

(THIS STORY IS 18+ PATREON EXCLUSIVE STORY NSFW CONTAINS FEMDOM, BREAST EXPANSION, EXTREME HEIGHT GROWTH, EXTREME MUSCLE GROWTH, GORE, ABSORPTION, AND MORE! IF THIS AIN'T YOUR CUP OF TEA THEN DON'T READ. IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A NEW KINK, DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YA TRY IT.

ALL CHARACTERS IN MY STORIES ARE 18 OR OLDER. ALL CHARACTERS AND LOCATIONS BELONG TO SQUARE ENIX, AND I CLAIM NONE AS MY OWN.)

The cloudy black skies lay illuminated with the greenish-blue coloration of the mako reactors that surround the city of Midgar – a hyper-industrialized power plant which houses thousands of civilians within its walls. The pillars of smoke that rise to the top was a testament to Shinra's arrogance in wounding the very planet itself in order to push forward its corporate agenda. From arms manufacturing, to monopolizing power plants, Shinra has created a huge conglomerate all its own; one which many found to be corrupt and immoral.

Such cruelties fall even deeper than just the destruction of the planet's natural resources. Some, instead, seek something much more simple: revenge.

Within the confines of Sector 7, in the old, withered metal walls of Midgar's slums, there lies a rustic building. An old western-style abode which stood as a place for the hard working and poor to come to for a stiff drink, a nice meal, and other simple pleasures: Seventh Heaven.

The chipped drywall revealed the brickwork underneath. The boards creaked with loosened nails from many a footsteps upon them. The hanging lights, and neon signs above the bar occasionally flickered, as well, the pipes themselves looked as if they were prepared to rust off the ceiling at any moment. Yet, in a way, this all added to the subtle ambiance of the place.

It was here that a cloaked figure would enter, the old doors swinging open with a gentle groan. His eyes scanned the area – it was late, and, luckily for him, rather vacant. On the other side, heard a beckoning. “Welcome! What'll it be?” The woman spoke, a voice filled with a mix of passion and tenacity which complimented the quaint bar perfectly.

Taking a step forward, the man's boots were muffled by the simple harmonica tune being played on the jukebox. Approaching the bar, the man sat himself down on a stool; removing his cowl. The man's face was on the elder side; with heterochromia eyes, one of green, and the other of blue. “The house special, please.”

“Sure thing. Just be a minute!” Behind the counter, the woman's dexterous hands were working up their magic. Her hair was a deep, dark brown, and trailed behind her lower back in a beautiful pony-tail. The woman's bust was tightly bound with a white tank top, barely constraining her triple-D sized chest, and allowing ample cleavage to peer through above. With a slender waist, and toned stomach, her beautiful form trailed to her skirt, which managed to cover a wondrously plump rear; as well, her thigh-highs allowed an absolute territory of supple skin to be exposed. To say she was attractive was as if telling a star that it shone brightly. It was an absolute truth that everyone could see.

There was no doubt about it, she was the survivor of the original Nibelheim...she had to be.

“Nothing up my sleeves! Keep an eye on the bottle.” As previously stated, the woman's hands were a marvel to be behold as they moved. Her fingers quickly wrapped around the bottle of simple-syrup and

grenadine; quickly spinning both with a slight of hand before pouring both liquids into the shaker in unison.

“Now to put the 'special' twist for the house special!” Placing the original two bottles down, Tifa gripped a handle of vodka. He couldn't quite make out the name, but the proofing on the label revealed that it was at least ninety. With another careful movement of her hands, the vodka bottle quickly moved up her toned forearms, before rolling back down; rotating to have the neck facing to the shaker.

Twisting off the cap, the liquid poured in with ease. Finishing by capping the bottle, and shaking the cup, the woman presented a glass; pouring in a beautiful scarlet red mixture. “And there you have it! Cosmo Canyon: the house special! That'll be twelve-hundred gil!”

The man couldn't help but smirk; placing the money on the table. She was good. Really good. Feeling generous, the man even added an extra two-thousand gil on top. Something which had the woman beaming.

“Best customer all night! Tips are always appreciated.” The woman said; placing the tip within her own skirt pockets. “That's quite a stiff drink you wanted. Rough day?” She asked, tilting her head.

“A bit.” The man responded; taking a nice long sip of the mixture. “I...learned some news. Bad news, at that. You got a name, miss?”

“Tifa. It's nice to meet you.” The barkeep responded; grabbing a rag and wiping down the bar next to the mysterious customer. “Bad news? I'm sorry to hear that...I don't want to pry if you're not interested in saying.”

“Ah, nothing that can be helped now.” Replied the man, taking another sip. “I'm dying. Turns out, I don't have much time to live.”

A look of sympathy washed over Tifa's face. “A-Ah, I see. I'm so-”

“Don't say it.” The man interjected. “Nothing to be sorry about. If you ask me, I'm paying a penance...”

The confusion and sadness on Tifa's face worsened. Should she even push further? Perhaps letting the man enjoy what might potentially be his last drink might be the right call to make here.

