

lemonzsaauce

... Author's Notes ...

Dear reader,

I go by the pen name j.j. scriptease and I've been writing fan fiction on and off for almost a decade and a half now, predominantly of a lemon/erotica variety. None of the places I've posted my stories on however quite felt like home, whether it be due to the design or structure of the website, the restrictions imposed on saucy content, or anything in between. And thus, I thought it would be neat to have a personalised hub for my fan fiction works.

I teamed up with a developer buddy to create a site called lemonzsaauce.com where you can find ALL my literature along with extra goodies – like downloads in PDF format, seeing the artwork that inspired the fics, and subscribing for new story and chapter updates!

The site does cost money to keep up and running. If you enjoy my work and would like to help with maintenance (or would simply like to support me), please feel free to visit lemonzsaauce.com/donate to make an offering - no pressure, and it's not necessary at all :) - any amount from a dollar up will be very much appreciated.

Thank you for reading! I hope this piece of writing lives up to your expectations.

- j.j. scriptease

DISCLAIMER

This is a work of fan fiction borrowing characters from the Final Fantasy universe, which is trademarked by Square Enix. I do not claim ownership over any of the original characters, images or settings present here and make no profit from publishing this story.

WARNING

This work of fiction is Rated MA and only suitable for mature audiences. It may contain explicit and offensive language, adult themes and graphic descriptions of a violent and/or sexual nature.

J. J. SCRIPTEASE

FOR THE CAUSE

(A Final Fantasy FanFic)



Synopsis

Tifa will do anything to stop Rude and Reno from dropping the plate on the people of Sector 7, while her closest allies can only watch in dismay.

...

For The Cause

A Final Fantasy fanfic by j.j. scriptease

“Tifa, don’t do it!” Cloud shouts and struggles against the restraints chaining him to a steel column.

She keeps her back facing him, hiding her pained expression. *Sorry, Cloud, but my mind’s made up.* She won’t dare look back and have his desperation challenge her resolve.

High up on the pillar, her long hair flutters about her back, the volatile winds carrying distant sounds of gunfire and battle cries far below. Vengeance lights up the night, domes of leaping flame razing clusters of Sector 7—and is that corner burning like wildfire where Stargazer Heights sits? Tifa’s heart sinks.

Marle... Oh God, what’ve we done?

Shinra’s taken things too far. But she’s just as bad for going along with Barret’s notion of revolution. She should’ve fought harder to persuade Avalanche to reconsider their approach. No doubt the news (or rather, the Shinra-paid propaganda machine) will find a way to spin this on them. All the people they’re fighting to protect, the ones who don’t already believe they’re terrorists, will never forgive them for allowing their homes and cities to burn. She can’t blame them either. They don’t deserve forgiveness. Not her, not Cloud, not Barret or whatever’s left of Avalanche after the hellfire blows over.

“Tifa! Hey, Tifa! Are you listening to me? You can’t trust these assholes!”

Cloud...just stop. “The fight’s over.”

“Like hell it is!” He can’t even wriggle himself free to prove her wrong.

Her eyes shimmer at the black plumes engulfing the stars. “Don’t you think we’ve done enough?”

“All’s not lost. Wedge and the others are down there helping people evacuate as we speak. You saw the video with Aerith.” He grunts as if her image gives him strength to fight the magic-infused chains. Still not enough to win though. “She’s got Marlene with her. They’re safe.”

A miracle. Just about the only thing that’s gone right about this doomed operation. Granted, Aerith, along with Barret’s daughter, are only ‘safe’ by virtue of getting kidnapped. Judging from the video sent by their captors, the abductees are going to be taken away from the burning sector’s undercity. She can’t even begin to imagine how the mixed fortune’s playing on Barret’s mind.

“Aerith’s done her part,” Tifa states proudly. *Like I asked her to.* “You need to let me do mine, Cloud.”

“Tifa...” The fight withers from his voice and rolls into a grumble.

Her eyes slowly fall closed, a surrender to fate. But she can’t blackout the warfare, the machine guns, the booms of explosions, the terror of weeping women and children, the cries of hurting comrades. Then, the whirs of helicopter propellers cutting through the night. A chuckle. “So, are we on or what, toots?”

Tifa impels her eyes open, a surrender to fate.

Her tormenter stands guard of the pillar’s control console, his suit black as the night, his hair red as hellfire. He holds an electro-mag rod over his left shoulder and, although he appears lax in his egocentric posture, she learned real fast how quickly he can swing that thing when she was narrowly evading its electric-charged end a minute ago.

She’s not sure she can beat his lightning quick reflexes to get to the panel of buttons and switches controlling the plate separation sequence. Not even Cloud or Barret could reach it amid the chaotic skirmish. By all accounts, the megalithic plate seems doomed to land on top of Sector 7, on top of all the buildings and good people unable to evacuate in time.

Unless...

“Hello? Earth to Xena?” He sniggers. “In case you haven’t noticed, you ain’t exactly got time to dick around right now.”

He’s right. She hates it, but he’s right.

In a feminine computerised voice, the pillar's defence system blares: "*Plate separation authorized. Awaiting confirmation.*"

Over and over.

As far as she can tell, the only thing keeping his finger off the confirmation button is the last-ditch proposition she threw out. A Hail Mary of unholy magnitude. *But if we can still save people's lives...*

"If I do this—"

"Yeah, yeah, lady, I know the score." He swooshes his rod and points it to the burning sector some hundreds of feet below. "We're way into overtime and it's 'bout to be game over for all the undercity bums so dear to your little heart."

Cloud grunts from behind her. "Don't listen to his bullshit. Take him out, Tifa. Right now!"

"Pipe down, Mr. First Class Asshole. You had your chance to tango. It's gonna take a whole different set of moves to get y'all out of this shit-drizzled pickle."

"Reno," Rude says, a calm authority in his voice as he stands guard over Cloud, "now's not the time to dawdle on our laurels. Confirm the plate separa—"

"No!" she shrieks. "You can't."

Reno curls his lips into a snide smirk.

Rude knows that look and sighs with resignation. "If this has to happen now, make it happen quick. Efficient." He pushes his shades up the bridge of his nose. "We're still on Shinra's dime."

"Ugh, don't remind me." Reno sneers at the Shinra-branded helicopter they landed on the pillar. "Well?" He turns back to Tifa. "You heard my partner. Time's a-wastin'. How's this 'posed to go down when you're way over there?"

"Oh... Yeah. Right." She steels her nerves, takes one step and—

"Don't!"

She stops and thinks. “It’s not about us anymore, Cloud.” She looks back to meet his jittery gaze with crimson determination in her eyes. “It’s for the cause.”

Reno stifles a chuckle. “Yeah. That’s right. For the cause.”

As Tifa saunters his way, he drinks up the opportunity to take her in, her hourglass contour shaded by the night. Her white crop top bears stains from dirt and oil and God-knows-what-else after their combat-riddled dash through the sewers to get to this pillar. And yet, her grubbiness only makes the glint in his eyes wink brighter, his focus set on the bosomy jiggles accompanying her every step. Suspenders hold up her tiny black skirt, which covers nothing more than it needs to. Dark, skin-tight leg protectors embrace her limbs halfway up her thighs, emphasising her toned and slender figure. She boasts the body of a fighter, that’s for sure, but the fight she’s marching into isn’t the kind you can win with roundhouse kicks.

Reno nods at her athletic physique. “You’re one fit firebird, will give ya that.”

She’s not interested in compliments, especially from him. “Let’s get this over with.”

He sticks out his electric rod and halts her an arm’s length away. “Hmm.” No charge runs through his weapon in its dormant state. Instead, he uses it to brush her hair back over her shoulders, as if searching for any stashed armaments or materia she might activate from her earrings. He looks pleased enough with his lack of findings. His probing rod strokes her blackened cheek. “Oh, this is gonna be fun. Love me a girl who’s not afraid to get her hands dirty.”

Those same hands got him dirty, too, when Tifa landed a combination of blows that sent him barrelling across the platform. Yet here he stands, a little roughed up, a lot stubborn for his own cause. She wants nothing more than to knock his lights out, like Cloud keeps yelling, but violence won’t stop the plate from flattening thousands of people. “My hands might be dirty, but you’ve got blood on yours.”

His smirk takes a sour dip, to her surprise. Signs of a conscious? “Nothing personal, ‘tis all business. Speaking of which…”

Reno trains his sights on her large bust, a leer she met at least six dozen times a day serving men at Seventh Heaven. At least there, she has the homefield advantage, and the comfort of Barret around the corner. Reno’s audacious stares afflict a vulnerability she hasn’t felt in a long time, the intent behind his hungry eyes making her skin crawl.

“Those big ol’ milkers really are something else,” he says crudely, “don’t seem to slow you down all that much either.” He has the red scratch across his cheek to prove it.

Tifa fights the urge to smile at her handiwork. One second slower and he would’ve felt more than the graze of her steel-padded gauntlets. “Maybe you’re not as fast as you think you are.”

