



# The Beast of London & His Pet (The Caged Hearts Pet Play #1)

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**Category:** Urban

**Description:** When Francesca's dangerous game of drug dealing lands her in the lair of London's infamous mafia kingpin, Alessio Caruso—a man known for making enemies vanish—her life takes a dramatic turn.

Caught red-handed in his nightclub, Francesca's fiery spirit ignites a dangerous attraction between the two. As she navigates the treacherous waters of mob loyalty and power, sparks fly, and the lines between survival and seduction blur.

Can Francesca tame the beast, or will she become another casualty in the dark world of the Mafia?

**Total Pages (Source):** 33

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:37 pm*

Alessio

While my men continued to discuss possible solutions to our turf war, my eyes were glued to the nightclub feed.

A leather-clad woman was sneaking something to a man and he paid her money.

The item was tiny and I concluded that it could only be drugs. I went on my phone and sent the picture to the head bouncer on my team.

Me: Who the fuck is she?

His response was instant.

Andrew: That's Frannie. She is a regular, a nice girl.

I slapped a hand over my forehead and squeezed my skull in the hope that this was a dream and my employees weren't all thick bastards.

“What's wrong?”

Nero asked in his usual gruff voice.

“Come and look at this,”

I asked my enforcer and replayed the clip.

“The fucking bitch is dealing in your club,”

he said and just like that Nero’s comment set my world straight again.

“Go pick her up, take her phone and ID. I want her in my fucking office, NOW!”

I said, ending up yelling, unable to control my soaring anger.

I ran my fingers through my hair only to feel the pulsating vein at the side of my head.

Nero vanished, leaving Armando and Silvio staring at me.

She could be working for the Albanians, Polish or Romanians but rather than torture her I wanted to send her back to them piece by fucking piece.

“Silvio, get the plastic out and put it on the couch for our guest,”

I said as I reached down to get my gun and plastic ties out.

Life used to be so easy in my grandfather's era.

Now we were getting criminal rings from every European country in London.

When I took over the family business, I made sure everyone knew of my reputation. I wasn't called the beast of London for my looks.

I messaged Andrew again.

Me: She was selling.

Andrew: She isn't that kind of girl. I've never seen her leave the club with a man.

I glanced at my second.

“Fire Andrew and hire someone who has a fucking brain in their skull,”

I snapped at Armando.

“Hey, are you listening to me? This is civilian brutality. I demand that you unhand me,”

a piercing voice screeched.

The door opened and Nero held the witch by the scruff of her black leather jacket.

He saw the gun and ties on my desk while she continued to free herself from his grip.

He frog-marched her toward me.

She had long dark brown wavy hair and bright green eyes.

Her skin wasn't white like the natives but an olive colour.

The Polish wouldn't use someone like her as a drug peddler. They would have her working on the streets. This left the Romanians or the Albanians.

Nero pushed her face down on my desk while he tied her hands behind her back. Her eyes were on my gun and she looked up at me wide-eyed while Nero went through her pockets.

“Hey. Oi, are you deaf, you fucker? This is an invasion of privacy. I do not fucking

consent to being pawed. Are any of you assholes listening to me? I do not consent.”

Nero calmly put the pills, phone, money and two plastic cards on my desk before lifting her by her hair and sitting her down on the plastic covered couch. I didn’t want to kill a woman no matter how angry I was. She was tiny and it wasn’t a fair fight.

I lifted her card and did a double-take at her name.

Francesca Nardini.

She was Italian. It explained why she was a mouthy little bitch. We tended to be high-strung. I would know.

“This is digging into my hands, you asshole.”

I wondered if this was why my father told me always to carry a handkerchief. I handed the red cloth to Nero, who stuffed it into her mouth, but she spat it out again.

“I am going to report you. You big stinking ugly bastard. What kind of scent are you wearing? Dog pi—”

she ranted but Nero stuffed the hankie back into her mouth cutting off her barrage of abuse.

I threw Nero the tape and he caught it in one hand.

He taped up her mouth, but when he turned to face me, his face was bright red and he looked like he was having an aneurysm.

She wouldn't make a good prostitute with that mouth. Francesca continued her tirade through the gag and tape. The pretty ones were always crazy.

Armando and Silvio had their hands over their mouths in an attempt to hide their mirth.

“Please, let me be the one to shoot her,”

Nero said. “I swear I will take care of the clean up. No one would know what took place in this office.”

She paused at his words before throwing herself back on the couch and kicking at Nero.

I’d had enough of her attitude and stood up with my gun in hand.

She glanced at the weapon before she stared at my face as I approached her. I took the safety off the gun and pressed it on her forehead.

“I will ask you some questions and depending on the answers I may let you live. Do you understand?”

“Don’t do it, boss. She can’t control herself, just shoot her now and be done with it. I have a headache coming on,”

Nero said.

“I want to hear what she has to say for herself,”

Silvio said with Armando piping up in agreement.

My eyes remained on her but her jacket had been pulled to the side and it was difficult not to look at her shapely breasts since her green top was so tight. She wore tight-fitting black jeans with matching long heeled boots.

“What cologne do you wear, Nero?”

Armando asked. “Asking for a friend.”

“Fuck off,”

Nero said with the petulance of a child.

“I’m waiting for an answer, Ms Nardini,”

I said, tapping the gun on her forehead, enjoying hitting some part of the irritating woman.

She nodded her head and I ripped the tape off her face before pulling my wet hankie out of her mouth.

“Son of a—”

she began to say but slapped a hand on her mouth.

“Do you know who I am?” I asked.

“The illegitimate love child of King Charles?”

she asked dryly.

“Kill her!”

Nero shouted from behind me.

“No, don’t,”

Armando snapped back at him with a frown. "I can't wait to tell the family about this."

Armando was my cousin and my second. I had no doubt he would tell my mother about this incident. Minus the gun, of course.

"I am Alessio Caruso," I said.

"And?"

she said with sarcasm, but her eyes were panicked as she looked around.

"Kill her,"

Nero said repeating his mantra.

My hand twitched as temptation kicked in.

"I believe my street name is the Beast of London,"

I said tracing the gun over her cheek before I placed it under her chin.

Finally, the fear kicked into her eyes. I didn't know if it was my name or the gun that affected her nor did I care.

"I don't want your brains all over my walls, but I'm sorely tempted to put up with the blood, brain matter and bone fragments because you're testing my patience."

"I will clean it up,"

Nero implored. "No one will find her body, ever."



Her eyes flashed to Nero, and she opened her mouth to say something, but she wisely shut it again.

“Now, let’s start again,”

I said, waving for a chair.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:37 pm*

Francesca

The Beast of London.

Everyone knew that name.

He had the guise of a businessman, but the word on the street was that he was a Mafia boss.

Someone passed him a chair and he sat close to me.

I noticed he had tattoos on his hand and my heart skipped a beat at the skull with the word la morte inscribed beside it.

Death.

How appropriate.

Rumour had it he was the worst criminal in the city.

People constantly vanished around him.

However, no one ever made it to the police and these were all allegations that couldn't be proved.

He was going to whack me because I stupidly sold drugs in his nightclub. I made my rounds to all the major nightclubs.

How was I supposed to know who owned what?

“I won't come back,”

I said as I looked at his other hand.

He had a dagger tattoo with Omertà on it—the Mafia code of silence.

“I won't say a word to anyone,” I said.

The brute that brought me upstairs snorted. “She can't control her tongue, boss,”

he scoffed.

I pursed my lips to prevent myself from replying to him.

“What are those pills?”

the Beast asked.

“Uh, Viagra. Did you need some? I can give you the friends and family discount,”

I said before I cringed and closed my eyes.

Oddio. Oh God.

I was going to get myself killed, but I was also about to piss myself with fear, yet my goddamned mouth wouldn't behave. It happened to me in stressful situations. My mind turned to mush, and my words fucked up.

“Did she say Viagra?”

someone asked.

I opened one eye to see the Beast had a dumbfounded look on his face before a deep frown furrowed his eyebrows together.

“Viagra is a pill that helps—”

I started to say.

“I fucking know what it is,”

he roared so vehemently that I felt a spray of spit hit my face.

Ewwww. That shit was nasty.

“Everyone get the fuck out of my office. NOW!”

he yelled.

I stared at a pulsating vein on the side of his forehead.

He could have a heart attack any moment, but as I took in his physique and age, I realised that it might not be possible.

His dark hair had no grey, and he looked too young to have a heart condition. I could try a brazen escape.

I sat up and tried to get up when he pushed me back.

“Not fucking you. You sit here and don't move an inch,”

he snarled waving his gun around like a lunatic.

“I might pee myself but you have plastic on the—oh,”

I said but stopped because I knew why he had plastic sheets out.

I’d watched Dexter too many times, not to know.

“Please don’t kill her,”

one of the men said.

Come to think of it, the man looked like the Beast. Perhaps they were brothers. Sadly, they all left, and I swallowed several times, trying to keep my rum and Coke from spraying all over him.

He took a deep breath and I noticed a tattoo on his neck, but his shirt covered it.

“Why are you selling Viagra in my club?”

“I’m a budding entrepreneur, but I’m also broke. It keeps your customers happy. I have several regulars here,”

I said with a smile.

It quickly faded when his face began to turn red.

“It isn’t an illegal substance,”

I blurted out. “I’m sorry. You can take the rest of it. A gift for your girlfriend or wife when you can’t—I mean just for fun.”

“I don't need Viagra to fuck,”

he spat out. “Where is the rest of it? There is no way you only have a few pills.”

“In my boots,”

I said, cringing at the fact that I brought so much with me, but it was Friday night, most of my customers bought extra for the entire weekend.

He dropped to his knees and began to search around my ankles until he found the pills stuffed in my socks. It was kinda funny having the Beast kneeling in front of me. I took them out of the packaging and into small bags to easily distribute them.

“Any more?”

he asked, holding four small bags of blue pills.

“Maybe if you untie my—”

“Where are they?”

he gritted out.

“You should consider a mindfulness coach, it helps with—”

I shut my mouth when he lifted his gun.

“In my bra,”

I said sullenly.

“Fucking unbelievable,”

he muttered as he put the gun beside me before he pulled my top down.

He paused to look at my dark green lace bra. My cheeks burned because it was an expensive lace bra from my undeclared income. The lace was so delicate it was practically see through. I closed my eyes while he fished out more bags.

There was a hesitation before he pulled my top back up, but I kept my eyes shut because I had one more stash.

“Was that the last of it?”

he asked with his voice a little calmer.

I grimaced and he sighed.

“Where is it?”

he asked while I took a good hard look at myself and how I ended up here.

“Uh, just tucked into the front of my jeans,”

I said quietly.

I felt him unbutton my jeans before he tugged on the zipper.

I opened my eyes but hadn't realised he was so close to my face.

His eyes were a mixture of green and hazel, with tiny flecks of yellow in them, but he certainly didn't look like a beast.

The rough stubble on his jaw made it look more chiselled and his lips were full and well defined. So kissable.

He pulled the last few bags from my jeans and threw them on the pile beside the gun.

I noticed that he didn't zip me back up.

He sat on his chair again to look at me.

“Do I need to conduct a cavity search?”

he asked with sarcasm dripping from his asshole mouth.

Ugh, why did I think his mouth was kissable. Pretty men were high maintenance and most likely whores.

“No, that was the last of them,”

I said, glaring at him.

“Where do you get your pills from?”

he asked, resting his hands on the chair like it was his throne.

“I have a supplier in Europe,”

I said, deliberately keeping my answer vague.

His eyes narrowed on me.

“What age are you and why don't you have a proper job?”



He had the cheek being a criminal bastard. I heard he was a wealthy one, but he was still a criminal bastard.

“I have three jobs. London isn't cheap. I'm twenty-four.”

“The fact is Francesca you came into my club selling this shit and that can't go unpunished. If you put yourself into this position, then you need to learn that actions have consequences,”

he said as he leaned into his chair.

“What do you mean consequences? You have taken everything from me,”

I said with a frown.

I hope he didn't expect me to push real drugs for him. Fuck!

“You will wait for my instructions,”

he said before he stood up.

He picked up all of my pills and his gun and strode to his desk.

My eye-line was obscured when he moved onto the far side of the room and behind his screen.

He was as big as the stupid smelly oaf that dragged me up here.

He wore a dark blue suit with a crisp white shirt.

I couldn't deny that he looked and smelled like a sexy bad boy, but I didn't need this

kind of complication in my life.

Especially not one that could get me killed. Is this why women wrote to criminals in prison?

“I expect you to keep your mouth shut about tonight and you will stop selling Viagra to men,”

he said as he stood up holding my small purple phone.

“Can I sell it to girlfriends and wives? If you think about it, I’m helping my sisters get laid.”

“No, you fucking can't, and if I get a single whiff of you peddling any more of this shit, I will take up Nero’s offer.”

Sheesh. All he had to say was no.

When he came over, he held the phone to my face before he turned it back and began to tap away on my phone. I opened my mouth to protest but decided I’d done enough damage tonight.

“I will message you with further instructions,”

he said before holding his phone next to mine and tapping away on them.

“I won't do anything illegal or immoral,”

I said because my Nonno would kill me. He didn't know about my side hustle.

“You will do as I ask without questioning me,”

he snapped at me.

I think it was probably for the best that he kept the Viagra, the uptight bastard needed something to take the edge off.

If I was lucky with his blood pressure and the pills, he could drop dead.

I smiled when I thought of him in his coffin with an erection tenting his trousers.

A dead hard one.

When I looked at him, he stared at me as if I were the lunatic. My amusement vanished when he approached me with a knife in his hands.

“I faint at the sight of blood,”

I lied in a blind panic.

He didn't say anything but put his arms around me, and I could smell his aftershave. It didn't smell like dog piss. I leaned in to inhale it in.

“Are you smelling me?”

he asked, but I could hear his amusement.

“Just checking that you didn't smell like dog—never mind,”

I said quickly, remembering the knife in his hand.

He cut the plastic ties, and I brought my hands around to see they were almost purple.

That big hairy, smelly bastard. What was his name? Nero. I hoped he tripped and fell on a knife and stabbed his dick off. No amount of Viagra would fix that shit.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:37 pm*

Alessio

I stared at the contents of her phone. She was very close with her family, which I could use to my advantage. I was pleased to see she didn't have a boyfriend or lover. It had been four days since I had caught her selling Viagra in my club. She was being followed by one of my men. I couldn't have Nero on the job because I wasn't convinced that he could resist killing her.

The truth was I couldn't get the sight of her sexy green underwear out of my head. Her little pink nipples had poked through the see-through lace. It only pissed me off that she was pulling my concentration away from my business. She hadn't lied about her jobs. She worked in a preschool, a call centre in the evenings, and on the weekends she peddled Viagra.

“You're thinking about her again,”

Armando said. “Why don't you just call her already?”

“I'm simply contemplating a suitable punishment for her,”

I said, turning my phone over so no one could see her photo before I shoved it into my pocket.

“Break her arms,”

Nero said. “Or maybe her jaw. Yes, her jaw.”

I frowned at him. I might have wanted to spank her until she begged for mercy, but I didn't want to break her bones.

“She could work off her punishment at the club,”

Silvio piped up.

I didn't like the thought of drunken men coming onto her, looking at her round curvaceous ass and soft lush breasts. I got a vision of her sitting on my cock, riding me into oblivion with her dark hair cascading around us. Her slick pussy swallowing up my entire length.

“She has a day and an evening job. She sold Viagra on the weekends,”

I said, rubbing my jaw as I considered how the padding on her ass would make the perfect cushion.

“What about a cook or a maid for your big old house?”

Armando said with a smirk. “Her selling Viagra didn't exactly cut into our line of business.”

“She would poison you,”

Nero grunted. “She sold her shit under the Boss’s roof so it doesn't matter what the substance was.”

“Just out of curiosity. Where are the pills now?”

Armando asked.

“Why? Does your dick not work without blue pills?”

Nero asked with a smile.

“My dick attracts more pussy than your dog piss cologne,”

Armando said dryly, wiping Nero’s smile from his face.

“Guys, can we discuss Alessio’s girlfriend later?”

Silvio said, dragging Petrit onto the plastic sheet.

“She isn't my girlfriend,”

I said tightly before kicking Petrit in his face.

It felt too good, so I began to stomp on his head.

“Motherfucker, do you think you can come on my turf and hurt my fucking people? London is mine.”

“Hurry up and get the others,”

Armando said. “Talking about his girlfriend has him wound up.”

I grinned when Petrit tried to cover his head because it meant I could move onto his ribs. I grunted in pleasure when I heard his ribs crack.

“Luciano, are these the cunts that smashed up your restaurant?”

I asked, pausing to look at him.

“Sì signore,”

he said, and I waved for him to take off as my man Nico came forward.

He wore a neck cast from being hunted down in the streets, and when he took refuge in Luciano’s restaurant, the Albanians trashed it before they turned on Nico and the restaurant staff. I always double and triple checked before I took lives.

“Get a good look at the others, Nico,”

I said before I took the axe from Nero. “Make sure it’s everyone who attacked you and Luciano.”

We always left one alive but paralysed so they could relay my message. The rest would be delivered back to their boss in pieces. I was past caring if we had an all-out war. Play time was over. It was time for these fucks to remember who they were dealing with.

The Beast of London.

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I snuck into my office avoiding the surveillance cameras. My office cameras always gave me an airtight alibi since only my closest men knew about my secret entrance. My wine-importing company was the most lucrative business. Britain was the world’s second largest wine importer by volume, and my grandparents' vineyards helped bolster my initial success.

Once I settled at my desk, I called my secretary to request a coffee. It was still early enough to have an espresso. When I checked my phone, I took it off silent and saw a picture of Francesca kissing a man on his cheek. He was around the same age as me,



but how he looked at her made my blood boil.

Me: Who is he?

Rocco: Her manager at her night job.

I was tempted to have him fall down several flights of stairs.

Me: I will send you the pick-up details for the girl. Stay on her and report everything back to me.

Rocco: Everything from morning to night, boss?

Me: EVERYTHING!

What the fuck was wrong with my staff? They couldn't follow simple instructions. I picked up my phone to check through all her messages again. It was best to be prepared when I decided her fate. She could kick and scream all she wanted, but Francesca was a firebrand that I wanted a taste of. My cock hardened at the thought of taming her pouty mouth. The sick, nasty things I wanted to do with that woman. She was a fighter.

Me: Are you behaving yourself?

I messaged her.

Francesca: It depends on who is asking.

Me: Your padre.

Francesca: Oh, you can fuck right off then 'Dad'.

I frowned until I remembered who she lived with.

Me: It's Alessio.

Francesca: Sorry, you have the wrong number. I don't know anyone by that name.

Me: I saw your nipples on Friday night, if that helps to jog your memory.

I grinned at my phone screen.

Francesca: That's because you had a you know what to my head, you lunatic.

That's right. I'm going to get deep under your skin just like you have been irritating me for fucking days.

Me: Are you ready for your punishment?

Francesca: Me no comprendé.

Me: Tick Tock.

Francesca: Leave me alone. You already stole my stock. Unless you have downstairs problems, then consider it a charitable donation to save everyone from your bad moods. You're welcome.

Me: You can check my dick in person because it doesn't need any pills.

Francesca: You might show me after you've taken the pills, and then I would never know for sure.

I didn't know if I should fuck her or kill her. Or fuck her while I choked her to death.

How did a girl eleven years my junior get under my damned skin so much.

There was a knock on the door, and I turned my phone over when Armando came in. His beady eyes landed on my phone.

“Uh, you seem in a bad mood,”

he said cheerfully. “I take it you got in touch with her?”

“I might kill a woman for the first time in my life,”

I said, tapping my fingers on my desk.

There was another knock on my door, but it was Aileen with my espresso.

“I liked her,”

Armando said after Aileen left.

“What do you mean by that?”

I asked, wondering if he wanted her.

“Look at the situation she was in. Four men in one room and Nero wasn't gentle with her,”

he said, causing me to grunt. “You put a gun to her head. I've seen grown men break down and cry in front of you for less. She stood her ground, and it was—refreshing. I give her ten out of ten for not pissing her pants.”

“It's 50/50. It could have been bravado or stupidity,”

I murmured.

He was right, I couldn't recall the last time any man stood up to me, let alone a petite woman like Francesca.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:37 pm*

Francesca

My grandfather brewed the best coffee. I inhaled my nectar deeply before taking a tiny sip, savouring the rich bitter taste. Nonno sat at the dining table with his daily news rag on the table. He would deny it, but he loved to gossip.

“I am stuffed, Nonno,”

I said, rubbing my belly.

“You know what Nonna always said about breakfast. God rest her soul,”

he said, and I slapped my hand over my face.

“I heard that,”

Nonna hollered from the kitchen before vicious Italian curses were directed at my Nonno.

“How is Nonna’s hearing better than mine?”

I grumbled.

“Because she is a soul sucking witch?”

Nonno asked me, and I shook my head.

“Please don't involve me in your arguments,”

I said, raising my hands.

Ever since Nonno retired, his mission in life was to drive his wife crazy.

I couldn't deny that I enjoyed antagonising people and knew I got it from my wily grandfather.

My grandparents took me in when my mother died due to complications from my birth.

Although my grandparents lost their only child that night, it didn't stop them from loving me with every fibre of their being.

They reserved their hatred for the man who got my mother pregnant who promptly disappeared when she told him.

Back then, the Italian community stuck together, and instead of shaming our family, people helped my grandparents.

It was why I worked so hard to contribute to our house.

Due to my dyslexia and ADHD, I didn't do well at school, and since I was diagnosed later in life, I missed the opportunity of an education that matched my condition.

I checked my phone to see if Alessio had messaged again.

His last message had left me nervous.

After doing some research on Alessio Caruso, it wasn't looking good for me.

He was notorious for making people disappear if they crossed him or his business.

Nonna came into the dining room, but her laser-focused eyes were on my grandfather's balding head.

“So you want me dead, old man? You do realise that statistically women live longer,” she snapped at him.

Nonno looked up from his newspaper, and I sighed dreamily because he smiled at her with a look of love.

“Luce della mia vita, per favore perdonami,”

he said, and my Nonna sniffed but sat beside him with a smile. Light of my life, please forgive me.

Then it got gross when he started whispering in her ear.

I may have posted my grandparents some Viagra and jump-started their sex life.

My smile faded when I thought of the Beast.

I had all my limbs, and I wasn't dead. So far, it was positive, but I couldn't always read a situation, and it almost always got me into trouble.

I kissed and hugged my grandparents before they started tonguing one another and left for work.

It was a bright, sunny morning, and I smiled, looking forward to my short day with my little humans.

My phone buzzed, and it was a message from Alessio, but I'd changed his name to dickhead in Italian on my phone.

Testa Di Cazzo: Good morning, Francesca.

I don't think you appreciate my leniency.

Why would you save me on your phone as dickhead?

I read his message three times, but the text message didn't change.

I looked around the street, but it was empty until I spotted a man behind me.

He was partially hidden due to him standing in a neighbouring garden.

I couldn't put my finger on it, but he looked odd because he wasn't moving.

Me: I have no idea what you're referring to.

Do you have a weird man following me?

I hit send before I chickened out.

Testa Di Cazzo: Yes, you're a loose cannon, and I needed to keep an eye on you. Change my name.

This asshole.

I had no idea how he knew, but I went into my contacts to edit his name and changed it to La Bestia. The Beast.



How was I a loose cannon when he was the one who went around butchering people? Allegedly.

A shiver ran down my spine when I thought of his tattoo-covered hands.

Death and Silence.

His life must be full of joy.

No wonder he was so uptight.

By the time I stuffed my phone into my pocket, the man had moved closer.

I glared at him and resisted the temptation of giving him the middle finger.

