

## Becoming The Role

### Chapter One

There were times Sephiroth couldn't believe the path his life had taken. To think that he, once an elite member of ShinRa's special forces, the greatest SOLDIER who'd ever lived, had actually turned against the company and was now working with a rag-tag group like AVALANCHE. Not to mention the insanity of his true origins and circumstances of his birth. The silver-haired man had never had a normal life.

But this...this was on quite another level. Standing in a small shack in the middle of Wall Market in the forsaken slums of Sector 6 with a strange flower girl. It had all started with her comment, "Sephiroth, why don't you dress up like a girl. It's the only way." Sephiroth doubted it, but had gone along with it, collecting a number of embarrassing items in order to enact this inane plan. It was almost enough to make him miss his days with ShinRa.

Aerith flounced in the shack, wearing her typical dress-which Sephiroth felt was incredibly impractical. Frilly and lacy, it somehow fanned out where it ended several inches above her knees, yet clung to her body elsewhere, showing off her rear and cut low enough to offer any passers-by an eyeful of her pushed-up cleavage. She looked like she was having a grand time playing dress-up, not planning to infiltrate a crime boss' lair.

"Ok, Sephy, time to try it on. I can't *wait* to see how you look!" She bent over, hands on her hips across the table from Sephiroth. A blonde wig, a purple silk dress, a diamond tiara, a bottle of pink perfume and small black bikini bottoms were strewn about. Aerith had a cheeky, bossy yet friendly tone-she had been overly familiar with Sephiroth since the start, not that he minded. It was hard to ruffle him.

With one long arm he scooped up the clothes, actually managed to sound stubborn and emotionless. "This is **not** going to work."

He stood in front of one of the room's two mirrors, holding the soft dress up to himself. Its purple hue clashed horribly with his black outfit and pale, pale skin. Aerith had convinced him that it would go well with his piercing eyes, adding 'you've got the legs for it, and nearly the hips too!' Sephiroth only thought it was a tad too short for his liking-it nearly came up past his knees. Luckily, his body was nearly devoid of all hair, and what little grew naturally the meticulous warrior shaved off.

Aerith was infectiously enthusiastic. "Of course it will!" She almost giggled.

"If it wasn't for your broad shoulders and muscular arms, you could pass for a girl already, Sephy. You've got such pretty features."

Most men would have objected to such a description but Sephiroth barely blinked. He simply held the wig and ran his fingers through it-it was soft enough, he supposed. Maybe it was made with real human hair? He had heard somewhere that some wigs were like that. Not that he planned on letting anyone touch his head. Getting too close might let some of the Don's thugs discover he was a man, and worse it would be...uncomfortable, even for the stoic SOLDIER.

Not for the first time Sephiroth wondered why he couldn't just charge inside the mansion and demand the information they wanted from Corneo at sword-point.

Aerith ignored his internal problems, posing in front of a mirror. She hummed in quiet disapproval. "I'm the one who should be worried-after all only one of us needs to be chosen by the Don, but why would he ever pick me dressed like this?"

Her hands picked up the hem of her dress, flouncing it about some. "It's nice enough, i guess, but just not slutt-I mean, pretty enough."

Sephiroth missed her little slip up and simply wondered how girls were comfortable with underwear that left half their ass exposed, lifting the panties up in one gloved, experimental hand. Aerith simply tugged at the neckline of her outfit, lifting her tits up with her forearm to expose soft, creamy skin, unblemished by the sun. Though far larger than average for a girl of Aerith's otherwise petite frame, they weren't exactly the most impressive most people had seen.

Sephiroth was mildly interested which was about as interested as he ever got in most things. It was hard for him to tell through his gloves, but the underwear seemed almost impossibly soft to the touch. Wouldn't wearing something like this be distracting? "I don't see what the problem is. You've worn more or less that same outfit since I've known you. But if its not what you like, you can just change for the mission right?"

Aerith hummed a bit, swishing in front of the mirror, her skirt circling up to offer *just* a hint of her round perky ass. It was a move she had practiced many times to drum up her meager flower sales.

She nodded in the mirror, eyes glinting. "Yes, I think I will change. In fact, I have an idea in mind, so it won't take too long." Her eyes found Sephiroth in the mirror, smiling lewdly to herself, unknown to him.

Sephiroth moved the underwear from hand to hand, wondering where it would sit on his hips, which were quite curvy for a man. Eventually, he simply tossed it aside on a small table, shaking his head. "This just isn't going to work."

Aerith *tched* at him, giving him a little wave of her hand, palm-down. "Oh, don't be so quick to give up, SOLDIER boy."

She sounded playful, as if she'd fully expected this and wasn't concerned at the least with Sephiroth's decision.

Sephiroth merely glanced at her coolly, his soft facial features inexpressive as always. He was never someone to give up too easily, but even with his lean lithe build, there was simply no getting around the fact that he was a man. Putting on a dress wouldn't change the way he walked or acted or thought, of course. He would always have a male mindset, no matter what.

The silver haired man was about to say something to that effect when the shack's door opened quietly to the outside, swinging outward. A new arrival stepped in-but certain parts of her got in first. Two rather large parts, in particular.

Tifa Lockheart walked in, and Aerith's gaze fell upon her gigantic breasts-there was no hint of jealousy, just an obvious, open air of greed as she feasted her eyes upon the other woman. Sephiroth, as usual, paid no attention.

Aerith waved, giggly as always. "Hey big tits!"

Tifa simply smiled back. "Hey Aerith! Sephiroth!" The silver-haired man only nodded.

"Come to get dressed for the par-mission?" Aerith asked.

Tifa looked down at her body, expression neutral and slightly challenging. "I *am* dressed."

'Dressed' was not the word Sephiroth would have used. Or anyone with eyes. Tifa had a tight red top on, a simple tube of red cloth that hung from her neck and barely covered her breasts, with plenty jiggly flesh peeking up from the top and bottom. It covered maybe an inch more than her nipples-which, on Tifa's Tits, was barely anything at all. And on her lower half, she had the tiniest pair of jean shorts Sephiroth had seen-surely no one sold them like that and the brunette had modified them. Her entire midriff was exposed, thighs as well, and more than half of her ass was uncovered-they were basically a denim pair of bikini bottoms-they didn't even cover up her pockets.

Tifa looked at Sephiroth, seeing he was still dressed in his normal outfit. "Don't worry, I'm here to save the day."

Aerith's eyebrows shot up, though she kept her gaze on Tifa's tits. "What do you mean?"

Tifa ignored her, humming to herself as she rummaged in a tiny bag she kept at her waist-if anything, the accessory only drew more attention to her fat hips and ass.

Aerith watched her, giggling and swaying, hips bouncing. It looked less like she was listening to a friend speak and more like she was trying to entice a man she was interested in.

Sephiroth had long ago given up trying to figure out Aerith and Tifa's relationship. If they were into each other, fine. If not, the same: the dynamics of how the large-chested barmaid and the flower girl (who, oddly enough seemed to get and ask for more attention from men) interacted was not interesting at all to him. Despite the understanding that seemed to pass from both girls-aware of their respective gifts, *highly* turned on by each other, and yet without a hint of jealousy.

Tifa paused for a moment, considering. She planted one bone-crunching fist on her hip-if Sephiroth was more contemplative, he would have thought it odd how a girl who worked out so much and was incredibly strong physically also had cow-sized tits and a fat ass to match. But he didn't notice such things, so he merely found Tifa slightly...what was the word? Tomboy-ish (he'd never quite understand that-what was a 'tomboy'? Wasn't it the same to say 'boyish?')

Tifa gestured to Sephiroth, who was merely puzzling over why anyone would wear underwear that, by design, separated their butt cheeks in such an uncomfortable way. Speaking of undergarments, Tifa's own shorts seemed to be straining to contain her sheer ass-meat, already the cloth looked slightly frayed and worn.

The brunette bartender pointed at Sephiroth. "Well, Seph here might be kinda femme-with that hair, and those eyes, and his facial features, he's still a guy. Broad shoulders, too much muscle about the arms, and of course, a flat chest on open display."

Aerith hummed a bit, thinking about how that put an end to her crossdressing plan. *Oh, darn.* She thought sarcastically.

"Very true. But his waist is tapered a bit more than most guys-and he's nearly completely hairless to boot. Smooth as a fresh bikini wax. Not to mention those pretty cheekbones."

Tifa nodded. "Yep-soft looking lips. Probably soft all over, really."

Sephiroth twisted his wrists a bit-the beginnings of a shrug that barely reached his shoulders. They weren't telling him anything he didn't already know-after all, he'd spent days researching his true origins, and the fact that he wasn't strictly human.

"Oh yes," Aerith agreed. "Very soft, if you catch my meaning. Barely a speck of...hardness."

Tifa nodded. “And its strange, but despite how strong he is-his arms are pretty thin. Hardly any muscle definition.”

Sephiroth thought about pointing out the same could be said of Tifa, and that his muscles were inherently denser and stronger so he didn’t need much in the way of raw mass, but thought better of it. The two girls often got lost in their own world like this, and weren’t great listeners at the best of time.

Aerith smirked. “Not to mention I’ve seen older women with more facial hair than him.”

Tifa glanced at Sephiroth’s feminine, attractive and as usual cold and blank face before scanning down to his pants. “Not to mention how unimpressive he is downstairs.”

