

# Scarlet's Dog

Scarlet walked into one of her Shinra laboratories, her heels clicking away behind her. The director pressed a few keys upon the computer as the lights turned on around her and the machines hummed to life, finally illuminating the rest of the lab. It was just like any other lab in any other Shinra facility, only this one had a very special specimen strapped to a machine, not a few feet away from her. The specimen whimpered into the gag that he had wrapped tightly in his mouth, as Scarlet sat herself in a large, crimson, leather sofa. She was so close to him, he could smell her intoxicating perfume.

Scarlet, of course looked as marvelous as she always did, with her characteristic red, leather heels and a silk dress of the same color. The dark stockings that glittered upon her legs as she crossed them completed her lavish look. It was clear that the outfit she wore was there to accent her lithe figure and beauty, something that her victims enjoyed and dreaded in equal measure.

Scarlet's lip curled into a haughty smile before she began talking to the man tied up to the machine. His spiky blond hair, now a sweaty mess, fell across his hazy eyes.

"That look suits you, Cloud. I see the machine has had an even better effect than I had thought it would. Kyahaha!" She laughed, clearly pleased with herself.

Cloud, on the other hand only whimpered again, pleadingly looking at the voluptuous director. He was completely naked, with his limbs hanging in the air, tied to the machine that was milking him. Several vibrating modules were tightly strapped to his balls and cock, while an electric looking dildo shocked his ass in certain intervals. Every time the voltage sizzled inside of him he let out a pathetic cry as drool dripped down his gagged mouth.

"Oh right, you can't talk." She said mischievously and clicked a button next to her. In an instant the machine slid back from his mouth, removing the gag. "You may speak, pet."

"Whatever your plan is... Scarlet, it won't work." He said, though his words sounded meeker than he had wanted to. Despite himself and the revolt that he felt towards her, Cloud felt ticklish and warm every time she spoke to him and called him *pet*. The masochistic tendencies that she was trying to implement into his mind were finally taking root.

"My plan?" She said in her usual arrogant tone. "There is no plan, pet. The only goal from this whole ordeal of yours is to turn you into my loyal dog. That is all. Why would I have a lowly Shinra enforcer crawl after me when I can have you?"

Her dominant words made his cock twitch, but his ego was still strong enough to resist her. Barely.

"Well you won't be having your special prize." He said coolly. Or, well as coolly as he could. But that only prompted a laugh from the director.

"Kyahaha! Special? Prize? You are only a prize until I break you, pet. After that you will be just like any other dog I have had... and discarded. That will be your final destination as well. Boxed and shipped to a mistress that pays for you." A chill ran down Clouds spine. He began feeling weak and submissive towards the beautiful woman in front of him-- but the mere idea of him belonging to anyone else?

"I will never... belong... to anyone... else... Scarlet..." He seethed through gritted teeth, barely noticing what exactly he had said.

"Oh? So you do know that you belong to me now? That's cute." She cooed as a shiver of pleasure touched his nerves.

"No, I didn't mean it like tha-" His protest was cut short as Scarlet pressed the same button again and the gag was shoved back into his mouth, the feeling of helplessness returning in full force.

"Enough talking, pet. I want to see how you react to your training." Scarlet said haughtily and pressed another button. Waves of electricity rocked his ass as the vibrations tortured his cock. In an instant the rebellious scowl he had adorned fell from his face and his true feelings were revealed.

Cloud began panting while his eyes became glassy again, focusing solely on the pleasure his mistress was bestowing upon him.

"Such a rebel. It only took me a few days to turn you into a drooling mutt." She taunted with a grin, her beautiful emerald eyes shining with sadism.

"N-n-n-ghhhh!" His cry of defiance instead became a howl of masochistic bliss.

"Kyahaha, music to my ears, pet. I love it when pets finally understand their position in life. At my heels." She giggled haughtily. "I do think it is time to hammer that fact into your breaking mind."

Scarlet pressed another button as the vibrations and the waves of electricity increased in strength. Clouds eyes rolled back as his cock was edged again and again, by the directors machine. He could not take any longer, his whole body ached for an orgasm. Since he had been capture and tied down there, he had was not allowed a single one, yet brought to the brink every day.

"What's wrong pet? Ready to call me Mistress?" She cooed and he nodded frantically. With a satisfied smile, Scarlet clicked a few keys on the computer and the machine's hum quieted down. A moment later, his gag was removed as well.

Scarlet uncrossed her perfectly toned legs and got up from her leather chair. With casual confidence, she walked over next to him and with a light touch of her sharp nail, lifted his chin. Cloud now stared directly into her eyes. Mercy, was not what he saw there.

It was hunger. Pure, raw, sadistic hunger. It was only then did he realize in what kind of trouble he was. Her smirk widened as it finally dawned on him.

He was not getting out of this.

She wanted him trained. She wanted him broken. But most of all, she wanted him as a dog... and as a dog she would have him. Cloud whimpered beneath her dominant gaze, cowering, trying to run away. But tied as he was, used as he was... there was nowhere left to go.

"Do you belong to me now?" Scarlet asked coolly.

"Yes, mistress." He answered feverishly. Her grin widened at his words as she saw defeat and submission in his eyes.

"Good boy." She purred and pressed a key upon the machine. The straps loosened and he fell upon the floor in a heap. As he opened his eyes he saw her crimson heels only a few inches away from his face. "Do you like them? I had them polished by a servant just this morning. But you won't be licking them anytime soon. First, I need to dress you like a true dog."

He could not really see what she was doing as he dared not lift his gaze from her heels, but a few moments later even those moved from his field of vision. He heard the click of her heels as they tortured his twitching cock whilst she walked through the lab, but still he dared not move or look up.