“Tch. Maybe I didn’t wanna mess up your pretty face.”

“As if you could.” By Tifa’s count, they fought to a stalemate.

He chuckles. “I dig the confidence. Not just a pretty face either. Pity, you would’ve made a fine Turk. You know, I could still put in a good word to our recruitment department. Wouldn’t hurt having more than a shiny head to stare at during stakeouts.”

“Hey,” Rude interjects, “you know I can still hear you.”

“I’d rather jump off this pillar than lift a finger for Shinra,” Tifa says.

“So defiant,” Reno says, half-amused, half-impressed. “One day maybe you’ll realise we’re not all that different. We’re all players in someone else’s big, stupid play.”

“Maybe. But that’ll never stop me from doing what feels right.”

“Heh. And where’s that gotten you? Oh yeah, right here, in front of me.” He moves the stub of his short rod through her navel, tracing the deep grooves of her washboard abs. She fights the urge to shiver from its cold, metallic touch. He hooks the hem of her short tank top and slowly lifts it up, baring more and more flesh, uncovering the plump undersides of her bosom before she hastily pulls her vest back down. “Oh, a shy one, are we?”

“You haven’t promised yet.”

He rolls his eyes. “Seriously?”

“Swear on your life.”

He puts a hand on his heart, the other in the air. “I swear on my life I’ll deactivate the damn thing. Good enough for ya?”

Only sort of. But ‘sort of’ is probably the best she’s going to get out of him. “Fine.”

“Good.” He stashes his electro-mag rod somewhere behind his back. “Your stalling was really starting to bug me out.” He puts his hand atop her head and presses down until she obeys the subtle command and shrinks to her knees.

Cloud’s view is obstructed by the back of Tifa’s head whilst the suited-up Turk fidgets with his zip. Seconds later, an explosive moan booms over the AI voice and helicopter propellers. Cloud grits his teeth, powerless.

He looks over to Barret, tied up a couple metres away from him, equally defeated, equally useless. *I can’t believe I let these clowns get the jump on us!* But he won’t give up. And neither should the musclebound leader of Avalanche. “Psst. Barret,” he mutters behind Rude’s back, “hey, Barret!”

His head snaps up from its lolled position. “Eh, Soldier Boy?”

Not good. The man looks like he can’t remember where he is, his head wobbling groggily as he struggles to focus on Cloud. These scumbags really did a number on him, but Cloud’s seen Barret take thrice as much damage and still get up. It’s the added trauma of watching his home on the brink of destruction, of learning his daughter’s been captured by the enemy. He’s been crippled, immobilized by despair, a shell of the loudmouth, trigger-happy lunatic Cloud needs him to be. Tifa needs him to be.

“Barret, come on,” Cloud tries again, “snap out of it. Marlene’s going to be fine. Aerith’s taken care of it. You can trust her.”

A sliver of cognisance flashes in his vacant eyes at the sound of his daughter’s name. “Marlene? Where—Cloud, where’s Marlene?”

“She’s safe. But we need to—”

“Marlene...” He hangs his head, mumbles to himself. “Daddy’s coming to get you, baby girl. Please, hold on, Daddy’s coming. I’m sorry. Marlene...”

Cloud sighs. He hoped bringing her up would’ve pulled Barret out of his sinking hole, but it only seemed to push him deeper. “Marlene’s safe,” he reiterates, “it’s Tifa that needs us right now. Look what she’s putting herself through to save Sector 7.”

“Tifa?” Thankfully, Barret reacts to her name, too, hauls his head up and catches sight of his Avalanche comrade on her knees servicing the enemy. Cloud expects an eruption of

indignation, a swear-laden tirade, a cuss word or two at least. He gets none of that. Barret mumbles a meek concession. “Well, if it’s gon’ help Marlene...”

“Are you serious?” If Cloud could wrestle free of his constraints right now, he’ll probably rush to deck Barret before going on to rescue Tifa. “Pathetic.” He expects more from someone who constantly swears he has his partners’ backs. Barret’s been reduced to a deflated heap of sulking uselessness right now. If Tifa’s gonna get any help, Cloud will have to do it himself. *Hang in there, Tifa.*

“Oooh, Tifa...” Reno moans. “That’s the name, right? Such a pretty name for a pretty, little cocksucker.” He raises her chin to make her look him in the face. The two scars framing his eyes taunt her like lopsided smiles. Her brow creases in a frown, her nose crinkling from the distaste invading her mouth. “Why are you looking at me like that?” He sneers. “Pout all you want, firebird, but don’t forget this was all your idea.”

Her eyebrows flutter ruefully.

“You have to show me,” he stresses, “how bad you want me to stop this plate from dropping. Keep those gorgeous eyes on me, sweet stuff.” He brushes aside stray bangs obscuring her face. “More tongue.”

Hard to believe she’s taking orders from a Turk, a slimy Shinra operative to boot. The only way she’s gotten through it so far is constantly reminding herself it’s for the cause.

She kept her tongue flat and lazy beneath his cock but, after his last order, she realises the bare minimum won’t fulfil his needs, which means he won’t fulfil hers. Tifa stomachs his taste, and her pride, and stirs her tongue on the underside of the enemy’s shaft. The reaction is immediate: an impassioned grunt.

“Yes, that’s it. Keep goin’.”

She pushes his dick up against her upper lip and tongue-massages the underside in circular motions. His carnal grunts tell her all she needs to know. She keeps working the effective spot. He loves it so much he craves more, places a hand atop her head and subtly motions her to move. Back and forth, her lips slide along his length, wetting his stiffness.

Reno’s contentment grows and grows and bursts in a sudden laugh. “You’re actually good at this. Who would’ve thunk?”

Well, she has to be. Tifa's matching the effort she puts into blowjobs with a genuine lover, perhaps even surpassing it, nodding her head further and further forward to consume more of him. He expresses his approval with louder, more boisterous enthusiasm than she's ever received gifting fellatio. It shouldn't matter but she wonders if he's only doing it to taunt her incapacitated comrades, or if her tongue work's really the revelation he's making it out to be. And here she thought she's out of practice.

Whether driven by malicious intent or candid pleasure, his over-the-top grunts and groans stirs something inside her it shouldn't. His fingertips gently brush her skin as he strokes the hair from her eyes, displaying a tenderness she could've never predicted whilst they were trying to kill each other only a few minutes ago.

Many people saw Tifa and assumed she was some sort of sexual athlete in the bedroom, but the truth is she's rather shy about personal matters, particularly matters of the flesh. Reno complimenting her ability to pleasure him with her mouth, crude as it is, does more for her confidence than she'll ever care to admit.

He pulls his dick from her chops and roars, "You fucking beauty! Best idea you've ever come up with."

She disagrees, and might've been more vocal about it if she wasn't using the interim to catch her breath.

He gives her a moment before demanding, "Stick your tongue out. Like this." He demonstrates with a wide stretch of his mouth that looks more comedic than it does sensual. She mimics him all the same. He smacks the head of his phallus on her protruding tongue. The slaps of flesh and saliva make a lewd song. He doesn't appear to get any pleasure from dick-slapping her tongue, but does so anyway, a primal show of dominance. She keeps on her knees and entertains his whims, for a while, then curls her tongue upwards and flicks at his frenulum. He curses in a whimper. "Suck it some more then!"

He stuffs her mouth so abruptly he gets the wrong angle and bulges her cheek.

"Mmn!" she whines a muffled complaint.

"Heh, sorry about that, firebird. You okay?" He pulls back from her cheek and corrects his entry.

She nods, despite the scorn burning in her crimson eyes.

“I really oughtta control this weapon of mine better, huh? You ain’t making it easy though.” He strokes her sullied cheek with a tender thumb. “A lesser man would’ve nudded all over this angel face already.”

Really? Tifa muses. Has she been *that* good?

One person unimpressed with her performance is Cloud. “You don’t have to, Tifa!”

Oh, but she does. She swirls her tongue over the enemy’s swollen glans, using his growly feedback to hone her strokes and licks.

“In-hrnnn-credible!” Reno wheezes. “Hey, partner, sure you—oooh—you ain’t gonna get in on this? You’re—oooh, haaah—missing out—mmmnn—big time!”

Rude’s rigid face stays rigid. You’d think he’s witnessing nothing more exciting than a trotting Tonberry, his thoughts hidden behind dutiful shades. “Finish up,” is all he says, “we haven’t got all night.”

Cloud’s almost impressed with his ‘all business’ attitude in the face of lurid antics certain to excite most men. However disinterested he appears though, Rude sets his eyes on his fellow Turk and Tifa, forgetting Cloud briefly enough for him to stretch a leg towards his fallen sword.

C’mon! C’mon!

A bead of sweat breaks down his brow. Cloud gets his boot ten centimetres from the hilt when Rude turns his neck and scares him still. *Fuck!* His sly foot falls limp, plays dead. Rude looks back over his shoulder, stares silently for what feels like aeons, and turns back to his partner’s shenanigans.