“Before I continue, allow me to preface this: I am here of my own volition, and no other reason than atonement.” Yet another careful sip. He needed the liquid courage to continue to even look at this girl, let alone explain himself. “My name is Doctor Remhald. I used to be a researcher for Shinra.”

As expected, Tifa's eyes widened. Her once calm and beautiful face now morphed into a scowl. Furrowed brows and clenched teeth were complimented by a tenseness of her hands into fists; balling the rag in her hand and letting the dirtied water flush out onto her fingers.

Yet, she said nothing.

Attempting to kill the tension, Doctor Remhald continued. “Thank you. I know this must be hard for you to hear, but I promise that my goals here align with yours, Miss Lockhart.”

Raising a brow, Tifa scoffed. She knew it – he knew who she was. “Is that so? Then do tell. Otherwise, we might have a small problem.” The woman clenched the rag even harder; her forearms flexing into small notches whilst the liquid was rung into a small spray.

“Again, I came here of my own volition. I once aligned with the goals of Shinra. I bought into the ideals of creating a better tomorrow through technological advancements of all kinds. I viewed this city as a marvel of what humanity could accomplish together. Perhaps I was *too* enthusiastic about the prospects. My judgment was clouded. My vision – a wall. A beautiful wall, painted to be as captivating as possible; but a wall all the same.”

“And so you came here?” Tifa's eyes softened slightly, but her guard was still clearly up and active. The girl was sympathetic, perhaps to a fault, but at least it seemed that she was willing to listen.

Doctor Remhald's head lowered, somberly. His eyes drifted to his reflection within his drink. “Eventually, something felt...off to me. I couldn't put my finger on it. So, I did what my job title required: research.”

Tifa wiped down her hands, feeling a bit more relaxed. “You mean snooping?” She responded, crossing her arms over her bust, and pushing her cleavage forward even further.

“Whichever you prefer.” The Doctor muttered, defeated. “But, what I found shook me to my very core. I caught myself lurching. It was reports of Nibelheim. Apparently, they were to be scrubbed from the records. Lucky for me – they weren't.”

Another awkward silence took over the room. Tifa moved to the front door of the room, quickly latching it before returning her attention to the Doctor, who hadn't even turn to watch her go.

Then, a sudden slam reverberated next to the man, as Tifa's hand crashed down onto the bar; cracking the wood ever so slightly. “That explains how you know me. I'm sure they had everyone's names in those records. So, you found me. What do you intend to do now?”

The man slowly reached into his pocket, Tifa's free hand reacting by balling up. “Now?...Now, I make an offer.” With careful, deliberate movements, the Doctor pulled out a shimmering, shiny red ball, with inky blackness swirling within, which moved ever so slowly.

Tifa was taken aback; a subtle gasp escaping her delicate lips. “That's a...materia.”

Placing the object on the bar, the man moved back to his drink; enjoying another sip. “Indeed, and not just any materia. This was found in a cave system deep within Gaia, near the lifestream itself.”

Leaning over, Tifa inspected the orb; noticing her own reflection. “Near the lifestream? This must be quite the exceptional item then...”

“Indeed. I had to pull some strings, and break quite a few laws to get it out safely. No doubt Shinra will find out about it soon enough, and come for me.” The Doctor acknowledged, swirling the glass. Only a bit of the delicious drink was left, as he watched it swash and splash around. “Though, they'll be looking for a dead man. I don't have much time, Ms. Tifa. So, as atonement, I give you a choice. Regardless of what you do with it, I promise that no one from Shinra will come to you. I have done extensive work to keep your secret safe.”

Gracefully, Tifa's fingers wrapped around the Materia, bringing it up to her face. A subtle vibration could be felt churning within it. No doubt, whatever it did, it was quite potent. "Alright, I'm pretty sure I get it. So...what's it do?"

"That is a strength materia unlike any Shinra has seen before. An object that will allow you to surpass human limitations, when absorbed. Essentially, it would give you the strength to seek what you've always wanted: a way to bring down the corporation that has betrayed my trust, and butchered your home."

Goosebumps formed along Tifa's arms. "W-Wait, let me see if I understand this correctly: you're saying that this materia would allow me to destroy Shinra?"

Doctor Remhald nodded. "Indeed. However, no good deed is without sin. This item is an unknown factor – even within Shinra's database. There are theories of possible side effects that range from subtle things like headaches, to substantial problems like possible psychosis, or plainly, madness. I will not offer such a power to you without fully placing emphasis on the gravitas that this item presents. Let me be blunt: this *can* make you powerful enough to destroy Shinra. This also *can* outright mentally destroy you. Regardless, the choice is yours to make, Tifa Lockhart."

Finishing off his drink, the Doctor stood himself up from the bar whilst Tifa stared into the orb with astonishment. "I've said my piece, so, I will spend my last hours idling away, outside of Midgar. And with that, I wish you a good night, and a good life." Doctor Remhald moved past the woman, unlocking and opening the front door, before turning around one last time. "The drink was wonderful, by the way." With that, he closed the door behind him...

