

Quickie #15

Final Feminization VII

Cloud awoke from a long slumber in a haze of grogginess and confusion. His eyes had scarcely begun to open when they shut involuntarily in pained surprise. Wherever he was now, it was bright, sunny and warm. Nothing like the dark city of Midgar and the slums below it. He wasn't used to the brightness. Combined with his headache and nausea, it took a while to adjust. As his mental fog began to dissipate, he sat up and took stock of his surroundings. To say he was taken aback would be an understatement.

Not only was it a beautiful day, he could smell the sea in the air. From the large canopy bed where he sat, Cloud saw a set of doors and windows leading out to a wooden deck. Beyond that, the ocean stretched outward. The waves rocked gently against the massive beams holding up the villa. Wherever he was, the rent wasn't cheap. This looked like some kind of swanky vacation resort home.

His new location wasn't the biggest surprise. What really took him aback were the clothes he was wearing. Gone was his *SOLDIER* uniform. His giant Buster sword was nowhere to be seen. His materia had all been confiscated. Cloud examined his well toned, medium build frame up and down. He was wearing a dress; and not just any dress, but a dress he was intimately familiar with.

The deep blue corset was laced around his midsection tightly. The silky black dress was wrapped around his shoulders, neck and legs. Its elegant skirt flowed down to his ankles. Fishnet sleeves and stockings encased his limbs. He'd only worn a dress once in his life, before now, and this was the very same one. Even the golden jewelry fitted around his neck was the same. The necklace's large purple gem hung down to the dress's opening at his breast.

At least he wasn't wearing hair extensions. The first time he'd worn this outfit they'd added long braids to match his wild, spiky blonde hair. The braids had ended in pink ribbons and his limbs were accented with black ruffles. Then there was all the makeup and nail polish. At the time, Aerith was beside herself, gushing in excitement. As long as he lived, Cloud would never understand what the flower girl found so fetching about his brief bout of circumstantial crossdressing.

How had he come to be so far away from Midgar? And wearing the same scandalous outfit he'd once donned to save Tifa? Cloud thought back, focusing on his last memory before the world went black. He and his friends had fled the Shinra building after fighting a dozen brutal battles and emerging victorious. He'd defeated Rufus on the roof of Shinra Tower. Everything was going according to plan until *AVALANCHE's* helicopter was downed, preventing their extraction. They'd stolen vehicles and fled down the highways of Midgar. They were almost to safety and then... **ambushed!**

A pair of double doors opened and in walked the architect of his downfall. Cloud had never spoken to her before, but he would know that signature red dress and haughty expression anywhere. It was Scarlet, the Director of Shinra's Advanced Weapons division. The front of her dress presented her massive, milky-white *weapons* prominently. Most of her shoulder length hair was done up in a stylish bun. The rest slipped over the left side of her head in a golden wave.

Her heels struck the floor loudly until she came to a stop a few feet away. It seemed she didn't fear Cloud at all, despite how much damage he'd done to the organization that employed her. Her diamond encrusted earrings sparkled. The emerald pendant situated between her giant knockers glittered in the sunlit room. Her ruby red lips pursed and she murmured a throaty chuckle as she placed her hands on her wide hips.

“Hello, **slut boy**. Welcome to Costa del Sol!”

Cloud's hands balled into fists. His deep blue, mako-infused eyes glimmered with anger. “My name is Cloud Strife.”

Scarlet snickered, amused to see a man in a dress so easily provoked. “I **know** who you are” she said pointedly before turning and heading to the room's private bar. She began making herself a cocktail, acting as if no further explanation was required on her part. Normally she would call on a servant, but she didn't want to spoil the mood. This was the moment to establish a rapport with her new pet.

“**WHERE ARE MY FRIENDS?!?** Why am I here? And wearing this... **outfit???**”

“Calm yourself” she stated as she added crushed ice to her glass and mixed her drink. “Your friends are safe. For now.”

“What do you mean **for now?**”

“I mean as long as you don't do anything stupid, it will stay that way” she replied, staring daggers at the young man. “They're back living their lives in Midgar. I assume the man with the gun-arm and the bar wench are trying to rebuild your little terrorist cell. The flower whore is back in our custody. She will be treated well as long as you cooperate.”

Cloud took a step forward, enraged. “Don't talk about Tifa and Aerith like that!”