Cloud expels the enormous breath swelling his chest. *Way too close for comfort.* He’s not going to risk making another pass for his sword in the next few minutes at least. Till then, all he can provide is vocal support for their dick-chugging ally. “They’re not going to get away with this! And that’s a promise.”

Reno groans, annoyed. “Shut the fuck up, asshole. Seriously. It’s rude to interrupt grown-ups trying to have a moment.” He combs his fingers through Tifa’s fringe and clasps

her scalp. Up until now he let her have the reins, but Cloud's ongoing commentary incites movement in his pelvis. Reno steadies her head while controlling the pace and depth of his probing penis. "Shit. So good, baby," he whispers in husky breaths. "Ignore that stubborn loser. He's just jealous you're sucking me off instead of him right now."

Tifa furrows her brow. *Cloud, jealous? Doesn't seem like the type.* Granted, she's never done anything this lewd in front of him, or Barret, or anyone else for that matter. Is it possible it's triggered some wayward case of FOMO? Maybe. But...she's only doing this for the cause. Surely, they get that? She thanks the lucky stars she doesn't have to face her peers while inviting Turk cock into her welcoming lips.

"Hey," Reno mutters, "eyes up here." She drowns her distracting thoughts and lifts her gaze once more. "Good girl. That's my little, warrior princess slut." With the hand not controlling her head, he thumbs spit from the corner of her stuffed mouth. "Heh, like the taste of my cock, don't you?"

She ignores him. The truth is, his cock doesn't make her want to throw up like she thought it would. Even the waft of his post-combat, musty, ginger-tufted crotch does nothing to provoke her gag reflex. Rather, the smell of cock is sort of...doing things to her.

Tifa hates his insistence on locking eyes, lest she gives something away in a micro expression. He keeps stroking her face with featherlight touches, keeps stroking her ego with sordid compliments, keeps feeding her cock that's growing on her taste buds. She tries to drift away from eye contact, stare at the goggles sitting on his forehead instead, but a husky groan always draws her back to his hazy greys, to the pleasure plastered on his face. The pleasure *she's* giving him so devotedly. Infectious pleasure that's soon corrupting her loins with an inconvenient warmth.

Neither of them do it consciously, but they start to move in tandem, his cock stabbing through her lips, her head rocking to and fro. The escalation in his moans turns her on, frustratingly. He puts his other hand on her head now, too, and she puts hers on his thighs, managing her distance as he speeds up the face-fucking. Her mouth glucks and glucks on cock, embarrassing noises she hopes her friends can't hear over the repetitive computerised alert.

"Fuck, girl! I'm gonna—wooh—gonna...blow!"

Her clit throbs hearing his desperate holler. *Then do it...*

She sucks him off with more vigour.

“All over those giant tits of yours!”

Do it.

“Or all over your face!”

God...

Her big, scarlet eyes look up into his flinching pair, almost begging him to. As much as she'd love to claim it's only to bring their deal to a natural conclusion, a carnal part of her wants the added satisfaction of bringing *him* to completion.

Reno squeezes the sides of her head and pumps her fervid orifice. “Or maybe—arrgghhh—maybe,” he whispers darkly, “I'll shoot my load down your fucking throat.”

The threat sets her loins on fire. If not for their very public locale, Tifa might've reached into her skirt to soothe herself. *What the hell?* She's not supposed to be enjoying this in any way, shape or form. *Why do I feel so damn—*

“Tifa!” Cloud snaps her back to reality. “It's gone far enough. Stop!”

Oh my God, Cloud...you're right! She pushes herself back using Reno's thighs and gasps for air the second her lips abandon his cock.

“What the?!” Reno throws up his arms, exasperated. “I've heard just about enough from you!” He points at Cloud threateningly.

The ex-SOLDIER doesn't flinch.

Tifa wipes her mouth with the back of her gauntlet before whipping around to confront Reno. “It's done.”

“What?” He laughs.

“I did it. Reverse the plate separation sequence. Now.”

He laughs some more. “You shitting me, right now? Does this—” He points both forefingers down at the hard phallus sticking out of his suit pants, “look like it's done to you?”

Tifa takes one glance at the swollen, veiny member still lathered with her saliva, throbbing for more, and shrugs. “The deal was a blowjob. Never said you had to finish.”

He drops his arms, clapping his sides incredulously. “Well, firebird, we never said it would *only* be a blowjob either, did we? Now, get back over here and finish what you—”

“Not my problem.” She crosses her arms.

Reno shakes his head in disbelief and turns to his partner. “You hearing this crap?”

Rude’s silence comes off as neither supportive nor sympathetic to his fellow Turk.

Reno huffs. “Fine then.” He steps back from the pillar’s control console and gestures for Tifa to approach freely. “Have at it.”

She’s taken aback. That was a little too easy. Some sort of trick? She looks back at Cloud, a question in her eyes. He nods encouragement.

Tifa cautiously approaches the control panel keeping her eyes on Reno, who’s standing back with his arms folded, one hand casually tapping his bicep. She makes it there, surprisingly, without him jumping her or pulling any sudden moves.

Tifa raises her hands hurriedly to the electronic controls, but just as hurriedly realises none of the jargon, acronyms, numbers, settings, charts or graphical representations mean anything to her. It might as well be written in hieroglyphics. One thing she *does* comprehend is the big, bold and red print flashing over the screen:

WARNING

PLATE SEPARATION PROTOCOL CANNOT BE ABORTED ONCE INITIATED

PROCEED WITH SEPARATION?

The system siren and AI constantly requesting authorization amps up her anxiety. *Oh no...what do I do, what do I do?!* There has to be some way to bypass this alert message. But Tifa doesn’t know the code. And she’s scared shitless of accidentally pressing something that might expedite the plate separation. *Where’s Biggs or Jessie when you need them?* She shakes her head at a loss, curls her fingers and backs away from the controls.

Cloud regards her inquisitively, questioning why the AI is still blaring:

“Plate separation authorized. Awaiting confirmation.”

Flummoxed, Tifa can only offer a desolate shake of her head. He understands. She catches a glimpse of sadness in his eyes before he drops his head.

Reno cackles at the top of his lungs. “Oops, sounds like someone could really do with an authorization code right about now.”

It takes all her willpower not to swing a wild fist at him. “You promised,” she says, voice breaking.

“Nuh-uh-uh.” He wags his finger. “The deal was about giving you access to the controls. Never said anything about handing over the code, too.”

“Come on. What’s the point without the code?”

He shrugs, a snide smile on his face. “Not my problem.”

She grumbles, rolls her eyes.

“Tell you what though, since you’re such an irresistible piece of pumpkin pie, and I’m such a super, awesome guy, and totally fair...” He circles her slowly as he speaks. “New deal. How about you and I...*finish up* here, then I’ll spit out the authorization code straight away, no questions asked. Turk’s honour.”

Turk’s honour? She stifles a laugh. Is that even a thing? And what exactly does he mean by, “Finish up?”

He smirks behind her ear. “Don’t play dumb with me. You may put on an innocent face but we both know you’re far from it. Or...” He skulks closer and whispers, “are we going to pretend you weren’t enjoying my cock in that pretty, little mouth of yours?”

Her eyes jump open and tremble, a strip of pink stretching across her nose.

“Heh. Don’t worry, firebird, I won’t tell your loser friends over there how much you’re really feelin’ me, you dig?” He raises a hand over her exposed midriff and brushes her washboard abs with the faintest touch. She shivers. And not in disgust either. “What a fucking bod on you, Xena. Lot of blood, sweat and tears gone into it. I can tell. ‘The better to fight Shinra with, my dear!’ Am I right?”

Yes. He is. Shinra's full of scum only out to enrich themselves while robbing the planet dry of its natural resources. Why wouldn't she fight them? They're a big part of her motivation in the gym and in front of punching bags. She, along with Barret and others, promised they wouldn't take Shinra's tyranny lying down.

And yet, here she is, immobilised by one of their agent's wandering hands. He takes his time feeling her up, roaming the grooves and ridges of her six-pack, before steering his attention north, where mountainous breasts await his itching fingers. His hands scoop the undersides of her tank top and Tifa lets out a shuddery breath.

"Wait..." She seizes his wrists. "I do this," she whispers, "and you *promise* to give me the code?"

"Yes, yes, of course," he says, with all the sincerity of someone eager to rip off her top.

"C'mon. Please. Promise me—"

"Jesus. Fine. Yes. I promise the plate's not gonna fall on top of your precious slum dwellers' little heads. Happy now? Fantastic." He foregoes her approval, breaks free of her grasp and scoops up her breasts in his vulturine clutches. "Sugoi..." His hot and heavy breath raises the hairs on the back of her neck. "You're the full package, ain'tcha, firebird?"