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Tifa looked over the orb once more. The scarlet hue matched her own eyes; and the dark clouds, similar to her own hair. "It...it's like it was made for me." The woman muttered, sitting herself down on the stool. "But, the risk isn't worth it. It's too dangerous...but, maybe I might be able to control it? Rgh, why did it have to be me? I was doing just fine-" She couldn't lie to herself. She felt her heart sink as she remembered Nibelheim. Her village. The destruction. The fire. Her scar along her chest from when she tried to defend it...

It was all Shinra's fault. Shinra was to blame for all of this – and so – if Shinra could destroy her own village with nonchalance, why shouldn't she? "Rgh, damn my conscience! I just don't know if I can go through with it!"

Hours passed as Tifa deliberated over the pros and cons of her decision. For each pro, there would be a con, and vice versa. The arguments in her head always ending in a stalemate of morality. If she wasn't careful, she could hurt innocent people with this power! Though, she could also save just as many! Gah! There was the stalemate all over again!

"I can't believe I'm saying this, but I might have to flip a coin..." The woman groaned; leaning over the bar. "Leaving my fate up to a coin toss. Really have hit some low lows. Whatever. Heads: we store it away somewhere safe, and forget this ever happened. Tails: I use the materia, and...well...see what happens?"

Looking at the one-hundred Gil coin, Tifa toyed with it in her fingers for a moment in nervousness. One side held a chocobo as heads, while the other held the number one-hundred as tails. “All right, here it goes...”

Tifa flipped the coin into the air with her thumb, watching as it rotated with her heart rate increasing. Quickly catching it in her gloved hand, she flipped the coin over onto the back of her palm. Her beating heart rose once more as she removed grip from atop the coin, revealing!...A chocobo.

“Whew.” Letting out a sigh of relief, Tifa looked up to take a moment to herself, and lower her heart rate. However, unbeknownst to the woman, the Materia on the bar would emanate a soft red glow, which would engulf the coin for only a brief second. “Well, that's settled then, I suppose that I should figure out where to-huh?!” Gazing back down, Tifa's red eyes widened as the coin now read 'one-hundred'.

“I...I could've sworn that it was heads...” Muttered Tifa, who brought the coin up to her face for inspection. Rotating it around revealed a chocobo's head, as expected of any normal coin. “A-Alright, I guess tails it is, then...” Whispered the startled woman, who looked to the materia with confusion and amazement.

Picking the orb back up, Tifa took a moment to ready herself. “Okay. Just gotta use it. Alright. I can do this.” Deeply inhaling, the woman's hands gripped against the materia, willing it to activate. Expectantly, the item began to glow with an awesome power; a sparkling that cascaded the entire bar in a scarlet coloration.

Tifa's fingers began to tremble as the vibrations became more and more violent within the materia. “S-Starting to get second thoughts here, not gonna lie!” Then, before her eyes, Tifa watched in awe as the materia began to sink into her skin like hot metal through butter. “Whoa! W-Wait wait wait!” Struggling, Tifa found no way to release her grip on the item as it slowly sunk its way into her palm, vanishing.

“H-Hold on, come ba-ngrh!” Tifa's face clenched tightly as the intense vibrations of the materia reverberated through her entire body. Through clenched teeth, Tifa managed to grip the bar behind her, arching her back towards the ceiling as the foreign feeling scoured her form. “F-Feels weird! Nyagh!~”

Tifa's eyes moved to her body; a mixture of excitement and fear taking over as to what she saw. Her own veins appeared to be blackening, as if moving liquid tar throughout her bloodstream. She would watch the coloration fade in and out as it outlined her cardiovascular system. “W-What's it doing?!”

Another feeling started overtaking Tifa, a tightness along her stomach. Diverting her attention, she would gaze down to see her abdomen pumping up and down, flexing uncontrollably. The tenseness was followed by a surprising feeling of euphoria. “O-Ohhh!~” Digging her fingers into the bar, Tifa's legs quaked as her stomach continued to throb. In a few moments of pleasure, what was once a flat stomach became toned. In even more pulsations, they advanced from toned to a tight four pack. “Mngh!~” Even further in, that four pack became denser, and more tightly cobbled together.

The pleasure advanced to Tifa's shoulders, causing her to shift her panting head to the side. “W-What is haaaoooh!~” With traps that were filling up quickly, providing nice hills from her neck, Tifa's shoulders complimented her widening frame by packing advanced deltoid muscles onto themselves. Soon, her broad shoulders appeared to be sixteen inches around, with powerful tone to them that looked

as if they were carved from rocks. “C-Can't think! D-Damn it, it feels amazing! Gagh!~”

Another quivering of her luscious thighs as Tifa's wet womanhood began to pulse within. The powerful sensation of becoming stronger was quickly blurring her senses, causing her to move on course towards orgasm!

Next were her biceps, which were already known for being toned and shapely. Yet, appeared to be the most pleasant when enhanced. Tifa's red face was practically radiating steam at this point while she panted. “Unghuh!~ F-Fuck!~” Her pale arms hastily expanded, with each pulsating tremor causing her to nearly cum each time. “G-gah! Ghah!~ Grnnn!~” Continuing to grow, Tifa's biceps and triceps expanded into sculpted masses. Her biceps in particular were tight balls that peaked at twenty inches around! Her body-builder stature only continued to be applied to her as the notches of her forearms found themselves swiftly improving into wide trunks of girthy mass.

