forward further still, burgeoning out from her middle like a great dome of dough. Seated as she was, it ballooned onto her lap and then beyond, forcing her tree-trunk thighs apart and nearly reaching the edge of the table in front of the booth. It gurgled audibly this time – a hungry, hollow sound. Tifa placed a hand atop the rounded peak of her tummy, feeling it rumble. Instead of distress, her face showed only mild concern. “Goodness, I’m getting big...” she murmured, almost as if commenting on the weather.

Her upper arms had become pillowy and thick, hanging with a jiggly heft when she lifted them. Even her fingers had plumped up slightly, dimples forming at the knuckles. Below, her hips widened a bit more, but most of the growth seemed concentrated above the waist. She had

developed a cartoonishly top-heavy figure; her lower half was relatively small (though still chubby) compared to her immense upper body.

When the magical glow subsided yet again, Tifa shifted her bulk, trying to sit more upright. The booth creaked loudly, and the wooden back of the seat gave a worrying crack. She was now taking up the entire booth and then some; her rear spilled over the edge of the bench, and her belly pressed into the table's side.

Yuffie approached cautiously, her boots splashing through what remained of the water on the floor. She no longer bothered reaching for the Materia – it was clearly too dangerous to touch mid-curse. Instead, she focused on Tifa, whose demeanor had now become almost unnaturally tranquil.

“Tifa? Still with me?” Yuffie asked softly, placing a hand on Tifa's swollen forearm. The arm was warm and plush, and Yuffie's fingers sank in slightly.

Tifa turned her head and looked at Yuffie with half-lidded eyes. There was a lazy, contented smile playing on her lips. “Mhmm, I'm here,” she said, and then she stifled a little giggle. “I'm really here... more of me than ever, huh?”

Yuffie forced a chuckle, though it came out strangled.

“Heh, y-yeah... that's one way to put it.”

She was relieved that Tifa didn't seem scared now, but the eerie calm and cheeriness was almost worse. It was as if Tifa didn't grasp the severity of what had happened to her. Or if she did, she simply didn't care anymore.

Any doubts about the change in Tifa's mindset were soon dispelled. Tifa's attention drifted yet again to the pie on the counter. This time she didn't hold back.

“Yuffie, sweetie,” she said, her voice taking on a lilting, sugary tone that made Yuffie do a double take. “Would you mind terribly bringing me that pie over there? All this... growth has made me so hungry, I can't stand it.”

Yuffie's eyes went wide. “Pie? Now?!” she sputtered. “Tifa, I really don't think eating is a good idea right this—”

A loud gurgling emanated from Tifa's belly, punctuating her request. Tifa patted her stomach soothingly. “I know, I know, patience,” she cooed softly to her own gut, as if calming a crying infant. She looked back to Yuffie with pleading in her brown eyes. “Please? Just a bite or two? I feel positively faint with hunger all of a sudden.”

Yuffie was at a loss. Tifa's warrior spirit had all but evaporated; in its place was a gentle, domestic woman whose priority at the moment was apparently eating homemade pie. The stark

contrast left Yuffie feeling dizzy. Yet, seeing Tifa gazing at her expectantly, and hearing the insistent rumble of Tifa's stomach, Yuffie found herself reluctantly complying.

"I... okay. Okay, fine. I'll get the pie," Yuffie relented, throwing her hands up. Maybe if Tifa ate something, it would stabilize her, she rationalized to herself, though in truth she mostly just didn't want to upset Tifa further.

Moments later, Yuffie returned with the pie. Tifa practically glowed with anticipation. Yuffie gave her friend a few generous bites, which Tifa savored with blissful moans and giggles. She looked completely in heaven, utterly distracted by the treat. However, the indulgent scene was interrupted by an ominous creaking noise—not from the furniture this time, but from the very air itself.

Yuffie froze mid-bite, fork in hand. The Leviathan Materia on the floor was glowing brighter than ever, pulsing rapidly. Sparks of blue energy crackled around it, reflecting in the puddles.

"Tifa... I think it's happening again!" Yuffie shouted. She reached for her materia bag, wondering if she had any tool at all to counteract this. But before she could act, the now-familiar wave of magic surged forth.