Catching men ogle her voluptuous chest is commonplace for Tifa, but she never had to confront one who turned their admiration physical. Any other day, she would've somersault-kicked him to the moon, at least she imagines she would've. Cloud probably thinks she's lost it for letting this creep grope her without retort, anger trembling in his helpless eyes as he glares at Reno's paws squeezing, stirring and rolling the big lumps protruding her tank top.

Tifa looks away from her childhood friend in embarrassment.

For the cause.

Thank God Barret's keeping his head hung, though she's pretty sure that's down to his own personal crisis rather than any concerted effort to avoid looking. Poor guy hasn't been himself since getting the news about Marlene.

Meanwhile, she has this horned-up Turk breathing down her neck, groping her breasts every which way he pleases, jabbering on about how incredible her 'funbags' are. *Ugh,*

men can be so crass. That's what she wants to say to him, but her breath hitches in her throat whenever she opens her mouth. His manhandling of her bosom proves unexpectedly stimulating...

It's hardly a shock when he gleefully mutters, "I can see your nipples getting hard."

Tifa blushes at the nubs pointing through two layers of fabric. Her body's betraying her. And Reno's here for every second of it. He pinches one nipple between two fingers over her tank top. She holds in a long, sharp breath. He applies pressure to her captured nipple and slightly twists it. She expels her breath immediately, a strained moan.

"D-Don't..." Her defiance stumbles out, soft, feeble.

"Why not? Afraid you'll like it?"

She wants to say no, but he discovers her other nipple and twists her breath away. The devilish bastard fumbles for the hem of her tank top. Her bearings are all over the place and by the time she finds her senses, he's already lifted the white garment onto her sternum, leaving nothing but her black sports bra hugging her chest.

But not for long.

Reno goes for her undergarment, too, clasps it from the bottom. He pauses to quip, "How's this for an *avalanche*?" and pulls up her bra at once.

Tifa gasps, unprepared. But the swift unveiling doesn't go as swiftly as he planned, the magnitude of her breasts thwarting the big reveal when they get stuck in her snug bra halfway through the air. The bottom of her bare bosom stares Cloud in the face while Reno struggles to pull the clingy top past her nipples. It's only a matter of time and Tifa knows she can't prevent the inevitable. She calls out in haste, "Don't look, Cloud!"

He shuts his eyes and drops his head a split-second before her avalanche of tits comes spilling out. They wobble to a perky rest, pink nipples standing stiff in the cold, night air; and both she and Reno know it has nothing to do with the chilliness.

"Aw, pity, he missed the big reveal," Reno says of Cloud, "and I do mean *big*." Lust drips from his voice. His fingerless gloves meet the bare flesh of her bosom, fingertips prodding and pressing the sizeable mounds. "Oh, baby," he salivates in her ear, kneading her

breasts, “these bazookas are the real deal, aren’t they? Mmmm...so nice and soft. Hey partner, sure I can’t interest you in a lil’ feel? I mean, there’s plenty of her to go around here.”

What?!

Tifa’s mortified. She’s not some sex doll to be passed around to all his buddies! What kind of ‘partnership’ does he have with Rude anyway? She can’t get a read on the mysterious Turk hiding behind his set of signature sunglasses.

Reno lifts her breasts from the bottom as if he’s presenting a luscious meal. “Magnificent, ain’t they?” He bounces them on his palms a little. “Heavy, too.”

Rude tilts his head ever so slightly, pushes his shades up his nose. “They’re...nice.”

“Nice?” Reno guffaws. “You and I really need to have a sit down, buddy, and work on expanding that limited vocabulary. A babe like this isn’t some sugar and spice powerpuff girl. She’s a fucking dime piece. Ain’t that right,” he whispers close to her ear, “Tifa?” Something about how his steamy breath serenades her birthname gets Tifa all hot and bothered. “Am I saying it right?”

He’s saying it *too* right.

She almost prefers him sticking to the frivolous pet names. ‘Firebird’ and ‘Xena’ distance her from the moment, from the illicit tingles lighting up her nerve endings. He keeps pouring honey down her ear canal as he fondles her charged nipples. Her thighs rub together, just short of itching her growing heat. She can’t take much more of this.

He pulls back her raven hair and uncurtains one side of her long, elegant neck. Gentle kisses tiptoe down her skin, each sweeter than the last, each softening her guard. For someone in the midst of a time-sensitive operation, he sure is taking his time ‘finishing up’ with her. It gives her confidence he’ll indeed fulfil his part of the arrangement. Her sacrifice won’t go for naught. Although, it feels less like a sacrifice and more like a guilty pleasure every passing second, avowed at the moment he bites into the crook of her neck and Tifa unearths a wanton cry.

She slaps a hand over her mouth, ashamed of her lustful outburst. He nuzzles his grin into her nape, licks and sucks the sensitive flesh. Her hand prevents any more fleshly betrayals from slipping into the night.

What's he...doing to my body?

He must have some libido-enhancing materia in his cufflinks because Tifa's never reacted this way to anyone's touch. With his hands all over her tits, he romances the side of her neck with French kisses.

"Why...?" she croaks in a whimper. Why's he being so patient and affectionate? She'd rather hate him for taking advantage of her predicament but he's been attentive to her needs and respectful of her autonomy. Well, as respectful as you can be groping someone you just met in front of her closest colleagues.

He lowers her hand to his forgotten semi and it doesn't take much convincing to have her jerking him back to full stiffness.

"Well," Rude says to no one in particular, "seems they're getting on like a sector on fire."

While he's wholly distracted by his partner's sexcapades, Cloud starts inching his boot towards his broadsword again.

Reno turns to face Tifa; it's easier to grope the front of her chest this way. She tugs on his manhood below. Her bashful gaze runs up to his goggles, but they soon disappear when his head lowers into her bosom. He envelopes her left nipple in his warm mouth and a few flicks of the tongue later, she croaks a needy, guttural noise. She smothers herself again, with the hand not jerking him off, while he feasts on her round and plump nakedness, provoking her strained silence.

For the past few hours, Tifa bemoaned her willingness to kill for a shower, yet here this desperate pervert bathes himself in her bosom, breast sweat and all. His slimy, Shinra tongue slithers from nipple to nipple and lathers everything in between. He's rapacious and noisy in his feeding, stuffing his face with breast-meat while his partner vaguely observes at a distance.

Reno pulls his face out of her bust and takes a big breath as though he emerged from underwater. A trail of drooly satisfaction breaks from his bottom lip. They pant hot breaths on each other, her heart still racing from having her tits devoured, her thighs still rubbing together. She shies away from looking him in the eyes but, past either side of his head, the black fumes and flashes of explosions are even harder to face.

For the cause.

All she can hear is the sound of their panting breaths over the helicopter propellers when he makes a move she doesn't anticipate. Reno inches his face closer to hers. Tifa freezes in an absent-minded stupor. Even though he's moving in slow motion, she's lackadaisical in moving out the way. Her eyes flicker down at his lips as they close the distance, heart thrashing, his breath on top of hers—

She turns her face at the last possible second.

He snickers, places a consolation kiss on her cheek. "You'll come 'round."

"Are we finished here yet?" She already knows the answer to that, but needed something to say to detract from what almost happened.

"Already told ya, firebird, we're only finished when I say—"

"GAAAAH!!!!!"

Reno and Tifa jump at the same time, whip their heads in the same direction, where Rude's smearing his foot on Cloud's ankle. "Nice try," says the blunt Turk. He punts Cloud's sword and the steel screeches out of reach.

"Cloud!" Tifa yelps.

Reno shakes his head, not wholly surprised. "Stubborn little shitbird, aren't you?"

"Oh my God, Cloud, are you—"

"I'll be fine," he says through a grimace, drawing back his crushed ankle.

Reno grabs Tifa's arm before she can take off to assess his injuries. "Nuh-uh, you don't. Only got what he deserves. And you heard the man—he'll be fine. First class, was it? Gonna take more than a teeny sprain to cook his goose."

Reno isn't wrong; Cloud's as tough a customer as they come. But Tifa can't help sweat over his wellbeing. She's partly responsible for dragging him into this whole Shinra mess to begin with.

Reno strengthens his grip on her bicep. "Hey, seriously, don't worry about him. Really think any of you would still be kicking if we actually wanted to take you out?"

Tifa hadn't considered that. She's the only member of their three-man army still mobile; Barret's a sitting duck and Cloud's incapacitated. With a little more ruthlessness, the Turks could pick them off one by one.

He loosens the clench on her arm and strokes it up and down instead. "Come on. You know damn well there's only one way you can truly help them right now." Tifa regards his hand brushing her up and down, almost lovingly, and predicts the command before he gives it. "On your knees."

Reno makes a cock sandwich with her breasts. Pressing them together, he thrusts into the fleshy valley and out through her cleavage, his knob jutting short of her chin. He mutters between grunts about how he wanted to do this from the moment he laid eyes on her. *Typical pig*. She really should loathe him more than she does. But all Tifa can focus on is the mushroom-tip poking in and out her bosom, imagining the Shinra goop sure to glaze her doughy mounds white. He's building and building and building up to it when an untimely 'ahem' from his partner kills the momentum.