She shrugged her shoulders, knowing that most people might find what she said offensive, but also knowing Sephiroth wasn’t one of them. Plus, it was a sad fact, no point denying it. Her tits jiggled as she looked at him, sounding apologetic but not showing it in her face.

“Sorry, Seph, but you do have a pretty tiny cock.” Commiserating almost, the way two buddies might.

Aerith almost giggled, sounding quite bubbly. “Well, you can’t call something like this-” She extended one dainty pinky finger,

“Something so small, and...adorable, a *cock*. It's just a...penis. Real men have dicks. And hunks have **cocks**.”

Aerith held her hands out a bit in front of her chest roughly parallel with the edge of her tits. “A real cock is big, and masculine-veiny and kinda greasy. And of course with great big balls, covered in hair and just stinking of what’s inside.”

Tifa seemed to agree, holding her hands out as well-she started expanding the distance between them slowly, as though measuring a particularly thunderous cock, before her arms went up, hands locked above her head, hair bouncing, pushing her back in and her chest out, languid and casually sexual. “Oh, yes, mm-hmm. Not at all like what Sephiroth has. Fuck yeah, a real, big greasy cock. Oh and it's got to have a huge, swollen head too-all dark and rigid, just perfect for spreading open dirty fuckholes.”

Aerith nodded, eyes firmly on Tifa’s chest. “And it's even better if they have lots of nasty sweaty pubic hair, the sign of a real stud, hung like a horse.”

This seemed like it could go for quite some time before Sephiroth cleared his throat softly. Tifa, eyes beginning to glaze over with visions of jizz-spewing cock and bicep-thick shafts, seemed to snap out of it.

“Yes, right, even without a real man’s cock, Sephiroth is still a guy. Shrinky-dick and all. You still lack...” She pointed with one thumb at her chest, taking a big breath and making sure the swaying orbs, firm and perky, swelled out as much as possible, her tube top looking more like a decorative bow tied around her ‘gift chest’.

“All the best bits.”

Aerith sidled up to Tifa, innocent as could be and leaned forward as well, her own tits big in their own right though not when compared to Tifa’s, showing off plenty of soft, inviting cleavage. “I guess you’re right, Tifa!” Cheery, happy-not at all like two people planning an infiltration of a mafia boss’ headquarters.

“Guys love breasts-it’s their favorite thing about women. And without a pair of breasts-”

Tifa cut in, cupping her tits and pushing them up, even her muscles straining somewhat to hoist up such a weight. “*Big* breasts. Real fat tits.”

Aerith nodded and moved on without missing a beat. “Big fat breasts, not to mention a big ol rear and...the very best part of all,” Her eyes twinkled.

“Guys just won’t be interested. Surely not the Don, and then we might not have any success here, Sephiroth. Guess I should have thought of that sooner.” With an air of *‘oh well, my mistake-no big deal.’*

Just discussing such things seemed to have turned both girls on, despite their seemingly platonic friendly air. They had reached a conclusion, even if it had taken them a long meandering way to get there. As usual, Sephiroth was more mission-oriented.

“So what should I do then? If this doesn’t work then we’ll never get that information from The Don, and we know ShinRa’s plans are going to happen in a week or so.”

“Like I said I’m here to-” Tifa moaned a bit, sticking her hand in between her own tits, searching for something in that tight valley.

“Save..umf...the day.” She plucked something from her décolletage, revealing a small, shining gem. Sephiroth knew what it was immediately.

“Ta-Da!”

Sephiroth's eyebrows moved a bit in curiosity-a pretty big show of interest from the stoic silver haired man. "A materia?"

"Yep! And not just any run of the mill materia. This one is very rare, but luckily for us, master level. It will turn you into an actual woman-just for the mission-and then we can get on to the Don's mansion!"

Sephiroth seemed more accepting than most men would have been. He had information to complete his mission, what it meant for him personally wasn't that important. Plus, he'd never been overly concerned with his outward appearance or sexuality. It had taken him a long time, but he was reasonably sure he knew who he was.

"Alright then." Calmly, he held one thin arm out, gloved fingers outstretched to accept the Materia. With a cheeky grin, Tifa dropped it into his palm, and he closed his eyes, concentrating using his own unique connection with magic and the power inside the materia to activate its abilities.

There was a sudden glow around his whole body, soft white light that grew in radiance until Tifa and Aerith could barely make out his pale skin, seeing little more than the tail end of his black coat. Inside this orb of light, Sephiroth could feel his body changing, his skin felt smoother, his hips seemed to elongate, even as his torso seemed to shrink inwards.

Tifa and Aerith could only watch, their breath held. This was it, the moment of truth, and for some reason it was like something out of magical girl cartoon from Wutai. With a *sproing* noise, Sephiroth's chest expanded into something out of a pervert's wildest dreams-one of Tifa's admirers with their imagination cranked up to eleven. A rear that threatened to tear through his leather pants, but instead ended up wrapped into them, forcing them down underneath the 'skirt' of his coat-tails, a giant pale bubble-butt like the kind of thing Barret would drool over in a magazine. Even the very clothes he wore were transformed by the magic.

When it faded, Sephiroth stepped forward, tits pushing his outfit so wide they were covered merely by half, nipples just hidden from view while the rest of her titanic tits crashed together. Her legs were even more shapely than before, long and soft, hips wide enough to bear triplets and an ass to feed a family of five. Broad shoulders had shrunk to a more demure, female form, and feminine facial features had become even more so-Tifa thought her lips looked like something out of a plastic surgeon's 'Best Of' catalog.

She stepped forward, her face calm but hands tugging here and there at her outfit. Pale greenish-blue eyes looked down, unable to see her feet past her breasts, struggling to take in the sight of her waist-easily encircled by a man's handspan-and

then her blossoming, bouncy hips and rear beyond. However feminine Sephiroth may have been, what stood in the room now was clearly a woman.

And *what* a woman she was, over six feet of leggy, platinum-haired sex appeal with tits that looked twice the size of her head-each. Nary a trace of fat on her stomach, and only slightly any muscle-lithe but not exactly lean, which was visible between her small, vest like covering and the bottom of her skirt. A skirt that stopped just below her pussy lips, with her coat to cover the rest-barely. And then, tight, tight leather leggings that remained of her pants, none of it leaving anything to the imagination and everything seeming to point that this woman, if she had ever been a man, was now fit for one act and one act only.

Sephiroth turned around, her thick thighs rubbing together despite herself, ass showing off and nearly swallowing up the black leather. There was a quick flash of panties, stripes white and blue, but even they seemed devoured by the pounds and pounds of assmeat jutting out from her back like a bookshelf. Her voice was utterly casual. "Well, what do you two think?"

There was the slightest hint of confusion in her words, but above that was Sephiroth's usual cold, assured confidence. It seemed somewhat well warranted even now.

Aerith and Tifa were speechless, slightly dazed. Tifa's eyes were locked on to the impossible, heaving tits set onto Sephiroth's chest while Aerith's eyes were half-lidded, hips moving, thighs rubbing and grinding together.

"My god, Sephiroth!" The flower girl exclaimed.

"You're *sooo* pretty!" She sounded proud as well as slightly...aroused?

Tifa, meanwhile, could barely bring herself to look at Sephiroth's eyes, and instead mumbled. "Well, I guess it worked."

With that confirmation, Sephiroth was ready to move on. She strode past the other two girls, towering over them (somehow the Materia had turned her boots into heels and she was even taller than before), all long legs and whipping hair. Her new skirt hid nothing, and her hips seemed to swish without even thinking about it. It was as if she'd been carved from marble by a sex addict.

She looked back at them, lips almost pouting without meaning to, nose sharp and cheekbones inviting. "Shall we get moving then?" Facing her from the rear, it was easy for the girls to see her skirt stretched to the max by her booty, hints of the blue and white panties Had those, too, been summoned up by magic?



Shaking her head slightly, Tifa followed, ass heaving. Aerith hung back, giving them both a friendly wave. "I'll be out in just in a just a moment you two. I think I should change into something a little more...fun. For the mission's sake!"

The pair of stacked girls reached the doorway, Tifa slightly behind and, given the differences in their height (Tifa was already about eight inches shorter than Sephiroth, with 'her' new heels, that was even more distinct) the bartender had a perfect view of that alabaster ass just rocking and swaying with every regal step Sephiroth took. She just couldn't resist any longer.

One slender but powerful hand came swinging from Tifa's side and *whapped!* into Sephiroth's ass, sending all that fat ass-meat jiggling and rippling like the surface of a pond with a boulder thrown into it. Sephiroth barely seemed to notice-perhaps still distracted by her new gender, or perhaps that even with all of Tifa's might behind the swing, the sheer amount of ass she had cushioned the blow like a pale fleshy airbag. Aerith merely watched, teeth nibbling on her plump lower lip as Tifa kept a grip on Sephiroth's fat ass, almost pushing the taller woman ahead.

Outside, Sephiroth stood facing the small shack, arms crossed in 'her' usual disapproving stance. If she was aware that this made her tits only get pushed up nearly to her chin, she didn't let on. Somehow, her hips were still swaying, mesmerizing pounds of meat that attracted the attention of a few passing slum-dwellers, their eyes on their sheer jutting cliff of ass and raw sex appeal of the silver haired wench. For once, Tifa wasn't getting the most leers and filthy looks from passers-by.

