Summary

There are many different types of purity, some more satisfying than others.
Act 1: Pure Obsession

He wasn't sure when the obsession had begun.

No, that was a lie. He knew precisely when the obsession had started - the first assembly of the new batch of cadets, when he'd first seen the child hidden amongst the ranks. It was the hair and the eyes that had first caught his attention, of course - those ridiculous blond spikes, and those big blue eyes, eyes that seemed to glow without mako being involved. Then he'd noticed the other things - the slender form, the graceful musculature, the cheekbones, those beautiful lips. The boy was an avatar of masculine purity and beauty. What was such a creature doing here in Shinra, standing in the ranks of army cadets?

Curious, he'd dug out the information from the files. Cloud Strife, home town Nibelheim on the Western continent, age fifteen - just old enough to begin training toward the SOLDIER program. According to all the records, the boy had never left his home town before now, never travelled, never been exposed to the debauchery and degradation of life in the city. Never known the horrors of the labs, the horrors of war. Pure and innocent and beautiful.

The first time had been pure madness. He didn't know what had come over him. He'd sent a message to the boy's commanding officer, requesting the cadet's presence. He wasn't sure what he'd actually been planning - all he knew was when he was faced with the physical presence of the angel of his obsession before him, all the plans went screaming out the fifty-fourth floor window. Because the boy had looked shyly up at him with those beautiful, trusting blue eyes, spoken with a voice which still bore the inflections of his mountain home town, and all at once, Sephiroth had realised he could no more despoil such purity than he could fly. He could barely bring himself to touch the child.

Thanks be to all the gods for the drawing lessons someone had given him (a way to figure out the full scope of his enhanced cognitive abilities). They at least offered an excuse for being close to such beauty on a regular basis. Before he'd known what he was doing, he heard himself asking Strife to act as a model for a series of life drawings, explaining what such a thing would involve. Strife had agreed.

Now, for one hour each Wednesday afternoon, he was able to view the beauty and purity that was Cloud Strife up close and personal. The cadet would arrive, strip himself bare, and arrange himself in whichever position Sephiroth wanted to see for an hour each week. Their arrangement involved minimal touching on Sephiroth's part - enough to arrange the pose, nothing more. And at first, that had been enough. Just to see the boy, just to view that beautiful skin, the coltish body, the beautiful lines and planes, the way his eyes caught the light, the play of light and shadow on that wonderful face. The way the boy blushed as he stripped, all utilitarian movement, but still with that glorious modesty and innocence.

After the first session, Sephiroth had locked his office door and masturbated to climax, looking not at the image he'd drawn (a barely acceptable facsimile, in his opinion) but rather at the image of the cadet writ large in his mind. By the third session, he'd worked out that so long as the boy couldn't see him (if, for example, Strife was required to keep his eyes closed, or wear a blindfold, or to face away from Sephiroth) it was possible to masturbate with the boy actually there in the room. To dream of touching that beautiful body, the soft skin, to feel the changing musculature beneath his hands (not that he'd ever actually despoil such purity), to stroke Strife's face, his neck...

Even thinking such things was an assault on the purity of his angel, his shining star. But lately, he'd been wanting even more. Wanting to touch, wanting to hold, wanting to see those eyes watching at
him as he sucked that beautiful cock, wanting to see the boy writhe beneath him in the throes of passion. Wanting to sully that innocence, despoil that purity, and yet afraid to make the attempt. Scared of seeing fear in those beautiful eyes; scared of hearing that soft voice offer a refusal.

Shinra's strongest and greatest General was afraid to speak up to a sixteen-year-old cadet.

Somewhere the gods were laughing. And still the obsession grew.
Another Wednesday afternoon. Another hour of showing up at General Sephiroth's office...

Another Wednesday afternoon. Another hour of showing up at General Sephiroth's office, and "modelling" for him.

Another hour of listening to him jerking off as he looks at me, and not being able to do anything about it.

Look, I'm not an idiot. I'm in barracks, I know what it sounds like when another guy's jerking off, even when they're trying to keep it really quiet.