At this point, Tifa's moans were no longer soft and gentle, instead, now becoming much more potent and violent. Her eyes were fighting to roll up into her head as her fingers dug deeper into the bar; splintering it with her newfound strength. “C-Can't hold it b-back much m-more!~”

The feeling of her widening legs was almost the last straw, as Tifa's thighs swelled into cut masses. Being already absurdly massive, her thighs began become even larger as she grew more powerful. Her once thirty inch thighs were now becoming wider than the stool's seat itself, instead, becoming cords of dense, fifty inch muscular chunks! Her poor leggings had little room to give, as they began to split apart, revealing more and more of her strong, alluring skin, and mounds of mass.

Drool moved down Tifa's mouth; her hips thrusting forward uncontrollably. Her body ached for release at this point, with her panties dripping feminine juices onto the floor under her. “F-Fuagh!~ S-So amazing!~”

Tifa's clothes could no longer contain her might, especially with her bust and rear. Her breasts began to swell, sloshing and stirring within. Her unreasonably huge chest began the ascent to become even more massive. Due to her tank top already being torn from her traps and shoulders, it wasn't long before her prior triple-D cups expanded into orbs of delicious tit-flesh. “Guah!~ S-so full!~” Triple E cups spilled forth, with her prominent nipples dribbling milk onto the ground in front of her. Each breast looked as if it could fit several gallons of delicious, sweet liquid within; delicately jiggling with each thrust that the woman did!

In addition, Tifa's ass began piling more and more unneeded fat from her body to her rear, allowing her ass to generously lift up her skirt, revealing her two glorious ass cheeks, which collided into the bar behind her. “HNR!~” The sensitivity from her body alone was driving her mad, but the feeling of her ass against the furniture was near enough to break her. The black panties she had at this point were little more than a thong, which rode higher and higher with each expansion of her cheeks.

“A-almost there!~” The compounding strength inside Tifa affected her height, as her line of sight began to grow higher and higher. Previously being five-four, the woman's figure began to ascend higher and higher! Soon, her hands were not able to hold onto the bar anymore, instead, taking chunks of the wood out with her as she grew. The dominant power caused her shattering body to gladly accept even more towering might. Eventually, the woman was at her limit. “G-gotta...g-gotta...”

“CUUUUMMMAGGGHHHH!~” Tifa's body stopped its growth as she rose to eight feet, and was

decorated with four hundred pounds of muscle along her body. Her immense form let out a glorious orgasm as she squealed in delightful ecstasy. “MAHHHHGHHHH!~” Her fluids sprayed her tight pantie line, wetting her delicious thighs, and giving her entire lower half a look of an oiled up body builder.

The orgasm was the most intense Tifa has ever had; completely drenching the ground under her, and making her own vision go dark for several seconds. “Hah...hah...” Eventually, the feeling faded away, allowing Tifa to stumble forward, the Amazon she was. “Ohh...wow...that was...incredible!”

Recovering, the muscular woman placed her hand against the wall, before checking out her enhanced form. She couldn't deny it; she felt...powerful. Incredibly so. Pulling up her arm, Tifa flexed her bicep, watching it swell with a prominent peak. “O-Oh my God, it's huge!” Giving it a test squeeze, Tifa couldn't get it to budge whatsoever. Something that caused her to crack a smile. “I think it's safe to say it worked...I don't think anyone could take me down in arm wrestling now!”

Looking to her legs, Tifa flexed her calve, watching the ball bundle up, with cords connecting from her knee and ankles to the mass. It was true, any fat she once had on her, was in one of two places: her ass, or breasts.

“I feel so good too! I was so tired, but now...I really do feels like I could take on Shinra! But, I might be getting a little ahead of myself. I think that maybe figuring out what just happened might help.” A small thought crossed Tifa's mind. If she could figure out how to channel that potent power again...could she get even bigger? “I-I mean, *maybe* I could take on Shinra like this...but shouldn't I want to be certain that I can? Y-Yeah, I think that's the smart thing to do...surely.”

Unbeknownst to Tifa, her deep red eyes would begin to emit a glow of their own, as well, an inky darkness would decorate them ever so slightly, as if oil spilled within a sea of blood. The addiction had been set in, and now, Gaia itself was as good as doomed...

“N-No, I need to think on this...”

Tifa had toiled away the hours in deliberation. To her surprise, the woman's new physique came with quite a few boons. The first being her energy, as the busty amazon found sleep to be optional. Rather than wasting her time dreaming, she instead was optimizing the time in order to better her bar.

Another was her reaction time. Due to her enhanced 'assets', Tifa's giant breasts, and immense ass required a bit of getting used to. At times, she'd find herself brushing against a bottle or two, yet, each time they would fall, it was like time slowed down; allowing her to move with blinding speed to catch it. “Ugh, these girls are a bit wild. I need to really figure out how to keep them under control. Oh, wait, I didn't even think of when customers come in! I can't let them see me like this!...Can I?”