Not that Tifa noticed, she was too busy looking herself-at tits. Tifa paid most girls no attention, even her 'friend', Aerith. But now she was flat-out staring at Sephiroth's chest, shoved up by her thin arms. They were actually bigger than Tifa's own sweater-stretchers, and she had never seen that before. She understood that men were often completely hypnotized by her own swaying tits, especially in a revealing outfit like the one she was wearing now, but she'd only understood in the abstract, the one way knows something but has never experienced it. She fucking *loved* it. Was this how men felt when they looked at her, like the woman before them was nothing more than a walking, talking fat rack? Just a pair of tits to be used as needed?

If so, it was funny that Tifa was now thinking that exact same way about this new woman in front of her. She hardly noticed Sephiroth's face, beautiful and striking as it was, since that would require looking past the sheer valley of cleavage caused by those monstrous tits-every small motion the silver-haired girl made causing them to squeeze together, aerolas almost visible from the side, the leather outfit stretching taut with an obvious, sensual noise.

Every move this woman (Tifa was starting to think of her as 'Sephy') made was pure sex. As she glanced about herself, getting used to her new form, her lips and eyes

looked sultry, sensual. Shifting her weight from one foot to another-trying to get used to four inch heels-sent her tits a wobbling from side to side, jiggling and heaving as much as they could packed so tight it was clear they might burst free at any moment. Even Sephiroth's usual cold, aloof expression looked snobby and attractive-the face of a girl who looked down on men and would thus be that much hotter to defile.

And she wasn't even trying. Tifa knew right then that this was the best decision she'd ever made-confused and still somewhat uncomfortable, Sephiroth made a better woman-a truer woman-than he ever had as a tiny-dicked, sexless "man."

"Sephir-Sephy," She spoke, getting the other woman's attention. She looked at her, cocking one eyebrow in an unwittingly sexy pose. If the former man minded the nickname, she didn't mention it.

"I want to make absolutely sure you're ready for the mission." Tifa rocked on her heels, lust boiling inside her. She wasn't quite sure what she'd been expecting, but it hadn't been *this*.

"What do you mean? I'm already..." She looked down and waved one arm, her tits bouncing as she uncrossed her arms but still staying almost impossibly, gravity-defyingly high, at her body.

"Dressed."

"Sure, sure." Tifa admitted, reaching into her tiny purse. "But clothes are only one part of it-being a woman requires a lot of work you know-its not easy to look this good."

Before Sephiroth could inquire further, Tifa moved forward, starting to apply make-up to the taller woman like it was her job. She was...unconservative to say the least.

"Here, close your eyes." Sephiroth complied gamely, as Tifa colored her eyelids dark, making her lashes pop out and accentuating her eyebrows.

However, Tifa only used one hand, deftly applying dark, smoky lipstick to Sephy's already plump lips, swelling them and making them look bee-stung, perfect for kisses or being wrapped around something big and hard. Her free hand slipped between Sephiroth's thighs, marvelling at how damn thick they were, hips and ass exploding out of her tapered waist with thick upper thighs that then turned into long, lithe legs. She had a ballerina's waist and legs with a ghetto stripper's booty and hips.

Sephiroth only looked on passively, making sure not to blink, as instructed by Tifa, as her mascara was applied. She'd never stopped to think just how much make-up girls wore. She also didn't notice Tifa pushing her skirt bottoms up, her coat already somehow slit to make her rear visible. In seconds her fat pale booty was on display,

and anyone who cared to watch (which was just about everyone in the Wall Market) could see her small, innocent blue and white stripe panties get pushed aside. Tifa was looking down at her exposed pussy, but still giving directions to Sephiroth.

“Here, push your lips together, like this.” Tifa pouted in an exaggerated fashion, plump lips pushed together in a sensual pucker. Sephiroth couldn’t help but mimic the motion and her fat lips (*Just made for sucking cock*, Tifa thought) formed a perfect little circle for Tifa to paint a dark, sultry color. Sephiroth did nothing to protest or even acknowledge Tifa’s roving hands, only waiting till the lipstick was done being applied. Experimentally she ran her tongue just along the edges of her lips, toying with her tongue outside her mouth as well-it seemed longer now. Probably reached down to nearly her chin-though what would she do with all that tongue?

Still, it felt...nice to have her lips painted so. Only Tifa noticed how her licking and the expression in her emerald eyes looked hungry for cock. A sultry slut who didn’t even know the signals she was sending out.

Tifa had an air of utter casualness as she leered openly at Sephy’s pussy, glancing down to see the show made by her panties crudely forced aside. “Looks like the Materia worked!”

As if there had been any doubt with *that* fucking body.

Sephiroth said nothing, but there was a hint of interest about her features. “Yep, a very nice pussy. Perfect for taking cocks. Not little boy penis, though-like the one you *used* to have. But real stud cock.”

Sephy was almost bored looking-what did it matter? So the Materia had given her the complete body of a woman-it's not like she'd be using most of it. It was just window dressing,...what was the term? Eye-candy. Strangely that thought didn’t bother her-if men (and judging by Tifa, women) liked to look, well that was up to them.

Her eyes widened when Tifa brushed her fingers very quickly across the lips of her new pussy, causing her body to tremble ever so softly.

“Oh, and it looks like your hair is really silver *all* over-not that you’ve much to show. That’s good...” Tifa added, fingers so close to Sephy’s suddenly very hot entrance.

“Men like a nice hairless pussy to *fuck*.” Again, Sephiroth barely reacted. She certainly wouldn’t be fu...sleeping with any men before she turned back to her former, that was, normal, self.

Tifa noticed that Sephy’s thick thighs-perfect for squeezing a man’s hips and waist as they entered her pussy-were opening slightly, parting for Tifa’s exploring hand. Sephy

didn't even seem to be aware that she was doing it and a wicked idea came into the brunette's mind.

"Here, Sephiroth...Sephy, put your lips together again. I want to...test something."  
She said vaguely.

Sephiroth wondered what possible purpose that could serve, but rolled her eyes and complied anyway.

Moving quickly, Tifa aggressively rubbed her fingers around Sephy's pussy before plunging one finger inside the tight wet hole. People around them, already staring at the two beautiful woman, couldn't help but notice what was going on-between Tifa's blunt nature and Sephy's revealing outfit, it was clear what was happening, hard rough fingerfucking at rapid speeds.

Sephy's mouth parted, lips still puckered, hearing strange, sloshing, *wet* sounds from her crotch. As her mouth opened, Tifa's head struck like a snake, kissing her firmly and deeply.

Sephy's face retained its normal calm, almost emotionless appearance at first. But as Tifa's tongue probed her mouth and her fingers violated her snatch, a soft sound, low in her throat, escaped her lips.

"*Mmm....*" She moaned, unaware that she was even capable of making such sounds. Tifa's fingers rammed against her crotch, knuckles deep inside her and Sephy grunted even as her own mouth slowly started to respond to Tifa's kisses.

*Is this what it is to have a...pussy? To have something thrusting inside it? To be a...sheath for others?* Her body tried to shift, not to retreat but merely to get more comfortable, yet she made no move to stop Tifa. Even as those fingers thrust, thrust, *thrusted* inside her virgin pussy. Sephy had thought there would be more resistance, but her body was opening for the shorter girl like a tailor made piece of clothing, wrapped around her slender fingers.

Her face retained its iciness even as her mouth was tongue-fucked, and little drops of wetness started to pool along her thick thighs, dropping heavily to the ground below.

Breaking the kiss, Tifa nibbled along Sephy's ear, standing on tip-toe even as her fingers rammed inside the silver-haired girl, breath hot and seductive in her ear. "Oh, you taste so good...and your lips are so plump. Perfect for gliding around a big hairy **cock.**"

Sephiroth tried to shake her head, though Tifa had her fingers softly tangled in her silver locks, holding her close as she continued to finger fuck the fresh, only minutes-old pussy, thumb jamming against Sephiroth's clit as her first two fingers

*schlick-schlick-schlicked* inside her. Somehow the new woman (*it's just my...uff...body. I am a man...oh, oooh*) was unable to find the voice to protest. Her breath was coming slower now, deeper, loud shuddering gasps that caused her fat tits to heave and sway in an ever advancing and retreating mountain-range of porcelain flesh.

Still emotions barely reached her face, Sephiroth's eyes flashing here and there but her features mostly still, almost content. Passively enjoying what was happening, she tried to speak, but couldn't find the breath to utter more than a soft, "Ti-Tifa." Her hands fluttered at her sides, strangely wanting to embrace the buxom bartender but remaining largely limp, anxiously playing with the fabric of her coat as she got her first taste of what sex was like.

Tifa was having a hell of a time, loving the way Sephiroth's pussy squeezed around her fingers, breathing in the smell of the tall girl's neck and hair, licking along her razor-sharp cheekbones with a playful grinning air. *Fuck, this tall bitch is like some virgin boy's fantasy come to life. There's not a single inch of her a man wouldn't want to fuck-those tits are even bigger than mine and her ass feels as tight as a drum!*

Tifa hummed a bit, trying to act casual even as her fingers were practically **sloshing** in Sephiroth's pussy now, watching the signs of arousal play across her face-with how pale Sephiroth was even the slightest hint of blush showed up clear as day. "Well, the Materia sure worked great, Sephy. You'll fool everyone."