"Change of plans," Rude says, "I won't be letting you have all the fun after all."

"Heh. I knew you'd be singing a different tune once you got a load of these mummies." Reno pinches on the plumpness of her bare breasts. "What about our loser friends over there?"

Rude spares a quick glance at their restrained adversaries, Cloud gritting his teeth through crippling pain. "Neutralised. I'm coming in."

"Oh yeah, baby! C'mon. Let's teach 'em the Turks two-step."

Tifa doesn't even want to know what that is, but something tells her she's going to find out anyway.

As Rude's tall, silhouetted figure creeps into the pillar's cerulean lights, she takes note of the large swell tenting his suit pants. The silent, more composed mercenary of the duo has one hell of a poker face, but not even he can shroud the excitement of witnessing sexual folly this up close and personal. If Reno's to be believed, he shares the same penchant for your bigger-than-average bust size, and her 'funbags' were just the thing to draw him out of the shadows. Reno doesn't sound all that bothered about sharing either.

“Hehe, you’re in for a real treat!” he exclaims excitedly. “My partner here’s been known to sling mad, horse dick. Ain’t that right, buddy?”

“Hmph,” Rude says. A man of little words, he proves himself to be a shower not a teller when he unbuckles his trousers. What’s easily the longest slab of manhood to ever grace her sights whips up right before her eyes. It stretches the width of her face like a veiny, pulsating blindfold. She can’t believe it’s real despite her senses telling her otherwise, her eyes wide as its girth, her nostrils fluttering at the funk of crotch and sweat. Crazy as it sounds, Reno completely undersold her on how hung his partner is.

Rude pushes the crown of his darker phallus against her mouth, dabbing her lips with a second flavour of precum. Intimidated by his horse cock, she slowly works up the courage to open up and invite him in on their deal. He fills her orifice with a fullness that touches the back of her throat, jabbing her gag reflexes immediately.

Reno backhands his partner in the chest. “Hey, don’t go making me regret letting you in on this. How many times I gotta tell ya? You gotta ease them into it.”

Rude grumbles but draws back his length nonetheless.

“Much better. Don’t you go hurting my baby.”

His baby? Tifa crinkles her nose. But a mouthful of man-meat tramples any inkling of a rebuttal.

The Turks take turns using her mouth and, in Rude’s case, part of her throat. While she sucks one off, the other fondles her breasts. Then they switch. She barely gets a second to catch her breath between blowjobs.

Tifa finds Rude harder to please than his much more expressive counterpart, his humanity hidden beyond his dark shades. She twists the base of his erection in a fist and bobs her head ardently, but the most she coerces out of him is the odd ‘hrmm.’ He almost sounds underwhelmed by her efforts, frustrated by his partner not allowing him to use her throat like a cock sleeve. For that, she’s grateful for Reno’s presence.

When the flame-haired Turk caresses the side of her face and steers her back to his dick-head, her lips latch on to it with all the excitement of coming home, and the sweet song of his moans warms her insides, warms her aching cunt.

Sat on her haunches, tits out, stroking and mouth-hopping from cock to cock, Tifa blushes a violent red when she catches Cloud watching her. She told him not to look! At least the ex-SOLDIER has the good sense to be embarrassed and turn away.

Reno picks up on her distraction and, of course, can't help but comment on it. "Looks like someone over there's a little jelly. Don't tell me you—aahhh—you never gave Mr. First Class Asshole a little pump action before." Somehow, her crimson blush turns more crimson. People always assume her relationship with Cloud is something it isn't. Reno chuckles. "He's an even bigger loser than I thought. Heh. You'd never get away with gallivanting about in that tiny, whorish skirt if I was around. I'd be all up in that all day. *Every day.*"

She doesn't doubt it...

"Speaking of which," Reno continues, "it's high time we take this home."

Rude nods. He lifts her back to her feet by the armpits and holds her still as Reno crouches and reaches into her skirt. She can't outmuscle the two men if she tried, can only watch as her black shorts get pulled down to her ankles. A sudden draft of air vents the wet heat in her skirt. Satisfied at her state of undress, Rude lets go of her arms, and Reno takes over, lifts her off the ground, her red boots departing her pool of undergarments.

A thousand thoughts swim through Tifa's head as she's carried over to the console and set down right next to the buttons controlling the plate separation sequence. *We're really going to do this...for the cause.*

Reno pushes up the front of her skirt, revealing the trimmed whiskers flanking her swollen nether lips before connecting on her mons in wild wisps of jet-black. He thumbs his way up her sleek slit, brushes over her clitoral hood and evokes a violent shudder.

She swats his hand off her sensitivity, embarrassed. "Don't..." It's bad enough he's made her feel this good. She doesn't want to give him the extra satisfaction of seeing her climax by his touch. "Just...finish up."

"That's not how this works, firebird. Deal's a deal. I'll do whatever the hell I want with this dripping cunt." As if to drive his point home, Reno drives his cock through her minge without warning.

A breakaway moan leaps from her lips. She's so shamefully wet, the enemy slides in and out of her without resistance. Reno saves her leg from falling limp on the keyboard and hoists its calf onto his shoulder, while her other hovers bent over the edge of the tabletop. He's mindful enough to keep their clumsy body parts from pressing buttons they don't necessarily want pressed, limiting their reckless romping to one corner of the console. Tifa's lowkey enthused by his consideration, and when he leans down, folding her flexible leg against her chest, she doesn't deny him the taste of her lips.

Their kiss is far from perfect. Sweaty, sloppy. A collision of lips and tongues and conflicting emotions, of comfort sought and found in the least likely of places. With her eyes fallen shut, it almost doesn't matter who she's kissing, passion begetting passion. From the moment Don Corneo warned them Sector 7 awaits destruction, she wanted someone to hold her, to tell her everything will work out for the greater good. Reno hasn't said those words exactly, but something on his lips feels like genuine compassion.

When he pulls away, she misses his warmth immediately, misses the weight of his chest pressing down on her. He atones by wrapping an arm around the slender leg on his shoulder and pumping more oomph into his pistoning hips.

"Ooh...ooooee...aaah!" Tifa loses all ability to stop her dam from overflowing as a torrent of moans comes bursting out.

"Ah, yes!" He grunts while thrusting into her skirt. "Sing for me, firebird! I wanna hear your sweet, sweet songs!"

"Ngaah! Mmmm...haaaah!" She plays right into his hands, her symphony of high-pitched pleasure egging him on. So passionate in his thrusting, he doesn't care that he's banging his thighs against the console to get to her pussy. Tifa's loud moans overpower the computerised voice nagging their eardrums. Neither of them cares for a stupid authorisation code right now. The only button he's eager to press lies throbbing in her clitoral hood.

Reno goes for it.

Tifa blurts a cut-off squeal. Then a straggly "oh, fuck!" No longer than seven seconds of frantic clit thumbing amid frantic penetration throws Tifa off the edge, almost literally. She grabs the side of the console as a sudden surge of hypersensitivity racks her entire body, her thighs jerking inwards, her pussy clamping hard around his dick.

“Holy shit, Xena! Your warrior cunt’s squeezing me so...so...aaarrgggh!”

Tifa’s orgasm unwittingly brings about Reno’s. She feels spurt after spurt of hot seed filling her womb before he finally wilts out of her.

“Holy moly,” he pants, wiping his sweat-soaked brow, “that’s some pussy you got there, Wonder Woman. I haven’t cum that quickly since...since...ever.”

Red-faced, Tifa closes her legs and tugs down her skirt before scooting back up on the console. She clears her throat, hoping to move on quickly. “Right. Well, now that that’s done, you have to—”

“Now it’s my turn,” comes Rude’s deep voice.

Her mouth hangs agape, speechless. She forgot about him.

Rude picks her up off the console and hauls her over his shoulder, not unlike a caveman abducting his next suitor. A splotch of combined sex fluids stains the spot he lifted her from. Reno smirks, slaps his partner on the back. “Attaboy. Go on and terrorise that terrorist pussy.”

Cloud is lost for words, watching helplessly as Tifa’s carried up like some sack of flesh made to gratify the Turks’ sexual appetites. The back of her long legs cascade from Rude’s shoulders, a trail of cum seeping out her skirt and blemishing her right thigh-high. Cloud hates seeing her get used by these jerks, and yet, he can’t bring himself to look away either.

Rude carries Tifa to the helicopter he landed on the pillar. With the chopper’s muzzle facing Cloud’s way, the open passenger door obscures his vision of the pair. He squints, keen to improve his focus.

All he can make out are their legs from the knees down under the door and their profiles through the rounded window. Rude pushes Tifa back onto the seat and her torso disappears from view. His pants drop to his shoes. Her legs suddenly disappear from under the door and reappear in the window, her red boots mounted on his shoulders. Cloud realises with some discomfort Tifa’s in a compromised position again. And again, he can do nothing about it. Rude’s bare legs rock back and forth under the helicopter door as her boots bob on his tall shoulders through the window. And if there’s any doubt as to what’s happening back there, Cloud catches Tifa’s odd moan over the whirring propellers.