It's a turn-on. Gods, it's such a turn-on. And let's face it, I'm sixteen. I can get turned on by a stiff breeze. But I have to pretend I haven't noticed. I have to pretend, because the one time I tried to peek, he stopped so fast he must have sprained something, told me to put on my clothes and pretty much threw me out of the office. So, instead of letting on that I can actually hear him, or trying to watch, or anything like that, I have to constantly be thinking of my drill sergeant in frilly underwear. It's not fun, let me tell you.

About the only thing keeping me sane is the other half of Wednesday afternoons.

See, shortly after I'd been chucked out that one time, for trying to peek, one of the other Generals came wandering by. The Red General, General Rhapsodos. Now, all the cadets are warned about him as a matter of course, because the guy has a reputation long enough to stretch to the length of the Shinra tower and back again. We're told not to get involved with him, and in the normal course of events, I wouldn't have dared. But this one day, he saw me being chucked out of General Sephiroth's office, and decided to find out what the hells was going on.

Which leads, pretty much, to me being where I am now, with General Rhapsodos shoving his cock up my arse while General Hewley shoves my cock down his throat.

The first fuck of the afternoon is usually a quick one, because after an hour of teasing from General Sephiroth, the only damn thing I want is to get off as fast and as hard and as often as possible. So usually I'll be stripped down, lubed up, and there's a cock up my arse and oh! it feels so damn good to be able to come, which I will after about two or three strokes. General Genesis is wicked good at arse-fucking - he hits the magic spot every damn time, and it's just about enough that I don't need anything else ever. But General Angeal loves to suck cock, and he's so damn good at it that I just can't resist. So after I've come the first time, it's usually Angeal who gets me going again by licking me clean before he starts licking and sucking on my cock like it's his favourite flavour of popsicle. Meanwhile, I have Genesis rubbing that spot in my arse with his cock until he comes (and oh gods, feeling him come up my arse is usually enough to set me off again, feeling him spurt against that spot, it's just indescribable, and then the feeling of his semen dripping out of me and oh Shiva! Angeal, I'm... oh oh Oh!)

Then Genesis pulls out for a bit to recover, but that's okay, because I have Angeal's fingers in there...
and they're almost as good as Genesis' cock, and they're oh god! they're rubbing on that spot some more and he's sucking me and I'm getting hard again. By now things have slowed down a bit, it's not so urgent, although I think I could keep going all fucking day and all fucking night, because this just feels so good. Genesis is playing with my nipples, and I can see his chest in front of me, so I suck at one of his nipples in return. He really loves that, and I can feel him getting hard again. I want to do more, so I reach down and start to stroke that lovely cock of his, that cock which makes me feel so much better after an hour of listening to how beautiful I am, how much someone wants me (even though they don't ever fucking do anything about it), that cock I want inside me so I can feel it rubbing up against that spot.

But it's Angeal's turn up my arse, and while he's not quite as wicked good as Genesis, he's definitely well-hung, and oh, it's a turn-on feeling him push his way in. Everything's all slick back there, lube and spunk and oh yeah, I can feel him stretching me more even now, and though sometimes I just want him to shove it in and have done with it, even if it hurts, even if I wind up bleeding a bit, today I'm glad he's taking his time. Means I can go down and suck on Genesis' cock, give it some attention, show how much I appreciate what he's doing for me, what they both do for me every Wednesday when we fuck and suck each other until I can barely see straight enough to stagger back to barracks.

They know I don't love them. They know I really want the man who drives me to the point of screaming frustration every single Wednesday, that beautiful silver blade who obsesses me to the point where one of these days I'm going to damn well turn around and slap him, or kiss him, or just fucking well give him a fucking blow job, even if it does mean I get thrown naked out of a fifty-fourth floor window. But frankly, I don't think they really mind. The sex is great, and if I lose myself in the sensation, sometimes I can forget about wanting the one who gets me into this state. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have Angeal's cock up my arse, and Genesis' cock in my mouth, and there's at least another two orgasms on the cards for me this afternoon before I'm going to be in any fit state to head back to barracks.
I only stumbled on the whole mess because I wanted my cadet friend to meet my girlfriend.

I only stumbled on the whole mess because I wanted my cadet friend to meet my girlfriend. I knew Cloud wasn't available Wednesday afternoons, and I knew some of it had to do with Seph, because everyone knows about Seph's sketching habit, and anyone who visited his apartment quickly figured out about his obsession with Cloud. As I told the guy, an entire wall of sketches of the same person is something of a hint.