Yet another addition; confidence. Tifa had always put up a wall of complete assurance in herself, but, at times, she would feel more vulnerable. Now, however, she felt like a Titan; someone who couldn't be stopped by anyone! “Maybe being nude wouldn't be so bad. I bet I'd even get some more tips if I give them a good look at these abs.~”

Though, her favorite part, by far, were how trivial she would make tasks like changing floor boards. Swearing off a hammer, Tifa instead used her grand arms to pull away at any loose planks. Her

forearms tightening, with thick vascularity riding up to her coiled biceps. “Hrm!” Using a swift motion that flared her lats into rounded mounds, the chunk of floor would come up with ease. “Heh, who needs tools when you've got equipment like this!” Tightening her grip, the board itself fractured in her hands; causing a shutter to hit Tifa. “Mmm...man, I didn't think that would feel so good. Maybe I should dispose of old junk more often!”

From the depths of the night to the twilight of the morning, Tifa had fixed most things she could afford to. Using her dominating arm strength, Tifa easily slipped nails into new, much more fresh boards. Her newfound height allowed her to reach the top of cabinets to clean; however, she enjoyed tiptoeing – if only to see her calves flex.

In a single night, Seventh Heaven had been transformed into a much more manageable state. The pipes were ripped away, and reformed by using her enhanced chest to crush scrap metal into proper shapes for new ones. The old, crooked and warped shelves, were either bent back into place, or ripped from the walls in order to make space for more fitting ones; a process that she was not delicate with.

It was strange, even a bit silly to Tifa. A feeling of control from just doing some manual labor? “N-new toy syndrome, that's all. I'm sure I'll get used to this, soon enough.” She would mutter to herself, still considering the idea of getting even more powerful. It was like she could feel a calling inside of her, desperate to be used once again.

The familiar sound of the door opening directed Tifa's attention to the doorway.

A husky gentlemen with a large black beard, balding head, and thick forearms waddled his way inside. Even from here, Tifa could hear the open air sounds of his breathing, as well as the pungent smell of alcohol on his breath. “Yer jerst opened, yea?” The man spluttered.

This was the first time that Tifa had revealed herself in all her glory to someone, and it was...this guy...

The man stumbled forward more, before a look of shock overtook his face. “W-Whoah mama, I merst be wurs than I though!” He exclaimed, nearly falling backwards while gawking at the expansive chest of the muscular woman.

Tifa sighed, leaning to look at the man past her own bust-line. It was too early for this, even for someone who didn't need to sleep. “You sound like you've been drinking all night. Do yourself a favor: go to bed, and pretend you never saw this.”

“Nuw lissen ere! Big ol tits or nah, Imma payin customer! Now miss milkers; why nah fetch me a good ol house special! Thankis deary.” The man barked, extending his arm towards Tifa's stomach.

It wasn't uncommon for people to try to touch Tifa. Normally, she'd simply pin them, or move their hand away in an aggressive manner. This time, though, her reaction was more on the brutish side than even she expected.

Quickly, Tifa's hand wrapped around the man's forearm with an intense grip. His limb slowly shifted white from the pressure the woman was applying; causing him to let out a scream of anguish. “G-gah! L-Lady, wh-what the hell?!”

She should let go. She should really let go. Just tell him 'You can look, but don't touch.' Let. Him. Go.

And yet, she couldn't.

A feeling of authority. Power. It reverberated within her very being. Yesterday, this man would be nearly triple her weight, and a foot taller than her; but now? Now she didn't even have to use her special pins in order to stop him. Her raw strength alone was enough to keep him subdued.

"I'm sorry, is something wrong?" A playful innocence resounded in Tifa's voice, her grip tightening even further.

"A-AGH! S-STOP! M-MY ARM!" Attempting to pull away, the man lurched backwards, only to be met with the beginning of a light crunching sound.

Tifa's red eyes began to glow even more intensely. Those pools of black ink slowly swirling within her iris. It was almost adorable how much he tried to fight back. Don't get her wrong – he was ugly, but it was the attempt that made it laughably cute.

Then, a realization: this wasn't her. It wasn't at all. Quickly, the glow in her eye faded back to subtlety. A quick loosening of her hand finally freed the man; his arm purple and blue at this point. "Wh-what was I? I' – I'm sorry, are you okay?"

"G-Get away from me you freak! I'm getting the security forces! N-no matter how big ya' are, yur as good as toast!" Gripping his mangled limb, the man turned himself around; running towards the door.

"W-Wait!" Tifa shouted, reaching out with her long arm and grasping his shoulder. This time, she applied enough pressure to keep him still, but not enough to severely hurt him. "I-I swear, I don't know what happened! Here, I'll make you something on the house. We can discuss this. I'll even pay for your medical costs!" This was awful, if Shinra found out about the materia – about her, then it would all be over. The amazon went even as far as to lower herself to the man's level.

