

### *Final Fantasy Nomteen: Cookie Conundrum*

It was a lazy saturday evening and with nothing to do, Tifa and Fran just hung out on the couch. One massive in bust and the other massive in butt (to the point where doors gave them the occasional trouble), they lazily lounged on the sofa's soft cushions and eyes glued to the TV screen, hands reaching into a bag of cookies and stuffing one after another past their beautiful lips. They thought nothing of what appeared to be an ordinary brand of cookies...though if they had looked a little closer at the warning, they would've stopped there.

*Cid's Endless Bag of Cookies!* Developed by one of the greatest minds in all the land on a whim and a cookie craving, the label wasn't kidding when it meant endless; for through incredible technologies beyond the minds of common man, it was indeed a bottomless bag of cookies, enchanted to be delicious with every bite! The unfortunate side effect was the consequences of idle eating, which normally meant going well beyond the recommended serving size, or in this case, *required*.

Unfortunately for the thick-rumped Viera and her well-endowed roommate, they missed that little bit of fine print and once they crossed the threshold half an hour in, it started to show. Their bodies began to swell, bellies growing from trim and fit to large and round, stomach rapidly digesting it all and adding so much fat. There was also plenty of gas fuming in the process, each escaping in the girls' own ways. Tifa was occasionally cupping her hand over her mouth to stifle a crass, bassy belch while Fran leaned to one side a few times to let one rip out those bubbly cheeks of her; resulting in a room that quickly filled with a most atrocious tench.

Then, in a million to one chance, the *other* side effect kicked in, a much more rarer one that decided to claim *both* women as its victims. With every cookie they ate, with each gross fart, and thunderous belch, their bodies began to change and shrink, turning into a nice, moist cookie themselves! However, they didn't seem to care, thick in the argument of who was being the grossest in the room, not really realizing their situation until it was far too late to do anything about it! It was then that there came a most unsettling noise going from a small grumble to a ferocious roar, their bowels trembling with the something dangerous making its way out. They tried to stop it, but there was no stopping this monster and with a wince of pain, the beast broke free!

***BROOOOOOUP!***

***PFFRRRRBRRRBRRRRARPB!***

Their argument was instantly brought to a close. There was a brief moment where they both considered going *Ha! You're the gross one!* but the evidence they were as well was too far stacked against them. With their atomic bombs of bodily noise dropped, they were promptly turned completely into delicious, mouth-watering cookies; still shaped in those outrageous proportions from just moments ago. Where there was a cookie bag was now a note with an excuse, Cid never one to not keep impending legal complications in mind with his inventions.

Heaving a heavy sigh, Lightning let the stresses of life wash away like the leaving tide, fiddling with her keys to her apartment before finding the right one and getting the door open. There wasn't much she was expecting to see, just the usual routine of all the other girls she called roommates, but instead of seeing Fran and Tifa just hanging out (and hopefully not having eaten one another), she was met by the smell equivalent of a hammer to the face.

"Why does it smell like stomach and crap in here?" she muttered, waving her hand as she came in. "Toilet back up or something? Hey Fran, Tifa?"

There was an unusual silence. She glanced at the clock and raised a brow, both should've been home by now. Lightning scanned the room as she set her things down. It looked like someone was home that's for sure. Her eye went from the TV to the couch where two large cookies laid beside a note. Curious and peckish, she approached.

"Tifa?" she muttered, baffled, as she took the cookie in one hand and the note in another. "To whomever reads this, we went on vacation. Enjoy these cookies in our likeness. Farewell family and friends. We'll write."

Her brow arched even higher, glancing at the cookie. There was something strange going on here, but when she caught whiff the cookie's delicious aroma, her mouth watered. She mentally debated it for a moment, which was unhesitatingly interrupted by her growling stomach. Lightning looked around, then crammed that entire treat in her mouth, chewing for a moment or two, and swallowing it up; sending bits and pieces of Tifa cookie down her gullet and splatting down in her eager stomach. The moment it did, Lightning's chest suddenly began to swell before her very eyes, reaching Tifa's impressive K-cup, while simultaneously rewriting her memory (The Wonders of Cid Ironworks at work once again). Instead of being shocked, she marveled at the breast she always thought she had.

Still feeling peckish, she reached around her titanic bosom for the cookie and promptly swallowed it up. As soon as it joined Tifa in the pink-haired woman's gut, Fran's incredible ass became Lightning's, her rump now just as swollen up as her tits; just like her ass, her memory rewritten as if she always had it. Groping her body, she took a moment to marvel at her herself, then tossed the note away and flopped down where Fran and Tifa once did, Lightning picking up where they left off.