Being the friendly and incurably curious guy I am, I asked Seph whether he'd gotten around to fucking the kid yet.

After I'd picked myself up off the floor from the force of his denial, I asked the next obvious question: why the fuck not?

It was at this point I realised that the Silver General, head of the Shinra Armed Forces, Demon of Wutai, certified military genius and most powerful fighter on the planet, was in fact an absolute idiot. He started giving me this great big sob-story run-down of how pure and wonderful Cloud was, and how he didn't deserve the kid, and how he'd fuck everything up big time and angst, angst, misery, woe woe woe was he, and then I slapped him to get him to shut up.

So then I asked whether he'd ever bothered to ask Cloud anything about this. Of course he hadn't. I suggested he raise the idea with Cloud (because I knew Cloud had been obsessing over Seph since before he left his little two-bit mountain village) which got another outpouring of angst and misery and woe and "I'm not worthy". I'm not, strictly speaking, allowed to bang my commanding officer's head against the wall until all the angst falls out, so I left him to it this time, and went to speak with Genesis and Angeal instead.

That's when I learned the other part of what Cloud Strife, General Sephiroth's pure and untouchable angel, got up to on his Wednesday afternoons. Once I'd finished laughing myself silly, I asked them to tell Cloud I wanted to see him after their next session, so we could start plotting a certain silver-haired idiot's downfall.

So, Cloud shows up, fucked just about cross-eyed, and only just coherent enough to manage his own name. Can't blame the kid - he's got one of the three generals of SOLDIER mooning over him like a lovesick spaniel, while the other two are basically taking full advantage of what I've heard described as a prime piece of arse (I wouldn't know - guys don't do it for me) and the tightest butt in the whole of Shinra. So I shove him through the shower again and give him some coffee to bring him up to the point where he's able to string two thoughts in sequence. At which point I discover the kid is as much of an angst-muffin as Seph, and he's busy thinking he's not worthy of the great silver general or that Seph doesn't really want him or some such nonsense.

Now, at this point, I display great levels of forbearance, and rather than thumping my head (or Cloud's) against the wall until all the angst falls out, I gently point out that communication is the mainstay of every relationship, and without it, a relationship just isn't possible. Well, I may have
phrased it along the lines of "why don't you fucking well say something?" or something along those lines, but that was the general thrust of my discussion. So to speak.

More angst. So I take the opposite tack, and ask why, if he's so damn keen on the Silver General, he's fucking the Red and Black generals behind the Silver General's back. This is when the whole damn mess comes falling out in all its glory. Seph basically takes the kid in for an hour's "sketching", which has effectively turned into an hour of Seph jerking off over Cloud's "beauty" and 'purity' and leaving the poor kid high and dry, and how the one time Cloud so much as peeked, he was shuffled out of there at high speed with barely enough time to get his pants on, at which point along comes Genesis, offers to take care of Cloud's rather urgent problems, and gets taken up on the offer at something just under the speed of sound. As Cloud pointed out, he's sixteen. He's constitutionally unsuited to what amounts to sitting around for an hour of foreplay and no follow-through. Gen and Angeal are offering the follow-through and according to him, it's a damn sight better than his own right hand.

The kid ain't stupid. However, I can now see the shape of the whole problem, and a lot of it has to do with the way Seph was raised, and the way Cloud was raised, and the way Genesis was raised, and the intersection of the three. Seph was raised by Hojo in the lab, and barely thinks of himself as fitting into the category of "people" at the best of times. He got a very wide-ranging and largely unwilling education in the ranges of human depravity by about the age of ten, and he treasures innocence and purity because he never really had his. Cloud was raised by a widowed mother in a small town in the Western Mountains, and gay to boot, so he's not used to thinking of himself as being either attractive or desirable - he was always "that weird Strife kid" and the designated bully target for his village (and if I ever get to visit Nibelheim, I plan to spend a very enjoyable afternoon kicking a few heads in). He's only just starting to realise that what they think in Nibelheim is not necessarily the opinion of the rest of the world, and that Midgar's opinion of gay partnerships is along the lines of "so long as you don't obstruct commerce, we don't damn well care who or what you do". Genesis was raised by parents who gave him all kinds of material things, but didn't give him any actual attention, which means if he sees something pretty, he tends to think of it as his by right. He's not actually covetous - if he can see two people are attached to one another, he'll quickly drop any claim of his own - but he does tend to be a bit on the possessive side, and he's always been a bit jealous of the amount of attention Seph gets anyway. (Where does Angeal fit into all this? Angeal's an opportunistic horn-dog who likes sucking cock, pure and simple. Why else do you think he talks so much about his honour?)