Sephiroth merely grunted in agreement, lips tight as though trying to hold back speech. Tifa took that as a sign to continue pawing at Sephy's asscheeks like a clumsy drunk, her eyes staring at Sephy's great fat rack and wondering what they would look like totally exposed-not that they had much left to go. Tifa was locked onto those tits like a hormonal teenage boy, infatuated with something that seemed too good to be true.

"It's almost like you were never a man at all. ♥"

Sephiroth had a vaguely wondering expression on her face, trying to participate in the conversation, such as it was, but failing to do more than mutter and moan. Her body-it was just too hot, too wet...down there. Too needy.

"I'm sure you agree, Sephy, with a body like this you'd be the envy of any other girl in Wall Town, and the men won't be able to take their eyes off you-that'll make our job getting in anywhere easier. And these tits!" Tifa punctuated her words by grabbing one of the fat udders with her hand, squeezing like a plush pillow and marvelling how soft and yet firm it felt, smooshing out around her fingers and, if anything, looking even bigger in her slender hands.

Sephiroth's eyes widened, but she quickly averted her gaze from her massive chest and Tifa's groping hand.

"Pphh!" She huffed, Mako eyes trying and failing to look like this was all so tiresome. *Honestly, they're just breasts...right?* She-~~he~~-had never really paid attention to such things before-he knew Tifa's were relatively big and seemed to attract attention, but he didn't understand why. Still, his new massive mammaries did feel somewhat good-light despite their incredible size, full and warm, and somehow very very sensitive-even rubbing against her leather coat got her nipples strangely hard-was that normal?

"Oh yes, men will just love those tits. And their **cocks**," Tifa breathed hungrily, "will love your lips-big, pillowy, and lush. Made for giving bjs."

Sephy wasn't sure how to respond to that (who had even thought of putting a man's...member in a woman's mouth? That wasn't what they were for, was it?) and tried to dismiss the idea-but her mind couldn't help but wonder how a big fat hairy cock would even fit inside her elegant mouth.

Tifa ignored Sephy's continued mental struggles and simply planted another kiss on her, their lips working together with instinctual speed and rhythm. Sephy just gave a muffled squeak as Tifa forced her tongue inside her mouth, the two of them swapping spit like inexperienced teenagers. Sephy simply returned the kiss, letting Tifa dominate her mouth and hesitantly, yet casually, slurping on the brunette's tongue and letting out a series of moans. It was undeniably pleasurable for the stoic SOLDIER-Tifa's kisses were deep and rough, her lips soft and inviting, and her tongue unavoidably aggressive. It made Sephiroth feel strangely...subordinate to the other girl, and she'd always thought of herself-*himself*?-as being in charge of his own actions at all times.

Tifa simply enjoyed face-fucking the other girl with her tongue, breaking the kiss now and then to act as though this was all normal and above-board. "That's a good girl, Sephy-you have to know how to kiss the way men will like. Just open up those lips and let a big fat tongue slide in and out. Here, wrap your hands behind my neck-guys like that, makes em feel manly."

Sephy moaned softly, high in pitch, exactly like the "good girl" Tifa wanted her to be as her pussy was used rapidly and forcefully by Tifa's hands. "Is this...unh...how girls like to be treated?"

Tifa nodded firmly, licking Sephy's bee-stung lips.

"Oh yes, for a guy to just push their panties aside and shove a few fingers in their **cunt**." She hissed out the word and Sephy moaned again-only to eagerly get back to sucking on Tifa's tongue, even inserting her own in Tifa's mouth and thrilling inside as

the bartender sucked on her long, agile appendage, saliva bubbling around their lips as pussy juices slowly began to pool between Sephiroth's lithe legs.

Sephy was just passively accepting Tifa's rough treatment, feeling her legs grow weak as their tits smashed together in an obscene amount of tit-meat that caused every man and many women walking nearby to slow down and stare, if they didn't stop entirely.

Tifa's hands sped up, and Sephiroth could feel something unusual happening to her body. Her thick thighs, sensual and almost out of place compared to her slender milky calves and tiny waist, started to clench around Tifa's hand. Tifa merely grunted, tracing her tongue along Sephy's chin. "That's it, squeeze my fingers tight, just like that. Guys love that-fuck your pussy is gripping me so hard!"

Sephy's breath was coming ragged now, and she looked down her slender aristocratic nose at Tifa, her body unknowingly bending so that the much shorter girl could up her use and abuse of Sephy's brand new pristine pussy. She broke the kiss and struggled to speak.

"Ungh...hasn't this gone on long enough. Will you...stop?" Her hands weakly folded into fists around Tifa's tiny top, but she couldn't bring herself to actually try and push her away. She said it like she didn't care one way or the other, but she still couldn't believe what was happening...but was it really right to stop?

"Oh, in a minute, Sephy. We've got to make sure everything...works right." Her hand moved faster, fingers a blur in the sticky pussy. Sephy opened her mouth and Tifa shut her up with another kiss, putting a hand on her fat tits and holding them close in an aggressive embrace.

*Fuck, if there weren't so many people around I'd let this silver slut take her coat off and kiss her big soft ass. She's obviously got more tits than brains, but she's just so hot! Is...is this how guys look at me? Shit I just want to put my face in there and motoarboat her all night. She could sit on my face if she wanted-mmm...get a taste of her pussy-the way she's dripping now she'd probably **explode** if I ate her out right.*

Interrupting Tifa's lusty train of thought a soft alto voice came wafting towards the pair. "Well~...it looks like the two of you are having fun."

Aerith walked out of the shack, having changed her own outfit. A smile that was cheeky and saucy alighted upon her face as the other girls broke their kiss (Sephy somewhat slower than Tifa) and looked at what Aerith had dressed up in.

Though 'dressed up' was perhaps the wrong term. If anything, finding where exactly the flower girl was covered up by clothing was a difficult task. Her feet were

wrapped, for all that mattered, in dark purple heels with elaborate straps and far too many ties, giving Aerith a few extra inches of height and serving to highlight her lithe legs all the more. The rest of her outfit was a tiny bikini that was a soft pink triangle under the small of her back and a tiny string that did absolutely nothing to hide the globes of her ass. Meanwhile her top was almost a schoolgirl sailor outfit cut to expose her cleavage and also showed plenty of underboob, tied in a fake demure way at the middle that made it seem as though a stiff breeze would expose her entire rack-which, while not as impressive as Sephiroth's or Tifa's, was nothing to sneeze at.

There was a soft '*slurp*' as Tifa took her fingers out of Sephy's freshly finger fucked pussy, the newly used hole sloshing as it slowly closed up, a visible shudder running through the statuesque silver haired beauty's spine. Tifa's hand didn't stray far, though, grabbing onto one of Sephy's expansive ass cheeks like it was some shining trophy.

Aerith looked completely casual for her part, like the trio were hanging out in a comfortable familiar setting as opposed to standing in the middle of a public street in varying (and extreme) versions of undress. "Soo?" She drawled, giving a small twirl and even cupping her hands underneath the globes of her ass, tossing them up slightly before turning back to face them and acting as if her behavior and dress were totally normal.

Then she strode right up to the two other girls, getting far closer than was usual, before swaying her hips first against Tifa's and then Sephy's. Her face was less than a hand span from theirs, and Aerith, Tifa as well, gave no sign that this was anything other than business as usual.

Sephy cleared her throat, the sound coming out terribly high-pitched and effeminately posh for her liking, before trying to speak. At least with all three of them together they could continue with the mission (though knowing the end of such would mean returning to her-his-actual form softened the eagerness somewhat) and get things done.

"Yes Aerith I think-" The suddenly demure ex-SOLDIER was cut off by Aerith.

"Oh, but even with my outfit I think you might get as much attention as I do, Sephiroth." Aerith teased, flouncing her hair over her exposed milky shoulders and long, slender neck.

"Very sexy, to be su-ure" Aerith went on, trailing a hand delicately across Sephy's cheek. "You know if you were your usual tiny-cocked self I probably wouldn't bother to let you look at *all thiiis*, but with this hot, stacked babe you are now? Well,...yum.



Far from flattered as Aerith's tone would imply, Sephy was just confused. As usual, the warrior decided to simply let life happen until action on her-his?-part was called for. Tifa and Aerith had never been normal women, after all. She let her bored gaze wander over the heads of the much shorter girls, taking in Wall Town and all its squalor. Hard to imagine someone who lived here had any usual information about ShinRa, but he supposed-

“M-hmmph?!” Distracted, Sephy hadn't noticed Aerith walking (strutting, really, all hips and leading breasts) towards her until the other girl crushed her lips against Sephy's. Aerith wouldn't have kissed the man he had been, that tiny-dicked faggot, in a million years, but now it was beyond her to resist. It was a rough kiss, which as far as Sephy's experience told her, was the only way people knew how to kiss.

She actually relaxed a bit, knowing there wasn't much to be done about it-it wasn't like she enjoyed it, it just seemed best to just let it happen, her own mouth moving on auto-pilot, lips smacking and tongues slurping with Aerith. Aerith's hands wrapped around Sephy's waist (there was room to spare as she encircled the slender silver-haired slut), acting just as aggressive as Tifa had. If anything, it was more off-putting given how Aerith typically came off as the softer one of the two. Sephy dimly noted her hair was still in that elaborate braid, and thought (as much as she could think anything) how oddly demure it was given her new incredibly revealing outfit.

