

Final Fantasy Nomteen
A Monetarist's Just Desserts

Quba Keluba. Among the many Monetarists to fear, his cruelty and greed could rival the worst of their kind, his name spreading fear into the hearts of the poor and the vulnerable. Everyday, he and his brutes would wander the streets, preying on those much less fortunate, offering their hope and dreams on predatory loans, loaning more and more money they could never repay and hunting down those who were so deep in debt. Men, women, children. None were spared from being taken and sold into slavery or whoever threw the most money at his feet, regardless of their ill intention. And that was if they didn't outright have their lifeblood spilled across Ul'dah's stone streets.

It was no surprise that lalafell such as himself had enemies in every shadow and it was only his manor, filled to the brim with the best guards money could buy, that he could feel safe. Upon entering his bedroom and changed into his nightly undergarments, Quba let out a contented sigh. Today was as busy as ever, loaning precious gil to one and extorting it from others, watching his brutes beat it out of most. Overall as productive as ever, as productive as he liked even if there was always room for more. All that he wanted now was to throw open the drapes and have a look at the stars in the sky, twinkling like freshly minted coins against the black. Instead of the stars looking back, it was a read-headed Miqu'te, a glint her eyes that was both malicious and mischievous joined by a smug grin on her lips.

Before Quba could call for the guard, she lunged at him, promptly pinning to the floor with a dagger to his little throat.

"You thought you were being clever huh?" she hissed wickedly, pressing the steel against his skin as she stared deep into his trembling eyes. "Thought you could do *whateeeever* you wanted without fear of retribution, that you protected by your money and your wealthy friends."

She shook her head.

"That's what all you and those other pig-headed monetarists think, but you're not." she tapped the dagger's tip lightly against her chest. "Not when I'm around."

The miqu'te leaned in close and whispered in his ears.

"Now if you excuse me, you're going to help give my balls a quick refill."

With an unhinged grin, she raised the fist clenching her knife and gave him a lightning fast jab to the side of his head. It wasn't enough to knock him out cold, but just enough that his world spun and ears rung, too dazed to speak or struggle as the catgirl hoisted him up and threw the drapes around herself and her prey.

Hilga had the bastard right where she wanted him and all was going according to plan. Clutching her prey by the back of his neck, she held him over her opening maw, tongue rolling out like a slick red carpet before lowering his legs down her throat. She didn't have a worry in the world, she knew that slug across the head would put him for a daze, and quickly worked his little down her throat. Lalafells were so delightfully easy to eat, even if most of them tasted like bland popotos. His legs easily glided down Hilga's throat, followed by his hips; which barely pushed the limits of her elastic gullet. At that point, she just let go, flicking her head back and swallowing Qaba inch by inch, his little head vanishing beneath her lips. By the time finally came to, his little hands flailing desperately, he was done. Hilga slurped up his fingers with a cross noise and one last gulp sent him hurtling downward. He didn't go down easy, however. She could feel him clawing at the inside of her throat, the screams reverberating off flesh and coming out as a muffled gibberish, but a few strained swallows sent him packing the rest of the way, curling up inside now enlarged stomach.

Sighing contently and idly rubbing the front of her swollen stomach, she looked just about nine months pregnant with the lalafell now entrapped within her. The way he struggled, the way he screamed, it felt so good. She gave her gut a jab.

"Yeah, keep fighting in there scumbag." she began to taunt, caressing the toned abdominals now stretched to accommodate the meat. "Spend the last moments just like everyone else, squirming like a fish out of water as my gut rips you apart. Y'know all your friend's who've been going missing lately? Yours truly putting them in their place, just like I'm doing to you. I'd tell you to settle down, but honestly? You feel really good in there."

Nudging the window behind her with her elbow, it opened with a short, sharp creak.

"Now why don't we go to a place a little bit more private. I wanna churn your ass into nut milk before I steal your valuables."