“I'll talk about those **skanks** however I please! You'd be wise not to get on my bad side. I could have your little *AVALANCHE* buddies back in a Shinra detention facility any time I wish. Especially now that you're no longer there to lead them. And I don't need to tell you what Hojo wants to do to Aerith.”

Cloud gritted his teeth. “What do you want?”

Scarlet added a miniature straw and a little umbrella to her drink. She stepped out from behind the bar and took a sip of her cocktail before responding. “Isn't it obvious? I want you. That's why you're here and looking your absolute best.”

The mercenary scanned his silk and lace clad form up and down. He was starting to get the picture. He looked from side to side self-consciously, unsure of what to say next. Scarlet offered a throaty laugh before taking another sip of her drink. She studied her feminized fuck toy with rising lust.

“Let me spell it out for you, *SOLDIER* slut! You thought you were taking down Shinra, but all you did was advance my career. My title is still Madam Director, but soon it will be Madam **President**.”

“President? You? Pretty sure Rufus is gonna have a problem with that. He must be in charge, now that the old man is dead.”

“Mmmm, yes, he is at the moment, but not for long! I'm taking steps to bring that cocky bitch boy under my control. He's being dosed with the same drugs you've been given.”

“Drugs? **What drugs?!?**” Cloud asked reflexively. That explained the nausea when he woke up.

“It's not important” Scarlet said flippantly before downing the rest of her drink. She set the glass aside on the bar before turning back to Cloud. She strode forward and parked her tall, curvy body just two feet from him. Scarlet looked deep into his eyes and spoke in her coldest, most authoritative voice.

“**Kneel**” she commanded.

Cloud couldn't believe it, but he began kneeling as soon as the word registered in his mind. He briefly considered resisting, but the very thought delivered a light shock through his nervous system. The pain corrected him and he followed through, doing as he was bade.

Scarlet's smile widened. “Excellent. It looks like I won't need your friends as insurance for much longer. Open your mouth, Cloud, and hold up your hands like a dog.”

He gritted his teeth and tried to fight back, but it was useless. His body convulsed in painful shocks until he opened his mouth wide and held up his hands like dog paws. The silky black ruffles around his wrists created feminine flourishes, making him feel even more silly and ashamed.

The Domina in red began stroking herself up and down the front of her dress. Cloud's eyes went wide as he noticed the growing bulge in the front of the flowing fabric. It wasn't a small one, either. What the hell was going on?!?

“It's time I introduce you to the newest development in Shinra *weapon* technology. One that I've had the boys in the bio lab working on for a very long time. I'm going to be testing it extensively and you're here to help me with that.”

The bulge continued to grow. As her weighty wand strained against the long skirt, Scarlet began stripping out of her dress. She unzipped herself, tore off the flashy red garment and tossed it aside. An enormously long, thick and veiny cock flopped out and pointed itself at Cloud. The colossal club of flesh twitched, its thick shaft and mushroom head growing fatter by the second. The gorgeous blonde was naked aside from a red bikini. Its thin straps barely covered her erect nipples and cradled her large scrotum below.

Scarlet masturbated herself with long, lewd strokes; her cock aimed directly at Cloud's still-open mouth. She grinned fiendishly as she pumped fifteen inches of fuck meat that wasn't yet fully erect. Cloud's eyes were fearful, wondering how much bigger it was going to get.

“Lick my balls, slut” she ordered.

The cruel woman took another step forward and Cloud leaned into her crotch anxiously. He began licking, tonguing and slobbering her fat, fleshy balls with an enthusiasm that mortified him. Cloud brew hot breath across her taint and exhaled low moans as he coated her cum factories in long, wet swaths. Scarlet spoke in aroused, breathy tones as she enjoyed his oral worship.

“Yes, I’ll be doing lots of testing in the coming months and years. You’re going to be very busy. You **and** Rufus, eventually. I bet he’d look good in a dress too. Maybe I’ll make you two kiss and make up! You’re going to be lovers from now on, not fighters. You can take turns eating my ass while the other sucks my cock. Doesn’t that sound lovely?”

Scarlet pulled her scrotum from his sucking mouth and pointed her fully engorged super-phallus at his soft lips. She took it in one hand and began slapping the side of his face, teasing him with it. Cloud looked up at her expectantly, his mouth opening in anticipation.