"Get yur hands off of me ya bitch!" Taking control of the opportunity, the large man was quick to reel back with his good arm; quickly slamming his fist directly into Tifa's face. A loud THUD exploded throughout the room upon impact; his knuckles twisting the skin of her cheek as he pressed his fist in as deep as possible.

It was at this moment, that, whatever was boiling inside of Tifa, was coming to a head. It was not pain that shot through her...it was anger, and glee. Her desire to get revenge on Shinra was mutating like a cancer. Her thoughts were becoming clouded with the sickening desire of pure control. To never be hurt again. Not by anyone.

Of course, this was unreasonable. She tried to address it. To calm it. She tried to be understanding. To reason with herself, but at this point, there was little she could do to satiate those desires.

She tried whatever she could, but it could not be contained. One punch was all it took to have the woman's heart become forever clouded in a cold nonchalance.

"That's what ya get you-huh?..." Looking closely, the man's arm was trembling from resistance. Tifa's scrunched face was slowly turning towards the man; her eyes brighter than they had ever been before. Emerald red hues blazed like a sun as they locked on to the large man. "G-Guh?! G-Get away from

me!” The man reeled back, allowing Tifa to fully face him, still lowered down to his level. This time, there was no sympathy. No softness. Instead, replaced by a cruel grin.

“Do it.” Tifa ordered, licking her lips giddily.

“Fine! HAH!” Obliging, the man's fist made contact with Tifa's nose, only to feel the impact not hit nearly as deep. A look of confusion set into the man as he pulled his arm back.

A gentle giggle whispered through Tifa's lips. “Again.”

And so he did. Again...and again...and again. Yet, each hit proved to be pointless. It was as if her face was becoming harder and harder with each blow she took. Finally, after a minute of direct punches, the man was panting, but unable to leave due to the woman's grip on his arm. “Hah...hah...wh-what are ya?!”

“Someone who's tired of hiding.” Tifa responded coldly; standing up straight to her towering form. “Someone who's tired of being hurt.” The woman added, finally applying pressure to the man's shoulder whilst lifting him up.

“Rghah! Sh-shit! H-Hurts! S-Stop!” The man pleaded, his legs swinging like an infant on a swing.

“My name is Tifa Lockhart – survivor of Nibelheim.” Tightening her grip further, the man's groans of suffering became even more severe. Within seconds, blood was trickling onto her fingers. “I see now. If I truly wish to avenge my village, then I must cast aside my sympathy. My empathy. People are cruel, and so is the world. No longer will I abide by those emotional ties. All I need is power. To become stronger. I thank you for helping me realize that, and so, I will make your death swift.”

“N-NO, PLEASE! D-DON'!” With another squeeze of her hand, the man's shoulder, and upper torso would splatter along the floors, as well onto Tifa's face; coating her bust and abdominal in a luxurious crimson.

“Mnn~ please come again!~”

At this point, the psychosis had fully overtaken Tifa's mind. Her only desires at this point were to become as powerful as possible, and damn the consequences. The maddening illumination of her eyes coated the inside of Seventh Heaven in a hellish glow as she prepared herself.

“I can't believe I resisted this power for so long, to be honest! It's incredible! It's just a shame that the world is so unjust. I could have done allot of good, should the people allow it. Now I see, though; humanity will always try to overtake the weak; it's a fact of life. An awful fact. Though, if I'm the strongest, then perhaps I can end the cycle. Yes, the cycle will end with Tifa Lockhart!” Tifa took a moment to collect herself. An aura of deep red began to slowly ensnare her form like a fog, with glowing black particles surrounding the edges. She had barely tapped into the true power of this materia, but now, she was no longer afraid of it. “Now, materia, gift me all your POWER!”

An intense shock-wave extended outwards, shattering the glass windows, as well as sending loose tables and stools flying into the walls. Tifa's long pony-tail and skirt lifted up from under her from the energy of the materia's aura alone. “HAH!~ Th-that's it!~” Tifa cooed as the wondrous feeling of strength flowing into her returned tenfold!

The dark outlines of her veins returned, this time, however, there was no fading to it, as the opaque blackness stayed like rivers of oil within her body. Tifa's clenched jaw strained whilst she was hit with the glorious rapture. "MNGHHH!~"

An intense explosion of height shocked Tifa's figure. Her head was no longer creeping upwards, but, instead, was trembling with quick spurts of domineering height. "T-TALLER!~" Tifa commanded; her head colliding with the twelve-foot ceiling of Seventh Heaven, before outright bursting through it. The sound of metal squealing and scraping was a non-issue for someone with as powerful skin as her.