Tifa simply watched, not seeming surprised at all, her arms crossed under her mighty tits, foot tapping idly. When Aerith finally broke the kiss, leaving Sephy gasping for air and Aerith licking her pink lips lustfully, Tifa moved forward, wrapping an arm around Sephy's neck and shoving her tongue down the other woman's through.

And it went on like this, with the two girls at first taking turns aggressively making out with Sephy, savoring every moan and girlish squeak that escaped her lips, roaming their hands over her infinitely fuckable body, with Sephy's mouth just a hole for them to violate with their tongues, biting on her lips and just using her as a pretty face to tongue-fuck. Eventually they stopped taking turns and engaged in a sordid, three way kiss, managing to force both their tongues inside Sephy's surprised mouth at once, with the statuesque woman looking ever more flustered and undeniably aroused, if very slightly annoyed.

When the girls stepped back for a moment, out of a pure need to take a few deep breaths lest they or Sephy pass out from lack of oxygen (though they cared little about that last possibility), Sephiroth gave a noble-sounding huff, hands forming delicate gloved fists at her sides. Though she was much taller than the other two, she seemed like a little fancy girl throwing a snit.

“Enough!” Her hands landed on her wide birthing hips, hair flipping in a thoughtlessly feminine and attractive way, settling about her ass in a magnificent display of silver strands as she stared at them with comic indignity.

“I understand that the two of you wish to...test this body, but we must continue with our mission. Understood?”

Tifa intertwined her fingers behind her back, rocking on her heels and sticking her chest out, licking her lips a bit. Sephy’s attitude was kinda sexy, especially combined with her obscenely sexy body. Aerith simply leered openly, not having had as much time as Tifa to take in how *hawt* Sephiroth was.

The former male turned on one elegant heel, looking over her shoulder at them. This had the effect of contorting her waspish waist into an even tinier shape and popping her massive booty out, panties on display aside porcelain flesh.

“Shall we go, then?” Snobby impatience dripping from her words-emotions Sephiroth had never expressed so clearly before but which always had been part of his personality. The Materia hadn’t changed everything, it seemed.

The other two traded glances, eyebrows bouncing up at each other saucily. As one their eyes dropped to the mountain of ass before them.

“Oh yes, by all means, lead the way...” Tifa drawled.

“We’re right *behind* you.” Aerith finished.

Sniffing the air in a condescendingly pleased way, Sephy turned away and began to stride ahead, her steps somewhat different than before-light and graceful, but with an obvious, undulating shimmy to her hips and ass. Aerith and Tifa walked slightly behind her to either side, which Sephy thought odd but said nothing about-Tifa muttered something about her legs being too long, which wasn’t quite word.

Sephy was about to offer to slow down for the two when there was a soft *smack* and her assmeat started to jiggle. “Ooh!” She exclaimed, unable to think of more to say as another hand hit her ass and soon great handfuls of her booty meat were being held and fondled in turn. Tifa and Aerith simply couldn’t help themselves.

Still, Sephy held her chin high, walking with an air of superiority that was not unusual for the super-strong SOLDIER, but there was something odd about the experience for her. She wasn’t so used to walking with so very much of her body before, and being aware of every touch of air on her exposed skin, not even being sure why she was strutting-never having done it before-or why she took a small bit of pride in doing it very well.

The three attractive women attracted plenty of attention, even in a town as dissolute and sex-focused as Wall Town, but it was clear to all of them that Sephiroth was getting the most leers and cat-calls. Frequent reference to her “giant knockers” and “phat ass” resounded from the streets, with Aerith and Tifa tossing a few cock-sure glances back at the man, flipping their hair and winking knowingly, but Sephy seemed not to notice, or even hear. Though from what Tifa and Aerith could tell, it was more accurate that she simply didn’t care: the brand-new woman was so confident and self-pleased with her looks that the jeers of other men (whom Sephiroth had never thought of for more than a moment, even before becoming possibly the world’s most beautiful woman) simply didn’t affect her at all.

Someone whistled more directly at Sephy, taking a step forward-not to block their path but to bring himself (dirty, unshaven, and dressed in typical slum clothes) well into the trio’s viewpoint.

“Hey baby, is your hair silver *all over*?” His voice lecherous and full of obvious, cliché innuendo, but even at that Tifa and Aerith weren’t sure how Sephiroth would react.

There was just a moment when Sephy’s gaze, still so shocking and arresting due to the color of her eyes, fell onto the speaker, sizing him up as a seasoned warrior would. Except, her eyes fell to the man’s trousers, and apparently were not impressed-there was no discernible bulge at his crotch, just a few folds of fabric and shadows that could have been caused by a poor fit more than anything else. Her expression changed from snobby to completely aloof and uncaring as if she was examining something less exciting than an ant.

*Small. Puny. Insignificant.* These words popped into Sephy’s mind. Flashes of recollection came into her mind as she recalled past interactions Tifa and Aerith had carried out with other men, neither very kind to men who, in their words “didn’t measure up.”

She formed an opinion of her own, thoughts shaded by his past experiences and his new materia-powered body (dimly she wondered if it affected her brain too, but surely men and women didn’t actually think differently...right?) about the man and most in general.

Sephy walked by with long tall strides, her eyes falling away from the man and dismissing him from her thoughts.

“Worthless.” She gave a small noblewoman’s chuckle and walked by. But she made no move to measure her steps or cover her ass at all. Aerith and Tifa glanced at each other with Tifa mouthing “bitch” and Aerith replying “*hot* bitch.” They shared a silent giggle.

In moments, they had come to the front of Don Corneo's mansion, lit up garishly. Sephy thought to herself that it looked very tacky, though "tacky" wasn't a word that had been in Sephiroth's vocabulary less than an hour ago. A bulky, thuggish man stood by the double golden doors, arms crossed. In a glance Sephy took in his white pants, blue shirt, dirty dress shoes and wasn't very impressed.

Tifa placed one fist on her hip proudly, tits out as always as she waved at the doorman. "Hey there you~. I told ya we'd be back."

If the man heard her, or was paying attention at all to her face and not just to her tits, he was hiding it very well. It was surprising drool wasn't leaking from his mouth. Likewise, Tifa seemed not to notice, or at least not to care.

"Damn!" The man exclaimed, taking his eyes away from Tifa-with visible effort- and running them over Aerith and finally, Sephy. His pupils were the size of plates.

"Your friend's hot too!"

Sephy stepped forward, as if she had been awaiting a signal. Aerith and Tifa watched her-to ignore catcallers was one thing, but this was a man they had to get past to...complete their mission. How would Sephiroth react to such obvious lechery in the face of completing an objective?

They were surprised. Sephiroth crossed her arms, pushing her tits up to the point of being in danger of pressing them against her chin, but she seemed somewhat more relaxed than before. Confident and self-sure, but not dismissive, not outright arrogant. She spoke in that strange voice of hers-so close to Sephiroth's original, but higher and with different traces of emotion like new notes in a familiar tune.

"Pleased to meet you. I trust the Don will meet us now?" She sounded like a rich socialite waiting for a table at a restaurant that she was 100% sure she'd be seated at. Still, there was less of the smugness, less looking down at her nose than before. The other two girls wondered what the difference was.

As before, Sephy had glanced, quickly but perceptively at the man's crotch, but had come away with a different conclusion. *Big. Full, thick. The way a proper...male should be.*

Sephiroth pondered at why she responded better to this than to the other man, unsure of exactly why she was feeling this way, as it was an unusual but not entirely new sensation for her. Respect. Something she-he?-had only given to a handful of people before and then always for either their vast intellect (as with Professor Gast) or strength. For simply the size of a man's...endowment to bring similar feelings was odd and yet it felt...strangely *correct*.

“Oh yeah, the Don would just love to meet you three.” The doorman replied, grinning openly and foolishly, Sephy thought. Though she supposed, looking at the crotch of his pants, it couldn’t be helped. One didn’t usually find a specimen who was impressive physically and mentally. As in many things, Sephiroth herself was an exception.

While these thoughts were running through the silver-haired woman’s head, her eyes never left the man’s crotch, studying intently. It wasn’t until Aerith walked up with a bounce in her step, smiling like she was in on some amusing secret that she became aware of what was going on around her.

“Shall we go, Sephy? We’ve got a *big* night ahead of us, after all.”

Sephiroth acted as if nothing was amiss, as if it was completely casual and business as usual for him-her-to gaze at what’s in a man’s pants the way she would scrutinize a battle plan. She nodded sharply, her magnificent hair shimmering about her slender neck, catching the light as wonderfully as if mirrors and cameras were focused on her beauty.

“Of course.” She sniffed, as if she had been waiting on the others the whole time. The lucky doorman, who had never seen such a collection of assmeat walked by, missed the girl’s eyelines as he openly stared at their shaking rumps and swaying hips. But Tifa and Aerith, behind their long-legged friend, didn’t miss how Sephiroth’s cat-like eyes glanced back at the man with an implicit flirtatious that would have been impossible for the man she had been to muster up for just about anyone, and now she was unknowingly tossing dick-sucking eyes to any man with a pulse...if they met the size requirement that was.

Corneo’s mansion, such as it was (Sephy had seen more impressive buildings in her time with ShinRa) was exactly what the outside promised-tacky, bright, loud, and full of dumb-looking men. Dressed nicer than the typical slum-dweller, they didn’t seem any more well-educated or sophisticated, and leered at the three world-class beauties in front of them with all the subtlety of mouth-breathing idiots.

