

Critical Hit

Based on art by Lorenzo Sabia



After a few fights in Mako Reactor No. 1, Tifa had felt slightly more elated than usual. The fights hadn't lasted thanks to that new Critical Hit materia she'd purchased at the Wall Market. The owner spoke heavily accented Japanese and had refused to haggle on the price, claiming it was a rare and very valuable materia. Tifa was flush with cash anyway, so she had given him the 10,000 gil he had asked for.

It had been worth every penny. Armed with this new gem, she felt invincible. The successive waves of military police officers and guard dogs she'd faced had been easier than

usual. A few well-placed punches and they'd gone down without much resistance. Critical blows *did* make it easier.

Now, though, she and Cloud were headed for Shinra, though they needed to make a detour through Sector 7 to meet up with Barret and Aerith. The fastest way in was through the train graveyard, where they found themselves assailed by Ghosts and Deenglows. The fights were tougher, but the challenge got Tifa's heart racing. Her materia helped her deliver one critical blow after the next, sending her adversaries to the mat in record time. The rush was incredible! Her heart was pounding and she was breathing fast, standing fiercely over her defeated opponents in less than a minute.

"Well," Cloud said, "that wasn't much of a fight. You almost took them all out."

His eyes briefly glanced down then met hers again.

"What?" she asked. She looked down, saw her hardened nipples poke through her white top, and shrugged. "So I got into it a little. This new materia was *really* worth the money."

Cloud looked away, his cheeks slightly flushed.

"Whatever," he said. "Next time, save some for me?"

As they resumed their walk, Tifa noticed her heart was still beating fast and she was breathing hard. More importantly, she felt...congested between her muscular thighs. There was an ache at the junction of her legs that wasn't entirely unpleasant. Did she... was that a lady boner? She couldn't venture a hand to check, but it felt *exactly* like a clit boner, which wasn't something she ever got during or after fights.

"You okay?" Cloud asked.

She noticed she'd slowed down, her eyes glazed over as she pondered about the cause of her condition. Every step seemed to squeeze her pleasure nub and cause jolts of heat that were more than a bit distracting.

"Yeah," she said, "I'm good." She wasn't going to tell Cloud about her problem. "Guess those fights took a lot more out of me than I thought."

As they kept walking, her condition didn't get any better. Her clit throbbed like a heavy bass beat, both inaudible and inescapable. She felt wetness swell between her thighs and tugged at her mini-skirt as if to hide the inevitable, soon-to-come trickle down her inner legs. Her mind was playing tricks on her, conjuring images of Cloud grabbing her from behind, lifting her top over her tits to expose them, and grinding his crotch against her ass. They'd never had that kind of relationship—she mostly thought of him as a brother—but suddenly, the thought of him ramming his dick in her moist pussy was very distracting.

"Hey," Cloud said, "we have to get a move on, you know?"

She realized she hadn't just slowed down, she'd stopped and was leaning forward, hands on her knees, gasping for air like a fish out of water.

"S-sorry," she mumbled. "We should...ah..."

Tifa didn't finish that sentence. Ambush! And not a small one: three Machine Guns, two Grenade Combatants, and what looked like a souped-up Soldier 3rd. Without checking with her, Cloud took on the Soldier, leaving her to deal with the rabble—if FIVE tough opponents could be considered rabble. She took care of the Machine Guns first, making quick work of them by delivering a series of critical blows that knocked them out with merciless efficiency.

That, however, came at a cost. Now that she was paying attention to her clit—it was incredibly hard *not* to—she could feel each critical blow send cumulative waves of increasing heat inside her bud. It felt hard, hot and swollen like nothing she'd ever experienced. Adopting a wide-leg combat stance felt almost embarrassing as if her clit might bulge out visibly below her ultra-short skirt. She turned and glanced at Cloud, still fighting the Soldier 3rd and struggling to keep up. She couldn't help him. The two Grenade Combatants were upon her, coordinating their attacks so one was always behind her. She took several overpowering blows and realized she wouldn't last if she didn't take the offensive. She had to knock them out first. She ducked and weaved defensively until she saw an opening. There! She summoned all her strength and launched herself into a devastating uppercut that knocked one of the Combatants straight through a wooden palisade.

The Critical Hit materia in her Leather Glove glowed once again, confirming she'd delivered extra damage to her adversary and double-extra sexy heat inside her groin.

"Fuck," she muttered, stumbling briefly before once again assuming a combat stance.

Her clit throbbed almost painfully, and now even the slightest movement caused it to brush against her panties. The remaining Combatant faced her, grinning wickedly as if he knew of her plight. Sure, her nipples were bulging almost obscenely through her flimsy top, but surely he had to know how much trouble he was in. Or perhaps he was just being a guy, not caring about getting his ass kicked so long as it meant ogling a hot chick.

Fine, Tifa thought. She'd show him.

Oooh, she'd show him all right. Once again, her mind wandered briefly as she considered shoving him to the ground and riding his hard cock until he made her cum. Surely that'd count as a victory, right?

But no! She shook her head, coming to her senses despite the pulsating heat in her pussy. She'd knock him out fair and square.

One final critical blow and he was down for the count. He never stood a chance. The surge of heat between her legs, however, had reached a critical point. Her knees were too weak and Tifa crumpled to the ground. She could see Cloud still fighting the Soldier 3rd, but the raging inferno between her legs was too much to resist. She reached down, her gloved fingers burying themselves and easily finding her superheated clitoris.

Holy fuck! It felt thick as a thumb! The moment her fingers brushed over it, she shut her eyes, gritted her teeth, and came with the force of thunder and lightning all at once. Her entire body seized up, frozen in one interminable moment as the devastating orgasm crashed on her like a Meteor spell. She shrieked, cumming so loudly that the Soldier 3rd dropped his guard to stare at her, mouth agape.

That, apparently, was enough of a distraction for Cloud to knock him out.

Tifa didn't care. Her fingers had already begun pinching and tweaking her oversized and overexcited clit, and she was already launching into another cataclysmic climax.

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Nearby and unnoticed, a young faerie was grinning mischievously. She hadn't lied. She HAD told the vendor that this was a Clritical Hit materia. It wasn't her fault if his heavy Japanese accent made it sound like CRITICAL Hit.

Not her fault at all.