Like an erupting volcano, just before the sunrise, Tifa's massive body destroyed the rooftop of her own establishment; her eyes rolled backwards in pure euphoria. "BIGGER!~"

Tifa's body coalesced larger and meatier beef onto her form; her biceps ever growing. What was once a peak at sixty-inches flexed, was now considered small and weak as the next growth spurt shot them up to one-hundred-twenty inches; the size of one of her own bar tables. Yet, even those did not last long to the now twenty-foot woman. "YES! YES!~ UNG!~"

To say Tifa's clothes were torn would be an understatement. No, with the violent growth, and the pumping of her muscles making her ever more powerful, the woman's garb practically exploded off of her enlarging frame. Even the slightest of movement seemed to pack a massive amount of strength behind it. "I'M GOING TO BE HUGE!~ I CAN-GAH!~ F-FEEL IT!~ INCREDIBLE!!~"

Midgar civilians watched in absolute terror as the absurdly hourglass shaped woman continued to grow out of the bar. At this point, her six-pack washboard abs had now taken on even more dense muscles, leaving almost no room in between each one. "**DON'T WORRY, I'LL BE SURE TO FREE YOU ALL FROM THE CRUELITIES OF THIS WORLD!~**" Tifa exclaimed in glee; her thighs tearing through the sheet metal of the remnants of Seventh Heaven.

Her mind was on fire, clouded by extreme swaths of pleasure that resounded with each growth spurt. Tifa's bustline had exceeded JJJ at this point; having her gargantuan tits overshadow the buildings across the way with her forty-foot stature.

"H-Help! Please!" One civilian shouted, with others attempting to run away. However, Tifa looked down at the ants with pure excitement. Yet another spurt of growth had her lats flaring outwards; pumping and swelling spectacularly.

"DO NOT RUN! IT'S OKAY, I'M HERE!" The titanic mass of muscles explained; before lowering herself onto her knees. Her lengthy legs crashing through those same nearby businesses that her breasts threatened with their height. "**DON'T TRY TO ESCAPE! IT'LL BE ALRIGHT!~**" Tifa leaned forward, before slowly closing her thighs together. The street itself crackled and shifted; becoming uprooted by the now seventy-five foot Tifa's legs.

"Sh-shit, she's gonna crush us!" One man screamed, trying to escape, but just as he was about to be clear from the length of her knee; another beautiful moan echoed out from Tifa; lengthening it further in front of him, killing all hope he had of escape.

Those that were closer to her moist pussy were no better, as the might of her thighs were swollen into forty-five feet around masses of indomitable might. The building sized collusi that were her bountiful

thighs finally collided, causing a line of debri and blood to rupture from in between. **“HOW WERE MY THIGHS? I HEAR THEY'RE ONE OF MY BEST FEATURES!~ RGH!~”** Tifa coyly added, feeling her body grow even further.

With over thirty tons of muscle, Tifa's rock-hard body was a force to be reckoned with. Her arms alone matched several-story structures, hell, her bicep could probably be an apartment itself. Tifa's pale ass was like that of a Goddess, being perfectly round as it was deadly. Without her even noticing, her rear was outpacing her calves in size; having her destructive cheeks slam against more homes; collapsing them into large piles of dust.

Finally rising up, Tifa's body had exploded to over one-hundred-fifty feet tall. The buildings barely rose to her wide waist, let alone her breasts. Most, except for the mako reactors, which still stood above her...

“THAT NEEDS TO CHANGE!~ SHINRA, YOUR GODDESS IS HERE TO DAMN YOU TO AN ETERNAL HELL UNDER MY MUSCLES!” Tifa roared, taking a massive stride through several more blocks; attempting to start with Reactor 7.

Expectedly, there was resistance: a battalion of Shinra Security Forces gathered near the base of the mako reactor, which lay there, roughly four-hundred feet in height. Several armed B1-Alpha Helicopters hovered in the air, awaiting the order to fire, as Tifa strolled ever closer.

The red glint of Tifa's corrupted eyes washed over the entire army presented to her. There was no wicked smile on her face now, instead, it was pure anger. A scowl of rage. **“YOU SO CALLED 'PEACE PRESERVATION' GROUP WILL FEEL SCORN BEYOND WHAT YOU THOUGHT POSSIBLE! MY WRATH WILL BE A HELL UPON YOUR CORPORATION!”**

The massive Tifa's threats echoed with a force that would knock even a few soldiers back, and force the armed B1s to re-stabilize.

“Open fire!”

A fireball of gunfire lit up the edge of the city. A mix of rockets, automatic weapons fire, and larger caliber ammunition flew across the sky like a galaxy of stars.

An idea hit Tifa. One that was maddening, surely. However, she was already beyond mad at this point. Mako, liquid life stream. Prolonged exposure would surely cause horrible, excruciating suffering to any human that came into contact with it.

However, to her, she was no longer human.

Just like with the bottles – time had slowed down for Tifa. Each bullet appeared to be moving slower than a snail, with her still completely actionable. It was here where the woman executed her plan. Carefully, she would grab each missile, rocket, or any other large splash-damaging projectile. Then, with her nimble fingers, she would grab every single bullet that was directed towards her.

What felt like minutes to Tifa was mere milliseconds to anyone else. Her speed, faster than anyone could even comprehend, despite her intense size.

Then, the realization hit the Peace Preservation Forces. In less than a second, every large-scale ballistic was turned back towards them, almost as if spun across Tifa's fingers.

“NOTHING UP MY SLEEVES!~” The woman bellowed out, much to the confusion of the forces below, before several of the items came into contact with the army. A litany of explosions erupted within their lines; lighting it up in a fiery inferno.