Alessio's influence was far too close to my grandparents' house, and I would need to tread carefully.

When I was on the bus my phone buzzed again.

La Bestia: You will hand in your notice to both jobs today, and Rocco will bring you to my house tonight. Tell Nonno & Nonna not to wait up for you.

The urge to throw up was imminent, and I covered my mouth with my hand as if to prevent it from happening. I stared at the message for a while before I plucked up the courage to reply back to him.

Me: I'm sorry, but I need these jobs, and I don't think it's appropriate for me to come to your house.

I checked and rechecked my message several times before sending it. His response

was instant.

La Bestia: In that case, I will let Rocco deal with your resignation, and he can use his imagination to bring you to my place tonight.

I ground my teeth together and angrily tapped on my phone.

Me: You need help. Try a doctor first, and if that fails, try a priest.

I hit send but regretted it.

Why couldn't I stop antagonising him?

La Bestia: Tick Tock, goes the clock. Your time is almost up.

I put my phone on silent to fret about losing my jobs and how I managed to cross paths with a vicious beast like Alessio.

His boyfriend, Nero, had the hots for murdering me, which didn't bode well for me.

Perhaps he wanted me to resign, so when I was chopped up, placed in a suitcase, and dumped into the River Thames my disappearance wouldn't raise suspicion with the police.

I groaned and banged my head on the glass window.

Why did it have to be his nightclub?

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I noticed the cameras around his house when I stood in front of his door.

I wasn't surprised that he lived in a prime location and in a fancy mansion.

Rocco leaned forward and rang the doorbell. He stood directly behind me and I couldn't chicken out and run because he would give chase.

The door opened, and The Beast stood there with an evil smile on his face. All day, I had been dreading this. There was no escaping him or his goon.

"Come in, I've been expecting you,"

he said before he nodded to Rocco.

He was missing his suit jacket and he had a drink in his hand. I couldn't see a gun anywhere so that was a positive sign.

I followed him through the house looking for a room full of plastic sheets. He led me into a drawing room and turned to face me.

"Sit,"

he said as he took a drink but kept his eyes on me.

I looked around to choose a seat furthest away from the crazy fuck.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:37 pm*

Alessio

I took a sip of my whiskey and observed her choosing a seat before she sat down.

She wore a cream blouse, tight jeans and black boots.

Her long black coat was tailored and fitted her perfectly. My eyes lingered on the see-through material of her blouse. She was a very attractive young woman but didn't flaunt herself on social media or in life.

If anything, she was a homebody, spending much of her time with her grandparents.

Vittorio and Benedetta Nardini.

Her father wasn't listed on the birth certificate, and her mother, Bella Nardini, died while giving birth.

There was no point beating around the bush.

I'd spent the last six days grappling with my attraction, and I couldn't get her out of my mind.

The thought of her touching another man, let alone being intimate with them, made me murderous.

“What's your relationship with Curtis?”

I asked, remembering the bastard she kissed.

“My manager?”

she asked with a frown. “Uh, he is my manager. I don't have a relationship with him.”

“Care to explain why you kissed him outside of your work?”

“What does that have to do with the price of mangos?”

I scowled at her idiotic response, but I calmly sat my drink on the table next to her seat and turned to grip her throat.

“I want you, Francesca, and unfortunately for you, I'm used to getting my way. So be a good girl and tell me why you fucking kissed that cunt,”

I said with my temper flaring when I remembered how he looked at her.

She might not know it, but the bastard was mooning over her like a lovesick fool.

“He helped me raise four hundred and eighty-nine pounds for a child protection charity in work. I was thanking him,”

she squeaked out as she put her hands over mine in an attempt to pull me off.

Her dainty hands had little strength to them, but I loosened my grip around her neck when I saw her face was red.

“There, that wasn't so hard, was it?” I said.

She was dying to say something rude. I could see it in her eyes, but she wisely bit into

her lip. I stared into her green eyes before I continued.

“Your new job is me—my needs, from dawn till dusk. You will work your two-week notice, and then you report to me. I’m a generous man when need be, but you won’t need to work,”

I said, rubbing my thumb over the lip she bit into.

“I-I’m not a whore!”

she spat out angrily.

“You will be anything I tell you to be, piccolo gattino,”

I said calling her a little kitten since she was spitting like one. “In fact, I think you would look better dressed up as a kitten.”

My dick was rock solid at the thought of her as my pet. I knew her weakness, it was my job to find it and press on it until I got my way.

“You wouldn’t want anything happening to your grandparents, would you?”

She gasped, and before I knew it, I felt her spit land on my face. She moved so fast that she clawed at my face like a vicious cat. I pushed her onto the couch and climbed on top of her.

“You evil fucking bastard, get off me!”

she screamed but my sick demented brain loved her angst.

“Yeah? Are you going to make me, Francesca?”

I said wiping away her spit off my face.

“You leave my grandparents alone,”

she said, promptly bursting into tears.

“Nothing will happen to them if you do as I say,”

I said, pulling her up.

I sat down beside her and dragged her onto my lap. She froze when she felt my dick beneath her ass. I ran my hand down her thigh and placed the other around her throat.

“It won't be so bad. Trust me, you will enjoy every nasty thing I do to you and beg for more,”

I whispered into her ear. “You have two weeks, gattino.”

“I-I don't think I can do this, Alessio,”

she said, saying my name for the first time, and I couldn't wait for her to scream it when she came on my dick.

“Six months is nothing,” I said.

“Six months?”

she gasped.

“You sold drugs in my nightclub for months.”

“Legal drugs that made all your customers happy,”

she protested.

“That’s irrelevant. No one crosses me in my territory,” I said.

I heard her gulp before she spoke.

“What if I worked it off?”

“You will be working it off, piccolo gattino,”

I murmured.

“Stop calling me that,”

she snapped before her voice went to a whisper. “No, I can't. I've never done anything like this before.”

“I don't imagine that you have, but this is my price,”

I said with a finality that made her gulp several times. I brushed my fingers between her legs until she held her breath. “Two weeks.”

She was attracted to me, and if I slipped my hand down her jeans, I knew she would be wet because I could feel her rapid pulse on her neck.

“Rocco will be driving you from now on, and I will keep you informed on my expectations, Kitten,”

I said, rubbing the seam of her jeans until her breath became uneven. “You're mine



now.”

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“What happened to your face, boss,”

Salvio asked as his eyes narrowed on my cheek.

My stubble hadn’t quite covered my little kitten’s claw mark.

“I got a kitten, but she is still a little wild,”

I said with a straight face.

“You got a kitten? You, Alessio Caruso?”

“I know my name, Armando,”

I drawled.

A slow smile spread across his face.

“It was the Viagra girl, wasn’t it? Oh, damn. What happened?”

he said with glee.

“Nothing that I can't handle,”

I said before I checked my phone.

She hadn't texted me back.

Me: What is she doing?

I messaged Rocco.

He sent a picture of her in a play area with children around her. She sat in a sand pit with them as they piled sand up. When a shadow came up behind me, I turned my phone over and glanced to see Armando standing behind me.

“So her story checked out then? She wasn’t affiliated with any of our enemies.”

“She is clean,”

I replied.

Too clean for the likes of me.

“Well? Are you going to tell us what happened?”

“Nope,”

I said, putting my phone in my pocket.

I’d sent Francesca a picture of a naked woman dressed as a kitten. She had seen it, but hadn’t responded.

“Can we have everyone on the shipment that’s coming in?”

I asked, moving back into business. “I have a busy week at the office and don't want to be caught off guard.”

The good thing about importing and exporting wine was that I knew how to move

anything in and out of the country. The police had raided my wine shipments three times and never found anything. Dumb fucks.

Even as my men talked about the shipments, my mind wandered towards Francesca. It was a long wait, but at least I could torture her with my messages.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:37 pm*

Francesca

I sat in the car, and Rocco began the engine as I checked my phone. I had four messages. With a sigh, I tapped on the notification and felt my cheeks flush with heat. It was a naked woman lapping up milk from a bowl, but a man knelt behind her, stroking her bare ass. She had black cat ears on her head and a matching black tail poking out beside her leg.

La Bestia: I hope you like drinking cream.

La Bestia: Only four days left, piccolo gattino, and I can't wait to see your little asshole stuffed with a fluffy tail plug.

La Bestia: Don't forget your appointments.

The man truly was a beast, but I was intrigued by pet play. I read a few articles, but my problem was that I didn't think he knew that I was a virgin and I had to tell him before my time was up. He had set me up with an appointment at my surgery. I had no idea how he managed that and another one in the city for waxing. The one for the doctors was tricky since it was for birth control.

Me: I don't want an IUD fitted. I'm a virgin.

I didn't expect the phone to ring, so I panicked and declined the call. He called again, and I did it again.

La Bestia: Answer your phone.

He messaged, and I declined it with a wince when it rang again.

When Rocco's phone pinged, he checked it and changed the course.

“Where are we going?”

I asked, but I already knew the answer.

“The boss wants to see you.”

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Rocco led me into the offices of Caruso Importers. I knew he had a wine importing company, but I hadn't expected his office to be so luxurious. It was a far cry from the nightclub office he had. It was almost midnight, and the place was dead—the perfect setting for my murder. Rocco knocked on the door and held it open for me. As soon as I stepped inside, he closed the door.

Alessio sat at his desk but slammed his laptop shut before he looked at me. It was weird that he was working so late, but then again, I just got off work.

“Next time, answer your damn phone, and if this is a way to back out of our deal I'm not buying what you're selling. How stupid do you think I am?”

he said as he stood up.

“Do you really want me to answer that?”

I said calmly.

“Come over here,”

he said and snapped his fingers at me before pointing to the floor.

I glared at him before I strode towards him. Before I knew it, he had me pinned onto his desk with his hand on my throat.

“I thought it was best that I checked for myself,”

he said as he pushed his hand under my skirt. “Piccolo bugiardo.”

Little liar.

“I’m not a liar,”

I gasped while holding his hand, hoping he didn’t choke me to death.

He tore my thin tights and pushed his hand between my legs until I opened them.

I froze when I felt his fingers slip under my panties, knowing what he would find.

His hazel eyes locked onto mine, and his nostrils flared. Triumph was written all across his face.

“Would a virgin cunt be this wet when I’ve hardly touched it?”

he growled at me.

I shut my eyes when I felt his finger ease inside of my pussy.

“Oh, fuck,”

he whispered. “Such a tight little cunt.”

He released my neck and tore my panties off before pushing two fingers inside of me.

I couldn't help but tighten around his fingers.

He froze when he felt the barrier, but I refused to open my eyes. I whimpered when he pulled his fingers out because I needed more. When I felt a light wet touch, I realised he had his mouth on me.

My eyes flew open and when I looked down I saw his devious eyes watching me.

He lifted my hips to his mouth and licked me from top to bottom, pushing his tongue inside of my pussy and brushing it upward until he rubbed it over my clit.

“I’ve never tasted a virgin pussy before,”

he murmured before his mouth descended on me naked flesh.

My legs fell open, and I groaned as his tongue thrust in and out of my pussy with rapid succession.

I squirmed on his desk when his mouth pressed down on my clit.

The more I gushed the harder lapped me up until he pushed his fingers inside of me and began to suck on my clit.

His tongue swirled around my clit before he flicked it with the tip of his tongue while driving his fingers in and out of me.

I think I knocked something over as I came hard and fast.

I cried and moaned as my pussy tightened around his fingers.

Wave after wave of pleasure rippled through me until I felt my lower back touch the desk again. I sighed with pleasure as he continued to lick my clit. My pussy contracted around his fingers in response.

“I apologise for calling you a liar,”

he said in a husky voice.

When I glanced at him, lips and chin were wet from his efforts, and I closed my eyes and banged the back of my head on the desk. I heard his deep throaty chuckle echo around the silent office.

The man was a beast in every way. His size, nature, and I could add his mouth onto the list.



## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:37 pm*

Alessio

Her eyes were closed, but I sucked my fingers in my mouth, tasting her sweet musky cum that she had covered them in.

I recalled her saying she hadn't done this before but thought she meant our arrangement.

Now that I had a taste of her fine pussy there was no going back.

I glanced at her lying sated on my desk with her cheeks flushed pink and a hand covering her face. In a moment of madness, I knew exactly what I would do with her.

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“Dad don't say anything weird, and Mama, just be yourself,”

I said nervously, fixing my tie.

“Yes, son, we know how to behave,”

my dad said, rolling his eyes. “Why don't they know that we are coming?”

“You don't want to know,”

I muttered.

His eyes narrowed on me before he shrugged.

“I don't care. She is Italian, and you want to marry her, that's good enough for me,”

he grunted.

“All those years and rumours I heard about you that no mother should need to hear. I am glad that a woman will finally make an honest man of you,”

my mum said with a frown.

“Wait, what rumours? Actually, never mind,”

I said, thinking on my wilder years and sexual exploits in the BDSM world.

“Is this the girl he needed the Viagra for?”

my dad asked, turning towards my mum.

“It fits the timeline,”

my mum said.

“You shouldn't need those pills at your age, Alessio,”

my dad said as we reached the top of the stairs.

I messaged Armando to tell him he was dead when I saw him before I knocked on the door. Francesca's grandfather opened the door with a frown as he looked me up and down.

“We don't need your Jehovah literature. We are all devout Catholics in this house,”

he said before he tried to shut the door.

I shouldn't have gone for the black suit.

I shoved my foot in the door and quickly began to talk.

“Mr Nardini, I am Alessio Caruso, and I came to ask for your granddaughter's hand in marriage.”

He pulled the door back and looked past me to see my parents.

“Gavino?”

he said in shock before the door opened and the old man embraced my father. “As I live and breathe, Gavino Caruso.”

I glanced at my mum, but she shrugged her shoulders.

“Vittorio, you vanished off the face of the earth, my friend. It must be over twenty years now,”

my dad said as he hugged Francesca's grandfather.

“How do you know one another?”

I asked, but they exchanged a strange look before my dad spoke.

“It's a long story for another time. I want to meet your granddaughter, Vittorio,”

Dad said with a jovial laugh. “What a wonderful coincidence.”

I watched them go inside with my mum following them, leaving me to wonder how many times Francesca had surprised me in the last three weeks, and now it was catching on with her family.

I stepped inside and closed the door, hoping my father’s association with her family was good.

After all, I learned everything from my dad, and we had a lot of enemies.

Francesca stood beside her grandmother in a hooded pink fluffy robe.

Her mouth was open, and I could see the fear and anxiety in her demeanour as she tried to be polite.

Her Nonna took over and chatted with my mother while I slinked across the room towards Francesca.

I was almost there when my father beat me to it.

“Oh, you were a tiny baby when I last saw you. How did you meet Alessio? This is fortuitous,”

he said before he kissed her on both cheeks.

Her grandfather gave me the evil eye.

“Yes, how did you meet my granddaughter?”

“Nonno, it was through work. We actually had a misunderstanding and got into a

fight,”

Francesca said with a tight smile.

“How long ago was this?”

he said, glaring at me.

“Can you at least let our guests sit down and have a drink before you interrogate the boy?”

her Nonna snapped at him and inadvertently rescued me.

“Hmm,”

her Nonno said with a noncommittal tone before he looked me up and down suspiciously.

I kept a tight smile on my face, but I had a good idea of where Francesca got her cattiness from.

“May I see you for a moment, Alessio?”

Francesca said in a strained voice.

I was beginning to think that I wasn't welcome here.

She grabbed my wrist and dragged me into the hallway until she pulled me into a room and slammed the door shut.

“What are you doing here?”

she said in a whisper scream.

“Is this your bedroom?”

I said, walking up to the window.

“Answer the question. You said you would leave my grandparents alone if I did what you said,”

she hissed quietly. “I did everything.”

I turned to face her before I spoke. “I decided to keep you,”

I said with a smile.

She rubbed her hand over her face. “This is why I keep telling you to get help.”

“Did you, or did you not, cum all over my face two days ago?”

“What does that have to do with the price of cannoli siciliani?”

she said, but her face turned bright red. Sicilian cannoli.

I grinned because I realised she said inane things that made no sense when stressed or put on the spot.

“I’m here with my family to ask your grandfather for your hand in marriage,” I said.

Her back hit the door, and she slid to the floor to place her head onto her knees.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?”

she whispered. "I don't want to marry you or anyone else for that matter."

"I changed my mind, six months isn't enough. All you need to do is accept your fate as I have,"

I said cheerfully. "I can see the headlines now, the Beast's Bride."

If I were to drive someone crazy for the rest of my life, it should be with someone equally as crazy as me.

I didn't relay this to her because she was too busy groaning and repeatedly banging the back of her head on the door.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:37 pm*

Francesca

It was difficult to believe that Gavino and Rosa had sired Alessio.

It made him seem a little more human.

He kept pawing me with his meaty hands, joked, and made it seem like we were a couple in love.

My Nonno wasn't buying it, but my Nonna was lapping it up.

She loved her romantic serials, though, and Alessio was charming when he wanted to be.

He vanished with Nonno for a good twenty-five minutes, and my grandfather returned with a smile. He raised a toast for the 'happy' couple.

Me?

I stayed in my pyjamas wearing my pink bunny robe and watched the drama unfold.

Both families were planning the wedding.

The whole time, Alessio sat back with a smug smile plastered across his face.

When they were about to leave, Alessio messaged me and told me to get ready that he would pick me up for dinner, to which I made a puking sign from behind my



grandparents' back.

As soon as the door closed, my Nonno was on me like white on rice, which left me no choice but to stick to the cover story because I didn't want them involved in Alessio's messy criminal life.

“Are you sure he is the one, mia cara? I know what line of work they are in,”

Nonno said when Nonna left the room.

I thought back to two nights ago and ignored every single red flag to nod my head.

“He is the one, Nonno,”

I said because I would do whatever Alessio said if it kept my grandparents safe.

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“Wow, you look beautiful,”

Alessio said, eyeing me up and down.

“Don't get too excited. My Nonna made me wear the dress,”

I muttered as he led me to the car.

Nero sat in the driver's seat.

“Ms Nardini,”

he said stiffly.

“I take it you no longer want to kill me?”

I said brightly.

He grunted.

“Nope, wives are always shown respect,”

Alessio said as he sat beside me. “You might as well call her Mrs Caruso now.”

I glanced at him curiously. He did this two days after he found out that I was a virgin. Why would he want to commit to marriage?

“What did you say to my Nonno earlier today?”

“I told him I appreciated him looking after you for all these years, and I would do the same and protect you like they have. I also told him Caruso’s marry for life. There will be no divorce,”

he said, taking my hand, and before I knew it, he slipped a ring onto my finger.

I glanced at the large rock on my finger with smaller diamonds twinkling beside it—every woman’s dream, but not mine.

“And do I get a say in my life plans or did you both represent my best interests?”

I asked sarcastically while trying to pull my hand out of his.

“Nope, you gave your consent away two nights ago,”

he said with a smile. “We will be married by the end of the month.”

“I don’t even know you,”

I said to him tightly as I felt my heart rate increase and it had nothing to do with lust.

“That’s why we are going on a date,”

he said before he leaned over to me. “I need to taste every inch of you before I fuck you on our wedding night.”

I nervously cleared my throat and looked at Nero but he was focusing on the road.

Well, that was one way of getting to know someone.

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The dinner was a pleasant surprise because Alessio behaved like a semi-normal human. He was gruff with waiting staff but he didn’t maim or shoot anyone. I was about to tuck into a strawberry tart when someone came to our table.

“Hey, sorry to interrupt, but you’re Frannie, right?”

A guy in his mid-thirties said.

It took me a few seconds to realise who it was.

“Hi,”

I said with a smile. “Yeah, but I don’t—”

I stopped talking when Alessio stood up to tower over my ex-Viagra customer.

“Walk away,”

Alessio said, but his face was as hard as stone, and his unadulterated fury simmered in his eyes. I glanced at his hands, which were curled into fists. “Now!”

The poor man looked like a deer dazed by an oncoming car’s headlights. I didn’t think he could move. I wondered how to diffuse the situation, so I took my tart and smooshed it over Alessio’s mouth.

“Taste this,”

I said. “It’s delicious.”

Everything went into slow motion as I became the Beast’s target.

My heart pounded as his furious blazing eyes focused on me, but when I looked down at the strawberry glaze and pastry crust smeared on his mouth, it kinda looked hot.

I leaned over the table and pulled him down so I could lick my dessert off his lips.

I traced my tongue over the crumbs and sticky berry jam until I felt his hands grip my cheeks with a growl.

He pressed his lips over mine and smeared my face with the mess before he pushed his tongue into my mouth.

His kiss started slow, but when I pushed my tongue against his and tasted the sweet dessert, I couldn't prevent the moan from escaping.

When his hand moved down to my ass and someone cleared their throat.

“Boss,”

Nero hissed, and I felt Alessio pull back.

The man was gone, and Nero swiftly turned to face the other diners.

His broad build blocked us from curious eyes, but at least my customer was gone.

My hand was covered with my dessert, and I pulled it away from his neck. Alessio caught my hand and sucked my finger into his mouth. I gulped when I saw his lips wrapped around my finger.

Why was this so hot? Did I have a food fetish?

“Who was he, gattino?”

he asked once he pulled my finger out of his mouth.

I glanced at his shoulder and saw the pastry crumbs had fallen from my hand to his pristine suit.

“I sold him Viagra a few times,”

I whispered.

“Hmm,”

he said as he pulled me around the table to sit me on his lap.

I closed my eyes when I felt his stiff cock rub against my ass. The thought of his fingers, tongue, and mouth on me flashed through my mind.

“You’re a very bad girl, Francesca, and I will enjoy drawing out every last bit of that badness out of you in the filthiest way possible,”

he said as he worked his fingers beneath my underwear out.

I think our first date was going well. There was zero blood spilt—so far.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:37 pm*

Alessio

I knew Nero would keep an eye on the man who interrupted our dinner. My conscious effort to remain a gentleman for the evening went out of the window when she started a food fight. Her impromptu kiss, however, made my cock rock hard again. Tonight, I needed more and I would take it.

My little Kitten's pussy weeped for me again. Her deep dark green coloured dress was off shoulder and highlighted her olive coloured skin. The tight material clung to her curves. I wished the silky length was shorter so I could see her legs and pussy.

There would be no birth control pills or IUD for my wife and I. She would take my seed as nature intended. Her breath became uneasy when I slowly began to finger her pussy. Her grip around my neck tightened and her eyes closed in pleasure.

“Do you want a taste of what it will be like to belong to the Beast, piccolo gattino?”

I asked, rubbing her wet clit to torment her.

“Y-Yes,”

she said, stammering over the simple word.

“Good girl,”

I said, withdrawing my fingers from her pussy.

I used the napkin to wipe my fingers before I picked up my phone to reserve a room at Club X. It was time for Francesca to feel some pain with her pleasure.

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Nero returned to the car with her black kitten mask and handed it to me. I placed it over Francesca's confused face and fastened it at the back, avoiding her hair.

"We are at Club X. It's a BDSM club,"

I said casually when she turned to face me with curious eyes.

After I had cleaned my face and while Francesca was in the bathroom, I gave Nero my instructions. Nero held the door open for us, and I stepped out first before helping Francesca out. We walked through the black doors, and she looked around beneath her mask as I checked in at reception. I avoided the main staged area and pulled her towards another door, leading to the private rooms.

As we were about to go in, I saw Stefanos Karalis with an almost naked woman crawling behind him in a dog outfit. He paused when he spotted me before he smirked at me.

"Is the Beast of London here to blow off some steam?"

he asked before he held his hand out to me.

The Greek tycoon had a small wine importing company within his vast empire, and our paths crossed professionally from time to time.