Besides those rather obvious sights, something else was clear in the grand entrance room-a smell of some kind. Pungent, strong, almost stinging the nostrils and the eyes. Tifa said nothing, merely licking her lip and tossing a lusty glance at Aerith, who gave her a cutesy wink in return as both girls sniffed the air, enjoying deep slow breaths like taking in the smell of a finely prepared meal. They said nothing about it, despite the effects it had on them, as if it didn’t exist.

Sephy however, had never encountered such an overpowering stench in her life. Her keen warrior’s brain went utterly blank, full sensory overload driven by this one inescapable odor. Her friends watched as Sephy went still, pose somewhat relaxed, taking deep, chest heaving breaths, tits audibly straining at her leather outfit, legs unconsciously spread and thighs wide open, eyes seeming blissfully content.

“Wha...what is that smell?” Sephy finally asked, showing almost girlish caution before taking a tentative, arrogant sniff of the air.

“What smell?” Tifa replied, rolling her eyes like she didn’t know what her friend was talking about.

Aerith played with one of her curling strands of hair, hopping in place a bit. “Like, maybe it’s just the smell of your new girly body, Sephy? After all, cute girls like us smell different from strong, sweaty...hmmm..hunky men.”

Sephiroth just ignored her—surely she knew what her own body smelled like, even in this new form (though her hair did seem oddly..sweet? Perfumed like some sort of model, perhaps), she just probably wasn’t used to the various smells of the slums yet. She kept walking into the place, heedless of what she was in for and as always, fully confident. Even as the stench wafted up into her sinuses and seemed to float into her very brain.

Somehow it was affecting her actions, her hips swaying from side to side more, her back losing that ram-rod straight warrior’s posture and seeming to thrust out her chest more, her arms losing some of their mannish swing and seeming more delicate, waif-ish. Her tiny nostrils flared, dragging in more of the scent with every soft, tender step. Somehow the thought of bulges kept entering her mind, thinking about *size* and nothing else.

The three women got mostly just stares from the men, though there were also a few clumsy catcalls and cartoonish wolf-whistles. Aerith responded with an “oh, you boys.”, wink and a flirtatious wave, while Tifa happily bounced her bulging tits with every step and even clapped herself on her thick ass, letting all assembled see how it jiggled and bounced. Sephy seemed above it all, eyes forward but unlike with the limp dick guy they’d run into outside, she certainly didn’t seem to show any signs of disliking all the attention. It was only her...proper due, right? Temporary body or not, Sephiroth was an impressive specimen.

“Why does the Don need so many men here?” Sephy wondered aloud. “Are they...servants?”

Tifa shook her head. “More like...muscle. Big, thick, hard slabs of man meat.”

Sephy nodded at this, though she wasn’t sure why.

“Oh yes, it’s my kind of place!” Aerith piped in. “There’s nothing quite like a gang of hung men, yeah?”

Sephy cocked one perfect eyebrow. “Hung? I...don’t understand.”

Tifa just tittered as they continued on. “You know, hung like a horse, Sephy. Big men with *big, fat* cocks. HUGE ones.”

Their usual talk, Sephy knew well by now. But this time, she saw fit to join in. “I admit to finding this place more...agreeable than outside.” Her eyes strayed to the crotches of men’s pants, assessing what she found there, studying with a keen eye-and never seeming to be disappointed in what she found.

She smiled a bit, still looking a bit snobby. “It is nice to be surrounded by nothing but real men for once. To use your term...real *hung* men.”

Sephy paused for a second-had that really been what she meant to say?

She opened her mouth, perfect moist lips parting audibly but didn’t speak before Tifa.

“It sure is, Sephy! Glad you see it our way.”

Well, if the others thought so...maybe it was quite normal. Even for a...man.

Aerith grinned cheekily. “Its normal for girls to be *relaxed* around a bunch of hunky guys and their big cocks. It means we’ve got everything we need right where we are.”

Sephy didn’t say anything, but she figured they were right. After all, given how the two girls had almost *exploded* talking about...penises earlier made it seem totally normal. What they were saying was simply...true. Facts-there was no reason for Sephy to be alarmed just because she was surrounded by big strong men with big strong...dicks. For some reason,she still found it strange to use that word Aerith and Tifa threw around so easily. Maybe because no one had ever said it about her *old-true*, she reminded herself-body. Her true self was a man...wasn’t it?

They had arrived at the top floor, at what had to be the entryway to the Don’s room. The door was impressive in the mansion’s gaudy style, massive slabs of wood adorned by writhing, sinuous golden inlays in the shape of dragons. Sephiroth sniffed at this lack of subtlety, completely unaware of how her lungs were practically getting coated in more of the building’s unique scent. Whatever it was, it was much thicker in this area, almost visible in the air like clouds of incense, but Sephiroth took little notice. Aerith and Tifa both watched as the silver haired woman’s chest rose and fell with deep, almost quivering breaths that Sephy didn’t seem to be aware of. A transformation was taking place before their very eyes, slower than what the Materia had done, but no less profound, perhaps even moreso.

She took a few confident steps forward, feeling a swelling inside her chest as she knew the mission’s objective was at hand. While her mind may have been trying to

focus, her face seemed less determined warrior and more like a seductress who was fully aware of how attractive she was. Utter confidence, bordering on cold arrogance was a normal mindset for Sephiroth, just now it wasn't based on her skill with a sword or the power of her magic, but rather in how alluring her gorgeous eyes were and how sensual her curvy, utterly stacked yet slim body was. Each step brought her closer to something...but what it was, Sephiroth didn't quite know yet.

"We're here. This is the place."

Their target for this mission, Sephiroth knew that much, though at this point she couldn't say much more. Don Corneo-she really didn't even know if that was his title or his name, but she supposed it didn't matter. They just had to play his little game to get information. Normally, Sephiroth would have preferred the direct approach, but honestly life as a woman seemed pretty straightforward, as men were clearly hungry for her approval. A few small secrets about Shinra's operations would be an easy sell with...assets such as her's and the other girls.

Sephiroth looked back at Aerith and Tifa, watching them as they didn't walk so much as strut behind her. There was a strange look in Sephiroth's piercing green eyes as she spoke to them, prompted by unusual thoughts and that strange, corrupting smell she kept inhaling.

*It's sickening, whatever this stench is, dangerous to the brain-I want more for some reason. It's...addictive.*

The thought left as fast as it had come, but something still tickled in the back of Sephiroth's mind, like a presence she felt without being aware of its origin.

"Are you two ready?"

Tifa planted one fist on her hip, her casual athleticism only further highlighting her stacked, sexy body. Something in the air made her sniff, and then an enormous grin sprouted on her face-whatever she smelled, she clearly enjoyed it.

"Fuck yeah. If this Don looks half as good as he smells, maybe this night won't be so bad, eh?"

Sephiroth could only blink in response, slightly confused though it didn't show on her delicate, almost aristocratic features. This smell was...attractive in some way to Tifa? Sephiroth didn't really understand but rather than raise the issue, she simply shrugged, blowing her words off as her eyes fell to Aerith.

Aerith giggled, seeming even more pleased than Tifa somehow. Her bright pink tongue darted out from between her teeth, licking along her plush, full lips.



“Look at the three of us, there’s no way we could fail. But, even if we did, at least the view was nice.”

Sephiroth nodded once, a curt and almost haughty gesture. Her thoughts drifted back to the many strong, burly, hunky men they’d passed in this mansion. Clearly, Corneo was a man who took pride in having attractive employees. She was satisfied by their answers, and the trio moved on, arriving at the end of the hallway to find an ostentatious door and a man standing by who was nearly nondescript by comparison. He was of middling height, which meant Sephiroth towered over him, and his pale skin and brown, sculpted hair did nothing to endear him to Sephiroth. He seemed like an intern or something, stammering slightly as he looked at each of the three women, unsure which one to focus on.

“Is Don Corneo ready for us?” Sephiroth asked, her view of the situation quite clear. This man was not unattractive, in his way, but one glance at his crotch made things plain. He was obviously hard as a rock from see the three unbelievable attractive smokeshows before him, but this arousal just made his small penis size more apparent. Instead of a tent bulging out in his pants, the sweaty nervous fellow barely had a bump.

“Uh yes, yes of course.” Aerith giggled at his nervousness, while Sephiroth dismissed him from her thoughts by looking away and staring straight ahead.

As they walked past, Tifa took a moment to bring her hands up to her hair, ruffling the gorgeous dark tresses as the man couldn’t help but stare. Just as she passed him, Tifa gave him a small glance.

“Fucking loser.” She smirked, a quick flexing of her biceps making it clear that if the man wished to protest the point, Tifa was happy to oblige him.

He said nothing, simply looking down at his shoes while he opened the door for them. The strutting girls entered Don Corneo’s master bedroom, a gaudy, brightly lit place that seemed one part dwelling and one part showroom.

Sephiroth unsure of why such things were on her mind, spoke first, upon finding the place empty.

“Well, I hope Don Corneo has more to offer than that...sad specimen.” The same cool gaze that Sephiroth used to evaluate potential SOLDIER candidates, her own competition though none of them could ever quite measure up, was on display.

As if on cue, the man himself appeared, proceeded much like Tifa always was by one part of his anatomy. Only instead of her oversized tits, which still were wanting compared to Sephiroth’s, this man had a large gut that stuck out as he walked in, along with a slightly prominent bulge to the front of his slacks.