Finally, the heels were back right in front of him as he admired the way her lovely feet were encased in nylon. The idea of placing his lips upon those feet scrambled his mind, as parts of him still knew this was wrong.

Though not for long.

"Time to take away your identity, Cloud, and finally turn you into my obedient, masochistic little puppy. Kyahaha!" With her laughter and delight echoing around the room, she began dressing up her newest dog.

First she placed him in a tight, rubber, bodysuit. It was as black as the night with only his feet, palms and cock sticking out, along with his face. Even before Scarlet zipped it up he could feel

the tightness make his breathing harder, yet after she was done zipping his suit, Cloud could hardly take a breath.

Next, he thought, she would be adding his mittens upon his feet and palms, yet Scarlet had another idea. She walked a few steps away from him and sat herself upon the chair.

"Crawl over here doggy." She said victoriously. Cloud obeyed, almost too eagerly. As he stood on all fours in front of his mistress, she lifted her legs and placed them upon his back. A shiver of bliss ran down his spine and he panted heavily as his muscles became numb from the pleasure alone. "I see you already like being my footstool."

She chirped before pressing a few buttons next to her. The mechanical arms of the lab did the rest of her work for her. His mittens were placed upon his feet and palms before being tightly bound at his wrists. While the small vibrators and the electric dildo remained upon his cock and inside of his ass, a steel chastity device was placed over his cock.

For a moment or two it hurt, both physically and mentally, to have his cock shoved in such a small device, but after a few moments he understood that he loved that part of his transformation as well. Actually, he noticed, his whole body was hot with lust and yearning.

The way her pantyhose clad legs felt upon his back only served to drive her point of dominance and submission inside of his mind. He loved it. Being used like a footstool by his mistress, degraded into nothing more than her object?

Bliss.

"Now--" She began as she removed her feet from his back and crossed her legs right in front of him. "You may kiss my heel and swear your servitude to me with that kiss. Then I shall grace you with your hood."

Cloud, trembling with both fear and excitement lowered his head towards her crimson heel. The closer he got the hornier he got. Her perfume was torture was well, tickling his nose and mind into a hypnotized stupor.

Finally, with a trembling lip, he finally kissed the tip of the heel. His mistress laughed triumphantly as she felt his lips upon her shoe. While she relished the feeling of training and owning another pet, a part of him broke into a million tiny pieces the moment his lips touched her heel.

"Now that is a good boy." She said and he shivered at the praise. "Kneel."

He obeyed her order and stood kneeling, for the first time in front of his mistress.

"Much better." Scarlet laughed as the hood began lowering itself upon his head. "From this moment on you are nothing but a dog. No identity, no past, and the only future you will have will be the one I bless you with. Kyahaha!"

The hood was placed upon his head and snugly tied across his throat. A ring collar was attached to his neck as well, so that his mistress could lead him by the leash. With another smirk and a capturing stare into his eyes, the only part of his face that was visible, she explained further.

"This puppy, will be for when you are bad boy." Scarlet pressed a button on a remote in her hand and the electric dildo shocked his body. "And this one, is for when you are good boy."

The dog felt the vibrations on his balls massage him into a dopey smile beneath the hood.

"I am fine with both puppy, but you will choose which one you will be rewarded with." She leaned back into her seat. "As for your mouth, I will be gagging it through that zipper when I want you to be silent, which will be most of the time. Kyahaha!! As for your orgasms..."

She trailed off tauntingly.

"You won't be having many of those I fear. Not until you become a completely broken puppy, thinking of nothing but your mistress. This is the rest of your life, so enjoy it while you are at my feet. You never know when you might wake and find yourself in a box, being shipped off to your new owner. Kyahahahahaahahaha!!!"

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#### A FEW MONTHS LATER

Mistress Scarlet strolled through the Shinra hallways with her usual sultry walk. All soldiers and staff members moved away, bowing at the sight of her and scurrying away. Of course, as they bowed, every single one of them tried to glance a peek at her... and her dog. Jealous of his position.

The puppy she had domesticated a few months back never left her side. Now, he was leashed and on all fours, crawling after the heels of his mistress, never letting them go out of his sight. Finally, they entered an observation room and Mistress Scarlet stood at the entrance as all those within stood and bowed.

That was when the dog knew he was supposed to nuzzle against her heel. Gagged as he was, his tongue could not touch her heels. Still, the feeling of cuddling up against her nylon clad leg was more than enough for his scrambled brain and his broken, precum dripping cock.

Without paying much attention to him, she sauntered to the center of the room, where a large throne was placed just for her, and sat herself upon it. The dog was not far behind her,

immediately placing himself in front of her on all fours. With feverish delight setting fire to his nerves, she placed her legs upon his back, once again using him as a footstool.

Only then did the rest of the people working return to their screens.

That was his life now. Most days, his mistress barely noticed him, only using him as a simple object. While he relished everything he did for Mistress Scarlet, his broken mind barely knowing of anything but pleasure at her feet, be it denied or allowed, there was a small part of the puppy that was dreading that she had finally grown bored of him and that very soon, he would be discarded.

Of course Mistress Scarlet knew exactly what was happening inside of him, after all, everything that he thought of or felt, was allowed by her and her conditioning of his masochistic mind. She found him cute like that, always fearful of what she would do. The worst part, for him at least, was that it was all true.

Sure, he was fun at first, while he still had some of his spunk left. But now? He was nothing more than a trained dog... and those could be easily replaced. She gave her footstool one final sadistic smile, before returning to her work. Forgetting all about him.