"Stefanos, yes something like that. I'm sorry to hear about your father. My condolences,"



I said, gripping his hand.

His face twisted in anger, and he yanked on the leash he held, jerking the dark-haired woman forward. Francesca's hand tightened in mine, and I squeezed it to try and reassure her.

"I'm blowing some steam off myself with my little bitch here. Say hello, Amari,"

he said and the woman lifted her head and barked twice.

Francesca moved closer to me and I nodded to Stefanos.

"This is my fiancée, Francesca,"

I said hoping to redirect his anger away from his sub.

He glanced at Francesca and smiled tightly.

"Congratulations, Alessio. I hope you're a better husband than my father was," he said.

"Let's catch up sometime,"

I said, wondering what had happened since he had been close to his father.

He nodded before turning to Francesca.

"Lovely to meet you, Francesca,"

he said politely before he continued down the hallway.

“What the fuck? How can he treat her like that?”

Francesca said, watching them walk and crawl away.

She winced when he tugged on her leash close to those double doors, and she fell with her face landing beside his feet. He placed his foot on her head while he talked rapidly to her. He leaned down and smacked her bare ass before removing his foot. If he wasn't careful, he could get banned from the club.

“No, Alessio, please can't you do something. That wasn't normal BDSM,”

she said, pointing at them and pleading with her eyes.

“What do you know about the BDSM lifestyle, Kitten?”

I said, tapping her nose.

She looked away from me, flustered and pulled her hand away from mine.

“I looked up what pet play was when you mentioned it. I was curious,”

she said with her cheeks turning pink.

She was a curious little kitten. Our world didn't work like that, and we didn't interfere with another man's personal business. In my world everything was transactional. However, I could use this situation to my advantage.

“And what will I get for looking into the matter for you? Stefanos is an important business contact of mine,”

I said, taking her elbow to lead her to our room.

“You get to marry me,”

she said as we entered the room.

She paused and looked around the kitten room. I took advantage and reached behind her to unzip her dress.

“I will marry you regardless. Why should I rock the boat with Stefanos for your whim?”

I said, pulling the lace down her shoulders until the dress pooled around her feet.

“You tell me right now why you want to marry me,”

she said, twirling around and pointing to the ground.

Her anger made her forget she stood in nothing but her underwear and silver high heels.

“I tasted your tight little virgin cunt and became addicted. I want to own you in every way possible, and no man but me will ever touch you again. I’m going to drown your pussy with my seed so the world will know you’re mine. My wife, my pet, and the mother of all of my children,”

I said, moving closer as she stumbled backwards.

She was still processing my words when I dragged her towards the black and pink bench to bend her over it. I deftly moved around until her wrists and ankles were strapped in.

“You brought yourself into my world, piccolo gattino. These are the consequences of

putting yourself in my sights,”

I said, rubbing her voluptuous fat ass cheeks, squeezing the taut globes of flesh in my hands.

Six months would never have been enough.

My eyes trailed to her slim waist that made her ass look obscene in size and the long dark brown curls of her hair, I wasn't sure if one lifetime would be enough with my feisty little kitten. She glanced over her shoulder to look at me with her bright green eyes wide beneath the mask.

“Oh my God. You're not just a Beast. You're a bloody crazy Beast,”

she exclaimed.

I smiled as I released her beautiful ass and slid my suit jacket off when I noticed what started tonight. Her strawberry tart on my face stained my jacket. I tossed it onto the bed and unbuttoned my cuffs to roll up my sleeves.

“Welcome to my world, Kitten. What do I get for looking into Stefanos's pet for you?”

I asked again, and she sagged onto the bench with her cheek resting on the padded material.

“The glimmer of a warm glow in your icy black heart, and knowing that you did the right thing?”

she asked sullenly.

I slapped her ass until the flesh rippled the way it would when I fucked her pretty cunt from behind. She gasped in pain.

“Oh sorry, you need a soul for your black heart to feel anything,”

she snapped at me with sarcasm dripping from each word.

I bit my lip as my cock jerked at her sassy mouth, and I peeled down her silky black thongs until they stretched out close to her knees. The scent of her wet cunt made my nostrils flare and I quickly stood upright before I ravaged her pussy.

I walked to the wall of paddles, canes, crops, and whips. Her long groan of dismay filled the room while I picked a pink and black tasseled whip. When I reached the bench, her cheek was off the bench, and she eyed me warily, I used the handle of the whip on her chin to lift her head up.

“I want your ass or your mouth. That is my price, you choose. The whipping is for the stunt you pulled in the restaurant,”

I said, gazing into her eyes before I moved the whip so she could see what was about to abuse her ass.

I could stake my life on the fact that she had never been spanked before. Her grandparents doted on her. My talk with her Nonno confirmed they had let her do whatever she wanted.

That ended today because she was mine as soon as I placed my ring on her finger. My fucked up world was dangerous and she needed to learn how to submit to my Beast. She would learn to survive in my world.

I would have it no other way.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:37 pm*

Francesca

My eyes stayed on the whip, but it didn't look as bad as some of the other instruments on the wall. It did explain the marks on the poor girl's backside when she crawled away. She had darker skin than mine, which meant her whipping must have been caused by one of the canes.

Alessio trailed the tassels down my back until he reached my ass. He had my attention, and I thought on his words.

"I have questions on my choices,"

I said, only to gasp when he struck my ass.

The tassels did more damage than I expected as the sting spread over the entire area of where he struck me. I took a deep breath before I decided to rile the Beast a little more.

"It depends on how small your dick is and if you take Viagra. I would like to make an informed decision,"

I said and smiled when I heard him chuckle.

"You sat on my dick on the ride here, so you know I don't have a small dick. I have never taken Viagra in my life,"

he said before he struck me again, but this time, it was on the back of my thighs.

“Choose.”

I felt my arousal spike recalling the feel of his cock and the burn of pain on my flesh.

“I need to see the specimen to make sure,”

I said with false bravado.

“Ti rivolgi a me come Signore solo quando sei il mio gattino,”

he said in a deep, husky voice belying his calm tone. He said you only address me as Sir when you are my kitten, but it sounded so much sexier in Italian.

“Sì Signore,”

I said because my compliance was the key to another beastly orgasm.

“Mi darai il tuo buco del culo o la tua bocca, Gattino?”

he asked before he struck me four times in quick succession. Will you give me your asshole or your mouth, kitten?

I whimpered with need against the bench as my pussy clenched and a shiver ran down my body.

“La tua figa gocciola, Gattino. Posso sentirne l'odore. Ragazza sporca,”

he said in a slow drawl, and my cheeks burned furiously at his filthy words. They sounded so much worse in Italian. Your pussy is dripping, kitten. I can smell it. Dirty girl.

“I wonder how wet you can make my whip,” he mused.

My eyes widened at his words before I felt the rigid bumpy feel of the whip moving between my legs.

“Oddio,”

I gasped out incoherently. Oh, God.

“I don't aim that high, Kitten, Sir, will do,”

he said with delighted amusement tinged his voice.

He moved the whip higher until he rubbed the tip over my asshole.

“No! Use my mouth, Sir. Not there,”

I cried out in a blind panic.

“Good girl,”

he said before he rubbed the sting away on my ass and thighs. “I’m going to make it easier for you.”

I tensed at his words because I didn't trust him. His footsteps moved away from me, but I didn't look behind me to see what he was up to. I was too busy trying to focus on calming my pounding heart.

“Open wide, Kitten,”

he said as he walked back and stopped in front of me.



The bench I knelt on was high enough for my face to be level to his dick and the tented material didn't make my heart rate reduce.

I opened my mouth, and he placed something inside before he pulled my mouth open wider and slipped the rest inside until it bit into the side of my mouth.

I couldn't close my mouth. While I tried to adjust to the thing in my mouth, he fastened it into place behind my back.

“In my world, if you don't obey orders, people die, Kitten. If I am to keep my oath to your Nonno, you need to learn to obey my every command, even if it seems unfair at the time. I may be a Beast, but everything I do has justification,”

he said harshly as he stood up. “Never challenge me in public again.”

My heart sank at his reprimand, and I sagged against the bench, feeling oddly overwhelmed with emotions too complex to delve into.

“All will be forgiven when we leave this room, amore mio,”

he said, his tone softening and he caressed my cheek. My love.

I raised my eyes to see his usual hard expression was softer with his hazel eyes shining brightly.

My mind rebelled at his endearment of love.

He didn't know me.

This was the Beast of London for fuck's sake.

He chopped people up, tortured them personally when he could have his men do it.

Body parts had been found in the River Thames. Well, allegedly, those were the rumours about him. He headed the notorious Mafia family in this city.

His lips curled on one side, and his hand fell away from my cheek to his black trousers.

“I can see you need some convincing, Kitten,”

he murmured as the sound of him unzipping his trousers made my stomach lurch.

He unfastened his belt and the button on his waistband before he pushed his underwear down.

My eyes nearly popped out when he pulled his cock out and tucked his white boxers beneath his hairy balls.

He ran his hand up his pink and purple swollen cock and my eyes followed the movement until my neck hurt.

If I could speak, I would have told him to stop playing with his dick because it couldn't possibly grow any bigger than it already was.

He ran his hand down to his balls before he tilted it towards me, and I saw clear liquid oozing out of the small hole on the tip until it began to drip down the fat helmet-shaped tip.

My heart stopped beating when I thought of him taking Viagra.

He would kill me, and he wouldn't need a gun to do it.

I felt myself tear up at the sight because I knew why they called him the Beast, and it had nothing to do with his involvement in the world of crime.

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:37 pm*

Alessio

She drove me crazy. Tonight was supposed to be a pleasant, calm dinner so she would see a different side to me. Instead, here she was strapped down on a bench in Club X with a ring gag holding her mouth open for me. It was clear to see she had never seen a dick before, she looked terrified.

“Stick your tongue out. It’s time for you to learn how to hold your tongue, Kitten,”

I said, rapidly pumping my hand over my dick to force more precum to drip down my length.

She immediately stuck her tongue out, and I rested the tip on her pink wet tongue. I watched with satisfaction as my precum coated her outstretched tongue. I continued to milk my cock until more trickled down the back of her throat.

“Swallow it all up because I will have a nice load of cream for my hungry little kitten. You didn't get to eat your dessert, did you?”

I said, watching her struggle to swallow my essence because the gag prevented her from closing her mouth.

I gripped the sides of her head so I could see her eyes as my dick sank into her mouth. The same mouth that had me in a tailspin since the moment she opened it. When it bumped the back of her throat she retched.

“Oh, no, piccolo Gattino, you will be swallowing my cock until my balls rest on your

face. You will learn to deep throat me,”

I said as her eyes widened in shock. “It might hurt the first few times.”

I ignored her gagging noises and began to push past her tight throat. My eyes closed as her throat constricted around the sensitive head of my cock.

“Keep breathing through your nose and swallow as I push,”

I said, easing my way into her oesophagus. “Fuck, yes, that’s it, Kitten.”

I made the mistake of opening my eyes and seeing the desperate look in her tear-streaked green eyes.

“Stai così bene con il mio cazzo infilato nel tuo collo, gattino,”

I said with a growl. You look so good with my cock stuffed in your neck, kitten.

She was too busy making choking noises. I wrapped my fingers around the base of her skull and pulled back enough before I drove my hips forward until over half of my dick was inside of her. I groaned at the feel of her tight, wet mouth. My control was gone with the sight, sound, and sensation of being inside Francesca. I started to fuck her neck like there was no tomorrow.

When her spit dribbled down my balls I realised she had taken me in to the root of my cock. I held myself in her mouth as she continued to swallow. Her nose was pressed into my dark pubic hair.

“La mia gattina è pronta per la sua crema,”

I said, loving the fact that she could understand every word I uttered. My kitten is

ready for her cream.

I pulled out until I was at the halfway mark her saliva had drenched my cock and one day it would be her virgin blood and cum. I thrust in and out of her four or five times rapidly driving my hips until my balls tightened up. My cock jerked and I pulled out to rest my cock at the back of her throat until the first spurt of my cum splashed into her mouth.

“Swallow every drop of your cream, Kitten,”

I groaned as I brought a hand around to grip her jaw.

I released her skull and began to wank my cock with my other hand as euphoria rushed through me. My hand didn't stop until I squeezed every drop of cum from my balls. I wiped the tip of my cock over her tongue. Only then did my madness disperse. My heart was still pounding when I released the ring gag from her mouth. I checked her mouth and saw some of my cum was still coated the insides.

“Suck it all down, Kitten,”

I murmured before I kissed her swollen wet lips, enjoying the taste of us as she swallowed like a good girl.

By the time we reached our wedding night Francesca would feel me down to her bones. I reached higher than any other organisation through sheer tenacity and willpower. My little Kitten had no idea how far I was willing to go and I hoped she never found out.

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“Poor little Kitten, your pussy is soaking wet. Do you need to cum, Francesca?”

I asked as I buckled my belt.

I glanced at my watch, and there wasn't much time left until I took her back to her grandparents' house. My respect for her grandfather went up a notch because he had a dark past, but he left that life for Francesca. My father told me everything,

“Yes, please, Sir,”

she croaked out.

“If you want to cum then you need to have a teeny tiny kitten tail inside your asshole first,”

I said since she had freaked out earlier at the thought of anal sex.

While she chewed on the thought, I picked a black fluffy tailed butt plug and some lube.

“As long as it’s not your donkey dong,”

she groaned.

My head snapped up, taking my attention away from lubing up the small metal plug.

“I’m sorry, but what did you just call my dick?”

“Have you considered a dick reduction?”

she asked, lifting her head. “That thing is not natural.”

“How many dick’s have you seen to come to that conclusion?”

I asked dryly while wondering if I should have fucked her mouth harder since it did little to contain her sass.

“I’ve seen enough pictures and videos to know that donkey dick is too big. You’re going to cause me internal bleeding with that thing.”

I ignored her nonsense and pulled her ass cheeks apart to see her tight little asshole sealed shut. Her body tensed as I wiped some lube over the puckered hole.

“I’ve never had any complaints about my dick before,”

I lied because most women couldn’t take my full length and I learned to make do by not going in too deep. I had no intention of holding back with Francesca. My little kitten would be well trained in servicing all my needs.

“That thing needs to be in its natural habitat, the animal kingdom,”

she muttered.

I shoved my finger into her ass, which made me smile when she yelped. She gasped as I eased my finger into and out. The lube made the motion easy and no matter how tightly she squeezed her asshole it didn’t stop me from enjoying the feel of her tight virgin ass around my finger.

Alas, I didn’t have time to play with her ass. I reluctantly pulled my finger out and gently pushed the metal plug against her asshole.

“You’re the only animal in this room tonight,”

I said as I saw her asshole began to open. “Relax your muscles, Kitten. Good girl, take what I give you.”



Her little erratic pants were a tad dramatic but I refrained from telling her that. Once the widest part of the plug was inside, her ass sucked the rest in and I pulled my phone out to take a few discreet pictures. I moved the tail over her back and took a close up of her wet cunt.

I reached for the wand. sShe was so horny that it would take her seconds to come once it was on her clit. Tonight had given me numerous ideas for her kitten outfits. Her cries filled the room as she tried to fuck herself on the wand and I pulled my phone out again.

It would be a long time before I could fuck her juicy little pussy, but it would be worth the wait.

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:37 pm*

Francesca

Alessio walked me to my grandparents' door and I was about to unlock the door when he pushed me against the hallway wall. He sniffed my hair before he kissed my cheek.

“Behave yourself, Kitten. Ti guarderò,”

he whispered in my ear as he pried my keys out of my hand. I will be watching you.

Not creepy at all.

“Or next time I won’t let you cum, Kitten,”

he said as he pulled away to unlock the door.

I gasped at his cruel words. “That’s spousal abuse,”

I blurted out. “I have rights.”

He made me cum three times with the vibrator before he was done toying with me. Then he ruined it by rushing around, trying to get my clothes on to get me back home.

“Sure you do, Kitten,”

he said, openly mocking me, which got me riled up, but when he opened the door, my

Nonno stood there.

Alessio respectfully greeted my Nonno. “Buonasera signore, mi scuso per l'arrivo tardivo,”

he said before he kissed my forehead. Good evening, sir. I apologise for the late arrival.

His words caught me off guard, but Nonno nodded at him before he looked me up and down. It made me glad that Alessio took his time in making me look presentable again. I would have come home knickerless, hair a mess with a creased dress.

“Goodnight, DD,”

I said to him with a wink, feeling confident that Nonno had my back.

I hugged and kissed Nonno and left them in the doorway, giving Alessio a finger wave before I left. It felt nice getting the last word in. I quickly washed up after contemplating and deciding to shower in the morning. When I returned from the bathroom, he had messaged me.

My smile vanished when I realised he'd taken pictures of the tail in my ass. My breath stopped when I saw the close-up of my pussy.

La Bestia: Sweet dreams, Kitten. I will be dreaming of fucking my wife's tight virgin holes.

My mouth became dry at his words, but unfortunately, the clean underwear I put on didn't have the same problem.

Me: Please delete those photos. And remember you promised to look into the girl's

situation.

His response was instant.

La Bestia: No, these pictures are mine. I have someone looking into Amari.

I had to give it to him. He was detail-oriented. I didn't remember the girl's name because I was distracted by the man's abhorrent behaviour. I lay in bed but tossed and turned after the change of events today. I picked up the phone and messaged him.

Me: Please don't hurt me.

I wasn't talking about whips or paddles. My father got my mum pregnant and immediately left her, leaving her devastated because she believed herself to be in love with the cretin.

La Bestia: I have no desire to harm you, Kitten. Don't make me, and I won't.

Silence or Death.

His world had a simple code.

But would it all really matter if his donkey dick killed me?

I sighed and shoved my phone under my pillow but fell asleep instantly.

\*\*\*

My Nonna was more excited about my wedding than I was. She was in her element, and I realised this was something she never got to do with my mum. Nonno was happier because his wife was.

“I will miss living with you both,”

I said quietly.

“Eh, it was bound to happen one day,”

he said with a smile, but his eyes told a different story.

“I never once felt unwanted, Nonno. I would dread to think what would have happened had I ended up in the social system,”

I said, resting my head on his shoulder.

“Never. You mended your Nonna’s broken heart, and brought me back to life. I remembered that famiglia comes before anything else,”

he said, stroking my hair. “You were such a peaceful bimba. You made it so easy to fall in love with you, tesoro.”

“Even though I have his eyes and got diagnosed with ADHD later?”

I asked, referring to inheriting my father’s green eyes.

“Pfft, you are a Nardini girl through and through,”

he said vehemently. “Your diagnosis was of little consequence to us, mia cara.”

“That I am, Nonno, that I am,”

I said, wrapping my arm around him. “Grazie, Nonno.”

Their never-ending patience is something I only came to appreciate after my pre-teen years.

I felt him relax, and he patted my back like he used to when I was a child.

“I will kill him, if he hurts you,”

he said quietly.

He was going to hurt me regardless, but I couldn't tell Nonno about the donkey dick. So, I remained quiet and enjoyed a few peaceful moments with him before Nonna came at me with more wedding options.

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La Bestia: I will pick you up tonight.

Me: Sorry, I'm clipping my toenails tonight.

La Bestia: TMI.

Me: You probably get Nero to trim yours.

La Bestia: I've been too busy working to clear my schedule for our wedding, Kitten.

He didn't deny having a manservant who trimmed his toenails for him.

Too busy to text. Whatever.

I could have texted, but I was too stubborn.

Me: I will see you on Saturday.

La Bestia: Tonight.

Me: Fine, don't come at me when I slice your skin up with my lethal toenails.

La Bestia: I'm willing to take the risk.

I pictured slicing up his beastly dick with my toenails, and that made me happy. In my head, they were precise little scalpels, but reality was a fucker. I probably wouldn't get my foot anywhere near his dick.

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I was so, very, very wrong. My shoe was off, and I had my bare foot resting on his dick. I rubbed his dick in a circular motion until I felt the beast rise to the challenge. He definitely wouldn't need any Viagra for another few years.

“Do you want to do this here, Kitten?”

Alessio asked with his fork paused midway to his mouth.

“Do what? You deserve to see my misshaped toenails,”

I said before innocently scooping up a fork full of the delicious mashed potatoes.

He should have known better to bring me out in public after the strawberry tart debacle.

He glanced down at his crotch before he looked at me again.

“It’s almost as if you're begging to be whipped, Kitten,”

he drawled but adjusted my foot and trapped it there between his legs.

He dabbed his mouth with a napkin and waved Nero over, while I tried to free my foot. Nero eyed me suspiciously but bent down as Alessio spoke to him. I tried to lean over, but he was done before I could hear anything. Nero stood up and stalked away.

“He won't harm the girl. I invited him and his family to the wedding, but Stefanos is in Greece,”

Alessio said, drawing my attention away from Nero.

“Amari?” I asked.

“She is in Greece, too,”

he said as I frowned.

Hmm. How convenient.

“Do you want dessert tonight?”

Alessio asked with a suspiciously mischievous look.

“Isn’t dessert the whole point in eating out? Rocco should do a better job of spying on me if you don't know that.”

Alessio waved to a waiter and requested the dessert menu while I gave up trying to free my foot from his incredibly strong thigh muscles. I relaxed and decided his



company was worth the free food I got in return.

After all, fine food and drink was a way of life for Italians.

Alessio

I observed my future wife order, not one but two desserts. She wasn't much of a drinker but loved eating, which turned me on. Any other woman would peruse a menu for so long until it pissed me off. The list was endless: low carb, low fat, meat-free, gluten-free, non-dairy. I wouldn't bother with dating but a man had needs. I glanced at the doorway as diners were turned away. There weren't too many people left in the restaurant.

It wasn't something I would need to worry about again since I had my kitten to tend to me now. There were two days left until our wedding. My impatience was eating away at me, and after the church date had been pushed into an earlier slot, everything else fell into place. My dad and Armando would take care of business while I took care of fucking my new bride senseless.

I discreetly unbuckled my belt as her desserts were placed on the table. I passed her the mango panna cotta to her since it was placed in front of me in error. She was too busy moaning and licking the chocolate mouse from her spoon for her to notice.

She was genuinely unaware of her surroundings because she was engrossed in a sugary love affair with her dessert. I was sure she would turn feral on me if I tried to part her from her choco—it was gone, and she was moving onto the mango laden dessert.

I shamelessly used what I had and rubbed her foot against myself while she hoovered up the second dessert. The restaurant was empty, and Nero stood outside. Our table was in the back, so she was completely unaware of what was happening.

A third dessert was placed in front of me, and Francesca paused.

“I don't think I can eat that,”

she said, but eyed it up speculatively.

“You don't need to worry about this one,”

I said, holding her foot.

She wasn't wearing a dress tonight, but it didn't matter. I was ravenous tonight and it wasn't for food. I'd made do with the pictures of Francesca's ass and pussy, but tonight I needed the real deal.

“Mmm, those were so good,”

she said licking her lips.

I stared at her tongue moving around her plump lips before I observed her actions. She rubbed her belly and popped her button open on her jeans. The minx wasn't even trying to seduce me.

“Are you having that? I would hate to see food go to waste,”

she said as I struggled to keep a straight face at her guileless audacity.

I stood up and cleared the table contents to one side before I pulled Francesca up. I removed her leather jacket and proceeded to undress her.

“What are you doing, you maniac?”

she said before she looked around at the empty restaurant.

The staff knew not to come in after the third dessert was served.

“I changed my mind about dessert,”

I said, leaning over her shoulder to unhook her bra.

I pushed her onto the table until she lay on her back. After I pulled her remaining shoe off, I peeled her jeans and underwear off. She lay on the table with one hand over her pussy and the other covering her breasts.

“Move your hands away, or I will zip tie them,”

I said as I picked up my chocolate mousse.

