

MOTHER OF THE GROUP

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“Alright! Everyone use one in the morning and we’ll see what they do!”

Yuffie’s words rung in Tifa Lockhart’s mind as she laid on her bed, holding a strangely colored Materia over her head with one of her hands. It was another night spent at Costa Del Sol and the gang had spent a day playing games and involving themselves in the seaside resort’s social activities. Their local ninja, said ninja being Yuffie, had apparently won a game that none of them had ever *heard* of.

The game in question hadn’t made much sense to Tifa even after having it described to her. But in the end *how* Yuffie had won them didn’t really matter as much as *what* she had won. The brawler was holding one of them, in fact. A set of Materia of which absolutely none of them sported your typical blues, greens, or yellows of the power-granting stones. The ninja had given one to each of them and, in Tifa’s case? It had been the hot pink one.

“I wonder if there are any risks in using Materia you don’t recognize?” There *had* to be, right? She wasn’t exactly an expert on the subject and so she tucked a note in the corner of her mind to ask someone more knowledgeable about it the next day. Tucking that thought away for the time being she put the Materia down on the table beside her bed and, inevitably, fell asleep.

Just not for long.



The woman eventually woke with a start only two hours later. The moon was high in the air and the light from it illuminated her inn room. But at the same time? That illumination had found competition. **“Huh? Why is it... glowing?”** Her room had filled with just as much of a *hot pink* light. The point of origin? Well it *had* to be the Materia that Yuffie had given her.

Tifa was hesitant to touch it and, in fact, *didn't*. Instead she pushed herself out of her bed and moved to a corner of the room where the pink light didn't touch. She was concerned about any ill effects from basking in its glow, but there was an issue with that mentality. Sure, she had moved as soon as possible, but... **“How long has it been glowing?”** A minute? An hour? The *entire* time? Should she leave the room for now? That felt like it was probably the best option.

Yet as she turned to inch towards the exit and check on the others, fearful that their Materia, too, had begun to glow? She found it difficult to put one foot in front of the other. **“H-Huh? Whash... happening...? Am I drunk?”** Tifa was slurring her words and had to grab a nearby shelf to stay upright. But not only had she not had anything to drink but she knew enough about booze to know that you didn't get intoxicated *that* quickly.

Whether or not it was logical didn't *really* matter. Not when the woman was experiencing the effects firsthand. The Materia's glow reminded her that there *was* an oddity in her presence. **“Doesh that Materia make you – BURP – drunk!?”** That loud burp of hers only made things more confusing. The taste of booze, specifically beer, had bubbled up through her throat and now hung heavily on her breath. She couldn't imagine why a Materia with *that* effect had formed under any means. But then again she was still under the impression that this was *all* it was doing.

Something that *obviously* wasn't true from a visual perspective. Tifa had fallen asleep wearing her usual outfit barring her shoes since she the day had been so tiring. That meant the sight of her toned tummy was perfectly visible and, well... It was *supposed* to be toned. But as she fumbled around near the far wall while trying not to fall over the definition of her abs gradually smoothed away. While this trend was *most* noticeable around her belly, the same trend could be seen around her arms and legs. She felt very *physically* tired and almost fell again. **“Woah!”**

Fortunately she managed to catch herself on the same shelf, but she felt very *heavy*. That was only natural. If someone who had been not just fit but *strong* and suddenly lost that strength? Obviously they would feel weak and heavy by contrast. The issue was that it wasn't *merely* because she had been weakened. Visible specifically around her tummy for now? Her flesh was *bulging*. A plush gut had pushed a few inches outward while stretchmarks etched themselves into their slightly rounded shape. It was the kind of slight gut you got from not exercising properly. Or perhaps *drinking too much*.

“Wash my stomach always sho...?” Tifa had noticed her tummy and her free hand kneaded her slight gut with an almost amused interest. She poked and fondled this fat with fingers that somehow appeared *drier* when it came to their skin. Not only that, but her fingernails grew longer and found themselves painted pink. These *weren't* the hands of a talented martial artist. They hardly even resembled the hands of a woman in her twenties. **“Hehe! And here too!”**

Manicured nails trailed up the center of her stomach towards her top and sports bra. An outfit ensemble that was... *struggling*? She'd been right to bring her hand up since her tits had begun to push up against an already restrictive top. And yet rather than panic about their swelling? She giggled as she slipped fingers under her upper wear and *lifted it off*. Her boobs spilled out, bouncing free at almost *twice* their already ample sizes – and they continued to swell as they jiggled back into place while she tossed the clothes aside.

