

Mako poisoning is a curious thing.

Too much mako, and your cells decay.

Too little, and you can slowly mutate into an inhuman abomination.

For a while, Tifa thought she was miraculously spared from either of these fates after she took a dip in the old reactor outside of Gongaga.

But, like so many things in her life, it had a way of coming back up.

“Hm, have my shorts always been this tight?”

In the months since Sephiroth's defeat and the planet's salvation, Tifa had been busy working with AVALANCHE to convince the planet's people that switching from Mako energy was the only way to fully avert the planet's demise.

While Barret was eager to open back up Corel's old coal mines, Aerith and Red XIII had to convince him that coal wouldn't be much better for the planet's atmosphere.

Cid actually came up with the idea of using wind to push great blades like a mill, and make electricity that way.

Tifa was actually the perfect spokeswoman.

She had just the right mix of stern and lovable to her, plus, although she would be the last to admit it, perfect eye candy.

She was currently in Junon, hoping to convince some of the leaders to support their plan to build offshore wind turbines to help fuel both this city and Midgar.

And just when she was getting ready for bed, she noticed an angry red line around her hips where her skirt was.

She bit her lip as she ran her hands over it.

She had always been keen on staying in the best shape possible, and had kept up her diet and exercise routine as best she could.

Still, all this schmoozing had involved a fair bit of wining and dining city figures, so she chalked it up to some added calories finding their way home.

Now that she was looking herself over, Tifa saw that it was more than just her rear that was expanding.

Tifa had what, as Yuffie liked to jealously point out, “Big Freakin Honkers.”

While the timid girl was never one to admit it, she was always a little proud of how much she had “upstairs.”

But taking off her sports bra showed that she had also outgrown that piece of clothing.

“I gotta lay off the appetizers at dinner. Otherwise they’ll have to roll me back to Cloud!”

Tifa did her best to keep up her eating habits.

She stepped up her exercise routine.

She thought she was doing better.

Which was why when she showed up outside Aerith’s door, much, much fatter, she was extremely desperate.

“Please... help me!”

Aerith ushered in her ballooning friend, cringing a little when the sides of her belly brushed against the door.

She had only seen Tifa a month or two ago, and there was no way she could have gotten this fat in that amount of time. She had to have weighed at least 600 pounds!

Aerith was the last of the Cetra, a race dedicated to guarding the planet, so she was able to quickly surmise what was happening.

And neither she, nor Tifa, would like it.

She brought her raven haired friend some tea, and did her best to not focus on the monstrously large gut, or her couch filling face, and certainly not her bulging shoulder boulders straining her white tank top.

Although she had to admit her round face was kinda cute.

“Okay, so you remember when you fell into the Gongaga reactor?”

Tifa’s hands gripped her cup tighter.

That was not a day she liked to think about.

“Yeah, and I saw what Sephiroth was doing to the planet.”

“We all were so relieved when you didn't have mako poisoning. But we might have been wrong.”

Panic thumped in the pudgy woman's heart.

She brought sausage-like fingers to her face.

“Am I... going to die?”

“No no! Nothing like that!” Aerith said, putting her arms around her friend as best she could.

“But it seems like the planet has designated you a repository for.... excess.”

Tifa's eyes grew wide, almost as wide as her waistline.

“You mean... I have....”

“Mako energy pooling inside you? Yes. The good news is that your body seems to have found a way to store it safely without killing you. The Bad news is ....”

Aerith puffed out her cheeks to show her point.

Tifa rested her arms on her gut. It growled.

A side effect of all this Mako being turned into fat was that she felt hungry, all the time.

“Any chance of a cure?”

Aerith shrugged.

“In time, maybe. But I hope you're looking forward to being titan sized, Tifa.”

Tifa gulped.

But all in all, it wasn't that bad.

Tifa was moved to an area on the eastern continent with “ a lot of room to grow.”

And grow she did.

Within a year of her first noticing the increased poundage, Tifa had succumbed to complete

immobility.

But she was well taken care of, and even had Cloud around to keep her company.

“You know Cloud,” she said one night, as he laid on her cheek.

By this point Tifa had grown mind bogglingly huge.

As in, small village sized.

She was still comfortable, as her massive bulk shielded her from the elements, and massive tarps were draped over her more sensitive areas.

“If one day I get so huge that I cover the world, I hope we can find a spot on me where you can build a house.”

Cloud laughed.

He had taken things surprisingly well, seeing as his girlfriend was on her way to becoming continent sized.

There was no cure yet for the excess mako inflating her with fat, but they were both assured that at the very least they would have a way to stop her from growing anymore sometime soon.

“I’m glad you’re so considerate Tifa.”

The two of them laughed, and Tifa’s body shook and rippled, causing several birds perched on her to fly off.

This had been a very strange occurrence for them, but they were still glad that they had each other, at least.