Tifa was still licking apple filling off her lips when she felt the tingling return, stronger than ever. She swallowed her last bite hurriedly. "O-oh... I'm still hungry, but... I guess dessert will have to wait," she said with a breathy laugh. She set the pie tin aside on the table and, much to Yuffie's amazement, Tifa's primary concern now was not to drop the pie. Then Tifa relaxed back, almost welcoming the next transformation. "Alright... do your thing," she murmured, patting her belly as if encouraging it to grow.

Yuffie could only throw her arms up in exasperation and brace herself as the curse reached its penultimate crescendo.

The magical onslaught continued without mercy. Wave after wave of energy poured into Tifa's already enormous figure, and with this fifth surge she reached truly colossal proportions.

Tifa's body swelled outward even more, fat piling onto fat in an almost cartoonish display. Her belly surged forward, draping further down over her lap. It pushed the heavy oak table in front of her clear across the floor with a loud scrape, as if making room for itself. Now unconstrained, her stomach ballooned outward and downward, the underside of it inching closer to her knees. The rest of her curves followed suit: her breasts, freed entirely from any garment, billowed to nearly beachball-size, each one bigger than her head and resting atop the dome of her belly. They jiggled and bounced with even the slightest movement, though Tifa seemed to find that more amusing than embarrassing at this point, occasionally giving a soft chortle when a particularly large jiggle made itself known.

Her hips widened another notch, and her butt pressed hard against the back of the booth seat, the wood groaning. Finally, with a crack, the seat's back gave way entirely. Tifa's weight broke the booth, and she found herself flumping backward. She landed with a heavy THUD on the

drenched floorboards behind her as the bench collapsed. The whole room shook from the impact; a few stray bottles on the bar shelves rattled.

“Oh!” Tifa cried out, more in surprise than pain. Her fall was cushioned by her own ample posterior and the now-soggy remains of her seat. She ended up propped in a half-seated, half-reclining position against the wall, surrounded by bits of broken wood. Her great bulk quivered from the sudden motion, but Tifa herself simply broke into peals of laughter. “Whoops! There goes the furniture... I guess I don’t know my own weight!” she said, followed by a series of breathy giggles.

Yuffie rushed over, splashing through water, to make sure her friend was alright. “Tifa! Are you hurt?” She grasped Tifa’s shoulder (or what part of it she could reach, as Tifa’s upper arm was now so thick it was like trying to grab a globe).

Tifa was still laughing, utterly carefree. “I’m fine, I’m fine,” she managed between giggles. “That was bound to happen. Lucky I have plenty of padding, huh?” She winked at Yuffie, actually winked, as if sharing a joke.

Yuffie stared for a second, then found herself letting out a helpless laugh as well – the absurdity of it all was overwhelming, and Tifa’s good humor was strangely infectious.

“Well, I’m glad one of us finds this funny,” Yuffie said, shaking her head. She offered her hand instinctively to help Tifa up, but quickly realized Tifa wasn’t going anywhere. At over five hundred pounds and seated on the floor, Tifa was effectively immobile without significant assistance, or perhaps heavy machinery.

Tifa apparently realized this too. She gave Yuffie’s hand a gentle pat instead of trying to rise. “Thank you, hon, but I think I’ll just stay down here for now,” she said cheerfully. “Standing seems like a lot of work at the moment.” That was an understatement; Tifa’s massive thighs and bottom were spread out beneath her, and even shifting her position made her huff from exertion. Still, she simply settled more comfortably against the wall, adjusting her belly so it wasn’t pinning her legs too much.

With Tifa now on the floor, Yuffie grabbed a nearby dry bar towel and draped it over Tifa’s expansive chest for a modicum of modesty. The towel looked comically small against Tifa’s abundance, but it at least covered what it needed to. “Hee, thanks,” Tifa said, gazing down at the little towel almost fondly. “Always so thoughtful.”

Yuffie couldn’t help but notice how Tifa’s personality had completed its metamorphosis. The war-hardened brawler who once would have been mortified at such an undignified state was utterly relaxed and even grateful for a modesty towel. Tifa’s eyes held none of the fierce determination they used to; instead they were soft and slightly glazed with contentment.