“Alessio—”

she began in a pleading tone.

“No one will dare to come in here,”

I said, cutting her off before pulling her legs open. “Do you honestly think that I would let anyone see you naked?”

She hesitated, but when she saw me pick up my plate, she slowly moved her hands away and I saw her spread out in all her glory. I squashed the dome shape chocolate mousse and smeared it over her nipple, ignoring her groan.

“Why can't we have one meal outside like normal people?”

she grumbled.

“Normal is boring, Kitten and watching you eat made me fucking ravenous after not seeing you all week. Perhaps if you had kept your feet to yourself the outcome might have been different. Accept responsibility and stop trying to lay all the blame on me,”

I said innocently.

I smeared more of the mousse on her other nipple before pushing the rest inside her pussy and around her labia and clit. She was bare this time since she had gone to the salon. It would make cleaning her up much more manageable.

She looked like a delicious mess as I walked around to the side of the table and held her throat before licking my dessert off her nipple. I took quite a bit of sucking and licking before she was clean. She gripped my hair as I finished swirling my tongue around her pebbled rosy nipple.

“I bet that your cunt is a sopping mess right now,”

I said releasing her throat to place my hands on the table so I could reach her other nipple without soiling my clothes.

“Not at all. In fact I’m bone dry,”

she said, reaching for my head and trying to pull me down onto her breast.

“I do love it when you challenge me, Kitten. It makes it all the sweeter to punish you,”

I said, keeping my eyes on hers as I stuck my tongue out to enjoy the sweet yet slightly bitter chocolate on her nipple.

Her fingers tightened around my head, and her eyes closed in pleasure.

Fucking bone dry, my ass.

I cupped her breast and opened my mouth as wide as I could to swallow her breast and nipple. I sucked so hard that she gasped in pain before she thrust herself upwards, begging for more—a growl built up in my chest before I released her nipple with a loud suckling sound. I clambered onto the table until her waist was between my knees, and I held her breasts together, squeezing them while I memorised the image of her chocolate smeared tits.

“If you’re bone dry by the time I get to your cunt, Kitten you won’t need to wear a tail in your ass for the next two days,”

I said before pressing her luscious tits together and sucking on her nipples, grazing my teeth over her soft skin.

“I’m so dry that you will only find dust particles down there,”

she said lifting her head to give me a cheeky smile.

I released her sticky breasts to kiss her lips before I pinched her nipples. “I’ve got pretty little diamond bells for these nipples. I don’t think you will enjoy them,”

I said with a smirk before carefully climbing off her.

I walked to the bottom of the table for my main course. Her legs were dangling off the table, so I pulled her along the table before I flung her legs over my shoulders. My patience vanished as I gazed at her chocolate covered pussy.

Was it fate that I happened to catch sight of her selling Viagra in my club?

When I checked back on the club's video footage, she had been selling it for over ten months. She put her mouth to good use in her sales techniques. No matter what the reason, she was all mine now. I would create the perfect pet to fuck, love and protect. With her mouth and attitude it would be a full-time job.

I ran my tongue up and down her pretty slit until I felt the chocolate smear my lips and mouth. I stuck my tongue into her pussy to scoop out the mousse. The taste of the chocolate and arousal made me groan and my cock ached for relief.

“You're so nasty, but I love it,”

Francesca moaned as she tried to smother me to death with her cunt when her thighs locked around me and she tugged at my hair like a vicious beast.

Her pussy fluttered as I continued to eat her out. I rubbed her clit and eased two fingers inside of her. I needed to watch my tight virgin cunt explode oh my fingers. Her thighs tensed and she screamed until her voice cracked. I felt her gush on my fingers as her pussy clenched down on me. It wouldn't be long until she came on my dick.

Her legs relaxed enough to release my head and I rubbed my sore ears. I pulled my fingers out and rubbed her cum onto her pussy before leisurely licking her clean.

“You were not bone dry, amore mio,”

I said with a deep seated smug voice as I thought about her screaming the place down.

Her response also inexplicably softened my heart. I stood up, and she looked at me with dazed and soft eyes, but with a mischievous smile.

“No one can tell for sure since you just licked up the evidence,”

she said before she giggled and flopped her arms above her head.

I unzipped my trousers, and she bit her lower lip as she watched me pull my cock out. She might think I was too big but her flushed cheeks and lust blazing in her eyes belied any fears she might have.

“Come and kneel down here, Kitten, it’s time for you to lick up some cream,”

I murmured.



Francesca

Alessio gave me more than dinner and an orgasm. He gifted me with four plastic cards in my hand and a fluffy pink tail in my ass. I refused to wear it on the wedding day for the fear of someone seeing it when they helped me with the ties on my dress. As much as I enjoyed our sexual encounters, I still didn't want to marry him. Between his reputation and my aversion to men, it was enough to give me pause for thought.

I liked his cousin and Silvio. Nero, the smelly blood thirsty bastard was growing on me. Since I had no job, I took one card and tried to give him the others back. To which he took offence, telling me to 'deal with it'. A mob boss's wife is what he expected me to be.

Did he expect me to sit on my ass and shop all day?

With a heavy sigh, I lifted my favourite picture of myself and my grandparents. They were a unique exception, with their marriage spanning over forty-three years. Their life and marriage hadn't been easy. After years of trying, they were blessed with my mother until she met my low-life father.

I glanced at my mum's photo. We looked so alike. I placed my grandparents' picture back on my side table to pick up my phone. I went into our messages and smiled faintly at the last conversation.

After last night's dinner, he checked in on me to ensure I hadn't taken the stupid tail out.

Me: When do I get to shove something into your ass?

La Bestia: Never.

Me: Have you ever had anything in your ass?

La Bestia: We are not having this conversation.

Me: That's a yes. What was it? Did you experiment in your teens? Was it Nero? Is that why he is always with you? It was probably jealousy that made him want to 'get rid of me'.

La Bestia: You have an overactive imagination. Go to sleep.

Me: Yet you haven't denied it.

La Bestia: I will tell you when I fuck your asshole.

Me: That's not happening.

La Bestia: Keep telling yourself that, Kitten.

Me: You're going to give me nightmares.

La Bestia: It's sweet that you will dream of your future husband.

Husband.

That word sounded so alien to me, but when I was with Alessio, he was addictive. Although, that could be the mind-blowing orgasms.

I got a fright when my phone vibrated in my hand.

La Bestia: How's your ass doing today? You were walking a little awkwardly when you went to the supermarket.

Rocco was very observant.

Me: You and your spy are mistaken. I took it out this morning.

La Bestia: Luckily, I came to check on your ass. Come downstairs.

I stared at the phone before I jumped off my bed to look out of my window, and sure enough, his car was double parked on my street. There were no parking spaces left in the evening. His car had the lights on, but my grandparents would be asleep. I picked up my keys, left my phone on my bed, and snuck out of our apartment.

The hallway was cold, but I didn't think to grab my robe. I was curious to see why Alessio was here—the night before our wedding. When I reached the bottom of the stairs, I saw Nero's hulking figure blocking the entrance. His face was more miserable than usual.

"Don't ever betray him,"

he said stonily.

"Keep your mummy issues to yourself, Nero. You don't know me,"

I said, having had enough of his surly attitude.

He stared at me for a moment longer before nodding and opening the door.

“Mrs Caruso,”

he murmured when I walked past him.

I couldn't help but smile at the loyal oaf as he followed me through the garden and towards the car. He reached around me and opened the car door. I guess it was time to bury the hatchet.

Alessio sat in the car in his usual suited attire. His tie was missing, and the top few buttons were undone. I climbed into the car, and Nero closed the door. He pulled me onto his lap and buried his face into my hair. With a soft sigh, I put my arm around his shoulder while I clutched my keys in the other hand and rested my fist on his chest. I had a feeling that checking my ass was an excuse to see me. I wasn't always correct when it came to reading people, but with Alessio, I found myself being more accurate than usual.

“You always smell amazing, Kitten,” he said.

“I bathe,”

I said, trying not to rub myself on him.

I felt his smile on my cheek as his prickly stubble rubbed against me.

“Do you have your tail in, Kitten?”

“Yes, but I need to take it out before I put my dress on. My family will be in my room helping me.”

“No, I will stop by and put it in. I want you in that church, walking down the aisle with your kitten tail stuffed inside your asshole,”

he said, stopping every so often to kiss my cheek neck and ear.

“Good luck getting past my Nonna,”

I said, squirming on his lap.

“I have my ways with the ladies,”

he said, licking around my earlobe.

“You flash them donkey dick and they faint from shock?”

I gasped as his hand snuck beneath my sweatshirt.

“I didn't lie when I said Caruso men marry for life. You will adjust to my world, and in private, you will be my obedient little Kitten. I want you to keep an open mind to our marriage. You are my once in a lifetime tesoro,”

he said as he gently squeezed my breasts and rubbed my nipple. Treasure.

“I don't want to get married, Alessio,”

I said honestly, but his movements stilled before he resumed his teasing. “All I feel are the walls closing in on me.”

“Then it's just as well that I decided for us,”

he said lightly before pinching my nipple.

This was happening whether I wanted it or not and what I couldn't grasp earlier became very clear. He might have sucked me into a seductive trap from awakening

my sexuality, but it didn't prevent my resentment of him taking away my choices from me.

Alessio

I glared at my wife's sullen disposition. Her words of rejection last night stung, but this was unacceptable. The longer I observed her, the angrier it made me. The church ceremony had taken an hour, but it was beautiful and meaningful in ways that I hadn't expected. Yet her glum mood had managed to ruin it. The usual witty, smiling woman was a miserable wench.

Four hours later, at our reception, all she could muster was feeble smiles and the odd nod at our guests. I hope to fuck she smiled in our wedding pictures because our children would see those. I frowned when her Nonno began to pull her towards the exit.

My glass cracked between my fingers, and I let the remains of the glass fall to the floor before I began to stride after them. Armando came out of nowhere and blocked my path.

“Zia Rosa mi ha chiesto di tenerti d'occhio,”

he said, placing his hands on my shoulders when I tried to duck around him. Aunt Rosa asked me to keep an eye on you.

“Lasci la mia strada, Armando,”

I snapped at him before switching to English. Get out of my way, Armando. “I have had enough of her shitty attitude.”

“Le donne sono creature complesse, fratello,”

he said softly, gripping my neck with both hands. Women are complex creatures, brother.

“Causing a scene at your wedding is not a wise decision when you can correct her in private. You are the boss, a Caruso, and we do not air our personal matters in public.”

I finally looked away from the door to my cousin, and some of my tension left me. It was true. My parents had never scolded one another in the presence of any outsiders. He released my neck and straightened my jacket.

“You can go beast mode on her in private, but don't break her spirit. I say this for everyone's sake. I don't want you murdered on the job because of your bad mood,”

he said with a chuckle.

I grunted before I looked at the doors. My softer approach didn't work, and my need for total control wasn't up for debate, which left only one option.

It was time for Francesca to meet the Beast.

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The journey to the airport was in complete silence as I contemplated everything I would do to her when we reached my seafront villa in Menfi, a province in Sicily. Nero kept looking back at us in the rearview mirror while Francesca fidgeted uncomfortably in her seat.

When we reached my aeroplane, I allowed her to walk up the stairs, but when she tripped on her dress, I grabbed her by her elbow before she fell.



“Thanks,”

she mumbled, but I grunted and lifted her onto my shoulder to jog up the remaining stairs.

I strode through the plane, opened the bedroom door, and tossed her on the bed before I locked the door and went to get a drink. Nero and Rocco were coming with us for security, but they would stay in the guesthouse to allow us some privacy.

“Is everything okay, boss?”

Nero asked as I poured myself a large Scotch.

I didn't reply but took my drink and sat down. Everything would be okay after my ten day honeymoon, which would begin my wife's training as my obedient little pet and fucktoy.

I smiled at the thought and relaxed in my seat to take a large gulp of my drink.

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I pulled the rope through the metal loop in the open living area. In the daytime, it would have a stunning scenic view of the beach and ocean. The wooded area around the beach was why I bought the villa. I could hang my wife naked from the ceiling in complete privacy.

“Alessio,”

she gasped as her arms followed her bound hands toward the ceiling.

I lifted the heavy couch and placed the rope around the corner wooden base.

“If you don't stay silent, I will gag you,”

I said as I walked around her.

She was stretched out and standing on her toes. I reached into my bag and got my large hunting knife out. Once I walked behind her, I began to slice through the silk and lace material. From her back to her legs and over her arms until she was naked, but for her tail sticking out of her ass. I trailed the tip of the knife from her neck to her ass cheeks. Her hair was pinned up, and I was glad because I wanted to see every one of my marks on her flesh.

I switched the knife out for the jewellery box and removed the diamond and gold nipple clamps. The design covered her nipple with a large solitaire diamond, but the four screws to hold it in place let me decide the pain level. I attached them onto her nipples after pulling on them until they hardened.

Her desperate eyes were full of pain by the time I was finished. I slid my hand down her belly while I looked into her mossy green eyes until I felt her pussy. Her sodden pussy coated the tips of my fingers and she closed her eyes.

“By the time we return to London you will learn your place, Kitten. It is by my fucking feet,”

I growled allowing my rage to find an outlet.

I got the lube, whip, and pink kitten ears to match her tail. Once her ears were on, I began a light whipping, starting from her back until I made my way to her front. Lashing at her breasts, belly and pussy before returning to her back, ass and thighs. Her feet were doing a constant little dance on her toes and she tugged at the rope to keep her balance.

“You will behave yourself in public with decorum, and if you have anything to discuss with me, you do it in the privacy of our home,”

I said as I worked my way around her body again.

“Yes, Sir!”

she cried when I flicked the end of my tassels on her nipple.

Her face and body were covered in a fine sheen of sweat. I reached for the water bottle, and she opened her mouth as I poured some in. Once, I decided she had enough. I poured the over her face and chest. She shook from the shock of the cold water dripping down her body.

“Just to cool you off, mia cara,”

I said, mocking her as fury lit her green eyes up. “We both know how hot your little cunt gets.”

Since she continued to glare at me with defiance in her eyes, I pulled her leg up, leaving her no choice but to balance herself on one foot. With defiance and anger gone there was nothing but misery and panic. When I held her thigh and began to rub her pussy she moaned and her head fell back. I glanced down at her decorated nipples and wet body to decide it was time to fuck my bride.

I’d waited long enough.

## Page 16

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:37 pm*

Francesca

It took everything in me not to swear, scream, and lament against the Beast because I could see he had finally lost the plot. Excuse me for needing time to process the shit in my head. Sure, I could have timed it better, but I couldn't go back in time and change how I felt. When Nonno pulled me to the side, I realised how bad it was. I told him it was just nerves, but I don't think he bought it.

Alessio thrust his fingers inside me, and my foot faltered only for my aching wrists and arms to take the brunt of my weight. I groaned at the rope, digging into my flesh. The stupid nipple clamps didn't help. I'd had enough.

“It was so much better when you were silent,”

I panted out and pulled my head up to see his reaction.

His eyes narrowed on me before he dropped my thigh and stepped back only to work on his shirt to undress. There was murder in his eyes, and it didn't bode well for me. When he stripped his shirt off, I saw his neck tattoo. It was a reaper's blade with a skeleton hand gripping it. There was blood on the nasty looking blade. It made me gulp. He worked on his trousers, but the freak's eyes never left me.

The stupid money making Viagra was to blame for all of this. It was an easy sell. They didn't need to go to a pharmacy or order online, not when I was there to sweet talk them into buying from me.

I made the mistake of looking down to see the Beast's beast. I closed my eyes

because it looked heftier than before. How did he carry it about with him? It must be a burden, like women with massive boobs.

I felt his hands on my waist, and he lifted me up. My arms sagged, and the ache lessened. I wrapped my legs around him so I wouldn't pull on the rope. It was a trick, of course, because I felt his cock between my legs. He held my ass and I felt him slip the tip of his cock inside of me. He slid me down until I could feel him nudge against my hymen.

He began to ease the tail in and out of my asshole. My pussy clenched around him, causing him to hiss. He eased himself back and forth until the pain lessened. I heard a thud as the metal plug landed on the floor.

“You’re mine, Kitten. Don't ever forget that,”

he said before he dropped me onto his dick.

A shrill cry escaped from my lips when I felt him tear into me.

The sharp pinching pain blossomed into a manageable dull thumping one inside of me. His hand rested on my lower back as he held me in place. I was grateful because I knew there was a lot more of him left to go inside of me.

“I can feel your virgin blood dripping down my cock, Kitten. There is no going back, ever,”

he said before he gripped my inner thighs and kissed my neck.

He began to bounce me on his cock, easing into me inch by inch. My aching nipples rubbed against his chest and I whimpered because I needed more. I didn't care if it was pain or pleasure, I just needed to feel.

“Così bagnato per me, Gattino,”

he murmured against my neck. So wet for me, Kitten. His hot breath and tongue worked their way to my mouth. I didn't hesitate, I thrust my tongue against his until it became a battle of wills.

Alessio must have known what I needed because he began to lift me higher and drop me down, but this time he thrust himself into me as I went down. My mouth fell away from his as he pumped me up and down incessantly while I helplessly tugged on the rope. My head fell back and I gave up struggling with the rope when he fucked me so hard that he grunted with each sharp thrust.

“Sì, portami in profondità, Gattino. Lavora quella figa vergine per il mio seme,”

he roared and like a fiend I came like a hurricane at his filthy words. Yes, take me deep, Kitten. Work that virgin pussy for my seed.

I sobbed as he groaned but it didn't stop him from thrusting deep inside of me. The pleasure was so intense that it took my breath away. It was fleeting and I wanted to chase after it. Yet I was relieved when I felt his hot cum erupt inside of me because as I came down from my high, exhaustion kicked in.

When I came to my senses, he was cutting into the rope above us. He cradled me against his chest but looped my tied hands over his head until my aching arms rested on his shoulder.

“Sei pazzo,”

I croaked out. You're crazy.

“Sì, lo sono, moglie,”

he said before he kissed my cheek. Yes, I am, wife.

I nuzzled into his warmth of his body with a sigh. This wasn't how I expected our wedding night to go, but life would be unpredictable with la mia Bestia.

My Beast.

I was falling asleep by the time he laid me on the bed. He pulled the covers over me as I sunk into the soft pillow with a moan. The rope was still around my wrists, but I didn't care, all I wanted to do was sleep for a week. Minutes later I felt the bed move beneath me and Alessio pulled my hands out and cut the rope off. He massaged my wrists and hands before he laid me on my back to massage my shoulders. He had a surprisingly gentle touch for his size, but I didn't have much time to dwell on it because I fell asleep from his relaxing massage. The day had been long and taxing, but it had a satisfying conclusion.

## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:37 pm*

Alessio

She fell asleep as I massaged her shoulders to ease the muscle ache. After being strung up like a piece of meat in a butcher's shop, she needed a hot bath, which would need to wait until tomorrow. I pulled her Kitten ears off and leaned to put them on the side table. I took my time in removing her nipple clamps. She had a slight smile on her lips, and I shook my head. Armando was right. Women were strange, complex creatures.

The ropes had left marks around her wrists, but I had zero regrets. Seeing them on her made me want to fuck her senseless. I was right about one thing. She'd managed to take my entire length on her first try. I turned the lamp off and shifted close to her before I pulled her into my arms. She let out a noise between a snort and a snore before she slumped onto my chest.

I couldn't wait to fuck her again my cock began to harden as I remembered her orgasm. She was tight, but when she came, her pussy literally sucked my seed out of my balls. My cum would make the perfect lube if I fucked her again while she slept. I stifled a groan because I knew she needed to rest.

I fell asleep listening to the sound of her breathing along with the feel of her chest riding and falling against mine.

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I awakened to my wife's hot little body plastered against mine. Her natural scent hit me as I opened my eyes and last night's memories flooded back to me in high



definition. The blood I wiped away from my dick, and how it coated my length. The tight hot hole that was all mine. It was nearing dawn, too early for her to wake up. I gently turned her around and pulled her back against my chest. There was no way I could wait to fuck her cunt again.

I peppered her shoulder and neck with kisses as I snuck a hand beneath her to play with her pretty pink nipples. My other hand slid down her smooth, soft waist, hips, and thighs until I pulled her legs apart to manoeuvre my cock between her thighs. I rubbed my dick between them until I was leaking on them. She let out a low guttural groan, but didn't pull away.

“Do whatever you want, but just let me sleep,”

she groaned while hugging into her pillow.

I moved back to grab some lube and smeared it on my cock before I twisted her until she lay on her front. She tucked the pillow under her face and tried to go back to sleep. Strands of her hair had come out and some pins stuck out as stray curls escaped onto her back. I peeled the covers off her back to reveal the masterpiece—my wife's luscious ass.

I climbed over her to kneel beside her thighs and eased my cock inside of her pussy. As I began to sink into her I gripped her ass cheeks and used them as handles to rock myself back and forward. The lube and last night's cum allowed my girth to sink deeper with each movement.

My balls throbbed at the sight of her pussy straining around cock. I dropped my hands on the bed beside her shoulders and began to drive into her with heavy thrusts until she started to cry for everything holy in Italian. I didn't know whether to laugh or call in a priest for her confession. But each time my pelvis smacked into that fine ass, my balls slapped against them, too. I was balls deep in my wife's cunt and it was

the best feeling in the world.

“Yeah, Kitten, you can take that dick real deep,”

I said over her incoherent babbling. “Dammi la mia figa, Gattino.”

Give me my pussy, Kitten.

Her cries got louder and when she began to clench around me I began to fuck her like a beast, swinging my hips back and forth ensuring I fucked her as hard as possible. As soon as she let out a long moan and her pussy began to ripple around me I pressed deep inside her like last night and started to spew my cum inside her incredibly hot slippery pussy.

My jaws locked together as my cock pulsated and continued to spurt inside of her. My gums ached from how hard I clenched down, but the thought of getting Francesca pregnant was overwhelming. I placed a hand between her shoulders as I rose up, smacking her fine ass, enjoying the sensation of her pussy clenching down on me.

I yawned, pulled the covers over us, and moved to her side before pulling her close. My dick remained inside its new home while she fought to get some hair out of her mouth. She must have been tired because she didn't say a word but fell asleep in my arms. It was good to know she was pliable first thing in the morning.

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I glanced behind me to check if she was still crawling. I had her ears, tail, collar, knee pads and nipple clamps on. Her collar was black leather with a little gold bell on it. The nipple clamps had the same bells, making a lovely tinkling sound as she moved. The black leash trailed behind her as she crawled. She was not amused, but it was entertaining for me.

After refuelling with some breakfast and some time in the hot tub, she was ready for her first day in our honeymoon.

“What does Kitty say?”

I asked as I led her to the decked patio beside the swimming pool.

“Meow,”

she said grumpily before she looked around at her surroundings.

I pulled my shorts off as the heat of the bright sun hit me.

“Come and get me hard, Kitten. I need to deposit another load inside that pretty pussy,”

I said before I turned to face her as she crawled towards me.

She pursed her lips tightly, trying to prevent herself from saying anything. My Kitten was learning. When she stopped in front of me I put a finger beneath her chin.

“You will fuck your face on my dick today to earn my cum,”

I said with a smile as I watched her eyes widen. “That shouldn't be a problem for your mouth, Kitten.”

My dick didn't have a problem getting hard watching her little bells swing from her nipples as she crawled towards me. This is what I needed time away from business and stress. Who better to relax with than my little Gattino?

The closer she got, the less irritable she looked. She was staring at my cock in equal

parts of fear and awe. She could deny our union all she wanted because there was no denying the intense chemistry between us.

“You're always hungry, Kitten,”

I murmured as she stopped before me and settled on her knees.