Don Corneo, with blonde hair cut close to the top of his head, a well made if sleazy looking red suit, an untucked white shirt open at the neck, took a good long look at the three women.

“Well, well well. Look at what we have here. I’m so sorry to have kept you fine ladies waiting.”

Aerith giggled. “Oh, that’s no problem. We’re just happy to be here, finally.”

Tifa stepped forward, seeming relaxed as she waved a hand towards her face. Almost wafting in a scent, which Sephiroth had to admit was stronger here. Was it coming from...this man? Aside from his stomach and his obvious taste for money, he didn’t seem *that* impressive to her. Though there was...something, something the inexperienced woman couldn’t quite name.

“So, you’re Don Corneo eh?” Tifa seemed almost impressed. Something about her general demeanor and tone reminded Sephiroth of how she and Aerith had discussed men and their penises, or cocks as they were insistently labeled to the pair, in the dressing room earlier. Tifa was not one given to absent or fake flattery, so if she found something impressive in this rather rotund man, Sephiroth figured there was probably something to that.

Sephiroth studied the room, her head turning slowly as she took in her surroundings like the experienced soldier she was, understanding the room’s dimensions. But as she turned to face Don Corneo, a sudden waft of that scent hit her. Without realizing what was happening, Sephiroth’s thighs rubbed together, the thick, firm expanses of pale flesh audibly rubbing and straining within her tight black microskirt. The tension in her shoulders seemed to dissipate, as though a calming air was in the room. Sephiroth’s nose tilted upwards, every inch the noble woman.

“I imagine you were expecting us, so your...bellboy, gave you our names?” Distaste was obvious in her voice as she considered the unimpressive man they’d just passed, and his pathetically small excuse for a manhood. If it occurred to Sephiroth that, as a man, she was no better endowed, that thought didn’t stay in her mind for long.

Behind her, flanking her like supportive cheerleaders, Tifa and Aerith traded knowing glances. Sephiroth seemed as on guard as ever, but with an odd respectful, relaxed air to her. While Sephiroth could be polite, the sort of deference in her eyes as she stared at Corneo’s crotch was a new thing for her.

Swirling a glass of red wine, Don sat down in a plush chair. Sephiroth leaned forward a bit, the difference in their height making it easy for her to stare at his pants. In the corner of her eye, she caught a flash of jewelry on Corneo’s hand—a ring of some kind. It seemed oddly familiar to her, and Sephiroth felt it had a strange air to it, outside of

normal gems, but she couldn't figure out what it was. Maybe if she hadn't been staring at the biggest bulge she'd ever seen trapped within Corneo's pants, she'd have spotted what it was earlier.

"All I know are your names, I'm afraid. But I'm assuming you're familiar with my rules?"

Sephiroth's back straightened as he spoke, as if instinctively knowing this was a man she needed to pay attention to. She shook her head as she tried to remember his rules. It was hard, because she felt that with every breath a fresh layer of something was placed onto her brain. Unlike Tifa and Aerith, Sephiroth wasn't used to the clear scent of a man's unwashed, overpowering crotch, which was drowning her brain. But still, she'd prepared for this, while the other girls had been off doing...whatever they'd done to get that Materia. One of them, whichever one, needed to capture Corneo's attention, or they'd have no chance of spending any time alone with him.

"Yes, we understand. You interview your prospective...companions for the evening. I'm certain one of us will be to your liking." She crossed her arms, pushing her tits up without even thinking about it, the heavy orbs practically wobbling in the air underneath their own massive weight. Tifa and Aerith stepped forward, flanking Sephiroth and displaying their own impressive assets next to the taller, sex on legs silver haired woman. Whichever one of them he picked, that meant they all won.

Between Aerith the flaunting, overly sexual girl and Tifa the busty tomboy. Between the three of them and Sephiroth's own, unique carved from marble appeal, there had to be something for Corneo to like.

He stood up suddenly, moving close enough to the girls that he was within arms length. He started inspecting them like they were cattle, which Sephiroth knew should have upset her but oddly didn't. If anything, she squared her shoulders off more, her back ramrod straight and every inch of her leggy, sinfully attractive body on display.

Corneo started with Aerith, the seemingly innocent flower girl who clearly had a wild, dirty side to herself now on display. "You must be Aerith, right?"

"Hee-hee, that's right big guy~!" Aerith giggled, her voice bubbly and flirtatious.

She twirled, the long plait of her braid whipping through the air as she displayed her slutty, very revealing outfit as she posed. Fingers clasped and arms squeezing her tits together, Aerith was making sure every inch of her revealed body was there for Corneo to feast his eyes on. Her ass was thrust out behind her as she giggled again.

"I would just love to be your pick, Mr. Don Corneo sir." She took a step closer, one hand reaching to nearly brush against the front of his pants. Aerith's other hand

tauntingly lifted up the edge of her sailor girl cut shirt, toying with the tie in front as though she might undo it and leave it fluttering in the breeze at any moment.

“I’ll use my hands, big guy. Just to get us started.” Aerith’s voice was a *faux* whisper, audible to everyone in the room as Aerith’s tongue seemed to hang over every word.

Corneo looked a little flustered, spots of color rushing into his cheeks. It was obvious he was pleased with Aerith’s bold nature, and decided to respond in kind. As Sephiroth and Tifa stared on, Don stepped forward, and his mouth met Aerith’s in a lewd, wet kiss. Aerith moaned, swooning against Don’s broad chest and full stomach. One of her legs kicked up behind her, bright boot sticking in the air as her fingers traced along his shoulders. Aerith opened her mouth, as Don stuck his tongue deep inside her mouth, with spit passing between the two. This was no cheeky greeting or soft tentative first kiss-Aerith was practically sucking the spit right out of Corneo’s mouth like long, cloudy strands of noodles, while his hands pawed at her body, wrapping around her trim midsection with his large, calloused palms.

Eventually, after a long moment while Sephiroth stared on, slightly confused, and Tifa had a flash of jealousy, the pair parted. Aerith leaned in to lick at a string of saliva hanging from Corneo’s mouth while he simply stepped back, breathing a little hard.

“Charming girl.” He turned to Tifa, who was already waiting for his attention. Her expression showed off her tomboyish, no nonsense style, the kind of woman who could kick a man’s ass without breaking a sweat, while swinging more tits and ass than most strippers could bast.

“I’m Tifa, but you probably already know that. Most people know me from my work at Seventh Heaven, but they really just come for my big...fucking...*tits*.” Tifa bent forward at the waist pressing her body against Corneo. This close, her tits were practically crushing against him, and the broad man actually had to catch his balance lest she knock him back with the sheer weight of her thick, massive jiggling knockers.

“As far as picking me goes, that’s whatever. Honestly I’d love to just hop up and down in front of you.” Her tongue stuck out lewdly as she bounced on the balls of her feet, shaking those massive breasts just enough to show that they had much more ounce in them, the slightest tease of more to come.

“Just say when, Don Corneo.”

He smirked at her, impressed by her straight forward attitude and her undeniably sexy body. He looked like he was about to speak when Tifa sprung into action, grabbing the back of his head firmly and suddenly *shoving* his face into her rack. She moaned softly at the feelign of his wet lips on her cleavage, grinding his head into her huge rack as she bounced up and down. As Aerith and Sephiroth looked at this shameless display,

neither of them noticed Corneo's grubby large hands grabbing onto Tifa's thick, round ass.

"Oh...I'll use my tits~" Tifa said, with a coy tone in her voice making it sound almost like a threat instead of a promise.

Eventually Don backed off as Tifa released him, his hair mussed up as his face had turned red. Sweating a little, she turned to Sephiroth, who knew that his attention was coming, though she didn't quite know what to do with it. Aerith pouted a little as Sephiroth stood forward, wishing she had gotten the idea to just work her tits for Corneo's pleasure. She might not have been able to compete with Tifa in that respect, but the petite flower girl knew how to work what she had.

Sephiroth took one long step forward, leaving the girls behind as she approached Don Corneo. The difference in their height was clear-with her heels on, Sephiroth was perhaps a head taller than the chubby man, which only meant he was close to eye level with her enormous, milky white tits. She flipped her hair over one shoulder, the long silver strands appealing in their way, framing her body like a curtain and falling down to the shelf-like ass that was sticking out behind her. She stared at him with clear respect, confused on the inside but deciding to just act. Arms crossed again, her tits were pushed so high they were in danger of hitting the bottom of Sephiroth's chin.

Her cold, snobby air seemed to vanish whenever she looked directly at Corneo, as Sephiroth followed her base instincts and training in how to talk to people she actually respected. As a SOLDIER, she was used to putting her body on the line, though never like this.

Aerith and Tifa were surprised at how soft Sephiroth's voice was, full of lewd promise.

"I'll do...**anything** you want. *Everything.*"

Sephiroth was a little resistant to the idea of being more physical, like Aerith and Tifa did but her clear sex appeal on the surface was more than enough. Her eyes kept flicking down to Corneo's bulge, completely out of her own will and by sheer instinct, and those quietly needy looks made Corneo's bulge seem to throb and swell even more. Sephiroth spread her legs as she spoke, causing her skirt to ride up and reveal her blue and white striped panties just barely, while also highlighting her thick thighs, perfect for squeezing a man's waist.