Savages, these Turks. Cloud groans through clenched teeth. While Rude's having his way with Cloud's childhood friend, Reno's leaning back on the control console cheering him on. Cloud spots his sword, but his legs are way too short to claw it back from metres away. He wriggles against his chains to no avail. Barret's not even worth a glance at this point. By the time Rude stops bustling behind the door, Cloud's achieved nothing but the rustling of linked metal.

Oh, he'll get these bastards back one day. Might not be tonight, but his soul will never rest until he does.

Tifa stumbles out of the chopper with a fresh coat of jizz running down her chest.

Reno drapes her arm over his shoulder and helps her stay upright. "Heh, really did a number on you, didn't he? Believe it or not, deep down, Rude's a good guy. He can get a little carried away sometimes. Heh, guess I'm starting to rub off on him. Here, let me get that for you." Reno starts wiping the man-goo off her chest with his jacket sleeve.

Tifa pushes him away, stands on her own two feet. "Why are you doing this?"

"Eh? Our deal was—"

"Not that." She turns her back to him. "Why are you acting like you care?"

Reno doesn't have an answer prepared for that one. He shrugs his shoulders. "Who says it's an act?"

Tifa scoffs, rolls her eyes. "Yeah, because Shinra's all about the planet. All about the people."

"Please. I could give a shit 'bout most people. It must make it easier for you and your Avalanche pals, seeing the world as black and white."

"Some wrongs are obvious," she contests, "even to the naked eye."

"Yeah, well, like I said. It's all business, nothing personal." He places a gentle hand on her shoulder. "You believe me, right, Tifa?"

"Don't."

"Huh?"

“Don’t call me that.”

“What? Tifa?”

“Yes. And stop...stop being so...”

Reno muses before coming to a conclusion with a curious chuckle. “You’re not disgusted with me. *Tifa*. You’re disgusted because you felt it, too.” She says nothing. He continues. “Back there. That wasn’t no ‘warden fucks his prisoner’ fiasco. That shit was some hundred percent, no holds barred, unadulterated lovemaking right there.”

She scoffs. “Lovemaking?”

“You make that face now. But you can’t even look me in the eye.”

That sounds like a challenge to Tifa. She crosses her arms and spins right around. “Yeah?” She looks him dead in the eyes, not a flutter, not a blink. “Now what?”

He throws his hands up in surrender. “Yeah, yeah, okay, I get it. You’re a tough bitch. But tough bitches need love, too.”

“Love?” She laughs in his face.

“Okay, maybe not love *love*—but you get where I’m going with this!”

“Yeah, straight to the loony bin. Psycho.”

“Hm.” He rubs his chin. “And at what age did you realise you have a penchant for psychos?”

“Huh? Shut up. And stop the plate separation sequence alrea—”

“Kiss me then.”

“What?” Her stone-faced veneer suffers a crack, a tremble in the muscles keeping her expression rigid.

“Kiss me again. We’ll see if you really don’t feel anything.”

She puffs, gives him an incredulous look, shakes her head in disbelief. “Don’t be ridiculous. That’s asinine. Why would I ever—mmph!”

Reno plants a big, wet one on her. Tifa groans in muffled irritation, pounds on his chest with her fists as he refuses to relinquish her lips. She attempts everything short of biting him to get away. Then something happens, withers the fight in her flailing arms, tames her angry moans into soft, sweet purrs.

Dammit...he's doing it to me again...

Tifa forgets where she is, who she's with, everyone watching her. As an explosion rocks the pillar with a small tremor and lights up the night sky beyond them, their kiss catches fire and burns on steadfast, illuminates twin souls.

'How?' is all Tifa can think. How can the enemy, someone so far removed from Avalanche's vision of the world, feel so...homely? How does she believe him when he says it's not personal, when he promises to stop the plate from hurting people? How hasn't she smashed his balls yet? How did two exponents on opposing ends of the planetary activism spectrum go from literally trying to kill each other to...this?

'Make love, not war.'

Tifa remembers hearing that growing up. She never believed such a simple concept could heal the wounded planet, even as a child, before Avalanche shaped her ideologies. Never truly understood what it meant either, but—as she deepens her open-mouthed kiss with a fierce nemesis—she's pretty sure the slogan's proponents didn't mean for people to take it literally.

She spills moans into his mouth, caresses his cheek (the same cheek that tasted her fist), and caresses his chest through the open suit jacket (the same chest bearing a red imprint of her boot's sole). Her touch is tender, almost apologetic, and he cups her face paying her the same affection. Something feels like it's healing but Tifa can't say what. Right next to passion, she finds comfort in the life-saving kiss, in knowing thousands of souls will be spared thanks to her sacrifice. If she can even call it that anymore...

Their lips come unglued and Reno breathes a healthy dose of air. He strokes the side of her face with his fingerless gloves. Her eyes glitter in the dark like rubies while he brushes his thumb gently under her right. Tifa's taken aback to hear him say, "For the cause, right?"

Before she can gather her wits for a rebuttal, she yelps when he hoists her up by the thighs. Her legs wrap around his waist instinctively. “Don’t patronise me,” she chides him in an abrasive tone.

“You still don’t get it.” He shakes his head sadly. “That’s not what I’m doing at all.” What he *is* doing, however, is sneakily aligning his phallus up her skirt.

Apparently, her little stint with his not-so-little partner gave Reno the breather he needed to recover his stamina, and his erection. From the moment they shared that spirited kiss, her clit started throbbing madly for him once more. And he knows it. By the time she feels his knob probing about her sleek entrance, she can’t get a word out before he lowers her onto his blunt pike, splitting her down the middle.

Tifa mewls a sweet, little cry. She’ll never say it aloud but... *God, his dick feels so good inside me.* Where his partner outgrows him in length, Reno more than makes up for in girth, his thicker shaft inducing a ravishing stretch she much prefers. She loves the sensation of fullness when he bottoms out, without enduring a smidgen of pain or discomfort. It’s almost as though their parts were made to fit together.

Perhaps their worlds are not as far apart as Barret and Shinra would have them believe. Perhaps there’s mutual solace to be found in being pawns on someone else’s chessboard. Perhaps Tifa just likes getting fucked by this insufferable, beautifully-endowed psycho.

She keeps her thighs secured around his waist and rocks her hips in mid-air, grinding up against him. It feels so wrong. She throws her arms around his neck and smothers him with a sweltering kiss. It feels so right. He pinches the underside of her athletic thighs, holding her up as she impales herself on his standing cock. While the world burns, they swap spit and groans and the myriad of bodily fluids squelching in her skirt, and it all feels so...

“Heh, you hear that, First Class Asshole?” Reno flashes a grin in Cloud’s direction. “Your girl’s really loving my First Class Dick!” Tifa keeps pouring out the moans to prove it. But Reno’s really determined to rub his victory in the former SOLDIER’s face.

“Wha...where...where are you going?” Tifa asks wearily as Reno starts to walk whilst inside her.

“Oh, nowhere. Just blessing the peanut gallery with front row seats to a show they’ll never forget.”

Tifa realises exactly where he’s going when she looks back over her shoulder and sees her chained-up comrades growing into proximity. “Oh my God.” She turns back in a hurry, face redder than summoning materia. “D-Don’t,” she pleads with the man carrying her against her will, “it’s so embarrassing!”

“Not as embarrassing as the loser with the freak eyes. Ah, here we go.” He stops only when Tifa’s hovering above Cloud’s direct line of vision. The hostage looks up, the fury in his eyes quickly melting away once Reno slides up the back of Tifa’s skirt. Cloud’s sights are met with the bottom her pert ass and the under-shaft of Reno’s girth stretching her lips. “Enjoy the show, shitbird.”

Reno pumps into Tifa at cheek-wobbling velocity. Somehow, she squeezes out in a strained rasp, “Don’t look, Cloud! Oooh! Aaah!”

He lowers his head but there’s no shutting off his ears to the wretched slaps of flesh on flesh above him. A raindrop of Tifa’s nectar lands on his scalp, goading him into lifting his gaze. Despite her desperate plea to reserve what modesty she has left, Cloud’s eyes won’t pull away, mesmerised by her pert, little cheeks giving small jiggles with every thrust. He can’t believe he’s watching his childhood friend getting her pussy pummelled right before his very eyes, so up-close and personal her juices sprinkle his stunned face. It’s pure malice by Reno, sticking it to him as he remorselessly sticks it to Tifa.

She’s not innocent in all this either, Cloud decides. He beseeched her not to let this happen. And if the Turks don’t live up to their end of the bargain, it won’t be his fault she sold herself for nothing. She made her bed. And all he can do is watch her get screwed in it. An emerging bulge soon reveals the chains around his waist aren’t tight enough to restrict the blood flow to his nether regions.