“Tifa... do you want me to keep trying to stop this?” Yuffie asked softly, kneeling next to her. “Maybe we could call Cloud now, or find another Materia to counter-spell—”

At the mention of Cloud, Tifa lit up. “Cloud! Oh goodness, he’ll be home soon, won’t he?” She clapped her hands together; nor tried to – it was more of a padded fwump since her palms were so plump they barely made a sound. “I should have dinner ready for him. He must be hungry.”

She began to shift, as if attempting to get up and head to the kitchen, but her body barely budged. The effort made her flushed and a bit out of breath. Still, she smiled optimistically at Yuffie.

“Perhaps you could help me start something on the stove? Something hearty, I think. Cloud works so hard, he needs a good meal.”

Yuffie’s mouth opened, but no words came. Her friend was sitting half-naked on the floor at five-hundred-some pounds, freshly a victim of a bizarre magical incident, and all Tifa cared about was cooking dinner for Cloud. The old Tifa would have been strategizing how to fix this or worrying about protecting others from the effect. This new Tifa... it was like her priorities had been entirely rearranged to revolve around domestic bliss and caretaking.

“Tifa, listen,” Yuffie said, gently squeezing Tifa’s shoulder. “We can’t really cook right now. You... you can’t even reach the stove. And Cloud will understand if dinner’s late. Don’t you think we should focus on... um... finding a way to get you back to normal?”

Tifa tilted her head, a slight pout forming on her lips. “Back to normal? But this is normal now, isn’t it?” She jiggled her belly playfully with one hand, sending a rippling wave through it. “I admit it’s quite a change, but... I kind of like it. I feel... cozy.” She chuckled, a slow, contented sound. “And Cloud did always say he loved my cooking and... other things.” She blushed, trailing off with a giggle, clearly implying her curves. “Well, now there’s so much more of me to love!”

Yuffie flushed, not really wanting to imagine Cloud’s reaction to all this. She decided not to touch that subject. “Okay, but what about, you know, adventuring? Fighting? Saving the world? All that stuff we used to do?”

Tifa’s expression grew even more distant from such concerns. She waved her hand dismissively, the motion causing her flabby arm to wobble. “Oh, that. I think I’ve had enough of all that excitement. It’s a younger gal’s game.” She gave Yuffie a kind smile. “You’re doing just fine with it, dear. The world doesn’t need me punching things anymore. I’m perfectly happy taking care of my home and family.”

Yuffie felt a lump in her throat. The transformation was nearly complete, not just in body but in soul. She opened her mouth to argue, to plead with Tifa to remember who she was... but before she could, a blinding flash from the Leviathan Materia cut her off.

A final wave was coming – Yuffie could feel the crackle of power in the air. The Materia on the floor shone like a miniature blue sun, and hairline cracks webbed across its surface from the strain of containing so much magical energy.

Both women looked up at the brilliant light. Tifa gave a soft, dreamy smile. “One more, huh?” she said quietly. She exhaled and closed her eyes, as if readying herself for a relaxing bath rather than another explosive growth. “Alright... I think I’m ready.”

Yuffie, teeth gritted, threw her arms over Tifa protectively, as if there were anything she could do to shield her friend at this point. “Hang on, Tifa!” was all she managed, before the room was flooded with light and magic one last time.

The final burst of magic lasted longer than those before, as if pouring every last drop of its power into Tifa. When at last the light dimmed and the Leviathan Materia fell dark and cracked on the floor, Tifa Lockhart’s transformation was complete.

Yuffie blinked spots from her vision, then looked to her friend – and had to tilt her head up to do so, for even seated on the floor, Tifa’s height had increased slightly from the sheer mass padding her rear and thighs. Tifa was an awe-inspiring sight: a true mountain of a woman, gloriously corpulent and utterly content.



Her weight had topped out around eight hundred pounds, by Yuffie's rough guess, though it was hard to be sure of such an extreme figure. Tifa's belly was now absolutely massive, a grand pillow of flesh that spread out before her and onto the floor, its furthest curve just shy of touching her toes. It rose and fell with a steady, calm rhythm as Tifa breathed. Her breasts were equally astounding, two immense globes that rested atop her belly like soft mountains of their own.