So, there's really about three problems here. First, how to get Seph to realise that while Cloud is good-looking, he's also human and has human needs and desires, and he does want those fulfilled - preferably by Sephiroth, to be honest. Secondly, how to get Cloud to realise that Seph isn't just being cruel by getting him all wound up and then not following through (that's going to be the easiest one, really - kid's surprisingly understanding about Seph's little weirdnesses). Thirdly, how to get Genesis to let Cloud and Seph have a try at forming a relationship without playing merry havoc with the whole thing.

I decide to tackle problem two first, and explain to Cloud just how Sephiroth grew up, and what "purity" means to the man and why. Then I gently threaten to bang Cloud's head against the wall until the angst falls out so he stops blaming himself for having taken up Genesis' offer (he wasn't to know, after all). Then, we make plans for the following Wednesday.

And if I do say so myself, I think it went pretty damn well. Cloud turned up for his weekly "sketching" session, and got driven into the standard hormonal frenzy. However, in a manoeuvre
which required the full and enthusiastic consent of Angeal (easy to obtain; I let him give me a
blow-job - hey, guys may not do it for me, but a blow-job is a blow-job) I distracted Genesis long
enough for Angeal to drag the kid into a closet and start sucking him off (gotta give Cloud some
relief, after all) before dragging Seph to the correct location to find the kid being sucked off by
Angeal in the closet shortly thereafter.

Faced with the indisputable evidence that Cloud Strife is not some angel descended from Heaven
to bring light and purity into Sephiroth's life, but rather a red-blooded sixteen-year-old male (who
apparently looks really hot when he's coming and shouting Seph's name - like I keep saying, guys
don't do it for me, I wouldn't know) who needs sexual relief like every other red-blooded sixteen
year old male (thanks be to the gods for Angeal's reputation as a cock-sucking horn-dog and the
cheerful truth that he's sucked off just about everything male at Shinra that wears a formal uniform
- I swear, even the janitors aren't safe here), Seph gets the hint, the penny finally drops, and he
immediately starts feeling the kid up. At which point Genesis arrives, realises he's lost his claim on
this particular pretty thing, tells Seph and Cloud to get a room, and drags Angeal into the closet for
a blow-job of his own as a consolation prize.

So, Cloud and Seph are now together and banging each other's brains out in between being cavity-
inducingly sweet to one another (the sketching sessions have moved to Seph's apartment); Genesis
has found a red-haired Turk to fill in for Cloud on Wednesday afternoons; Angeal is still sucking
off anything male in a uniform in the Shinra tower (last word was he was casting his eye over the
 corporate side of things - near-identical business suits count as a uniform, close enough); and I still
haven't managed to introduce my girlfriend to my cadet friend, but that's okay.

Aerith gives blowjobs which are almost as good as Angeal's anyway.
Act 4: Pure Decadence

Chapter Summary

I'm not going to go on about the whole comedy of errors which led to me being here, in General Sephiroth's apartment...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I'm writing this down because Zack's girlfriend has apparently asked for it. Or that's Zack's story anyway (me, I think anyone who keeps protesting "guys don't do it for him" that much has to be in denial. But hey, the Shinra building has some very comfortable closets, so if Zack wants to stay in one, more power to him). So, Aerith, if you actually see this, I hope it satisfies your curiousity and gets your panties good and wet (that last bit is Zack's hope too, if you see what I mean).

I'm not going to go on about the whole comedy of errors which led to me being here, in General Sephiroth's apartment, stripping down for a life-drawing session. Yeah, we've decided to keep up the sketching sessions - it's a real turn-on having someone pay concentrated attention to me for an hour at a time; the frustrating bit was always having to leave afterwards. At least this time I can see the effect I'm having on this gorgeous man who's been driving me mad for months now.