I reached down to tug on her bells. The clips did an excellent job of pinching her nipples. She panted through the pain, biting down on her lower lip as she sucked it into her mouth. My eyes dropped to the diamond on her finger, it gleamed under the sun, drawing my attention to her wedding ring.

Our rings were symbols of our life-long oaths to one another. She might not have meant hers, but I took mine seriously. Fidelity and unity were part of my life with the Mafia. It made sense to have the same with my wife. Through time, she would come to know me better and accept our union.

## Page 18

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:37 pm*

Francesca

Here I was again, face to face with my nemesis. Donkey Dick. The destroyer of worlds and vagin—

It slapped me on my face. I touched my cheek before I glared at my new Mafioso husband, but he did it again. The sun blinded me, and I shut my eyes until he shifted in front of me to provide shade. It felt strange being naked and outside. Let alone crawling around after him, dressed as a cat.

“You must enjoy getting dick slapped, Kitten, or you would have opened up by now,”

Alessio said, holding the offending piece of meat in front of me.

I quickly opened my mouth and stuck my tongue out before he dick slapped me again. My tongue worked around the tip, and I thought of last night. He had fucked me like a ragdoll and I'd loved it. I glanced at my wrists from where the ropes had left red marks. By the time I was ready to cum yesterday, I discovered that I loved the discomfort and his strength as he had lifted and dropped me down on his cock. My pussy twitched at the depraved memories from last night and this morning.

Since I couldn't do what he asked of me I cupped his balls and wanked the base of his dick, wincing when my breasts moved. The nipple clamps kept an edge of pain over me, and it was distracting.

“Try harder, Kitten,”

he said, making me groan before I opened my mouth as wide as I could to swallow more of him.

I gathered saliva in my mouth before I began to rub my tongue along his cock as I started to move my head up and down to suck on him.

“Fuck, yes, Kitten. Work those pretty lips,”

he hissed.

At least his lousy mood had eased off today. I closed my eyes, and tried to take him deeper. The damn beast was too broad, and it bumped at the back of my throat, making me gag. I opened my eyes to glance up at him, and he had a shit-eating smug smirk on his face.

Once I blinked away, my dick choked tears, I narrowed my eyes at him and ignored my racing heart. I stuck my tongue out and gripped his ass cheeks. I made sure to dig my nails in his ass before I pulled him towards me and relaxed my throat until I felt him begin to slip past my throat. I sucked air in through my nose and began to swallow him down. His ass muscles tightened beneath my hands and he lost his smugness. His lips parted and his eyes darkened. As soon as he was in me I pushed myself down on his dick until he groaned.

He grabbed my head to hold me still before he started to slide his cock in and out of my mouth. I kept my jaw wide open but could not stop my saliva from dripping out of my mouth. My hands slipped to his thighs.

“My beautiful cock sucking Kitten. Do you know how hot you look with my dick between your lips?”

I was impaled on Donkey Dick so I couldn't reply. His fingers moved in my hair

before he thrust deeper. I gulped trying not to choke again, but he took his time rocking his hips until I felt his pubic hair. He paused for a moment and eased back only to smack his pelvis into my face. His balls slapped against my wet chin.

“Yeah, Kitten. You take what I give you,”

he growled before driving in and out of me. With each sharp thrust he smacked against my face. I felt my neck stretch and retract with every vicious movement. He cursed and pulled out of me, leaving clinging to his thighs.

“You will not make me cum in your mouth,”

he snapped at me.

Okay, steady on, pal. This was your doing, have some self control.

My inner bitch was strong today, but not strong enough to voice my opinions. So, I just blinked at him with my best innocent look. He picked my leash up and tugged it toward the sun loungers. I quickly dropped to my hands and knees to follow his lead.

I gasped at the stunning view of the beach. Dark trees skirted around the white sand, and the ocean went from aqua green to a deep dark blue. I was too busy eyeing the scenery when Alessio picked me up and put me on my back. He pushed me until my back rested on the raised section of the sun lounge.

The sun blazed down on me, and I closed my eyes against the bright glare. Thankfully, he blocked it out with his bulky frame. My inner bitch switched up to horny mode when I took a good look at my naked husband's body. I didn't have that luxury last night or this morning.

He was toned, tight with thick veins running down his arms to his tattooed hands. The

dark hair trailed from his chest to his cock. I bit into my lip when I stared at the wet pink tip of his cock until they travelled down the bulging veins to his heavy balls. I was soaked before, but I could feel the throbbing need inside of me. The sensation of the metal plug inside me made me clench my ass around the small oval plug and I resisted the urge to touch my clamped nipples.

“Your ass looks good plugged up with your little kitten tail. I’m going to enjoy feeling it inside of you when I fuck this wet little pussy,”

he said as he spread my legs and climbed onto the sun lounger.

Less talking, more fucking.

I thought when I scowled at him.

“What do you want to say, Kitten? Tell me,”

he said as he slowly picked up one of the bells on my nipples.

I shook my head and he pulled on the bell until I cried out.

“Presto, parla ora,”

he said before he picked up the second bell. Quickly, speak now.

“Meooooow, meow, meow,”

I said in quick succession of a catlike meows. I was surprisingly good at it, but I needed his dick, and I sure as fuck wasn’t going to talk. His warning was clear when he ‘dressed’ me after breakfast.



When you are in your Kitten outfit, you do not speak. You will only meow, like a good kitten should.

He smiled and dropped the bell to grip the lounge on either side of me.

“Good girl, I know what you need,”

he said, glancing between us until I felt his cock rest over my pussy.

“Meow,”

I said as I tried to rub myself on him. A soft sigh of relief escaped from me when he rocked his hips and ground his cock against my pussy.

“Is this what you need, Kitten? Do you need my big cock inside your pretty pussy?”

he said as he leaned in to kiss my neck and my eyes fluttered shut. “Ora, immagina se non ti lasciassi raggiungere l'orgasmo,”

he whispered. Now, imagine if I didn't let you orgasm.

I froze at his words.

Could he do that? Was that permitted in marriage? The priest didn't cover that in our initial talk on marriage. It didn't sound right. There should be a law against this kind of cruel behaviour.

Fuck.

Alessio

When I pulled back to look at her, a range of emotions flickered across her face. They went from shock to confusion until she frowned with indignation. While she recovered from my threat, I gripped my cock and pushed it against her clit before I ran it down her pussy until I found her opening.

“Do you want to cum on my cock, Kitten?”

I asked as I began to feed her my cock. She was so wet there was no need for lube.

She nodded vigorously before she meowed again. I bit back a smile as I gripped the lounge again. She spread her legs wider, and I rewarded her with a deeper thrust.

“That’s my good, Kitten, open yourself up for me,”

I grunted as her pussy gripped around me.

I glanced down and saw her arousal coating my cock. It made me want to fuck her like a brutal beast. I held onto the last vestige of my control and continued to tease her until she wrapped all of her limbs around my body.

“Solo mia moglie prende il mio cazzo ora, capito?”

I said fiercely as she clung to me. Only my wife gets my cock now, understand?

I felt her nod against my shoulder as she raised her hips to meet mine with a soft

moan as she swallowed more of my cock. A sense of reassurance settled within me, and I let myself go. My fingers tightened on the lounge, and I lifted my hips to slam myself back into her.

The velvety soft cunt fluttered around me, but I started to fuck her hard, fast and so deep that she grunted in pain. Within seconds my balls were wet from her dripping pussy. Her cries filled the air, and her nail dug into my neck. The need to cum inside my unprotected wife's pussy became frantic.

“Yes, baby, get ready for my cum,”

I groaned thinking of nailing her fertile young cunt with my seed.

Her body began to tremble at my words until I drove myself into her using all my weight. Her soft cries became fractured as she struggled to breathe, but my balls tightened, and I felt myself cum inside her. I rubbed myself against her pussy as the waves of pleasure rippled through my body. She tightened her muscles around me and clenched down on me as her nail released my neck. I hissed as my dick jerked in response before I looked my wife. Her kitten ears had slipped off, and her eyes were closed. I kissed the small smile that appeared on her lips.

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After dinner, we took a stroll along the beach. She was more relaxed and was back to her chatty self. We talked about our childhood, and she mentioned that she would frequently get into trouble at school.

“That doesn't surprise me in the least, Kitten. Did you traumatise your teachers?”

I asked, pulling her closer to me.

“I probably did, but I was later diagnosed with ADHD and then dyslexia. My brain can't remain focused for long, and I don't absorb information like normal people. It did make me act out, but my grandparents always stood by me. I think they felt vindicated when I was diagnosed,”

she said thoughtfully.

That explained the three jobs and a good few other traits about her. I wasn't aware of all the symptoms, but it explained her energy levels and outspoken manner. It was her unique brain that caught my attention. Well, that and her breasts.

“How does my Nonno know your Dad?”

she asked.

I glanced at the ocean and decided I wouldn't get far because I wasn't touching that subject with a bargepole.

“No idea,”

I said lightly as I turned her around so we could go back to the villa.

I had the perfect idea involving a mouth gag and multiple orgasms to distract her before she became suspicious.

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“I will be a good kitten for my Master,”

she said in a monotone voice.

I passed her some lined paper and a pen.

“Good. Now, kneel on the floor and write it down five hundred times,”

I said as she stared at the sheets of paper.

Her mouth opened and closed again before she snatched the paper from my hand. I dropped the pen on the floor to watch her kneel down to begin writing her lines.

“Questo ti aiuterà a imparare le buone maniere, gattina,”

I said to her. This will help you learn some manners, Kitten.

Her dull meow, made me snicker. It was so different to her desperate horny meowing. We were on the last few days of our honeymoon and I wished I had planned for a more extended trip.

When I thought I was making some headway with her training, her impetus nature ruined it for her. On the other hand, I was enjoying reprimanding her. I couldn't remember the last time I felt this calm and content.

The more I got to know and understand Francesca, the happier I was with my choice in a life partner. Although I wanted to shoot her for it when I first met her, I appreciated her honest tongue. Francesca Caruso was a unique young lady, and I could see why her Nonno would want to kill me if I didn't care for her.

She didn't know that I settled her family's debts as my wedding present to her. I wasn't about to tell her because I enjoyed being her villain. She had a healthy golden glow from the sunshine. This morning, her Kitten outfit consisted of a black fluffy tail with matching ears. I leaned over to toy with her tail until her writing faltered.

“Did I tell you to stop writing, Kitten?”

I asked, pushing the metal plug back inside her asshole.

She was opening up adequately, but we still had a while to go before she could take me up her ass.

“No—meow,”

she said before quickly remembering to meow.

Her pussy was wet from me toying with her ass. I ran my fingers down her pretty pink lips, spreading her open with two fingers to see the deeper pink colour. It would look so much better with my cum dripping out of her.

My shorts began to tent out as my dick started to harden. Sadly, she had to finish writing first. I pulled the tail down to cover her pussy, but it did little to dim my desire to rail her while she carried out her punishment.

When I glanced at the illegible handwriting I almost took pity on her. She might not make it to five hundred with her difficulty to remain focused. My teasing her didn't help matters, but I found I had little self-control around my new wife. If it were up to me she would be sat on my cock 24/7. With a heavy sigh, I sat back.

I would need to make these last few days count.

Francesca

A droplet of sweat rolled down my back towards the nape of my neck. My arms ached as they were pulled back behind me and pinned by the rope from the ceiling. While my deranged husband had frog tied my legs and left me face down on the table. My feet hung over the edge of the table and I wiggled them against the rope around my ankles.

“I will need to get a few of these hooks put in our bedroom ceiling,”

he mused as I heard his naked feet pad across the floor.

He stood over me holding his massive dick in his hand and I opened my mouth. The man had been teasing me for what felt like hours, but in reality it was probably only around twenty minutes.

“Good kitten, lick my cock,”

he murmured as he pushed his cock into my mouth.

Again I licked and sucked him, tasting myself on him as he watched me while slowly wanking his cock. This was my punishment for snapping at, but I swear he was purposely needling me, willing me to fail in his so-called training.

“La tua dolce fica ha un buon sapore, gattina?”

he asked me. Does your sweet cunt taste good, Kitten?

I glared at him because he knew fine well I couldn't speak with his donkey dong in my mouth.

“Why so angry, little Kitten?”

he asked, mocking me with his usual sanctimonious smug smirk.

He pulled out of my mouth and began to slide his cock over my cheek until I felt it catch in my hair.

“You need to learn obedience, Kitten. In my world your life could depend on it,”

he said in a low and ominous voice. “I have many enemies.”

This I could believe because if he didn't fuck me properly I might kill him in his sleep. When I felt the tip of his cock against my lips again, I could have cried but I opened my mouth for him. He lifted me by my shoulders, momentarily relieving the ache in my arms before he thrust his cock inside me, pushing past the back of my throat.

“Good Kitten,”

he said gasping as he began to fuck my mouth with shallow thrusts. “So fucking good.”

I clenched my ass around the butt plug but it didn't do anything to relieve the ache inside of my pussy. I used my tongue and rubbed it against his cock, desperate for him to make me cum. He abruptly pulled out of me with a grunt and lowered my chest back on the table.

“Do you need to cum, Kitten?”



“Yes, Sir,” I gasped.

“You understand that I need to keep you safe, Francesca?”

he asked quietly.

I put my cheek on the table to see him. His forehead was furrowed in a deep frown, but his hazel-green eyes seemed darker than usual as he stared at me earnestly. It dawned on me that he was genuinely concerned that something terrible would happen to me.

“I do, Alessio. I—I promise I will try my best,”

I said stuttering as I replied honestly because I knew that I was unpredictable.

He scrutinised me for a few moments before the dark shadows on his face cleared and his eyes softened. He said nothing but walked back towards the other end of the table. I twisted my hands against the rope holding them up with anticipation when I felt his hands rested on my ass cheeks before his fingers pried them apart.

“Your pussy looks so fucking fine spread open for its Master,”

he said before he placed the tip of his cock against my opening.

“Please, Sir,”

I said, uncaring that I was pleading.

He ended my misery when he drove himself into me, shoving me forward with his hard thrust, but the gold nipple clamps scraped against the table, making me wail as he continued to fill me up. His hands held my ass as he pulled me back in place. I was

at his mercy and I loved every dark depraved second of it.

“I’m going to breed my pussy, Francesca. You’re going to take my seed into your womb,”

he roared as his hips slapped against me.

I could feel the power behind movements with each thrust, his hard muscular thighs hit against my feet each time he drove inside me. I began to wail and incoherent words spewed out of my mouth. My heart was pounding furiously and I struggled to breathe. When my orgasm ripped through me, it was unlike any other before, but he had never teased me to this degree before. My throat ached from the guttural sounds that left my mouth.

Alessio continued to fuck me through my orgasm grunting like an animal before his fingers dug into my flesh like two iron vices. I clenched my muscles around him desperate for him to cum so he would untie me. He fucked into me so deep that I winced but when I felt his hot cum squirt inside of me my body sagged on the table beneath me. His madness was finally over.

My eyes closed as I enjoyed the feel of his cum inside of me until I remembered his words and my eyes snapped open. The post-coital glow vanished at the thought of crying babies, dirty nappies and a shredded vagina.

I needed to get some birth control as soon as possible.

He began to untie my wrists while I considered how I could avoid Rocco and get to a doctor. Unfortunately, I was as healthy as a horse. Why did people use that phrase? Wasn't a cow or goat healthy too? It was a stupid saying. I smiled ruefully because I could say I was as healthy as a kitten.

Alessio began to rub my wrist as my other arm flopped down off the table, making me groan as my shoulder muscles gained some relief.

“You're killing me,”

I said croaking the words out.

“Don't be ridiculous. I told you before that no one has died from a good fucking from me,”

he said with a chuckle before he reached for my other wrist.

“I can't dispute that because I'm still impaled on your donkey dick,”

I grumbled but couldn't help but squeeze said dick.

We remained silent as he untied my limbs and continued to massage my muscles. When he finally pulled out of my pussy it felt like a bucket full of cum gushed out of me. I wasn't going to clean up his rejected babies up. That was his responsibility. I was grateful when Alessio carried me into the bedroom and let me unwind on the bed while he ran a bath for us.

Perhaps being married wasn't so bad after all.

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I sat on Alessio's lap, my fingers absently caressing the skeletal reaper tattoo on his neck. He was back to wearing his suit since we were en route to the airport. The sun was shining, but as the lush green lands vanished, I sighed and rested my head on Alessio's shoulder. His hand tightened on my ass before he stroked my back.

“What’s wrong, Kitten?”

Alessio asked quietly but tightened his arm around my leg.

“Eh, we are going back to the dull grey skies of London,”

I grumbled, but then, like a freak, I sniffed his neck because I loved the scent of his cologne.

It took me back to the first time I met the homicidal brute and his Dexter-style sofa coverings.

“Don’t you want to see your grandparents?”

he asked, making me glance at the sly look in his eyes.

God. He truly was a master manipulator.

“Of course I do. I bet you’re dying to see all of your men again,”

I said innocently, but enjoyed watching his eyes narrow in on me.

He might be a manipulator but I was sure to keep him on his toes for the foreseeable future.

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Revenge could be subtle or head-on. I decided for the sake of my ass to take the subtle route and reaped the benefits as I watched Alessio choke on his food.

“You don't like it?”

I asked as I carefully emulated a broken-hearted reaction with my hand on my heart while straining to make my eyes tear up.

The sauce for the Bucatini pasta was loaded with excess salt and chilli flakes. It was the first meal I'd cooked for him since we got married, so he had no clue of my cooking skills.

His face was bright red as he continued to cough. He reached for the jug of water while I bit the inside of my lip, trying not to laugh. The water spilt on the table as he rushed to pour it into a glass. My dark little heart rejoiced when I saw his eyes begin to water as he gulped down the water.

Once he stopped his dramatics, he looked at his plate as if there were a poisonous snake sat on it waiting to sink its venomous fangs into him.

"You don't like my pasta,"

I said, looking down at my plate, which was perfectly balanced in all seasoning and spices.

"Kitten, you don't need to cook for me. We can hire a chef,"

he said, managing to wheeze out the words.

Okay, now I felt a twinge of guilt.

"It's a waste of money. I can get some recipes from the internet or watch cooking videos. I am an unemployed bum sitting at home,"

I said as I reminded myself that I was stuck at home doing nothing all day.

On the plus side, I got my contraception pills, which I hid inside my socks, which were stashed in my sock drawer.

“You can visit our family or go shopping,”

Alessio said as he pushed the offending plate away from him.

Hmm. Shopping, that could be the next test.

## Page 21

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:37 pm*

Alessio

It was unusual for my Dad to come to my office, so I was surprised when Aileen told me he was in reception. I stood up to greet him as the door opened and took a moment to appreciate him. He never stepped out on my mother, and where fists or belts punished other kids, my father never laid a finger on me.

“Ciao, papà,”

I said as I reached him.

My Dad gave me a bear hug, I guess he was feeling sentimental himself.

“Mio figlio,”

he said slapping my back before he stepped back. “Ancora qualche notizia di un bambino?”

My son. Any word of a baby yet?

I rolled my eyes when I realised he was only here for his self-serving purpose.

“It's only been twenty days since we got married,”

I said walking towards the couch.

“Tua madre è impaziente di notizie,”

he replied. Your mother is rabid for news.

I couldn't tell him my sneaky wife was trying to block my seed with contraceptive pills. So I smiled at him instead.

“Di' alla mamma di essere paziente,”

I said with a grin because Francesca's pills were useless. Tell Mum to be patient.

My Dad sat beside me with a sigh.

“It is good you got married, son, and she is from a good Southern family,”

he said, switching to English.

I relaxed on the leather couch and thought of my wife's antics.

“She makes me happy, papà,”

I said with a faint smile.

Every day when I got home she was there in all her glory and mischief.

“La famiglia è ciò che abbiamo più vicino al cuore,”

he murmured as he scrutinised me. Family is what we hold closest to our hearts.

I stared at him for a moment, the man who raised me and now sat there strong as ever even with his greying hair and the wrinkles creasing his eyes from his warm smile.

I was beginning to realise what family meant.



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I wanted to cane her ass until she couldn't sit on it for a week.

“Oh, oh. It looks like the honeymoon period is over,”

Armando said.

“I thought it lasted for two years,”

Silvio piped up.

Nero grunted but said nothing.

We sat at the docks to oversee our latest shipment. It wasn't something we usually did, but due to the size of the shipment, there was no harm in extra gun power to oversee the operation.

Me: Make sure you are meowing like a good kitty by the time I come home.

I messaged Francesca before I glanced at the photos again.

La Signora Caruso: Why am I getting ominous vibes from your text?

She was too clever for her own good.

Me: Perhaps it is your guilty conscience.

La Signora Caruso: This means nothing to me because I do a lot of things I'm not supposed to. Can you narrow it down for me?

“Gesù,”

I muttered, praying for help in dealing with my feral wife.

My men sniggered like the bastards they were.

Me: You will find out when I get home. Be ready, or else...

La Signora Caruso: That didn't help because now I don't know if I should be scared or horny.

“Padre nostro, che sei nei cieli, aiutami in questo momento di bisogno,”

I muttered, remembering a prayer I hadn't uttered for years as I stuffed my phone into my pocket.

Our Father, who art in heaven, help me in this moment of need.

When I looked up, my men stared at me before they bent over and laughed until tears ran down two of their faces.

“You bunch of cunts. I hope you all get married to someone just like her,”

I snapped at them but that only made them laugh harder.

“Oh, my God. I knew you guys would be great together,”

Armando said wiping his hands over his stupid face.

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I knew Francesca was testing my limits but she had crossed the line today. I parked my car in the garage before unlocking the side entrance door. The lights were off downstairs. I kicked off my shoes and tossed my bag on the countertop before marching towards the staircase. Once I was in our bedroom, I homed in on her and she scrambled onto her hands and knees.

“Come here, Kitten,”

I growled as I began to roll up my sleeves.

It had been a long night, but there was no trouble with our shipment.

Francesca hurried off the bed and crawled towards me. She had a dark grey tail plugged into her ass and matching kitten ears on top of her head. Her diamond choker collar glittered in the dim light of the lamp. She stopped at my feet and looked up at me with her catlike green eyes.

“What did you do today Kitten?”

“Meow,”

she said with a hesitant smile.

“You may answer my questions.”

“I woke up after you left and had some breakfast. I browsed the internet for a while and read a few chapters of my book. I got bored and called Rocco to go shopping. Did I spend too much?”

“What did you eat for lunch?”

“Oh, I found this amazing little Italian cafe. The food was to die for we should go there sometime. They made the best raspberry and hazelnut maritozzi,”

she said as her eyes glazed over no doubt remembering the fluffy sweet buns.

“Interesting,”

I said as I circled her before walking to my closet to get the hand and foot pillory out. I paused and picked up a tasseled whip.

“Why is my lunch interesting, Sir?”

she asked with a frown as she looked at the pillory when I walked back towards her.

I didn't reply but crouched down to place her ankles in the pillory.

“Hands,”

I snapped at her and she pushed her hands between her legs toward me.

I placed them in the smaller holes before closing the contraptions and locking it at the side. Her hands were pulled in between her legs, keeping her head on the floor and her ass in the air. I lifted her tail up to look at her bare fat pussy lips. I was tempted to touch her but I reached for the whip.

I waved the black leather whip and smacked it against her pussy. Her sharp hiss made me smile so I whipped her again. I continued to lightly whip her pussy moving the tassels over her thighs, ass and lower back but always returning to her pussy.

“Sir, please—Sir. Ow. What did I do?”

she cried trying to tug at her restraints and wriggle her ass.

Her tail fell over her pussy and I pulled it back again. I was severely tempted to fuck her asshole but on principal I refused to until she was carrying our child. I stood up and began to unbutton my shirt.