Even the towel Yuffie had given her had been lost in the last surge, sliding off to some corner; Tifa appeared unconcerned, modesty seemingly no longer a concept that troubled her.

Despite her bulk, Tifa's face still held that gentle beauty it always had – now framed by a plump, cherubic softness. Her cheeks were round and flushed, giving her a perpetually cheerful appearance. As she opened her eyes, she revealed not a hint of distress, only a peaceful satisfaction.

“Yuffie, dear,” Tifa said in a sweet, sing-song voice, “could you hand me that Materia? It looks like it finally ran out of steam.” She nodded towards the Leviathan orb. Cracks marred its surface and its glow was gone.

Yuffie picked up the cooled sphere. A few wisps of aqua mist still escaped it, but it felt spent. She carefully placed it into Tifa's open palm. Tifa's hand was so soft and cushiony now that the orb looked tiny, partially embedded in her flesh.

Tifa regarded the Materia with a fond, almost maternal smile. “What a day,” she said softly. “I never imagined Leviathan's power would be used to... pamper me like this.” With surprising grace, she lifted the orb to her lips and planted a gentle kiss on it. For a brief moment, the cracks in the Materia glowed with a subtle blue light. Tifa closed her eyes and hummed, almost in thanks, before holding the orb back out to Yuffie.

“Here you go,” Tifa said. “You wanted my materia, right? You're welcome to all of them. I won't be needing battle gear anymore.” She chuckled, a warm and rich sound. “Consider it a gift, from one friend to another.”

Yuffie hesitated, looking at the Materia in Tifa's hand. After everything that happened, the idea of taking that cursed orb and the rest of Tifa's stash upstairs made her skin crawl. And yet Tifa's expression was so genuine and kind. Not taking it might hurt her feelings.

Slowly, Yuffie accepted the Leviathan Materia, wrapping it in a dry bit of cloth before tucking it into her satchel. “Th-thanks, Tifa. I'll... take good care of them,” she said, managing a weak smile. She supposed she could have Red XIII or someone study this orb later – safely, far away from people.

Yuffie helped Tifa place a quick call to Cloud to explain the situation – amid much reassurance from Tifa that she was perfectly fine – and soon it was time for Yuffie to depart. She squeezed Tifa's hand warmly, promising to visit again soon (and to bring plenty of treats next time). Tifa beamed at that, insisting that Yuffie was always welcome at 7th Heaven. With their farewells exchanged, Yuffie headed for the door, casting one last fond glance back at her blissful friend.

Stepping out into the late afternoon sun, Yuffie closed the door of 7th Heaven behind her. She took a deep breath of fresh air and realized her heart was still pounding from all the excitement. “What a day,” she murmured.

As she walked down the street, Yuffie absently reached into her satchel to double-check the Materia. Her fingers brushed the smooth orbs inside. For a split second, she thought one glimmered with a faint blue light and felt a peculiar warmth radiate from them – or was it her imagination? When she peered into the bag, the Materia looked inert and ordinary once more.

A block later, Yuffie's stomach gave an unexpected growl. She realized with mild surprise that she was starving.

"Guess I skipped lunch," she muttered. The thought of the remaining apple pie back at the bar danced in her mind, and she actually slowed her pace, tempted to turn back for another slice. That's silly, she chastised herself, I'll grab something in town.

Adjusting the giant shuriken on her back, Yuffie noticed her beloved shorts riding up uncomfortably. She paused to tug them down with a frown. The dampness from earlier made them cling to her skin. At least... she told herself that was the reason they felt a touch tighter than usual.

Shaking her head, Yuffie continued on, already planning which food stall to hit first. Perhaps a nice big order of gyoza... and maybe some extra dumplings for the road. Her mind drifted to food rather easily at the moment.

Back inside 7th Heaven, Tifa cheerfully began planning her next culinary creation, utterly oblivious to the gentle tendrils of fate that had begun curling around Yuffie. And as the sun set on Edge, one adventure drew to a close – while another, slower and heavier, subtly began.