Sephiroth noticed Don Corneo staring openly at her chest, and she couldn't help but raise her arms just a little more. This close, it was clear that the silver haired woman had tits easily a few cup sizes bigger than Tifa. Sephiroth wasn't bothered by the attention, as someone like Corneo had information she wanted...and his massive

bulge didn't hurt either. Better than some limp dick thinking he could speak to her when all he would get is a cold glance and maybe a heel stomped on his face.

*Perhaps breasts like these...could come in handy. Men do seem almost hypnotized by them, and having him stare at me makes me feel...strange, in a good way. But it's all to further the objective.*

Corneo managed with effort to tear his eyes away from that mammoth, gravity defying rack in front of his face, clearing his throat before he spoke with a grin.

"Ah, forgive me, but who might you be? Your name escapes me at the moment, you see. I don't think I've ever seen a woman like you before, certainly not in the slums."

Sephiroth paused, her mouth open for a moment as she almost answered by routine.

"Seph..." Her mind stopped. She couldn't very well use her name, not when everyone knew who Sephiroth, 1st Class SOLDIER was. Even if no one would have recognized "him" like this. Instead, she licked her lips, buying time while she thought it through and having the added bonus of making Corneo stare at her fat, plump dick sucking lips.

"My name is...Sephy." An odd feeling ran through her body just from saying those words. She couldn't help but wonder why, as though by saying her new name, she might have made it more true, like she was more truly becoming Sephy, the sexy green eyed bombshell in that moment.

Don looked at all three of them, clearly having the time of his life. He walked back and forth, drawing close to the women in turn, while they blushed and smiled under his lecherous gaze.

"Oooh, I just can't choose. Only one of you can be my bride for the night, so it's such a tough decision! I wish I could pick you all, but I want to make sure any woman I'm with gets my undivided attention."

The word bride made a sudden heat flare between Sephy's legs, a strange response she'd never felt before. Her gaze ogled Corneo's heavy gut, finding it oddly appealing. For just a moment, Sephiroth's nostril flared as she breathed deeper, a sudden strange glint shining from her alluring eyes-a trick of the light, or some sign of another, subtle change in Sephy's body. Her shoulders, still slightly tense and always ready for action, seemed to relax more. This man..was he always this attractive? The more time Sephy spent in his presence, the more she wanted to stay there, to receive his attention however he chose to express it.

Aeith and Tifa had annoyed looks on their faces, as both women thought the choice should be obvious. Sure Sephy was a stacked piece of ass, but they were real women,

who knew how to please a big fat cock. Sephy had never even kissed a guy. Sephy stepped closer to Corneo, highlighting her long and sculpted legs while the girls tried to stay out of her sight and get Corneo's attention.

Tifa decided to go for broke and one of her hands came up, cupping one of her fat tits, her small fingers and palm only further highlighting how huge each of her breasts was. Tugging the red tube top down easily and brazenly, Corneo got a quick eyeful of Tifa's hard, perky pink nipple before she pushed the tit up even further, leaning down with her face. Eyes on Corneo, giving him a very obvious "fuck me now" look, she sucked at her own breast, leaking spit onto the massive tit while her other hand rubbed at the front of her tiny jean shorts, clearly stroking her barely covered pussy mound.

Aerith simply turned slightly, bending in place with her back to Corneo and her legs ramrod straight. She flushed as she gave him a cheeky, lewd look, her ass on almost complete display. Aerith brought one hand to her face, letting her eyes lose focus as she pretended to suck on a massive cock, pushing her cheek out with her tongue as she stroked the invisible shaft. Tongue lashing, Aerith's thick rear end was stuck out for Corneo's approval with barely more than a piece of floss between the pale cheeks, as Aerith rubbed one of her fat asscheeks for his pleasure.

Missing what was going on behind her, but knowing that she should do *something* to keep Don's attention, Sephiorth decided to act. She knew what women did sometimes for men they liked, and it was important Corneo choose someone...not that she really wanted to be picked herself. She leaned forward, blowing Corneo a kiss, her sudden cute expression at odds to her normally cold air. Despite being an innocent act, Sephy's body made it anything but-her tits strained in her top audibly, pressing against each other so tight they seemed in danger of spilling out. Her lips puckered up in a lewd display, and as she leaned forward, her skirt rode up further, highlighting every inch of her impossible fuckdoll body. Something about her eyes just screamed sex appeal, as Sephy half closed her shining green orbs, as if lost in lewd, depraved thought.

Corneo looked like he'd been struck by lightning, his eyes wide as saucers and flipping between the three shameless sluts. He sat back down in his chair, heavily, legs spread wide as though his pants were uncomfortable. With all three girls staring at his bulge, it was obvious why.

"I've made my choice!" He said suddenly, and all three girls drew closer, their heads snapping to him. They each leaned forward, anticipating his answer. They drew closer without realizing it, and soon Aerith and Tifa were flanking Sephy again, their hips bumping into each other as their tits hung low, showing off three of the sexiest and most perfect pairs of tits Corneo had ever seen. He shifted in his seat as they stared at his hefty package, watching it get bigger. As one, the three women licked their lips, almost drooling openly. They wanted some cock, and they wanted it right now,

even if Sephy didn't fully understand that herself, acting on base instinct more than conscious desires.

"Sephy! You will be my bride for the night. The *entire* night." He said, mouth hanging onto the words as his eyes practically devoured Sephy's form.

Sephy looked more confident than ever, drawing up to her full height and with a growing air of smugness around her face. She simply accepted Corneo's words with a slight incline of her head, as though being chosen by him (though she still truly didn't understand why she wanted) was simply her due. Tifa and Aerith looked disappointed, but kept staring at Corneo's crotch.

Finally, Arith turned to leave, smacking Sephy on her perfect fat ass first. "Well, I guess it's hard to argue with that."

Sephy barely responded, her fat ass jiggling but making it clear it would take a whole hell of an impact to make that booty *really* bounce.

"Let me just get comfortable." Corneo said, adjusting his pants. His cock was obviously shifting inside, the huge thing moving around like a caged beast. Sephy felt her respect for this man swelling, as though he had been blessed by the heavens. Sephy didn't realize what was happening, before the smell suddenly surged in the room, hitting her brain. Her respect for Corneo spiked as her brain greedily accepted it. Her heart seemed to skip a beat before it suddenly pulsed in Sephy's ears, a loud rhythm, but slow. As if she'd been struck. Her eyes stared directly at the hint of man meat inside Corneo's pants, and despite her snobby expression, her pupils shrank with the intensity of her focus. She could truly *see* the shape of that cock now and it was driving her crazy.

"Just take it easy on this one, Corneo. She's not used to a real stud cock. Your blushing bride for the night is a total fucking virgin!" Tifa said, shaking her tits at Corneo as she and Aerith left, wishing Sephy luck. She was still staring at Corneo, and didn't even realize what she was doing as her lips parted and one word, whispered quietly but fervently escaped her lips.

"*Cock.*" Sephy knew she was at the precipice of something, though she tried to stay focused. She gave Aerith and Tifa a small wave, as the girls left, slamming the door shut behind him.

Outside, Aerith and Tifa took deep whiffs in the hallway, the smell lessened but still strong.

"Ok girls, hurry along. The Don likes his privacy...sometimes." It was one of the Don's lackey, a muscular black man in a bubble vest, Kotch they thought his name was.



“I know you must be disappointed, but don’t worry. Me, Scotch and the rest of the boys would be only too happy to keep you company.”

Aerith and Tifa glanced at each other, eyebrows raised. Perhaps the evening wouldn’t be so bad. They walked up to him, and he offered them each an arm, which they both accepted.

“Well, I guess we’ll just have to entertain you and the rest of your boys instead of the Don. How many of you are here tonight, anyway? But only you know, the real men.”

“Fucking studs only, yo uknow?” Tifa chimed in, swaying her hips with exaggerated motions, making her ass swallow up the tiny shorts with every step.

Kotch seemed to think about it as he led the women downstairs. “I’d say, about twenty or so, including myself.”

Aerith giggled, blushing like a schoolgirl.

“Well, lead the way, big guy. We can have our own competition over which one of is better.”

Back inside the Don’s bedroom, Sephy felt shellshocked. Curious, intrigued, but also naive. Fighting monsters and casting magic was one thing, but Sephy was about to find out just how impressive a monster Corneo had all of his own. And she was going to learn, the hard way, that her lewd body was one thing but real experience with sex was quite another.

For now, Corneo just looked up at her, taking in the sight of her body. “Well, don’t be shy now. You did say you’d do *anything* after all. So, are you ready to be my bride?”

Sephy stepped forward, sniffing deeply. “Yes, I think so. So tell me, what do you want first?”

Corneo just chuckled, thoroughly enjoying himself. He was going to ruin this stacked bitch, and he was going to have fun doing it. The only question was if she could live up to her big talk and snobby attitude. Because, as Sephy wouldn’t learn until much later, she wasn’t the only person there tonight with a Master materia, and Don had a lot more experience than Sephy. All she knew was that she was here with this impressive male specimen, and she would do whatever it took to...pump him for information. As the stacked slut drew closer, she had no idea of the true power of Don’s not-so-secret weapon though, nor was she aware that this entire evening was, in some part, a set-up, thanks to Aerith and Tifa thinking ahead.

After all, what was the point of knowing a guy with an enormous fucking cock (that could get even bigger due to Materia) and a mansion practically built for sex if you couldn't bring him your hot friend every once in a while?

**To Be Continued...**