After one last thrust sheathing himself to the hilt, Reno tires from fucking Tifa standing up and lets her down on wobbly feet. “Wooo!” he exhales, spent. “That’s some God-tier pussy right there. You should try it some time.” He winks at Cloud before smacking Tifa’s ass. She yelps, yanks down her skirt, even though it’s too late to spare him from seeing everything she didn’t want him to see. “Oooh? Lookie here,” Reno sings, standing bent over

whilst pointing at Cloud's tented pants. "I guess 'Soldier boy' does want a piece of you, after all."

Tifa's eyes flutter at the sight of his growing erection. "Cloud..."

A rare pinch of bashfulness tints the hardened man's cheeks. He averts his gaze from Tifa, only to find Barret staring back at him with a bedazzled look on his face, and an equally alarming bulge in his pants.

Reno guffaws with mad laughter. "This is classic! They both want in on it. Hey, partner, now that we've got their undivided attention, howz about we kick it up a notch?"

Rude cracks his neck on both sides. "I'm in."

And moments later, he *is* in, literally, fucking Tifa's pussy standing while Reno's probing her anal cavity. The Turks sandwich their prey in mid-air and take turns poking her holes with practised rhythm.

Cloud can tell this isn't the first time these two goofballs collaborated on something like this. As for the busty barmaid, he has his doubts, judging by how nervous she looked before Reno talked her into offering up her asshole. Come to think of it, it's curious just how much she allowed this Shinra punk to talk her into...

She looks and sounds like she's enjoying every minute of this sordid deal, her face flushed with lust, her mouth agape, her tongue lolled to the side. Reno makes a breathy quip about how good 'Xena' is at handling two swords at once and, Cloud has to admit, she doesn't look out of place between the men double-teaming her. He knows it shouldn't but his dick gets harder and harder watching the Turks ravaging the meat of their sandwich. Even Barret can't look away, the commotion tearing him out of his bleak stupor and thrusting him into a gormless one.

When they finally set her down, Rude lies on his back and Reno helps move her into a straddling position on top of him. Cloud's sure it's no coincidence he finds himself staring Tifa in the face as Rude thrusts his hips up and into her. The humiliation burns red hot in both their cheeks.

Meanwhile, Reno separates Tifa's black panties from her discarded shorts and ambles back to Cloud whistling a pleasant tune whilst swinging the lace round his forefinger. The

former SOLDIER furrows his brow uncertainly. “And what do you think you’re doing with—hey! What the fumphh—”

The rest of Cloud’s protest gets muffled as Reno wrestles the black lace onto his resisting head. “Hold still, will ya? Sheesh! They’re panties, not explosives.” Despite Cloud wagging his head like a rebellious puppy that doesn’t want to put its collar on, Reno fastens the panties over his dishevelled blond locks, albeit lopsidedly, with one eye covered and the other left peeping through a leg hole. “Ah! There we go!” Reno steps back and extends a triumphant thumbs-up. “Duhn-duhn-duhn-duhn, duhn, duhn, duhn da-duhn! Suits you to a tee, pussy.”

“Pussy?” Cloud hmphs. “Let me out of these chains and we’ll see about that.”

“Nah, I think you’re right where you need to be for this next part.”

After everything they’ve done to Tifa, Cloud shudders to think what this ‘next part’ could be. She’s embarrassed for both of them seeing her undergarments garnish his features and mouths a faint, “I’m sorry, Cloud...”

Reno takes his position crouching behind Tifa and rubs a spit-lathered thumb between her cheeks. Rude pauses his thrusting so his partner has an easier time re-entering her vacant hole. Even with one eye, Cloud can read the penetrative moment on her face: her mouth stretches into a big ‘O’ as Reno undoubtedly has her anus matching the gesture. He sticks his tongue out at Cloud and the duo resume double-teaming the sacrificial barmaid, Rude groping her tits from underneath while Reno spanks her from behind.

Tifa moans louder than ever, the deep noises more filthy, more wanton. The sounds she makes alone are enough to have Cloud’s raging erection tenting his pants to its fullest, but the added verve of her sweat and lust-stained panties clouds his good senses. He questions whether Reno deliberately placed the soiled blotch in her underwear an inch from the tip of his nose, or whether it’s by serendipitous design, but either way, her overpowering scent only enhances the titillation of watching her get doubly-fucked six ways to Sunday.

“Mnnnhhh...” Tifa bites her bottom lip, struggling to suppress the guilty pleasures being pumped into her. “Fuck...oooh, I’m about to—haah, I’m gonna—Cloud, don’t look!”

Cloud flinches, realising the somewhat shy Tifa still lies somewhere within the Turks’ newly carved cock-sleeve. But he’s way beyond not looking. In fact, a shameful part of him

wants to see her impending orgasm. When she realises he has no intention of looking away this time, she does so herself.

“Oh no, you don’t.” Reno tugs on her long ponytail, pulling her head back up. “I want them to see how much of a cock-loving whore you are.”

“N-no...please...oh my God, I’m gonna—HAAAAHHHNN!”

Her orgasmic howl pierces Cloud’s ears. His eyes shoot wide as hers roll back into her skull. Climactic convulsions rock her body and force the Turks to cease their barrage, at least momentarily. Cloud can’t unsee Tifa’s sexface, her sweaty, open-mouthed expression forever seared into his memory. He feels the intensity radiating off of her, enough to spur an outpouring of his own, dribbles of precum smearing the inside of his pants.

Rude lets her ride out the quivering ripples of her climax before resuming his upward thrusts at a frenzied pace. That excruciatingly long pillar of manhood repeatedly hits her threshold. Gritty hands on her waist, Rude neglects resettling his bobbling glasses; they slide off his shiny dome the instant he growls his animalistic release, his secretive eyes unfocused, divulging a sheen of euphoria.

As Tifa unmounts her sore pussy, his drained shlong slumps onto his tummy and creamy white seeps out of her unplugged hole. One down, one to go.

Reno outlasts his partner, but only by a few seconds. He pulls his cock out of Tifa’s gaping ass and hurries over holding it in his hand, spilling trickles of cum along her back. Cursing, he barely keeps it in till he gets to her face. Reno yanks a fistful of hair and makes her look up.

“Aaaahhhh!”

A jet of molten jizz splats between her eyes. She recoils, pinches her scarlet orbs shut. A growling Reno jerks himself over her, unloading his pungent seed till her face feels all hot and sticky. And when she thinks it’s done, he squeezes and flicks his cock, sprinkling the last of his load on her chest and tits.

Tifa falls forward when he lets go of her hair, and catches herself before her face hits the floor. She did it. Through blood, sweat and cum, she’s saved her people. But at what cost?

She slowly pushes up from the floor, raising her plastered face to meet Cloud's trembling eyes. He'll never look at her the same again. She opens her mouth, as though some part of her brain dreams the predicament is salvageable, but no words are running out to the rescue, only a vacant croak.

"Tifa?" Barret rasps in disbelief. It takes witnessing her unsightly, melting facial to resuscitate his outside voice and snap him back to reality. "What the hell?!" He struggles against his chains. Too little, too late.

She gives a solemn shake of her head, a gloop of semen falling off her chin.

The plate! She suddenly remembers. "Wait!" She whips her head round to the Turks, one pulling up his trousers, the other fastening his belt buckle. "You promised!"

Rude and Reno exchange a long glance.

"Right..." says the latter. "A deal's a deal." Reno drags his feet to the pillar's console.

Rude regards him uncertainly. "Are you really going to...?"

Reno punches in a combination of buttons then stops to consider Tifa's ruby, pleading eyes. He gives the conquered Avalanche trio a onceover, casts his sights down and mutters, "Nothing personal." He presses a final button.

"Plate separation initiated."

"Noooo!" Tifa bawls, reaches an arm out futilely.

"You son of a bitch!" Barret roars. "What have you done!?" The tank of a man breaks out of his chains with sheer fury.

But the siren's already gone off and the computerised voice prattles on:

"Plate separation initiated. Commencing separation sequence. Section 1 separation imminent. Evacuate immediately."

The Turks hop in to their helicopter before Barret can get to them. Tifa shoots Reno daggers through the passenger window. He refuses to look at her. They take off as Barret peppers their getaway chopper with a hail of machine gun fire. Once they escape his reach, he

turns his onslaught to the control console, though blitzing the machine's not going to halt the executed task.

The only people who could've done that used her, lied to her and left her and her comrades for dead. How could she be so stupid? She should've listened to Cloud.

And now, it's all over...

...

Tifa shines the bar counter with a cloth and sets down a stack of seagull coasters – her latest acquisitions from Wall Market. A hopeful beam lights up her features. They're exactly the finishing touch she imagined breathing life into Seventh Heaven. The new and improved Seventh Heaven, that is.