I'm laying on my side, naked, on the couch, facing Sephiroth, propped up on a couple of pillows. Sephiroth is sitting opposite me, naked, with his sketchbook on his knees, and oh gods, he looks hot. He's sketching me - yes, he actually does sketch me in these sessions, and there's a whole wall-full of pictures behind me to prove it, and the little flicks of his eyes over my body are... well, I can almost feel it when his gaze falls on me. He's got me posed in a way which is gonna be really handy later - one hand is propping up my head, while the other is just holding the base of my cock.

He's already told me I'm not allowed to come until he says so. Told me this in that wonderful caramel-baked-sugar voice of his that gets me hard just hearing it. I swear, I could come from him reciting the drill cadence at me, just from his voice alone. But I've come to love the long, slow tease of the sketching sessions - and this one promises to be such a wonderful ride.

So, he's sketching me, and as he does so, he's describing what he sees, and even after months of these sessions, I still never knew I looked that good to him. I can see his cock getting hard, and oh, he's got such a gorgeous cock, long and thick, and it's gonna feel so damn good inside me, I just know it. I want to tell him so, but I'm not allowed to speak - I'm modelling, so I have to hold the pose.

He's telling me how gorgeous my legs are, long and lean, and strong. I've never really thought of myself as being strong, to be honest. Skinny, yeah. But what he's seeing is different to what I'm seeing, and I know this - that's part of what the turn-on is, knowing that this gorgeous man in front of me thinks of me, skinny little Cloud Strife, weirdo of Nibelheim, as being something strong and graceful and built like a swordsman. Like a potential SOLDIER. He really thinks I could make it in SOLDIER.

We're about fifteen minutes in now, and this is where he usually starts touching himself. This time I can see it. He gives himself a single stroke, just the one, and then moves back to the sketching. I
think he's shading something, his hand is moving back and forth fast over a small area. The noises
match what I'm used to hearing in our regular sessions - and his gaze is flickering over me, fast and
intense. Gods I'm so hard now. He strokes himself again, and I feel myself twitch.

He grins. Oh gods he grins at me, and he can see what an effect he's having on me, and he puts the
sketchpad to one side, where I can't see the work in progress, and instead he takes himself in hand.

Now, instead of telling me what I look like, he tells me what he wants to do to me. He starts by
telling me how he wants to kiss me, soft and gentle, looking me straight in the eye as he does so,
how he fell for me the first time he saw my eyes. How he wants to taste me, explore my mouth,
learn the whole texture of everything. Then he wants to touch me. Shoulders, arms, hands - he
wants to kiss and lick and suck on my fingers and oh I can almost feel it when he says that, and my
cock twitches again. This is where the hand around the base of my cock comes in handy, because I
start to press there, hold myself back.

He notices the movement, of course. Those beautiful green eyes of his see everything about me,
see things I don't see about me, and he notices the movement of my hand around my cock. He gives
himself another stroke, and I see a bead of liquid form at the tip of his cock. Oh gods, I wanna lick
it off, but he swipes it with his thumb, licks it off, and continues telling me what he's going to be
doing to my fingers and my hands. Sucking each finger, kissing and licking around each wrist.
Kissing his way up to my elbows, nibbling and biting and nipping there, where I'm ticklish, and
another bead of liquid is forming on his cock at the thought.

We're both starting to breathe a bit deeper, a bit harder now. He talks about kissing his way up my
arms, across my shoulders, nibbling at the base of my neck. Touching my nipples, and I feel a drip
of liquid hit the hand around my cock and oh gods I have to grip hard because I hadn't realised I
was so damn turned on. He's leaking too, but he's stroking his cock, his oh-so-gorgeous cock, and
it's so big and thick and I want it inside me - my mouth, my arse, I don't damn well care, he could
stick it in my ear for all I care I just want that cock inside me - and he's starting to make those little
wet noises, you know the ones, all skin on wet skin, and he's talking about what he's going to do to
my nipples, but I can hardly concentrate on that when he's sitting there stroking that gorgeous cock
of his.