“Gahh! Put me out! Put me out!” “Hold still, hold still!” “He just fucking exploded!” “Holy shit, what just happened?!” “Control yourselves!”

The deliciousness of their cries was music to Tifa. Her dripping womanhood was a sign of her pure glee, but it was about to get even better. **“I BELIEVE SOMEONE ORDERED THE HOUSE SPECIAL. SO, LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT PUT'S THE 'SPECIAL' TWIST FOR THE HOUSE SPECIAL!”** Opening her balled up hand, what the woman held made the soldiers hearts sink. A bound up ball of copper, which was super heated from Tifa crushing it with her hyper-muscular arms. With another careful movement of her hands, the copper ball quickly moved up her towering forearms, before rolling back down into her palm with a spin.

“D-Disperse! Disperse right now!”

Then, with a flick of her index finger, the ball moved at a blinding pace. As if a shooting star crashed into the city, there was a flash – then a bright glow, and a bang.

“AND THERE YOU HAVE IT!~” Tifa winked.

The ball itself tore a straight line through the army, colliding with the mako reactor behind them. The tremor, followed by the explosion was immense. A pyre of greenish-blue flame arose, sending the helicopters and surviving members of the Peace Preservation crashing into nearby rubble and debris.

Tifa's bulging abs crunched with each hearty laugh she took as she took the explosion head on, extending her arms out. **“COME TO ME!~”**

An immediate response occurred as the explosion of mako came into contact with Tifa. A newfound feeling of energy, perhaps even more potent than her own materia!

“YESSSSS!~ GAHHHHH!!!~” Tifa's body accelerated violently in growth; the woman's legs expanding out tens of feet, then hundreds. Her thighs causing massive quakes for each new mass of muscle that she would gain. Soon, her thighs became wider than half of Sector Seven; and her ass, hovering over the other half.

“SOOOO MUCH POWEERRRR! ALL FOR MEEEE AHHHHHNG!~” Tifa's arched back caused her swollen breasts to surge even more so, spilling out massive amounts of liquid mako to the ground beneath her as they trickled from her nipples.

Her height continued to rise violently towards the sky. Her feminine shape now for all of Midgard to see. The woman's biceps crunched and quaked with intense surges. Thousands upon thousands of pounds of muscle compounded onto her frame as she grew larger and larger.

“AHHHN! GIVE IT ALL TO ME!~ ALL OVE IT!~” Tifa raised her hand; the ground causing upheaval and fault lines forming; out of which, came out mass auras of green energy. Pure life-stream, all flowing to her.

Tifa's body was a swollen mass that was two-miles tall. Her eyes, a beautiful jewel red that flooded the planet's atmosphere in that same hellish tone as before. Her fair skin was beyond radiant, and only becoming more so as she increased in the divine power that she fed on from the planet.

“GRNAH!~ MOOOOORE!~” Tifa exclaimed, feeling two extensions flutter from her back. With a wide turbulence, angelic wings of glowing red exploded from her body, extending outwards for miles. **“YES!~ DIVINE!~ MAKE ME MORE ABSOLUTE!~”**

Tifa's ass was now hovering over the continent at this point; her head moving through the atmosphere above, with her hands now forming into beautiful, blackened claws, which transitioned back into her beautiful porcelain skin near her upper arm.

More and more of Gaia shattered, as Tifa greedily swallowed up the life-stream; her teeth slowly morphing into fangs as she hungrily devoured it. **“MORE!~ I DEMAND FOR THE ENTIRE SYSTEM TO FEED ME! MAKE ME ALMIGHTY!!!”**

Spreading her arms upwards, Tifa's body flared even further. A long, thick, scaled tail would form behind her, lying idly atop the sea, causing tsunamis and mass destruction by simply flicking the tip of it.

It was then that the Goddess would begin to outgrow the planet itself, the space she was taking up from her evolved body now becoming too large for Gaia to house. Tifa's power called forth towards other planets, absorbing their life essence as well. **“MORE! MORE!~ I WANT TO BE PERFECTION INCARNATE!~”**

Tifa's glutton for power caused her figure to grow beyond the limitations of the system she was in. Her calves were larger than stars. A flex of her finger could wipe out entire asteroid belts. Her wingspan moved through entire suns; exterminating them with gleeful abandon.

Finally, Tifa's body called out to the multiple solar systems within the universe, taking them as well, until she galaxies were little more than a snack to her. **“SO MUCH MUSCLE! SO MUCH POWER!~ TO THINK I WOULD LET MY MORALS STOP ME!~ I CONTROL REALITY!~ I CONTROL RIGHT AND WRONG, AND I AM THE BENEVOLENT TIFA!~”**

The woman's fractured mind had her truly believing that her violent ascendance was a form of passionate empathy for the entire universe itself. Her perfect body was a gift to all who would see it right before they perished; becoming more life-essence for her to take.

At last, Tifa reached beyond the universe itself. Her body compiling mass beyond the edge of time and space itself. **“AND YET, I WILL CONTINUE TO BE EVERYTHING!~ I. WILL. BE. ALL. POWERFUL!!!~”**