“That’s a good boy. Don’t fight it. Embrace your new instincts! You want this cock, don’t you Cloud? **SAY IT!**”

“Please feed me your cock, Miss Scarlet!”

“Hands behind your back, slut! Hold them tight behind you. And you will call me **Mistress** Scarlet from this point on! Now, where do you want this cock?”

He hurriedly clasped his hands together behind him. “In my mouth and all the way down my throat, Mistress! Please!!!”

“That’s more like it, you **fucking tart**.”

Scarlet pushed her fat glans between Cloud’s luscious, sucking lips and her hips pressed forward firmly. A train of thick, musty cock tunneled into his mouth. It widened Cloud’s lips a little more with each second until a third of her length was buried in his face and her cockhead was pressing at the entrance to his throat. She chuckled pleurably and took fistfuls of his thick, blonde hair as she began sliding her meat missile in and out of his accommodating mouth-pussy.

“Intel provided me with a recording of your performance at the *Honey Bee Inn*. That’s why you’re my new cocksucker slave, in case you were wondering. They certainly did a fine job dolling you up. I think the grunts who dressed you today wanted a turn with you, to be honest. But too bad for them! You’re **my personal whore**.”

Scarlet pressed into his mouth more insistently, the tip of her cock plunging down into his throat with each thrust. Cloud muttered around her length pleurably. His lips slurped loudly as phlegm and pre-cum began to build up in his packed mouth.

“I saw how excited the flower whore was too! She was beaming when she saw you in a dress. I bet they’re still trying to clean up the wet spot she left in the seats. You know what that means, right? You would’ve been a **cock whore** eventually, either way. That girl wanted to bend you over and fuck your **twink ass** with the biggest strapon she could find in *Wall Market*! But sadly, that will never be, because you’re developing a taste for the real thing. Aren’t you, slut?”

Cloud peered up at his new Mistress with amorous eyes. She was stuffing more of her pungent pipe into his sputtering mouth by the second. Cloud couldn’t deny that he was loving every minute of it.

“**YPPHHH MPPPHRRPPHHH!!!**”

“Yeah, I know you are... **filthy bitch**. Recording unit, begin filming! Focus on me!”

A small electronic device located on a shelf about twenty feet away rose into the air and approached the copulating couple. It hovered nearby, its lens focused on Scarlet's face as she continued plowing her hips forward and filling the eager bitch-boy's face with ever more cock.

“Hey, **flower skank!** I thought you might be lonely in your cell and missing your boyfriend, so we're going to film a little something to keep you entertained. Don't worry, your pretty little bodyguard is fine! Better than ever, in fact! I'm going to take good care of him while you help with our research. Hope you enjoy the show! Recording unit, focus on Cloud.”

The hover-camera drifted downward and zoomed in on Cloud's face. His hazy blue eyes looked back at the lens as Scarlet held his hair in a death grip and began fucking his mouth full force. More than half of her obscene length was now slurping in and out of Cloud's lips with wet smacks. His tongue stroked the bottom of her massive schwanz lovingly as the aggressive Futa Goddess groaned in pleasure. A sticky mixture of phlegm and pre-cum slid from Cloud's lips and drooled from his nose as Scarlet grunted, moaned and grew closer to climax.

***GRRRLLLKKK GRRRLLLKKK GWWWOOK GWWWOOK GWWUUKK
GWWUUKK GAAAAAKKKK GAAAAAKKKK***

The crazed Director shafted him with abandon as Cloud hung onto her powerful legs for dear life. Lathery spittle spilled onto his dress as the eager femboy gagged on her mega-cock gladly. Scarlet groaned in ecstasy as she came close to bottoming out in his tunnel of wet, sucking flesh. Her fat sack smacked his chin with each aggressive thrust as the camera captured Cloud's total humiliation.

“TAKE IT! TAKE IT ALL MY LITTLE COCK SUCKER BOTTOM BITCH!!!”

Scarlet pulled his face all the way down the length of her bloated cum pipe. His stretched-wide lips sucked at her pubis as her massive balls churned just below his chin. The Domina screamed in climax and her body shuddered as her scrotum clenched and thick ropes of semen blasted from her tip. The creamy cum backed up quickly, flowing into his mouth, puffing out his cheeks, streaming from his lips and blasting from his nose as she filled the feminized boy toy with viscous girl cream. He gurgled around her spewing phallus. Its hot, girthy shaft twitched in his mouth as it spat ever more gelatinous nut into his clogged throat.