Ignoring the meat's protests, she rolled into a flip backwards, landing on the awning outside, she proceeded to quickly ascend, catching loose bricks and flagpoles and higher frames with cat-like reflexes until finally arriving at the top of the monartist's manor. There, Hilga kicked back; yawning while in the midst of a good long stretch, then laying back under the full moon's glow. Drifting off to sweet slumber, her hand continued to idly caress the squirming protrusion within.

Several hours passed when Hilga stirred from her nap, sitting upright and raising her arms to the sky as she let loose another yawn. She took a moment to look down at her gut, caress it from the

bottom and jiggling it a bit. Qaba was gone, just his meat remained to be churned. Already she could feel her balls fatten up a bit from the payload. Pleased with herself and her work, Hilga stood up, did some more stretches, and took a deep breath of a cold night air before acrobatically descended down the path she used to come up, putting a bit of flair into it. Slipping through the open window, she grabbed the back she left behind and began to pillage the place, starting with his bedroom and steadily exploring the place, taking care for the guards standing here and there doing their jobs. Gil and golden trinkets went into the burlap sack, meanwhile the food she found went right down her throat. After all, the master of the manor didn't need it anymore.

Eventually, she finished searching the place from top to bottom and with a bag full of goodies to take home and pawn off.

“Hey, have you seen the boss!?” bellowed one of the guards down the hall, prompting Hilga to dash for the nearest window. Throwing it upon, she gazed down at the streets below. Perfect. She vaulted over the edge, carefully, but quickly moving down to ground level and bolted down a familiar path under a shroud of darkness, disappearing from view just as a pair of guards peeked out. She put a large gap between herself and the manor by the time the alarm went up, but they would never find their boss ever again. Deep inside her balls, most of what he once was was now sloshing around like milk in a jar, balls swollen and ready to fire off a whole salvo, and still her belly was swollen and still churning the rest of him. As Hilga swiftly made her way back to the hideout, her stomach steadily shrunk back to its toned, hard self, her guts guiding the rest of the lalafell into her balls, her sack swinging and swaying between her legs every step of the way.

A few weeks later, Hilga was kicking back in the Drowning Wench, feet propped up on the table and a tankard of booze resting on her hardened stomach. She got away scot free, tons and tons of gil stashed away for a rain day, but at the moment, Ul'dah was a hotbed of trouble, a bunch of pissed off monetarists tired of being pushed around by a force they couldn't see were pulling all the stops on finding the culprit...or more importantly, the money they stole, not that they gave a tonne about their 'friends'. For now, it was time to just kick back and wait for the heat to die down, enjoy some drinks and decent food and *other* good times.

Noticing a rather feminine male miqo'te pass by, she couldn't help but give his rather curvy backside a once over and just a glance was enough to jostle her loins.

“Hey cutie.” she called out. Must've gotten that a lot around here because as soon as it reached

his ears he turned to her. He glanced around, then pointed himself. “Yeah you.”

She took a heavy swig from her drink and tossed it on the table.

“Are you up for a little fun?”

And not ten minutes later, Hilga and her playmate were hitting the bed, the catgirl, maddened with lust, shoved her hot, throbbing rod deep in his ass, eliciting a long, pleasure moan from the feminine young man. Loud, cracking *plaps* quickly followed as balls met asscheeks; Hilga taking her toy by the wrists, utterly dominating him as she mercilessly drilled her member deep in there. He was moaning and groaning, his little cock flopping back forth, firing off one load after the next before she was even close to cutting loose.

“You like that, little boy!” Hilga teased behind huffs, her pounding getting incrementally harder and harder. She bit her lip. She was steadily getting closer, her pet at the moment on his seventh orgasm at this point. “Brace yourself cuz here! It! COMES!”

Slamming one finally time, Hilga arched her back and loudly moaned, balls tightening up, as it all came exploding out into his rectum, flooding his colon so hard, it was bursting out of the seam between his asshole and her dick. The boy toy had gone limp after that and she plowed his backside a few more times until her nuts were completely drained. Drenched, she stood back and admired her work, wiping the sweat from her brow. The heat of the moment began to fade and its place a hunger, one that had been sated just by mere sexual pleasure.

Tongue sliding across her lips, Hilga started reaching for his head.