I would be a long night for my naughty little kitten.

## Page 22

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:37 pm*

Francesca

Alessio was as unpredictable as me. I knew I shouldn't have spent so much money, but I was wondering what his limit was because he was spoiling me, and it made me feel uncomfortable. He never stopped me from visiting my grandparents or going to the gym, shopping, eating out, or taking random walks in the city.

What was his motive? Why was he being so nice to me?

The tassels struck me square on my pussy again, making me howl.

"I can return everything. I'm sorry for spending so much money,"

I cried, knowing I'd pushed him too far this time.

"You think I'm pissed that you bought a few things, Kitten?"

he said sounding a little calmer. He stuck his phone beside my head and I twisted around to see a picture of me laughing with the waiter.

"What? You're angry at me because I was being friendly? The nicer you are to waiting staff, the larger your portion is, or sometimes they give you a discount,"

I wailed as I plotted Rocco's death. "I got an extra bun. So it worked."

I thought of the delicious sweet cream filled bun with fresh raspberries inside it with a touch of raspberry conserve topped with crushed hazelnuts. My mouth began to

water and I decided the extra bun was worth it.

“You flirted with the waiter for an extra bun?”

he asked flatly.

“I wouldn’t call it flirting,”

I said hesitantly. “I mean flirting is when you pay compliments or lean into them to get a phone number or a date.”

Aww, shit. I might have been flirting to get an extra bun.

“I mean—I didn’t touch him,”

I added weakly knowing my goose was cooked. Why was it a goose and not a duck or a chicken?

“I’m sorry, Alessio. I never considered it as flirting, but if you did the same with a female waiter I know it wouldn’t feel nice,”

I said quietly, cringing at the thought of him being with another woman in any capacity. “It won’t happen again, no matter how nice the dessert might look.”

He was silent and I stared at his black socks, unable to look at him. With a grunt he stood up and I heard him unbuckle his belt. I wondered if he would use the belt on my ass. I flinched when I felt his hands on my ass but the cool touch against my burning ass was a welcome relief. My shoulders sagged on the hard wooden floor only to tense again when he ran his finger down my pussy.

“A pretty apology but I’m not sure I should let you cum, Kitten,”

he said before he pushed his fingers inside my pussy.

“Noooooooooooo! Let me make it up to you. What can I do to make it to you?”

I said desperately, genuinely distressed because I had tried other methods and nothing compared to a fucking from donkey dick.

“I will let you know when the time comes,”

he said ominously but he began to plunge his fingers in and out of my pussy until I couldn't think straight. “Now, be a good kitty and don't move.”

I rolled my eyes because he damn well knew I couldn't move. I felt his body surround me from above and his legs rested against my thighs.

“Thank you, Sir,”

I whispered when I felt his cock push into me. My ass clutched the small metal plug as the dual pleasure made me gasp.

He paused momentarily before his hands came to rest on the floor.

“Do you want me to hurt you, Kitten?”

he asked, slowly moving himself in and out of me, teasing me with the tip and a few inches.

The position I was in would mean he could go extremely deep, but during those times he gave me the best of orgasms. Bruised cervix be damned.

“Yes, Sir,”



I said in a low and sexy voice.

“Game on,”

he whispered and my heart skipped a beat.

Without any further warning he levered down and slammed his cock into my pussy so hard that I thought he was going to split me apart. I screamed against the wooden floor, but Alessio began ramming into me like a jack hammer. The first few thrusts were painful but it felt as if someone had rammed a whole fist inside of me.

His ragged breathing was a testimony to how much he was enjoying himself. He leaned forward and began to pummel me harder, fucking into me like the brutal beast he was named after. My cacophony of wails, moans and grunts echoed around our room as his vicious thrusts started to drag me along the polished wooden floor.

“You. Are. Mine, Kitten. Don’t ever forget that,”

he spat out as he continued to have his psychotic episode.

He fucked me relentlessly, slamming his entire length into me repeatedly, pushing the plug into me as he ruined me forever. Yet through the raw pain I could feel the murmur of my dark pleasure lurking in the background of his savage jealousy. One side of my face was scraping against the floor the same way my breasts and knees were. I began to whimper as the sensations of pain and pleasure mingled together.

His hands suddenly gripped my shoulders but it didn’t stop him from pummelling me over and over again. It occurred to me how much bigger he was in height and breadth, then again his cock was abnormally large. I felt him grow harder and thicker and knew he was close. He reached beneath me to grab my swinging breasts and he squeezed one of them until I clamped around him.

“Yes, yes,”

I gasped when his fingers curled around my nipple.

“I fucking own you, Kitten,”

he growled as he continued to ride me like an animal. “You are my filthy fuckpet.”

“Oh God,”

I wailed as I felt myself gush at his words.

“You take every last inch of me and every last drop of my cum inside of you,”

he snarled but I couldn’t have answered him if I tried because I was gasping for air.

His balls slapped against my sensitive flesh still raw from the leather tassels, my orgasm ripped through me and I clenched around him, milking him desperately. His answering groan came with his stabbing cock, fucking me until he drove himself over the edge.

He mercilessly slammed into me and his seed exploded out of him hitting my inner walls causing my pussy to contract around him again, the final flutters of my orgasm mingling with his. He continued to stab me with his cock not content until all of his cum was inside me. My head drooped as I began to come down from another stupendous orgasm.

This couldn't be normal sex, people would never leave the bedroom.

My pussy still twitched so I knew it wasn’t completely destroyed. I could feel the sopping mess between us, but I loved it, knowing a simple conversation with a

stranger could get him this heated was my secret toxic trait.

He gently placed me on the floor before he rubbed my back and ass, rocking his cock back and forth as I put my burning hot cheek on the cool wooden floor.

“You're going to be the death of me, Kitten,”

he said softly signalling the end of his psychotic break.

“Make sure you have updated any life insurance policies with me as the beneficiary,”

I grumbled, unable to resist. “Maybe take out a policy on my pussy while you're at it.”

“You cheeky wench,”

he said but there was no malice in his words.

He eased out of me and I sucked in a sharp breath as I felt raw after the pounding he gave me. I heard the metal clip open for the pillory but for the life of me I couldn't move. Alessio unshackled me before he carried me to the bed. He cleaned me up before he massaged some cream inside of me. He ignored me when I told him I probably needed reconstructive surgery.

In the quiet aftermath his arms, strong and sure encircled me, pulling me close until our bodies aligned in perfect harmony. I melted into him with my back against his chest. The exhaustion taking over as his fingers traced lazy patterns on my hip. I closed my eyes with the comfort of knowing that he is mine as much as I was his.

I fell asleep within seconds cocooned in his arms.

Alessio

Tonight everything became undeniable, it hit me while I held her beneath me as she took every last bit of my beastly wrath. She wasn't a baby making machine or a wife to tick a checkbox due to my age.

As I cleansed and cared for her I imagined our life together. A life where we grew old together, with the years etching our story into our skin. Children with her smile and mischievousness. She was unique in so many ways that I could never compare her to any other woman from my past.

The thoughts were bittersweet because to love her this deeply, to the point of obsession, could put her life in danger. I glance at her innocent sleeping face and place my leg over hers before resting my hand over her breast. My chest tightened with a fierce protectiveness. If anyone tried to harm Francesca, I would burn them alive.

In my world love was a liability and obsession was a death sentence, but as I laid my head on the pillow, inhaling the scent of my wife I knew that I would choose her. She wasn't brought up in the Mafia but her unshakeable honesty would harness unwavering loyalty. I hadn't known Francesca for long but knew she would never betray me.

I closed my eyes with a faint smile at the thought of our family.

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“You are so fucked when we get home,”

I whispered into her ear but her Nonna swivelled around, frowning at me, until she noticed Francesca giggling.

“Oh, goody,”

she said as her grandmother smiled at us before turning towards the stove again. “Would you believe me if I told you I took cooking lessons?”

Not only could my wife cook Italian food, but she also made pasta from scratch. Yet she made me eat the most disgusting dish I had ever tasted. We had been ordering out or eating ready-made meals. I narrowed my eyes at Francesca and realised she had most likely cooked them.

“No, Kitten, I wouldn't believe you,”

I said, kissing her cheek until I heard someone clearing their throat loudly.

It wouldn't be my parents so I knew it was her Nonno. I stepped back resisting the urge to slap her ass as I did.

“Lasciali in pace, vecchio. Non ricordi com'era essere innamorati?”

her Nonna said rapidly as she hit the wooden spoon against the metal pot. Leave them alone old man. Don't you remember what it was like to be in love?

He gave me the evil eye as if it was my fault all the while Francesca looked on innocently. Luckily, my Mum came into the kitchen and broke up the tension while I slipped out. Sunday lunch was becoming dangerous.

I was about to go into the dining room, but my dad would be waiting there to grill me about his grandchildren. I smiled when I thought of my growing family. Armando, Silvio, Nero and now Francesca's grandparents.

I stepped into the dining room, and my Dad looked up at me, wiggling his dark eyebrows.

"It's only been six weeks, papà,"

I said rolling my eyes.

"But the Caruso seed is strong,"

he said with a smile before it faltered. "You don't need Viagra, do you?"

"Dad, Armando was winding you up. I do not need Viagra,"

I said trying to keep my anger in check.

"That's good to know,"

Vittorio said from behind me. "But your statement reminds me of that old English saying. Doth the lady protest too much."

My Dad started to laugh as they discussed William Shakespeare and Vittorio's butchered version of the quote.

Bloody Viagra, my arse.

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Francesca stifled another yawn as I drove us home. It was only seven pm so she shouldn't be so tired. She had cooked and brought a few dishes to her grandparents, but other than that she hadn't done much. She yawned again and I frowned at her.

“Why are you so tired, Kitten?”

“Probably because you and donkey dick kept me up half the night,”

she said before she yawned again.

“Hmm,”

I said not convinced it was my fault or my dick's fault. “Maybe you should go to the doctor for a check-up. You could be anaemic.”

“Yes, Dr Caruso,”

she said poking my arm with a smile. “Oh, before I forget, my Nonna heard a rumour that you needed Viagra. She was asking me if it was true. I told her that I would look into the matter and get back to her.”

This was the love of my life. I thought with a sigh.

She didn't last long before she fell asleep and it occurred to me that it might be a symptom of pregnancy. When we got home I gently woke her up before glancing at her emerald green top. It reminded me of the colour of her underwear when I first met her.

“Wake up, Kitten,”

I said as she wrinkled her nose before her eyes fluttered open.

She smiled sleepily at me and I reached around her to unclip her belt before helping her out of the car. She stretched her arms in the air as I locked the car.

“You might be pregnant, Kitten,”

I said to her as I put my arm around her waist.

“That’s not possible,”

she said with a frown.

“Do you honestly think that I wouldn’t find out about your pills?”

I asked as we reached the door.

When she didn’t say anything, I glanced at her and saw that she was dumbfounded.

“I switched your pills out. You haven’t been taking contraceptives,”

I said magnanimously helping her out of her confused state.

“Pregnant,”

she said blankly before she frowned. “But I had a period like normal.”

“We can make an appointment with the doctor tomorrow,”

I said helpfully.

“No, go get a pregnancy test just now,”



she said gripping my arm. “I’ve been drinking wine and swearing. Oh, my god, you’ve been poking it with your donkey dick. Go get a test. In fact, I am coming with you.”

I paused at her reaction but it couldn’t hurt to get a few pregnancy tests. I should have thought of them sooner since I’ve been balls deep inside her from the day of our wedding.

“You’re tired. You have a bath and relax. I will go and get the test,”

I said bending down to kiss her cheek.

“Oh, my God. A baby. Aww. A little green and hazel eyed baby,”

she said before she began to chuckle. “I can picture you being a girl dad. She would walk all over you. Actually, I think you would be a pushover for a boy or a girl.”

“I would be happy with anything,”

I said with a grin.

“I might give birth to kittens then,”

she said tapping her chin. “Cute baby kittens.”

I beamed at her before I slapped her ass and pushed her into the house. I loved her curvy ass and couldn’t wait to see what she looked like carrying my son or daughter.

I whistled all the way to the car before I realised that she hadn’t baulked at the notion of being pregnant even though she thought she had been on the pill. It was a testimony to how far we had both come.

Francesca

I hadn't reached the staircase when the doorbell rang and wondered if Alessio had left his keys at home. I opened the door but froze when I saw a man wearing a balaclava. He swung something at my head and I saw a glint of silver before a blinding pain exploded at the side of my head. I crumpled on the spot and saw the man's blue jeans before everything went black.

When I woke up, it was pitch black, and as I remembered what happened, I realised that I was in a car boot and the car was on the move. Alessio had warned me but I'd never listened to him because Rocco was always there and when he wasn't Alessio was always with me.

A sob escaped me when I thought of why Alessio left me. I began to pray for my baby, silently begging God to save us. My hands were tied behind my back and they felt like the same zip ties that Nero had used the night I met Alessio. I wriggled my legs but my feet were tied up. I racked my brain wondering who would dare do this to us.

Alessio would go crazy when he returned home to find me missing. The car began to slow down before it turned, and I tried to use my hands so I wasn't tossed around. I pushed my feet at the side of the boot and tried to get a grip. My heart raced and the driver continued the journey. We were on smaller roads now. I had no idea how long I had been unconscious or where he was taking me.

When the car came to a stop, I thought I would have a heart attack, so I decided to play dead. I kept my eyes closed when I heard someone get out of the car. My ears

were pricked up and alert for any other sounds.

I couldn't think of anything but survival. I had to survive. The thought forced my body to relax. I calmly took a few deep breaths, ignoring the throbbing pain in my head. I could do this until Alessio found me. I thought of the Beast and all of his rage.

The boot opened and I didn't flinch or move. There was silence and the man didn't move.

"Fucking bitch,"

he muttered before he gripped my hair and dragged my head up.

I forced myself to keep my act in play and it worked because after another pause he hauled me out of the car and flung me over his shoulder. My dangling hair obscured my vision, but it looked like he had brought me to a rundown rural cottage. There weren't any other houses that I could see, but it wasn't easy to gauge because the garden had hedges surrounding it.

The man carried me into the cottage, which looked like a normal house. He took me into a room and threw me onto a bed. I kept my eyes closed and tried not to tense my body. The man left but my heart sank when I heard him lock the door. The only good thing I could think of was the fact he hadn't taken me up any stairs.

I warily opened one eye before I opened the other and looked around the room. It had dirty pale green walls, and nothing but the bed, a wardrobe, and a side table. I listened out for footsteps, but when there was silence, I sat up, to my dismay, the window had iron bars on it.

Fuck!

I glanced at the floor, it had a brown carpet that had seen better days. I heard heavy footsteps approach and fell back on the bed, closing my eyes as he unlocked the door. This was only one man. If it were one of Alessio's enemies there would be more. They all worked in gangs.

My hands and legs were freed and the man left again. I remained on the bed, trying to figure out how I could get away and what this person wanted from me. My head continued to throb and I drifted into unconsciousness again.

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This time when I woke up there was no confusion as to where I was because I was determined to find out what the fuck was going on. The bed creaked as I sat up, touching my temple, and I felt the cut and dried blood around it before I noticed the black bucket in the corner of the room.

The door unlocked and this time I remained seated on the bed. I frowned as I looked at the man. He was around Alessio's age or perhaps between thirty and forty. I was never good with ages.

"Hello, sister,"

he said with a nasty smile.

"I don't have any siblings,"

I said flatly.

"Not from your whore of a mother's side you don't,"

he spat out viciously.

I swallowed as I looked at him. His hair was a sandy colour and he had blue eyes. He looked nothing like me. I'd never met my father so I had no clue what he looked like.

"I think you have made a mistake. I don't have any siblings."

"You are Francesca Nardini, daughter of Bella Nardini, recently married to a big shot. Your family killed my father over twenty years ago and you're going to pay the price."

I slowly shook my head.

"My family aren't murderers and as for my father, he ran away when he found out my mum was pregnant,"

I said, narrowing my eyes on him as he walked closer.

"He didn't run anywhere because he was killed. He never came back home to us,"

he screamed at me. "And you're going to die for it."

God, Alessio had no idea how lucky he was to have no siblings.

I didn't say anything to him because he was already losing it. I kept my eyes on him as he began to pace up and down the room.

"Because of you and your bitch of a mother, that fucking whore. My dad left us behind. My mother became dependent on alcohol. Do you fucking know what it's like to pry an empty bottle of vodka from your mother's hand, trying to help her only to be beaten?"

I had to admit it was difficult to feel sorry for him because it made no sense why he

would blame me. Shit happens and sometimes you have to manage the cards that you're dealt with.

“What’s your name?”

I asked softly.

“Clive,”

he said running his hand through his hair.

Clive? Yeah, I would be pissed at being given a name like that too.

“Clive, what will it solve if you killed me? I wasn't around when all this happened and my mum died while she was giving birth to me. We didn't do anything to your dad,”

I said trying to talk some sense into him.

He turned to face me and I repressed a shudder at the dead evil look in his icy blue eyes.

“Your grandfather used to have ties with the Mafia. You all ruined my fucking life.”

I gulped at his words because I thought back to the day Alessio turned up at our house. No, he knew his dad, Gavino. The timeline matched because they hadn't seen one another for over twenty years.

“That can't be true. My grandfather—”

I stopped because Nonno might have been in a lot of pain after losing his only child.

The thought of my doting grandfather being capable of taking a life plagued me. I made the mistake of looking away because I didn't see the blows coming.

Alessio

As soon as I saw the open door my nightmare began. The paper bag slipped from my fingers, hitting the floor as my world fractured. The sight of blood—dark, pooling, and unmistakable. A cold jagged shard of dread pierced my chest. My usually steady heart hammered untamed like a trapped animal.

Francesca—I had to pull myself together. I stepped past the blood and moved into the utility room to open up the cupboard to retrieve my gun that I had strapped beneath the counter. I checked the safety and bullets before I walked into my home.

I moved like a predator, every sense heightened, and every shadow a potential threat. The house feels foreign, and wrong, knowing that a crime against my wife has been committed in our sanctuary. With my gun leading the way, I checked every room, my mind racing with images that I couldn't fathom in the moment. My Kitten hurt, or gone, and our unborn child—taken.

“Francesca!”

I bellowed in a rage, but my voice echoed through the empty house. There was no sign of her, no answers to her disappearance. I forced myself to breathe.

Why did I leave her alone?

The house security footage. I race to my study and open up my laptop to watch the outside of my house, and I pause it when I see a black car. It looked too beat up to be in this neighbourhood. I slam my hand on my desk when a man gets out of the car,



and he looks around before he runs towards my house.

I check the time stamp because it was only a few minutes after I left. He goes out of sight, but when he returns, he carries Francesca's unconscious body. I flinched when he threw her in the boot and slammed it shut before he sped away.

My jaw tightened and I ground my teeth together, committing every detail to my memory. Whoever did this will pay. They will suffer in unimaginable ways. I pull out my phone, my hands trembling for the first time in my life and dial Armando's number.

"Armando,"

I growled, my voice low and dangerous. "Someone took her. I need every contact, and every resource on it. Now. There is a partial plate number. I am sending you the video footage. We have no more than two days if we want to find her—alive."

I paused to take a breath before I added quietly. "She might be pregnant."

"I will organise everything. Send me the footage and for the last four weeks. I will find her,"

he said with a deadly cold tone before he hung up.

Armando was family and I knew he would do whatever it took to find Francesca. After sending Armando all the footage, I return to inspect the blood pool, feeling sick knowing it was my Kitten's blood. Beside the oval pool of blood, it was smeared on one side of the doorway.

I glanced at the scattered pregnancy tests, a cruel reminder of the hope we carried. Hope for a child, for a future, for something pure in a life stained by violence and

power. But now all I saw was red.

I picked up one of the unopened boxes and for a moment I allowed myself to feel the weight of it all, the love, the fear and the helplessness.

“Hold on, Kitten,”

I whispered, crushing the box in my fist. “Hold on for me. I’m coming.”

As I stood up, the Beast took over, the man and his humanity were gone. The need for vengeance surged through me. Whoever took her will learn what it meant to cross the Beast of London. He will realise why I am feared and will beg for mercy that he will not receive.

I am Alessio Caruso and no one fucks with my family.

\*\*\*

We set up a base in my house and I cleared my calendar for the entire fortnight. It took some time to juggle everything around, but nothing mattered other than retrieving my wife. There were clouds of cigarette smoke and plenty of empty cups of coffee as we searched for the man who kidnapped Francesca.

“I found it,”

Nero yelled. “We have got the car.”

We all jumped to where Nero sat, and after illegally obtaining access to nearby traffic cameras.

“Everyone work on tracing this number plate. I want an address, name and picture of

him,”

I said patting Nero’s back but my heart was speeding like a bullet train. First I needed to ensure Francesca was safe, only then would I take my retribution from her abductor. “Prepare the warehouse cell, I want him alive.”

When the trio arrived last night, their company bolstered my determination to find Francesca and remain positive. A few others joined the team and slowly we began to piece all the footage together chronologically.

The man had been following Francesca since the day we got back from our honeymoon. We didn't announce our wedding, but the paparazzi got a hold of a few pictures as we left the church.

I rechecked my phone but there was no call, message or email demanding a ransom from me. The consideration of finding Francesca badly hurt made my stomach lurch, but I walked out of the room to call the doctor and have him on standby.

Once the call ended I placed a hand on the wall and held onto it, trying to ground myself from spiralling out of control. I couldn't face her grandparents or my parents knowing that I had failed to keep my promise. That my violent world had swallowed Francesca up as its latest victim.

“Alessio,”

Armando whispered before he placed his hand on my shoulder. “Fratello mio, la troveremo. Non ci fermeremo finché non lo faremo.”

My brother, we will find her. We won't stop until we do.

I couldn't speak and tell him what it felt like to have a piece of my heart ripped out of

me. My wife, my child, my budding new family was all in the hands of some fucking cunt out there. I stood upright and nodded to him.

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The car's air was thick with a blood-numbing tension that made every breath feel like swallowing glass.

I sat in the backseat with my hands resting on my knees, my fists were clenched so tightly that the knuckles were as white as the bones beneath my flesh.

My mind was a battlefield, torn between two extremes—the hope that Francesca was still alive and unharmed and the unrelenting murderous rage that burned like acid in my veins for the man who dared to take her from me.

Clive Williams, Francesca's half-brother, crucial information that I had missed when I looked into Francesca's past.

My father had helped Vittorio kill and dispose of Francesca's deadbeat father, but my demons had convinced me that she was taken due to my criminal activities.

My eyes flicked to the road only to catch Armando's reflection in the rearview mirror.

His face was a mask of grim determination.

He knew what was at stake, they all did.

Nero's silence was a testimony to the deadly fury within him. My enforcer was as loyal as they came. My Kitten had told me how he had confronted her in the early days.

Don't ever betray him.

“Don't touch him, Nero. That's an order,”

I rasped out, and I knew I hit the nail on the head when his body tensed, but he acknowledged my command with a nod of his head.

My mind flipped back and forth like a switchblade. I imagined finding Francesca, pulling her close to me, feeling the steady beat of her heart against my chest, only for the all-consuming surge of helpless rage plunged my mind into my wrath's darkest depths. I pictured my hands around Clive's throat, draining the life from his eyes. I could almost feel the snap of his bone, the warmth of his blood. The thought was intoxicating, a balm to the raw jagged edges of my fear.

The car hit a pothole, jolting me back to the present. Armando muttered a curse under his breath, his eyes darted to me in the mirror. “We're close,”

he said, his voice low and steady. “Five minutes.”

Five minutes suddenly felt like an eternity.

Someone had cleaned Francesca's blood but the stark image remained imprinted in my brain.