Fingers twerked nipples that were now larger than her eyes, sensitivity and arousal through the roof. Tifa was *never* like this, not even when drunk. But it was becoming clear that the personality she was exhibiting wasn't normal by her standards. Tits had to be G-cups at their growth's end, pairing well with her slightly bulging tummy. The only issue? They were so big that she couldn't see *past* them. They were also sagging a little more than she expected. Where had her youthful firmness come from? **“Ish almost like I'm ooold!”** But that *was* odd. Why did it feel like she was stating the obvious? Just how drunk *was* she?

The mass of breast in front of her made it difficult to see what was causing a straining sensation around her skirt, spats, undergarments, and thigh high leggings next. Rather than deal with it? She just unbuckled her overall belts and crouched down so she could shimmy everything off. **“Wow! It's sho shtuck!”** She was definitely having issues pulling everything down past her ass.

But only because her ass was a *big* part of the problem. Just like her tits had, her ass was swelling larger with a weight that seemed a little too

loose for a woman in her twenties. It was still *huge* and peach shaped, and the gains of this ass had been passed on to thighs that tripled in their girth as well. With her slight tummy bump lipping over loins that now featured a bush of *blonde* pubes and with Tifa essentially naked, she certainly had the look of an older, sexier woman.

Tifa licked her lips, the moisture from her tongue almost seemingly reddening the lips in question. Well, reddening *and* swelling. It was like those lips had been allergic to her own tongue as they grew fuller and softer. A natural pout was fashioned, part of a changing facial aesthetic that made her face longer while also introducing a number of vague wrinkles and other blemishes that made her look older. *Significantly* so.

Not only did she look older, with Crow's feet nestled in the corners of her eyes and laugh marks embedded around her lips. She definitely *felt* older. She *remembered* being older. She was *forty-four* years old, and that age showed in hair that lightened in color and wore down in quality. It was left a dirty blonde like her pubic hairs in the end, and while the length didn't really change the style became curlier. The color change highlighted a shift in the coloration of her gaze too, for reddish brown irises were now blue within tired, narrowed eyes – now sporting lashes that was long and thick with mascara. Just as her lips had found pink gloss spread across.

The older woman stumbled towards the open window of her inn room, her abundant body flopping into the corner where she peered out at the moon. One hand clumsily felt around behind her until fingers wrapped around something that hadn't been there before. "***There it ish!***" She boldly declared in a deepened, sultrier voice that she had expected to find it there somehow though. A can of beer. One she promptly opened and took a long gulp that almost polished off half of it in one swallow.

"***Mmn!***" After taking a sip of her beer by the window, the drunken woman let out a squeal of delight. She no longer seemed to be concerned by what had happened to her body. Could she even *remember*? Her mind was so foggy that it was unclear. But *Patricia Angels* didn't care about any of that anyways. She was still drunk off her ass and, wearing absolutely nothing, was a step above *needy*. "***Maybe I should mashterbate? But mm... My***



shweetie should be here soon...” The slurring of her words *certainly* hadn’t improved.

Patricia was hot. She was horny. But she also knew full well that self-satisfaction paled in comparison to a good fucking. And she had come to Costa Del Sol with her beautiful wife and her adopted adult daughter. Not realizing at all that the wife she was thinking of *had* been Aerith, or that the daughter *had* been Yuffie – both about to experience transformations of their own in their own rooms.

“Hahaha... Comin’ to Costa Del Sol fer our family vacashion wash shuch a good idea...” She’d been having a *blast*! Even if their daughter had been whining about her two mothers hanging off each other for the entire trip. Where had her wife even gone, anyways? There were sharing a room, weren’t they? **“Hehe... Whatevs... She’ll be here soon and then we can finally get all fucky wucky...”**

And knowing her beautiful wife? She’d be *just* as drunk and horny.

Well, the two of them *were* porn actresses.

...But what the hell happened to the boys?