

[NOTE: This is a WIP story. As such, anything below is subject to change, and has not been proof read as of yet. Lore has been edited to fit the story better, but has tried to stay as true to canon as possible.]

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 walls 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 bar.

It was here that a cloaked figure would enter the bar. 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, a 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' for the house special twist!” Placing the original two bottles down, Tifa gripped a bottle 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 vodka 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 man. “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 about it 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 move.

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, causing Tifa's free hand to ball up. “Now?...Now, I make an offer.” With careful movements, the Doctor pulled out a shimmering red ball, with inky blackness swirling within.

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? Then 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 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 materia 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. 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 materia. “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 hand. Her beating heart rose once more as she removed her hand 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 moment. “Well, that's settled then, I suppose that I should figure out where to-huh?!” Gazing back down, the 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...” Muttered the startled woman, who looked to the materia with confusion.

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 haaaoooooh!~” 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 DDD cups expanded into orbs of delicious tit-flesh. “Guah!~ S-so full!~”EEE 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 milk 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 body 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...