I closed my eyes and prayed to the God I'd ignored, promising him I would attend the forsaken church.

My wife and my child had to be alive, they had to, I couldn't bear the thought of losing them. My Kitten had burrowed her way into my very soul.

The car slowed, turning onto a narrow road.

Silvio's car behind us turned their lights off and Armando did the same.

I pressed my arm against the gun in the holster as a small cottage appeared.

The tension in the car was suffocating, no one said a word as Armando pulled to a stop, leaving the engine idling.

I stepped out of the car, the night air biting at my skin.

If she was here, I would raze the place to the ground once I retrieved her.

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:37 pm*

Francesca

The floor was cold and hard, but I couldn't move after Clive's furious attack.

When I tried to protect my stomach, he aimed for my head and face.

Every breath was a struggle, each inhale sharp and shallow as if my ribs were cutting into my lungs.

My left eye was swollen shut, it had become worse with each passing hour, a throbbing mass, adding to my already aching head.

The room was dark, the only light seeped through the crack beneath the door.

The air was filled with the smell of mildew, the stench made my stomach churn.

I don't know how long I was unconscious for this time.

I tried to push myself up but my arms gave out and I crashed back on the filthy carpet.

I placed a hand over my belly, cradling the possible life of my child within me.

Is this how my mother felt when she was pregnant with me? Did she love me before I was born?

I hadn't taken the test, but we had a vivacious sex life, and lying here alone, in the

dark, our baby was my fragile spark of hope.

My hand tightened against my stomach and a whimper escaped me at the thought of losing my baby, of losing Alessio's child.

Pain clawed at my chest, worse than any blow I'd endured.

My heart leapt into my throat, pounding so hard that I thought it might burst when I heard sounds outside the door, I raised my head in fear that Clive would be back to finish the job he started.

That was when I heard it—his voice.

Alessio's voice.

Low, furious and unmistakable.

He was in control because he wasn't shouting like he did on the day I met him. I closed my eyes as hot tears burst forth. The Beast of London was here. He had come for me.

Intense relief flooded through me, like the calming ocean waves after a storm.

My eye snapped open at the thought of Alessio—his anger, his passion, his laughter and his dark love.

I drew a long painful breath realising that he had become a part of me as much as I'd become a part of him.

The thought of never seeing him again, never feeling his arms around me night after night after night.



Tears streamed down my face, hot and unrelenting mixing with the blood and grime.

I tried to call out to him but my voice was a broken whisper, lost to the chaos outside.

I dig my fingers into the bare thread carpet, dragging myself toward the door.

Each movement was agony, but I didn't stop.

I couldn't.

The door shook, the sound of splintering wood filled the room, and I froze, my heart pounding in my ears, or it could have been the throbbing injuries.

My mind was usually a mess but never like this.

A deafening crash resounded around me and the door flew open, slamming against the wall.

Light flooded the room, blinding me for a moment.

When my vision cleared, he was there, Alessio.

His face was a mask of fury, his eyes dark and wild, but when they landed on me I saw the visible shift.

“Francesca,”

he breathed, his voice raw with unspoken emotion.

In an instant, he was by my side. His eyes rapidly moved over me as he hesitated to touch me. He gently cupped my uninjured cheek and brushed away the tears.

“I’m here. I’m here,”

he repeated.

I reached for him, clutching at his shirt, trying to pull myself closer to him.

“Alessio,”

I whispered, my voice breaking. “I tried. I tried to keep our baby safe...I’m s-sorry.”

“Shh,”

he murmured, pressing his forehead to mine. “You’re safe now. Both of you. I’ve got you.”

He gathered me into his arms, carefully lifting me to rest against his chest. I closed my eyes, not wanting anyone to see me weak and beaten. It reminded me of Clive.

“Clive—”

I began to say but Alessio interrupted me.

“Is alive and well, but not for long,”

Alessio said with terrifying calmness, but his body became rigid like a block of ice.

Nero rushed forward and opened the car door for us and Alessio manoeuvred us into the back seat. The movement set the motion for pain to explode in multiple points, I broke out in a cold sweat, trying not to make a sound.

“Where does it hurt, baby?”

Alessio whispered, but when I looked into his solemn eyes, I saw that they were full of torment.

“Head, ribs, and chest,”

I said sagging against him to rest after hours of worry and pain.

The others got in the car and the engine started its gentle hum was as soothing as Alessio’s strong heartbeat. I curled my arm around his neck and pressed my face against him, holding him as he held me. The warmth of his body chasing away the chill in my bones.

“I’ve got you, baby. Nothing will ever happen to you again. You have my solemn vow. Sei l’amore della mia vita, gattina,”

he said softly causing my tears to flow so fast that I felt them seep into the cotton material of his shirt creating a damp patch beneath me.

You are the love of my life, Kitten.

I knew in my heart that he would keep his vow and extend it to our children. My heart blossomed with resounding devotion for Alessio, the man I never wanted to marry. He was overbearing but no more than myself.

“Ti amo, Alessio,”

I whispered to him stroking his dark curls beneath the pads of my fingers. I love you, Alessio.

“I know you do, Kitten,”

he said with his trademark arrogance that made me smile for the first time since my abduction.

\*\*\*

I gave Alessio's men a waning smile as he carried me to our bedroom. When he laid me on our bed, a heavy sigh escaped him, and I saw the relief in his eyes and the tension leave his shoulders.

"The doctor is on his way. I need to take your clothes off,"

he said before a frown marred his face.

"Cut them off. I don't want to move,"

I said gently touching the puffy flesh around my eye.

"Do you need to use the bathroom?"

I thought about it for a moment before I nodded my head. When I was in the cottage I never got a chance to use the bucket because Clive lost the plot and beat the shit out of me. I needed to check my underwear for any spotting. I swallowed hard at the thought.

"What's wrong, Kitten?"

Alessio said, tilting my head up to look into my eyes.

"The baby. I want it to be—be—"

I began to say but a sob ripped through me and tears began to cascade down my face

again.

The pain in my body was nothing compared to the thought of losing our baby to senseless violence.

“Kitten, please don't cry,”

Alessio's tortured whisper broke through my morbid thoughts.

“I was so scared a-and I was trying to be brave—”

Alessio sat beside me and held me in his arms, gently rocking me while rubbing my back. There was a knock on the door but he ignored it.

“It's going to be okay. Everything will be fine. Do you really think you can get rid of my seed that easily? That's a Caruso in there, Kitten,”

he said kissing my head.

“A Nardini, too,”

I said with a snuffle.

“Sure, sure,”

he said stroking the back of my head.

“Get me to the toilet,”

I said, poking his stubbled cheek but the dread remained with me.

He pulled back to look at me, and I witnessed the anguish in his eyes. I bit my lip when he lifted me up to take me into the bathroom, but a whimper of pain escaped when I felt the excruciating pain in my ribs.

“I will fucking rip him apart from limb to fucking limb,”

Alessio said finally snapping and allowing his beast out to roam.

“Get in line, buddy. I will be wearing his testicles as earrings first,”

I said when I finally caught my breath.

Alessio’s eyes widened, and his footsteps faltered before he shook his head and walked toward the toilet.

And just like that my equilibrium snapped back into place.

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:37 pm*

Alessio

My eyes snapped open but my heart was pounding and sweat dripped off me.

I blinked in the dark and the slow realisation dawned on me that Francesca was lying beside me with our child safe in her womb.

I wiped the sweat off my forehead and pulled the covers off my side of the bed, careful not to disturb Francesca.

I slid off the bed and yanked my damp T-shirt off, rolling it up before tossing it into the laundry basket.

The damn night terrors wouldn't leave, she had been abducted for twenty-seven hours but seeing her bloody, bruised and traumatised fucked me up.

The entire ordeal made me secure our home like Fort Knox.

There was gated entry with my men on guard duty, and every window and door was secured.

Night lights, high-definition cameras and Rocco became Francesca's permanent detail.

The panic room was being built and would be finished in the next few days, I worried about Francesca inhaling the dust.

She shouldn't be downstairs since the doctor had ordered her to remain in bed, but as she grew stronger she became more rebellious.

I missed pounding her plugged ass into our mattress, fucking my sweet Kitten into oblivion always used to keep her in check.

Thankfully, it was mainly bruising, abrasions, with one cracked rib.

When I saw her lying on that filthy floor, I thought she was dead.

The doctor had checked all of her body and given her a month of bed rest, depending on how her rib healed, the time might be extended to six weeks.

I helped her with the ice packs, creams and painkillers.

Every single mark on her body was seared into my memory because I would make Clive pay for what he did to my Kitten.

Vittorio had come clean with Francesca and I'd left them to talk after seeing that Francesca was able to handle the conversation.

I rubbed my chest to ease the ache when I thought of how our child clung to life, our little miracle baby.

To witness Francesca's joy when she learned that she was not only pregnant but no harm had come to our child was a moment I wouldn't forget.

Her sorrow, guilt and trauma lessened from the good news.

She had one more week until the doctor came to see her again. There was still a stubborn mark beneath her eye, a reminder of my failure to protect my wife.



Clive was kept in a cell I had created for sensory deprivation torture.

He came out sporadically for short bursts of relief but only because I wanted him to be aware of what was happening to him when I hurt him in ways he had never imagined.

“Alessio?”

Francesca said, her voice heavy from sleep.

“I’m here, Kitten,”

I said, returning to bed.

In the first few days she was skittish and her eyes always followed me, so I ensured I remained by her side. While she slept, I worked on my laptop and when she was awake I annoyed the fuck out of her.

I slipped under the covers and Francesca was snuggling into me, her hand roaming over my neck where my tattoo was before she trailed it down my chest, teasing me as she got closer to the edge of my shorts.

“Il mio piccolo gattino arrapato,”

I murmured, grabbing her hand before she reached my dick. My horny little Kitten.

“I can get you some pills if you need help, Sir,”

she said before she sighed and put her hand on my chest.

“I can't wait until you are all healed up so I can fuck your asshole so hard that it

knocks the sass right out of you,”

I grumbled, placing my arm around her while she placed her head on my chest.

“I don't even care where you fuck more anymore, as long as you fuck me somewhere,”

she sniped at me.

“Really?”

I asked thinking about her elusive ass.

“Yes, really,”

she said, her exasperation merging with her frustration.

“Fine, you had better not back out. You have another three weeks before your rib will be fully healed.”

“Three weeks?”

she screeched, moving to sit up but I pushed her back down.

“Do you want me to make it four weeks, Kitten?”

“No, Sir,”

she said sullenly before she settled down again mumbling under her breath.

I smiled in the pitch-black room knowing exactly how I could use my donkey dick

against her. She would complete her bedrest exactly as the doctor ordered her to.

\*\*\*

My men came to visit Francesca, they all sat around the bed on the chairs they brought in with them. I frowned at the array of balloons, flowers and teddy bears. Francesca's delighted expression at all the gifts made me glare at the three stooges.

The bastards, why hadn't I thought of that?

"Ewww. Who had pasta with their garlic?"

she said, eyeing them up before her eyes settled on Nero.

Armando and Silvio began to snigger as Nero narrowed his eyes on my wife. I tried to focus on my work but gave up when their chatter was more interesting.

"Why are you always picking on me?"

Nero demanded, sitting upright with indignation.

"I don't mean to, honestly, but you are susceptible and make it rather easy for me to get under your skin,"

Francesca said holding out a teddy for him as a peace offering.

"I bought you that,"

he said, his voice flat, and he pursed his lips.

"Hey, take it easy on her,"

Silvio piped up. “She wasn't wrong about the garlic.”

“Or your cologne,”

Armando joined in.

“I apologise for my rudeness, Nero. The changes in the hormones mean certain smells, uh, irritate me,”

Francesca said playing on the whole pregnancy defence as she began to rub her non-existent belly.

Well, not her cute paunch. God, I missed her juicy ass. The way it used to ripple when I fucked her tight hot wet cunt. No one could take my dick the way, Francesca could. All she needed was her ears and tail stuffed in her ass and a few lashes of the whip and she would be dripping for me.

“Alessio!”

“What?!”

I snapped at Armando, angry at him for ruining my daydream.

They were all looking at me and I was glad that my laptop sat squarely on my hard dick.

“Why are you so tetchy?”

Armando asked while Francesca covered her mouth, but it did nothing to hide her giggle.

Armando looked back and forth between us before he began to grin.

“How long are you tied to the bed, Francesca?”

he asked her, but he was looking at me with a smirk.

“Ugh, the doctor said six weeks in total so I have one more week left,”

she grumbled.

“Maybe after a week's time, my cousin will be less agitated,”

he said, slyly before he looked at Salvio.

This was the problem with blood relatives in the Mafia, you couldn't kill them unless they betrayed the famiglia.

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I took advantage of their visit and left Armando and Salvio with Francesca while I escaped to take a little chunk out of Clive. I told Vittorio that I would take care of him but I didn't specify a time span of the said deed.

Nero came with me since he specialised in torture as my enforcer, but today, he was here to ensure I didn't kill him. I opened the metal door while Nero switched the light on. The bulb wasn't very bright, but Clive covered his eyes at the sudden light.

“I bet you wish I had shot you,”

I said to him as I crouched down to take a closer look at him.

The man was a mess. His hair was overgrown, the dark circles under his wild eyes made the white of his eyeballs stand out.

“Please, I’m sorry, let me g-go,”

he whimpered.

“How did you beat my wife, Clive?”

He closed his eyes and his head dropped down until I couldn't see his face. I took a handful of his hair and pulled his head back.

“How did you beat my pregnant wife?”

I bellowed at him, standing up and dragging him with me. “Answer me.”

“I punched her. I kept punching her until she fell on the floor,”

he cried, his eyes pleading for mercy, but I spent weeks next to my wife.

She couldn't use the bathroom by herself he had fucked her up so bad.

“And what did you do when she was on the floor?”

I asked calmly, tightening my fingers in his hair until I felt strands of his hair being pulled from his scalp.

“I kicked her.”

“Did you hear that, Nero? He beat a woman half his size.”

“Yes, Boss,”

he said, his voice as cold as my heart.

“There is no mercy for you, Clive,”

I said, releasing his hair to roll my sleeves up.

I spent the next forty minutes venting my rage on him, stopping every so often to ensure there were no fatal injuries. A few cracked ribs, his face was a bloody pulp and he lay collapsed on the floor, reminding me of how I found Francesca. My knuckles were bloodied and my shirt covered in his blood.

I stood there and stared at his unconscious body, joyous in knowing that I could do this for months at an end to prolong his suffering.

“Francesca wants his testicles,”

I said, wondering if she meant it literally.

“Are you serious?”

Nero asked, with his eyes bulging out of their sockets.

“Yeah, but I don't know if she meant it literally,”

I said walking to the small sink.

It was covered in grime but I wanted to wash that cunt's blood off my skin.

“God, you two were made for one another,” he said.

When I glanced at him, he was pulling open the first-aid box.

“Make sure you put the chains on him. I don't want him killing himself,”

I said with a smile.

There would be no escaping the Beast.



Francesca

It was difficult to believe that Armando and Silvio were hardened members of the Mafia when I watched them cheating like children over a game of Scrabble. They had moved onto the bed but there was nothing inappropriate. They were more like the brothers I never had. The bedroom door opened and Alessio stood in the doorway. He wore a black suit with a white shirt, and looked his usual sexy self. I froze when I saw the state of his knuckles.

“Is everything okay?”

I asked, placing my hand on my throat at the sight of his blood. “Did someone hurt you?”

Silvio got off the bed, but Armando kissed my cheek, distracting me from Alessio’s injured hands.

“We will be off for now. I am happy to see you recovering well, Sorellina,”

he said before he joined Silvio. Little sister.

“Thank you for coming,”

I said politely but I couldn't muster a smile.

Alessio walked toward me as the door closed behind Silvio and Armando.

“I paid Clive a visit,”

he said, his face inscrutable.

“Why wouldn't you protect your hands? What if you catch some disease from him or your wound gets infected? What were you thinking?”

I asked rapidly while holding his hand up to inspect the damage, shaking my head in disbelief. The flesh over his knuckles looked raw, reminding me of how my cuts and bruises felt.

“I wanted to give him a small taste of what he did to you, Kitten,”

Alessio murmured before he pulled his hand away, but he gripped the back of my neck and kissed me.

The touch of his lips began soft and gentle, but he groaned before plunging his tongue into my mouth, forcing my lips apart, the motion caused my core to ache and clench for him.

His constant presence helped ease my fear of returning back to where Clive had taken me. The new security measures were extreme, but they made me feel safe. His vow to protect me still made my heart beat a little faster, seeming more significant than our wedding vows. I didn't need to fight my demons when Alessio was here to do it for me. The moment I saw him in the cottage everything changed.

\*\*\*

Tonight was the night and I wouldn't take any of his excuses anymore. My six weeks were up and I was fully healed. He had no right treating me like a fragile butterfly's wing. The justified rant in my head was going at full speed while I struggled with the

tiny screws on my nipple clamps. How did he make it look so easy when he put them on?

“Baby, are you okay? You've been in there a while,”

Alessio said, trying to open the bathroom door. Even though I knew I locked it, I glanced up and expected him to burst through it.

“I'm fine, just finishing buffing my nails,”

I said, shouting back at him through the door while wondering if nail buffing was a thing or not, but if I didn't know neither would he.

I glanced at myself in the mirror. My hair was perfectly curled, and some loose curls rested on my front. I chose white kitten ears with a matching tail and my glittering silver nipple clamps. The collar was back around my neck, and after a final check of my tail I was ready. I wore no underwear because he forced me to wear clothes in bed ever since my abduction.

Who did he think he was cutting me off from my dick supply?

I opened the bathroom door and dropped down to my hands and knees, my pussy was damp with anticipation for some action tonight.

“Meow,”

I said as I crawled onto the dark polished wooden floor, watching, waiting for Alessio's response.

He was in bed, sitting up reading a book like a grandfather instead of a young stapping man pounding his wife's neglected pussy. His mouth fell open as he gaped

at me as I approached the bed, my breasts swayed and the nipple clamps pinched my flesh, hardening them as I watched the desire burn in my husband's eyes.

The book was thrown in the air, landing on the floor somewhere with a dull thud. He stood on the bed before walking across it and jumping onto the floor before me. I ogled his bare chest, eyeing him up from his tattooed neck down to the bulge in his shorts. Without a word, he pulled me onto my feet before he began to circle me. His hands held my hips and he moved me toward the bed.

“Lean on the bed with your legs spread and your tail in the air, Kitten,”

he said, his voice low and deep, making my insides quiver with anticipation.

“Meow,”

I said practically purring the word out as I followed his instructions but as soon as I was in position, a fiery slap was administered to my ass.

I gasped at the pain but my heart raced as I relished the pain, relieved that he wouldn't treat me like a glass doll in the bedroom when what I wanted to be was his rag doll.

His hand smoothed over my stinging flesh before he slapped my other cheek, I pushed my ass out for him craving more.

My breathing became laboured with the suspense of his next move.

His fingers grazed against my labia until I held my breath, but his fingers slid down my inner thighs and I whimpered at him teasing me in my time of need.

Desperation kicked in and I let out a series of meows, demanding more.

That's when I moved behind me and I felt his tongue between my legs, he spread my cheeks to tease me with his tongue licking around my pussy.

“Do you remember when you brought your virgin pussy into my office?”

he asked but he didn't expect a response because he continued talking.

“I didn't believe you because your cunt was so wet for me.

That was the moment I knew I would keep you, Kitten.”

My cheeks burned as I remembered lying on his desk.

I closed my eyes as his stubble prickled against my inner thigh but I moaned as soon as his tongue slid through the folds of my pussy.

This time he didn't tease me he gripped my ass and ate my pussy like a starved beast.

I ignored the slurping sounds he made and focused on the intermittent growls he made coming from deep within his chest.

My legs trembled when he thrust his tongue inside me, swirling and scooping it in like a cannibal.

I cried out his name when he pulled back.

“Silenzio,”

he snapped before smacking my ass as if that was a deterrent for me. Silence.

“Per favore, signore, posso averne di più?”

I asked since I had gone all out tonight. Please, Sir, may I have more?

“Testardo, piccolo gattino,”

he said before I heard him walking away from me. Stubborn, little Kitten.

In a panic I turned around but he was in the walk-in closet where we kept all of our sex toys, restraints and whips.

He came out holding the tasseled whip, leather handcuffs, lube and the wand vibrator.

I quickly thanked the universe for the beast I married and grinned like a lunatic as he approached me with the arsenal of goodies.

When he threw the items on the bed, I noticed the ball gag amongst the items.

I couldn't blame him for choosing it because I couldn't control my mouth at the best of times.

He took his time securing the restraints, leaving my hands cuffed in front of me before he moved behind me, to trail the tassels along my back until the tassels teased my pussy as they slid down.

“My little kitten is hungry for some cream.

I think it's time to take your tight little virgin asshole and full it up with some cream,”

he said and my face fell at his words I began to shout but the sound was garbled due to the mouth gag.

The violent buzz of the wand filled the room and he placed it between my legs before

he began to strike my ass with the whip. I was transported between heaven and hell as I began to sweat at the consequences of my actions.

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:37 pm*

Alessio

Her buttocks danced to the tune of my whip and her legs trembled from the vibrating wand on her pussy, I pulled it back to see the clear slick arousal glistening on the silicone material of the wand.

I increased the setting and began to slide it along her hungry cunt while whipping her harder until her muffled moans rivalled the sound of the wand.

My stunning, sexy wife ruined my plans of a nice gentle lovemaking session.

My need to cherish her body now that she was healed went down the pan when I saw her naked as my Kitten.

It reminded me of her love of pain and pleasure, taking me back to our honeymoon but also forcing me to acknowledge that she was still that strong, stubborn young woman.

I paused my whip to lift her fluffy white tail to see the edge of the silver plug in her asshole.

The skin around her ass was wet from the lube she used to put it in.

My chest puffed out with pride and love for her dedication in her role as my kitten.

She started to move her ass trying to hump the wand. I moved it away, grinning when she howled in frustration beneath the ball gag.



“Lie on your back on the middle of the bed with your legs spread open,”

I said, turning the wand off and tossing the whip on the bed to pull my shorts off.

My cock sprung in the air, the tip already wet and oozing more precum.

I stood to watch her settle in the middle of the bed.

The dark maroon coloured bedsheets made her white ears and tail stand out. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyelids heavy and when she saw my cock she moaned beneath the mouth gag.

I climbed on the bed shifting the lube, wand, and whip beside her, settling between her legs before I cupped my heavy balls, sliding my hand up the length of my cock, enjoying the feel of its girth in my hand.

Her eyes widened as she watched me but her chest began to rise and fall drawing my attention to the nipple clamps she had screwed on, pinching the pink buds.

I picked up the whip and lightly whipped her breasts until she writhed like a snake.

“Look at you, desperate for my cock like a good little puttana,”

I said goading her. “Have some decorum like I do.” Whore.

When she began to swear at me beneath the gag, I laughed wholeheartedly for the first time since she was taken and hurt.

I dragged the whip down her body before lifting it to smack her swollen wet pussy.

She never flinched, instead she raised her hips for more.

“I’ve bred your pussy, Kitten. Now it’s time for you to give me this ass,”

I said reaching for her tail.

The skin around her hole stretched as I pulled her tail out, her hole gaped for a few seconds before it began to close again.

I reached for the lube and began to smear it over my cock, lathering it from the tip to my balls before I pumped a generous amount on her pussy.

I pushed my fingers through the lube, dragging my fingers to her asshole before forcing her tight hole open.

The ring around her ass was still tight, I added more lube to fuck her with my fingers.