The true benefit of having a **mako-infused fuck slave** was now on full display. Scarlet's biotech mega-cock produced semen in quantities that would drown most bottoms, but she'd never have to worry about that with Cloud. A *SOLDIER's* ability to endure and recover was the stuff of legends.

The other *SOLDIERs* days of being anything but cum-dumps for a ravenous Futa ruling class were numbered. Soon, they would all be like Cloud. Brainwashed, biologically enhanced sexual servants to the women who could afford Shinra's new endowments. The camera focused on Cloud as he swallowed obediently. His eyes rolled upward as Scarlet holstered her cock in his throat and continued to nut for what felt like an eternity.

Finally, she pulled her pulsing fuck wand from his cum slathered passage and painted his face with the last of her emissions. Thick, sticky ropes fired all over the once tenacious fighter. His tongue swabbed around his mouth happily as he swallowed the rest of her pungent paste. His lips widened into a beaming smile as Scarlet decorated his feminized body in jizz. The glowing submissive opened his

mouth once more to catch any lucky strands of delicious seed that might hit his tongue.

In that moment, Cloud began to comprehend the glorious future he'd helped unleash. Truly, the Ancients were no longer needed. The *Cetra* and their prophecies could be left in the dustbin of history. Mistress Scarlet had a plan for a new and better *Promised Land*. It all began here.

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Aerith lay on her bunk, stroking her sopping wet pussy as the glow of the monitor cast across her naked body. It was the only light in the otherwise dark cell. Cloud and Scarlet's grunting and moans of bliss blasted from the display's speakers. Their depraved fuckfest had been playing for over an hour.

She watched as the powerful, freakishly endowed Futa plowed her former boyfriend's ass into oblivion. Shinra's new biotech gave Scarlet amazing stamina. Much greater than any male could hope to attain. Aerith had already cum twice watching the cruel Director rail Cloud's lovely peach-toned ass. She traced his satin and lace clad form back and forth with hungry eyes. His body was covered in Scarlet's sperm; jolting on the bed as she fucked him hard and called him every dirty name in the book.

"I... I know I shouldn't, but..."

The last of the Ancients masturbated shamefully as she watched the raunchy preview of the new world that was being born. She was scheduled to get the implant tomorrow, so these would likely be the last clitoral orgasms she would ever have. Would she miss them? It didn't look like it, if Scarlet's blissful reactions were any indication.

Maybe if she cooperated and did everything the Shinra scientists asked, she'd get to be with Cloud again? Was it possible? No, not likely. A woman like Scarlet didn't share. Aerith would have to settle for a new boy toy. They'd give her someone to experiment with. Maybe another *SOLDIER*? As long as she could dress him up pretty, Aerith would be happy. She could always think of Cloud while she fucked her new twink.

Scarlet groaned in orgasm and sank her cock balls deep in Cloud's quivering pucker. Semen exploded from the seal of her shaft, overflowing his ass and painting the bed with thick, white sludge. The spiky haired butt-slut looked like he was in heaven, thrusting his ass back on her massive erection and milking more silken filth into his depths as he moaned with his tongue hanging out.

After draining her pulsating sack in his warm depths, Scarlet pulled her massive schlong free. Glistening paste leaked from Cloud's shrinking starfish like creamy cake batter.

"I need another drink" the thirsty Domina announced before striding off. Her giant meat mallet swung between her thighs, dripping with residual seed. "Recording unit, focus on Cloud's **boy cunt!**"

The camera floated closer and zoomed in on Cloud's oozing asshole. His fingers slipped down and dipped into his gaping boy pussy where he gathered a large glob of cum in his hand. He extracted the web of filth and brought it to his mouth. The recording unit followed his every motion as he fed himself the sweet and salty mixture. The sex-crazed, submissive femboy licked his hand clean as he made eyes at the camera.

Aerith's digits began circling her pussy much faster. Her fingers slicked to her clitoral hood with great frequency as her motions became frenzied. She strummed herself with dire need as her body overloaded with sinful *Cetra* desire. Every fiber of her being lit up with pleasure as her body convulsed on the filthy prison mattress, already wet with a layer of her syrupy fluids.

“OHHHHHHH! OHHHHHHH GODDDDDDDDD!!! YEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!”

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