I press harder at the base of my own cock, holding back. He's still talking about my nipples, biting
and sucking them now, and oh gods I can almost feel it, feel his mouth against my chest, exploring
and licking and touching and sucking and oh gods I'm dripping faster. His hand is moving freely on
himself now, and he's got this little flush of colour on his cheekbones. He's still speaking though,
and he's moving lower. Lower, down onto my abdomen. Licking my navel, sucking at it and oh
gods I nearly come because I remember what that felt like once when Genesis did it - like there's
some kind of direct line from the bottom of my navel to the tip of my cock and its drawing tight and
oh gods I have to clamp down hard and try not to come. His eyes are on me, green and glowing,
and if I look he's grinning and his hand is moving faster and I'll bet the bastard has been sharing
tips with Genesis on how to get me ridiculously turned on because that one was a dirty trick.

His words are moving lower again, he's kissing his way down along my hip bones, down one side
and up the other. Why doesn't he go lower? Oh gods, his hand is moving fast and steady, and I
know this rhythm, I've been hearing it in the background for weeks, he's got to be getting close, got
to be getting near to coming surely, because I need to come, gods I need to come, it's almost worse
when I watch him than how it was when I didn't. He's still speaking, and oh gods, I must have
missed something because when did he start talking about licking my balls? It's harder to keep a
grip on myself, my hand is so wet, so slippery, I'm leaking so much. I have never been this turned
on in my life, I'm sure, and oh god, when I come I know it's going to damn near blow the top of my
head off.
He's talking about licking my balls some more, but he's reached the short strokes, and oh gods, he's moving over here and oh, he's coming, coming all over my face and I want to come so badly. I'm making noises and whimpering and I can feel his semen falling on my face, warm spurts on my face, on my skin oh I want to open my mouth and suck him dry, taste him. I let my mouth fall open, panting with the effort of trying not to come in reaction to this gorgeous man being so affected just by thinking about what he wants to do to me, and some of his semen falls in my mouth and I can taste him and oh gods it's so hard not to come right there and then. I'm clamping down hard on my cock, whining, just about crying with the frustration of it and then he's finished but his mouth is there, right there, and he's sucking in my cock, telling me I can come, I can come and ooohhhhhhhhhhh!

When he's finished swallowing down just about everything in me, and he starts in on licking my face clean, I try to kiss him at the same time, get the taste of both of us, but he tells me to be still, I'm still posing, I have to stay where I am for just a little while longer, and that's enough to start getting me hard again. He's still speaking to me, in between kisses and licks and touches, and oh gods, his hand is touching my cock, wiping me clean, licking his fingers clean, and he puts my hand back at the base of my cock, and he goes back to the sketchbook, and picks up the sketch again, pausing now and then to lick his fingers in full view of me. I can see his cock is still hard (or maybe he's just got hard again that fast, oh gods, is his recovery time that fast, will I ever get to find out with that wonderful cock up my arse oh gods I hope so) and he reaches down to stroke himself every now and again, gasping a little at the stimulus. That adorable blush is still there on his cheekbones, and my gods I want him so much.

"Finished," he says eventually, and he turns the sketchbook around, and for the first time I see what he was drawing. It's me, of course, but it's a me as I'd hardly recognise myself. I'm stretched out there on the couch, leaning on one hand, other hand around my hard, leaking cock, looking straight at the viewer with an expression that says "I want" in no uncertain terms. There's a flush of passion on my cheeks, on my face, all the way down my torso, and oh gods, I had no idea I was capable of looking like that. Like sex.

"What are you calling it?" I ask, expecting some answer like "lust" or "cadet in heat" or something like that.

"Pure decadence," he says, leaning forward to kiss me, soft and gentle, eyes wide open and holding my gaze.

Chapter End Notes

Normally, I don't write smut!fic. I'm not sure whether this is the exception which tests the general rule, or whether it's going to turn out to be a contra-indication. All I know is I woke up on Sunday morning with this idea floating about in my head, and decided to dump it out before I lost it completely.

Any feedback is good feedback, as far as I'm concerned. Let me know what you thought of it. Please? (Yes, I am that desperate for feedback; it's been a while, okay?).

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!