Her moans became whimpers but I continued to add lube and fuck her until I had three fingers stuffed inside of her. Her asshole began to soften as she relaxed.

“My good Kitten.

You will make a fine anal slut,”

I said, my voice full of approval while I shoved my fingers in as far as they would go, enjoying her stifled gasps.

I moved to the bedside drawer to get some wipes out to clean my fingers. I switched the wand on and held it over her.

“Hold it over your pussy,”

I said, watching her carefully as she reached for the wand with the leather cuffs

around her wrists.

The diamonds on her ring glittered and I looked at her collar. Her eyes closed as she began to pleasure herself. My wife was mine in every way possible, and tonight I would claim her last virgin hole.

A chorus of moans began when she held the wand against her pussy, I moved in for the kill, holding her leg against my shoulder while pushing the thick head of my cock against her slippery asshole.

“Dio mio,”

I said gasping out the words as her asshole stretched around my wide tip until the whole head disappeared into her ass. Oh, my God.

Her tight asshole was strangling my dick and I loved it, I waited for her to relax before I slid further inside her.

She kept the wand hovering over her clit and I watched her face for any pain, but her eyes were still closed.

Her saliva was spilling out from the sides of the ball gag as she breathed heavily.

I gripped her ankles and raised her legs back before I started to fuck her asshole with shallow thrusts, burrowing my way inside her unused hole.

Her upper arms trapped her breasts together as she held the wand, but they began to sway from my steady thrusts. I pushed her legs back and leaned over her while holding her ankles.

“Do you like my cock up your asshole, Kitten?”

I asked driving into her before pulling back, each thrust going in deeper than the last.

Her eyes flew open and she nodded her head.

“Good girl, just like that, keep your hole nice and relaxed for me,”

I said, feeling her open up to me. “My dirty, little Kitten, enjoying her first ass fucking.”

I spread my knees to move in for the kill, forcing my remaining length inside her incredibly tight ass until she screamed for me.

“Yeah, right there, Kitten. Take it,”

I bellowed, plunging in and out of her asshole, squeezing her ankles as I swung my hips back and forth.

Her eyes began to flutter as her hole tightened around me and I knew she was about to cum, it had been a long six weeks for us both.

I pummelled the inside of her ass looking down to see the skin around her ass being pulled back and forth from my vicious thrusts.

“Yes, Kitten, your cream is cumming,”

I said panting as my lungs struggled for air.

“Uh, uh, uh,”

she began her mantra before she started to buck beneath me as she came, the wand fell out of her hands.

My cock throbbed and stiffened as the first jet of cum sprayed inside of her ass, I continued to fuck her hole, loving the feel of her dancing muscles massaging me, sucking the cum right out of my balls. Her muffled screams added to my bliss.

“Yes,”

I grunted when the rapid spurts of cum eased my path. “Right in your ass, baby.”

She was scrambling for the wand and placed it on her pussy, causing her ass to contract around the length of my cock.

I released her ankles and collapsed on top of her, keeping my hands on the bed so I didn't crush her or our baby.

I leisurely continued to use her asshole, relishing the feel of it gripping me.

It took several minutes for our breathing to go back to normal, and when I felt the sweat begin to cool, I knew it was time to run a bath for us.

With a sigh I lifted my head which felt heavy after the intense orgasm.

The wand was buzzing away in the background and when I looked at Francesca, she lay satiated with a lazy look in her eyes.

“Sei un diavolello, ma ti amo,”

I murmured, kissing her cheek before reaching behind her to unfasten the ball gag. You're a little devil, but I love you.

She wiped her mouth, rubbing her puffy lips before grinning. She made me wonder at times who was in control.

\*\*\*

“Vieni, siediti sulle mie ginocchia, piccola mamma,”

I said as Francesca came into the kitchen. Come sit on my lap, little mama.

She smiled and skipped towards me her hair flying in the air. The feel of her soft ass on my lap made my dick stir.

“Are you happy, Kitten?”

I asked, kissing her neck until she tilted it back, allowing me access.

“My ass is in one piece so I am very happy this morning,”

she said rubbing her ass against my cock.

We spent the night fucking and sleeping it was almost afternoon but the long night was seared into my brain.

“I can try harder if you need me to bust it up for you,”

I said nipping her neck and earning a glare.

“No, thank you,”

she said primly before she looked hesitant. “Will you tell me when he is dead?”

I pulled back from her neck to stare at her, but when her hand rested on her stomach I realised she was still afraid for our child.

“He will be dead before the baby is born,”

I said, my voice stern and unbending. “I will make him suffer, repeatedly until he is a shell of his former self.”

She wrapped her arms around my neck, and the tension from my body evaporated. I placed my arm around, resting my palm over our child.

“He could have killed you, our baby or your grandparents,”

I said quietly rubbing her belly.

She didn't say anything but her arms tightened around me, rubbing her soft breasts against my chest.

Her scanty top was dipped low and I licked my lips.

She needed to eat before I served her up some more of my cream, envisioning my cum spraying on her naked clamped breasts made my cock harden and poke her ass.

Her snicker made me smile, she was safe in my arms and our home. Clive could wait a few months before he burned in hell.

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:37 pm*

Francesca

Four Months Later

I moaned before I began to heave again, feeling sorry for myself, sprawled on the floor next to the toilet.

No one told me being pregnant was like a disease and you no longer had control of your body or mind.

The books lied, fucking morning sickness, my ass.

It should be called morning, noon and night sickness.

It made me kick Alessio during the night when my burgeoning belly made me uncomfortable.

Even though I pretended to be asleep he always cuddled into me and seemed to know where to stuff the pillows to make me comfortable.

He was unbelievably patient, which seemed to annoy me, but everything did.

If I wasn't grumpy, then I was crying at pet food commercials.

My breasts were changing into organic milk bags, a dark line ran down my belly with web-like stretch marks and what happened to the sickness staying in the first trimester? It was as if Mother Nature had it out for me.



Then there were the bouts of horniness.

Me: When are you coming home?

La Bestia: No longer than two hours, Kitten. Do you need anything?

Me: Ho bisogno del tuo cazzo d'asino

I smiled because I told him I needed his donkey dick.

His response didn't come immediately, and I put my phone down to inspect the new cot covers.

I didn't buy too many and kept the colours simple.

We didn't know if it was a boy or a girl we were having yet.

The phone buzzed and I picked it up to see Alessio's response.

La Bestia: I will be home in 25 minutes.

Me: I thank you in advance for your services.

La Bestia: I know how much you love your cream, but you never need to thank me for fucking you, Kitten. X

Alessio protected me in all my surroundings and I could feel safe again.

I was never left alone.

There was a before and after Clive line drawn.

Rocco remained vigilant and stayed close to me, and in return, I cooked for him.

I did most of my shopping online, the baby's furniture and pram, we were going to pick everything out next weekend.

Alessio was so excited about the baby and how he worshipped my belly made me less grumpy.

I'd cooked his favourite meal, all it needed was some time in the oven to reheat it.

Gone were the days I tried to kill him with my cooking.

I rubbed my belly, our baby would be loved by so many people.

I called my Nonno to see if him and Nonna would like to visit my mother's grave with me.

It had been a while and I wanted to see her before the baby came.

“Honey, I'm home,”

Alessio's voice rang through the hallway and I heard his footsteps on the stairs.

“I'm in the nursery,”

I shouted out to him.

He appeared in the doorway and paused before he stepped inside. He wore a dark navy blue suit with his usual white shirt, but his tie was loose, and his collar button was open. His hair was sleeked back and his usual stubble looked darker.

“You look like an angel, Kitten,”

he said looking up and down at my white dress.

“I think we both know I’m no angel,”

I scoffed.

“You’re, my angel,”

he stressed before walking towards me, kneeling and rubbing his cheek over my belly. “Any sickness today?”

“Yes,”

I said with a grimace. “I had to cook with a scarf wrapped around my face.”

His face darkened and before he went off on one I covered his mouth with my hand.

“I enjoy cooking for you, Alessio. It makes me happy,”

I said softly, for all my moaning about being pregnant he was present and always helping me in the ways that counted.

I would never be a married single mother with how attentive he was, and when he wasn’t working from home or home on the weekends, Rocco was on hand.

A cleaner came four times a week, leaving me with cooking and shopping duties.

It was a far cry from my three jobs.

His face softened and he stood up, kissing my forehead before slipping his hand into mine.

“Tu sei il mio tesoro,”

he said rubbing my belly before kissing me. You are my treasure.

I melted into his touch, even with my protruding belly, he made me feel like the sexiest woman on earth.

His lips pressed lightly against mine, kissing me softly before his hands gripped my ass and he slipped his tongue into me.

I volleyed my tongue against his, clutching his shirt as my pussy clenched in anticipation. My panties were damp within seconds.

He pulled back and slid his hand into mine before he tugged it and led me behind him.

When we reached our bedroom I reached to my side to unzip my dress.

He didn't hesitate to pull it off me before inspecting my bump.

“The baby looks bigger today,”

he said before leaning over to unhook my bra.

“We have the scan this week. They will check that everything is as it should be,”

I said with a smile.

“How would you feel about your grandparents living with us?”

he asked, pulling my bra down my arms while I stared at him, flabbergasted at his words.

To have them live with us would be a dream come true for me, but could Alessio cope with Nonno?

“I would love that, but would you?”

I asked, my voice laced with scepticism.

“Of course, I would. We have an eight bedroom house, Kitten. There is plenty of space. They are in their twilight years and I want our children to know both sides of their family.”

My vision blurred as tears welled up before rolling down my cheeks. The damn hormones and my sweet husband were a lethal combination.

\*\*\*

I placed a hand over his forehead, but it didn't feel warm, I ran my fingers through his hair, checking for grey, when I found none, I concluded that he wasn't going senile. He was staring at me with an arched eyebrow.

“What are you checking me for, Kitten?”

“Have you been diagnosed with something? A rare incurable disease?”

I asked tapping my cheek wondering what was happening.

“No, why would you think that?”

he asked with a frown.

I leaned back on the headboard to contemplate life’s mysteries.

“You want to go to church before we visit my mother’s grave?”

I asked, making sure I heard him correctly. “Like inside the church, right?”

He turned to face me and had the audacity to roll his eyes at me.

“You the Beast of London, body chopper, allegedly,”

I said, seeking clarification.

“Get your pillows and go to sleep,”

he said, his voice as sulky as a toddler's.

I giggled and slipped my arms around his waist, he automatically did the same, sighing before he pushed my head on his chest.

“I made a promise when we were looking for you, Kitten,”

he said quietly, resting his chin on my head.

God, why was he always making me cry?

## Page 31

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:37 pm*

Alessio

Nero opened up the cell door and I almost gagged at the stench of rotting flesh and human waste.

I got a taste of how Francesca felt with her ‘morning’ sickness.

There wasn't much left of Clive, but I wanted him dead before I went to our baby's sonogram appointment and Church.

Every so often I came and cut parts of his body off.

It started with his fingers but all that remained of him was his head and torso.

Well, his head was missing his ears, but he didn't need them. Nero cauterised and cared for him each time I took a piece of him.

“There isn't much left of you, Clive,”

I said loudly, nudging him with my foot to awaken him.

His death would serve a purpose, my men would leave his body dangling off the Tower Bridge of London.

The rumours would be spread of a similar fate to anyone who as much as looked to harm me or my family.

The date was planned and our hacker would shut down the CCTV cameras around the bridge.

The security guards would be knocked out.

My men would take every precaution to hide their identity during the operation. Our footage would ensure the police didn't hide the murder from the world.

“I did a good job, don't you think, Nero?”

I asked him while watching as Clive's eyes flickered.

“Nice clean cuts,”

Nero agreed.

“This is no fun,”

I grumbled before I pulled my leg back and kicked him in his ribs until then the sound of his bone snapping filled the cell, but there were no screams left in him.

“See what I mean? This is getting boring,”

I said, looking at Nero who shook his head.

“God forbid that you get bored,”

he said, his voice bone dry.

I was never bored when I was with Francesca, thinking of her made me recall her beaten and broken body.



Both my wife and child could have been snuffed out.

The familiar rage burned inside of me and I began to stomp on Clive's head.

The cottage was burned to a crisp.

His mother's liver was on its last legs, there was no one looking for Clive. I used the heel of my shoe to crush his face until the last of his grunts ended.

"Once the body has been hung, get the crew in to clean the cell from top to bottom,"

I said straightening my jacket before inspecting my shoes.

Fuck my temper. Now I had to change my shoes before the appointment.

\*\*\*

Francesca was like a live wire, I silently watched all the emotions on her face.

While she focused on the screen, keeping an eye on our baby, my focus was on her.

The tears were inevitable and I had my cream cotton handkerchief ready to wipe her eyes and cheeks.

"I can see why you are carrying so big now, Mrs Caruso. You're going to have twins,"

the technician said.

My heart plummeted as I tried to process her words, my head snapped towards the screen, dropping Francesca's hand to move closer to the screen.

“Show me,”

I demanded.

“Alessio, I can't see,”

Francesca cried.

I shifted to one side but kept my eyes glued to the screen.

The woman moved the contraption around until the unmistakable image of two heads appeared.

I'd read enough books to see they weren't in separate sacks of fluid. I could see a hand on one and a leg or knee on the other.

“How could the clinic have missed this in the first scan?”

I asked but my eyes remained on my children.

The chill of knowing I could have lost all three of them made me glad that Clive's useless life would protect my family in the future. Both of my babies were a miracle.

“It can happen. It all depends on the position the babies are in, technology isn't foolproof. Now they are larger, they can't hide,” she said.

I tore my eyes away from the screen to glance at Francesca because it wasn't like her to be quiet for this long. Her eyes were full of tears but she had a dazed look in her eyes.

“Twins?”

she whispered.

“Twins,”

I said with a wide smile before tenderly wiping her tears away, swallowing hard as I felt my eyes burn.

Two suddenly became four. The tightness left my chest and a soft glow of warmth began to spread across it.

My family.

\*\*\*

“Twins?”

my dad cried out and I heard my mother scream in the background.

When I glanced at Francesca she was waving her arms around as she spoke to her grandparents. The shock had worn off and her boundless excitable energy was back.

“Si, papà,”

I confirmed with my chest held high before I looked at the pictures the technician gave us. “I will send you a picture.”

I laughed when my mother came on the phone. We chatted for a few minutes before I hung up.

“I know, Nonno, who knew he had it in him,”

Francesca said, winking at me.

I narrowed my eyes on her and wondered how much of the Nardini genes would be in my children. I reached for my tie and tugged at it, the sudden thought of two daughters like their mother caused me to break out in a cold sweat.

\*\*\*

I was awake when Francesca began to kick me, after the news about the twins, I couldn't sleep.

I swiftly moved my legs away from her sharp heels, I was sure she was trying to bruise me on purpose.

She sighed when I rubbed her belly before she began moving around.

“My breasts ache,”

she said moving onto her back and within seconds her hand wandered down to my dick.

“You are shameless,”

I said with a grin before lifting up her T-shirt.

Well, it was my T-shirt but she said they were more comfortable for her at night. It didn't stop her from sniffing them from time to time.

“Take what you can now, they won't be yours once the babies are here,”

she said with a snicker.

Damn, I hadn't thought that far ahead.

\*\*\*

“Father, are you still there?”

I asked when it had been several minutes since I had confessed all my sins and the priest hadn't said a word.

I heard him clear his throat before he answered.

“Yes,”

he said but didn't say anything else.

“My penance?”

I asked, trying to prompt a response from him so I could leave.

I hadn't realised how good confession would feel, it took a very long time to go through all my sins. There were probably a few I missed, but it didn't seem to matter in the grand scheme of things.

“I suggest daily prayers and ensure you do some good in the community, help the needy, the elderly and make a positive impact for your city. There is a prayer sheet by the door.”

“Thank you, Father. I'm glad I came,”

I said before he continued instructing me on my prayers and absolving me of my sins.

I doubt it would work for my countless sins, but now that I was about to become a father, I needed to address my affinity for chopping people up.

Allegedly.

## Page 32

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:37 pm*

Francesca

Nine Months Later

We were like the dream team when we worked on the boys together, watching Alessio with Amedeo and Domenico always melted my heart.

I decided it was my life's calling to be surrounded by men. Alessio wobbled their chests with his hands, making faces and smiling at them as our boys giggled.

“Another two months and Mamma's breasts are mine again,”

he said with delight lighting up his voice.

I shook my head at him.

“No, it's two and a half months left. They will still need some breast milk because it is a transitional period. They won't start munching on a T-bone steak as part of their solid diet,”

I said before smiling at my identical boys who resembled their father. “Papà is being silly.”

“Even I know that,”

Nonno said tersely as we both turned to see him in the nursery doorway.

The boys began kicking their legs as they heard their great-grandfather's voice.

“Is your papà trying to starve you, boys?”

he crooned at them before pushing his way between us to pick Amedeo up.

“Hardly,”

Alessio grunted before he scooped Domenico up.

For all of their bickering they respected one another, but Nonno loved to wind Alessio up more than I did.

Our house was always full of Alessio's parents, Armando and his family, Silvio and Nero.

Rocco was like part of the family.

Nonna had practically adopted him. Her love was always shown through her food.

Our sons were surrounded by love.

I watched Alessio follow Nonno out of the nursery.

“Use the lift, old man. I don't want to have to save my son and scrape you off the bottom of the staircase,”

he shouted after him.

Okay, love and lunacy, but it was the best kind.



\*\*\*

“They are getting so big,”

I said stroking their heads as I fed them.

“It’s because of your organic milk, Kitten,”

Alessio said leaning over me to watch our sons feed.

It was our private bedtime feeding ritual. Alessio rarely missed it unless something urgent came up with his work. I glanced down at those tiny pouting lips suckling away and the tears started to well up.

“What’s wrong?”

Alessio asked quietly, rubbing my back.

“I’m going to miss this. When they start, weaning my organic milk bags will be out of commission,”

I said, trying not to raise my voice.

“Is that all? We can start on the next batch,”

he whispered.

My tears instantly stopped and I glared at him.

“They aren’t even five months old yet,”

I whisper shouted at him.

“Kitten you know all I have to do is wave my dick in the air and you come running,”

he said with a smirk before he began to massage my neck. “Hmm. Just think of all the fun we could have with me breeding you again.”

I swallowed and squirmed on the bed.

“I bet your pussy is wet right now,”

he said flicking his tongue against my earlobe before catching it between his teeth.

“You keep your hypnotising voodoo shit to yourself,”

I said with false bravado.

“Just wait until the boys are asleep, Kitten. I am going to fill you up,”

he said slowly before adding the dealbreaker. “And I will make it hurt.”

Oh, damn.

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:37 pm*

Alessio

Four Years Later

The twins were only fourteen months old when Isabella was born, but she completed our family. We named her after Francesca's mother.

The boys looked like me, but my dainty daughter was all Francesca, and that made me go back to having night terrors.

There was never another attack on my family after Clive's gruesome death was televised.

When I woke up worrying about the world my daughter would grow up in, I would eye up my peacefully sleeping wife, knowing that this was somehow her doing.

For this reason, she was about to pay her penance.

"There is some extra cream in here for you, Kitten,"

I said with a smirk as I set the bowl of milk on the floor. Francesca crawled towards the milk, eyeing it warily.

"What's wrong, Kitten? You usually love sucking the cream right out of my balls and down your throat,"

I said watching her cheek flush with colour.

She meowed at me before she crouched down and began to lap up her milk. I walked behind her and lifted her tail up.

“You're going to give me another son, Kitten,”

I said twisting the plug inside her ass before pulling it in and out of her.

Her head shot up with her white kitten ears slanting to one side because she moved so suddenly.

“Meow?”

“I'm going to need a damn army of sons to keep my girl safe,”

I snapped at her shoving the plug inside of her before I began to spank her asscheeks.  
“Did I say you could stop drinking my cum?”

Her head dropped down and she caught her kitten ears as they slipped off, shoving them back on before she began lapping up my cum infused milk.

I yanked my T-shirt and shorts off before crouching over her ass.

Her hair was tied in a ponytail so she could drink her milk.

It was a heady feeling knowing both her holes would have my cum in them by the time she finished lapping up her milk.

I rubbed the tip of my cock through the folds of her wet pussy, lubing myself up for her deep womb fucking.

“My dirty wet cumslut.

You're ripe to be bred for the next five days,”

I said pulling her cheeks apart to watch my cock sink into her hot little cunt.

“Do you like that? Do you like my cock in your tight little cunt?”

She lifted her head and meowed.

I slammed into her so hard that she jerked forward with a cry.

I grabbed her hair and she pushed herself back up before she began to lap up her milk. She knew what the consequences for disobedience were when she was my Kitten.

Her pussy twitched around me but there would be no mercy for her or her pussy for the next five days.

I dropped her hair and held her hips only to notice she still hadn't taken my entire length.

No, that wouldn't do.

I pushed her face into the bowl before pulling back and driving back inside her tightening cunt, it didn't matter what she did with her muscles before I forged my way inside her, fucking her like a beast, forcing her cunt to open up and take me.

The need to seed her, breed her, to have another child with her took over.

When I bottomed out in her my balls smacked against her pussy and she let out little grunts while I fucked myself in her over and over again.

My breathing became erratic as I lunged into her, holding her hips in place.

God, how I missed breeding her.

Her pussy started to gush enabling me to hit home, bumping into her cervix. Her little moans of pain indicated she felt it too.

“Right here, Kitten,”

I said slowly nudging at her insides. “This is where I’m going to cum.”

“Yes, Sir. Oh, please breed me. Give me all of your hot cum, Sir,”

she said, with a desperate need in her voice.

I leaned over to fondle her tits, pinching them until she begged me to fuck her.

With a smile I gave her what she needed, this time I wouldn't stop.

Her pussy contracted when I started hammering inside of her sharp bursts of air flying out of my mouth.

Her soft velvety insides were being pulverised and she was loving it, coating my length with her juices.

I shoved myself into her harder and harder until her head flew up but no sound came out of her mouth as she came, convulsing around me.

“That’s it you little slut, cum all over my cock,”

I snarled, punching into her to keep her cumming on my dick until my balls began to ache.

I sawed into her, this time driving downwards to hit her cervix.

My cock hardened and pulsated before my cum shot out of me.

My muscles in my neck and shoulder strained as my hands clamped down on her to hold her against me as another explosive load hit her insides.

I continued to grunt and pummel her insides, ensuring my cum was pushed inside her as deep as possible.

The technique never failed me.

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“One day Donkey dick is going to rupture something inside of me,”

Francesca grumbled as she lay on my chest.

“Remind me again. How many times did you cum tonight, Kitten?”

“That’s not the point!”

she snapped at me.

“Okay, baby. We can give up Kitten play and switch to gentle vanilla lovemaking,”

I said, trying not to laugh as I heard the words out loud.

“Oh, God. What is wrong with me? I felt a little sick come up when you said that,”

she said before shuddering and moving closer to me. “Forget I said anything. I love my Beast and his beastly fucking.”

I kissed the top of her head.

She had no idea how much she had altered my life in the best way possible.

Over the years my love for her intensified.

She was there in my life every step of the way, mother, wife, lover, daughter-in-law, granddaughter, and little sister to my closest friends.

“Se dovessi vivere mille vite, cercherei solo te, amore mio,”

I said softly, tightening my arm around her.

If I were to live a thousand lifetimes, I would still only search for you, my love.

“Alessio,”

she said clutching my waist. “Non lo vorrei in nessun altro modo. Ti amo. E potrai avere tutti i figli che potrò darti.”

I wouldn't want it any other way. I love you. And you can have as many children as I can give you.

I pushed her onto her back and kissed her with everything that I had. This incredible woman who loved me, The Beast of London, still managed to twist my insides up like she did from the moment I met her.

The End.