Looking around at the polished woodwork, at the bar stacked with bottles of the finest liquors in all of Midgar, at the classic arcade games buzzing in the entertainment corner, she wouldn't believe it had all been built within six months if she hadn't been a major part of the reconstruction process. Turned out dropping a plate on Sector 7 didn't flatten the will of its inhabitants like Shinra hoped it would; oh no, it brought all the survivors together, closer than ever, and spurred an insatiable resolve to restore everything they'd lost in the disaster and then some. Tifa couldn't be prouder of her people.

While a lot of the community is still undergoing reconstruction, at least the workers will soon have a place to rest their labouring hands and feet, replenish themselves and shoot the breeze over Tifa's famous cocktails and pizza. Once they get the last little plumbing and cabling snags handled, they may open up the bar to the public in as soon as a week! Although, Tifa hopes she can get back some of the jukebox records she lost before then. The atmosphere won't be the same without them.

From under the counter, she pulls out a brand-new dartboard and heads off to the entertainment section to hang it on the wall. As she's mounting the circular target on a bracket, the door swings open with the familiar jingle of the shop bell.

"Oh, we're not open yet," she says, steering the dartboard till it's hanging straight on the wall. "Please come back in..." Tifa loses the ability to speak the instant she turns around and recognises the uninvited visitor. She drops the packet of darts. "...you."

“Hey, hey, why it *is* me.” Reno spreads out his arms, presenting himself proudly in a sleek black suit. “A little birdie told me I could find ya here. A barmaid, huh? Would’ve never thunk. When you’re not kicking ass, you’re kicking back drinks. Ha. My kind of gal. Since I happened to be flying on by, I thought I might as well drop in and say—ooph!”

Tifa grabs the front of his shirt and slams him hard against the concrete wall. “How *dare* you show your face in here!”

“Pah...” He wheezes against her forearm crushing his throat. “Good...to...see you...too...Xena.”

“You have a death wish or something? You’re lucky Cloud hasn’t come for you yet. I made him promise not to hurt you but, hey, sometimes accidents happen.”

“What...? Made him...promise...why?”

“Because.” Tifa thrusts him against the wall again. “Because I wanted to do it myself! You’re lucky I haven’t smashed your junk already.” Granted, her pointed knee lies in wait directly under his crotch.

“Heh,” he rasps, “so it’s like...that...huh?”

“What the hell did you expect, a welcome party? You lied to me! You used me. You humiliated me in front of my friends. You—”

“Saved...Sector 7...”

Tifa tilts her head and fixes him an incredulous scowl. “*Saved Sector 7?* *He really does have a screw loose.* “What part of dropping a megalithic plate on people’s homes and cities looked like ‘saving’ Sector 7 to you?”

“The part,” he squeezes out, “the part where...zero casualties...were reported.”

Her expression turns from fury to bewilderment. *Is he seriously trying to steal credit for our people’s eleventh-hour evacuation efforts?* His gall takes her aback so unexpectedly her forearm shrinks away from his throat a little, giving him room to speak more clearly.

“You still haven’t figured it out, huh?” Somehow, he finds the temerity to smirk. “I suppose you imagine it’s one hell of a miraculous coincidence that the plate dropped *after*

everyone in Sector 7 had the time to evacuate. It's not like the whole plate separation sequence could've been delayed by say...some nifty, impromptu, genius-level thinking, right?"

"What?" She drags back memories of that night six months ago, memories that are more vivid and emotive than she'd openly admit, memories she revisited way more often than she presumed healthy. But this time, Tifa furrows her brow and considers the sequence of events from an angle she never thought to before. "All that stuff we—you *made* me do," she murmurs to herself, "you were...stalling?"

"Bingo!" He mimics the ringing noise given to a correct gameshow answer. "I knew you'd eventually get there, firebird."

"Bullshit." Tifa shakes her head. "There's no way..."

There's no way he cares that much about me and my people.

Reno shrugs his shoulders. "I know you want to hate me, but you can't argue with the results. I saved face and all the bottom feeders in one fell swoop."

Tifa slams his spine against the brick wall again. "Don't call us that!"

He expels something between a wheeze and a laugh. "Spicy as ever. What now?"

She seethes. His cockiness never ceases to annoy her. What now? Ugh. She spent six months plotting her revenge, envisioning all the dehumanising ways she would torture him before bringing his miserable existence to an end—possibly by dropping him from as high up as he dropped that plate. Minutes ago, she felt well within her rights to swap the dartboard she hung up with his stupid face. What now? Tifa's not sure.

She's sure she hates him though. And wants to hurt him. *Really* bad. On the off chance there's a modicum of truth in anything he's said, she won't kill him, yet. But everything else...

She keeps him pinned against the wall, scorching his soul with vengeful eyes whilst devising the best way to get back at him.

...

“I can barely believe it myself,” Barret says to Cloud as they near the revamped Seventh Heaven bar. “Took a mighty effort but we gonna be back in business in no time.”

“Yeah. Looks like it.” Cloud can see the impressive progress from a mile away.

“How long you planning on sticking ‘round this time? I still owe you a drink for helping us get off that pillar in the nick of time. Using that zipline—that was some quick thinking, hot shot.”

“You don’t need to thank me for that.”

“But I want to. Once we reopen, first drinks on me. What do you sa—”

A sudden crashing noise from within the bar cuts his offer short.

Barret and Cloud stop dead and exchange puzzled looks. The burly Avalanche leader engages the gun armament on his arm and the ex-SOLDIER grabs the hilt of the large broadsword attached to his back. They nod in tacit agreement, prepared to throw down, and charge toward the source of the disruption.

Barret kicks the door open and aims his machinegun-arm inside. “Who goes there—huh?!”

Cloud squeezes into the doorway, hand clutching his sword. “What is it?”

Tifa shrieks from atop the bar counter. “Oh my God! Cloud! Barret!” She’s as shocked to see them as they are to see her. But at least *they’re* fully clothed...

Tifa’s topless and straddling a certain flame-haired Turk on the countertop, their bodies dispersing menus and coasters, a couple spilling onto the tipped-over barstool below. With Reno’s hands around her waist and his pants lowered beneath her skirt, it’s clear to see what the pair were up to seconds before her concerned friends barged in.

“Oh, hell naw!” Barret throws his arms up as the romping pair tumble over and hide themselves behind the counter. “Not this shit again! I seen enough to last me ten lifetimes.” He turns around and marches right back out, mumbling to himself, “For God’s sake, Tifa, what if I’d brought Marlene around?”

The unchaste barmaid pokes her head up over the countertop and gives an awkward chuckle after being caught christening the new bar. “Cloud... I-I didn’t know you were in town. I, uh, I would’ve—”

“Doesn’t matter.” Cloud eases his hand off the sword. When she made him promise not to take out Reno, he didn’t think *this* was the payback she had in store for him. “You don’t need to explain yourself to me. Just...warn us next time, I guess.” He follows Barret out the front door.

Reno’s head pops up next to Tifa’s. “Perverts. Your pals really can’t get enough of us.”

She shakes her head with a reluctant half-smile. “Idiot.”

“Ain’t wrong though, am I?”

“It’s not like that. And you know it.”

“Do I?”

“Shut up.” Tifa pushes the smirking idiot onto his back. “I’m not done getting my revenge on you.”

Her head sinks beneath the countertop, too, and soon, the sweet sounds of lovemaking fill the atmosphere like the jukebox never could.

...

Cloud gets to the bottom of the stoop but a niggling curiosity keeps him from walking away. Barret’s already long gone. He hasn’t seen the big man move that fast; not even when Slug-Rays were hot on their tails. With no one else in his vicinity, Cloud sneaks around the side of the building, weaving his way through scaffolding to get to a certain window. To his utter surprise, someone else already beat him there.

Barret turns to Cloud, wearing a guilty expression as he ducks beneath the window sill. Cloud should oust him for being a Peeping Tom, but they both know he hadn’t come round this way for a jaunty stroll either.

An awkward standstill ensues.

After eyeing and judging each other for several silent seconds, Barret scoots over to free up one corner of the window.

THE END

Author's Notes: Thanks for reading! Please help me become a better writer by sending me your feedback. Whether you hated it or loved it, I'm open to hearing all opinions as long as you're genuine and respectful about it. You can drop a review at lemonzsauce.com or hit me up at reviews@lemonzsauce.com. I do my best to respond to all reviews.

If you enjoyed this fic and would like to read more like it, please consider [subscribing](#) to my mailing list for free (lemonzsauce.com/subscribe) and get email notifications whenever a new story is posted on the website.

If you'd like to show your appreciation in the form of a donation, please feel free to do so here: lemonzsauce.com/donate

...

Special credit goes to *Kerana Art* and *uxspwt1u79uz1gu* for the artwork that inspired this fan fic cover! As of the time of this writing, you can find more of the artists' work here:

<https://www.pixiv.net/en/users/37382496>

<https://danbooru.donmai.us/posts?tags=uxspwt1u79uz1gu&z=1>

As always, thanks again for reading! Have a nice day and take care!

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.