



Thicker Than Blood: His Filthy Revenge (The Caged Hearts Pet Play #2)

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Category: Urban

Description: A tale of revenge and betrayal that intertwines two families torn apart by secrets.

When tragedy strikes and Stefanos Karalis inherits more than just family wealth, he discovers his father's shocking double life. Shock turns to rage as he finds out he has a young half-sister and that his father's betrayal runs deeper than he imagined.

In a bid for control, he pulls Amari—the mistress's eldest daughter, into a web of passion and power. But as the heat between them intensifies, so do the stakes.

Can Stefanos tame the fury of his father's choices, or will his revenge lead to irrevocable consequences?

Amari, fueled by fierce loyalty and love for her family, must navigate Stefanos's wrath. When he seeks to use and humiliate her in unimaginable ways, she must find a way to turn the tables, or will she yield to his depraved desires?

Can the ties of blood truly be thicker than betrayal?

TW: Dark, disturbing and includes watersports.

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The trio looked out of place at my father's funeral.

The older woman's eyes were covered by her black hat, and she dabbed her eyes with a tissue every so often.

The younger ones must be her daughters, one had creamy coffee coloured skin, and the child was lighter.

The older one had fetching long dark hair.

When the wind blew, it caught some of the curls, irritating the young woman until she brushed her hair back.

I didn't know who they were, but they made me uncomfortable, stood there grieving for my father, and I had no knowledge of them. I turned to ask my mother but she was busy speaking to her family members.

My father's solicitor waved his hand and bustled toward me.

He was in his sixties like my father. I glanced at the grave but the coffin was covered in soil.

He hadn't specified if he wanted to be buried in Greece or not but my mother insisted on burying him in our family's cemetery.

The skies turned grey and foreboding. When I glanced toward the ladies again, they were gone.

“Stefanos, I must speak to you,” Mr Hassall said.

“Not now, Mr Hassall, I’m in no mood,” I said sharply.

“Mr Karalis, there is no other time for what I have to tell you,” he said moving to block my path.

Something wasn't right, I could feel it in my gut, and his words didn't help alleviate my concerns.

“Follow me,” I said and walked to my car.

My mother had family and friends surrounding her. Not wanting to disturb her, I sent her a message of my whereabouts as my driver opened the door for me. I sat in the car and waited for Mr Hassall to get in, impatient to get this over with.

I couldn't process the death of my father for being weighed down with never-ending responsibilities. The man had been a beacon to me, someone I wanted to emulate. Now, on the day of his funeral, I was still being hounded.

Little did I know, in a few minutes, Mr Hassall would inform me of some critical information about the life my father led .

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Stefanos

The weight of the inheritance papers lay heavy in my hand.

I scanned the dimly lit study of my father's estate, it was the same yet different.

Everything was different now.

I tossed the papers on his desk and picked up my drink, swirling the amber liquid before throwing it back, the burn of it setting off a roaring fire within me.

The room smelled of old leather and dust, a place that had once felt like a sanctuary but now reeked of betrayal.

His funeral had been just days ago, and the grief remained.

The letter that Hassell had given me was on the same desk, and my grief was being consumed by something darker and angrier.

My father, the man I had idolised and who had preached honour, loyalty, and honesty, had lived a double life.

A mistress, children.

A life parallel to the one I had known, hidden away in another town.

The man who was late for my graduation, missed football games and parents'

evenings. The other family that had stolen my father's time, his love and presence from me and my mother.

I slammed my fist on the desk, wanting to tear the old man's study apart, but my mind raced, lost in the memories of the business trips, the late-night arrivals, the excuses—all lies.

My father had been a cheat, a fraud, a man who built his life on deceit.

He betrayed us all, including my faithful mother who stood by him from the very beginning.

She had loved him unconditionally, and for what? To be betrayed, to be made a fool of? The rage simmered beneath the surface and I ground my teeth together before pacing the room, feeling the hatred boiling over.

I paused to think of the trio of vipers at the funeral, and I went back to the desk, moving the documents away to pull out what Rurik sent me about the other family.

They didn't deserve a penny of 'their' inheritance.

I read through their details and picked up the picture of my father's bastard child, Alcina Jenson-Karalis.

The double barrel name was a shameful smear on my mother's legitimacy, to mine. If she ever found out—no, I would never let that happen.

I dug out Amari Jenson's photo.

The gold diggers whore of a daughter.

She looked prim and proper on paper but was undoubtedly the same as her gold-digging mother, spreading their legs for the highest bidder.

She was twenty-six years old, her little sister was a mere six years old, and the mother was forty-seven. These were the women who were blissfully unaware of the destruction they caused.

My mind began to churn with plans, dark and twisted.

I would make them pay, strip them of everything, just as they had stripped me of my father's memories.

I would ruin them, just as they had ruined my family.

The thought of their faces, their shock and pain brought a grim satisfaction to me. They would know what it felt like to have their world shattered.

I poured another drink as the thirst for revenge awakened a monster within me, but there was a hollow ache, longing for the father I thought Christos Karalis had been.

On his desk was one the remaining framed photo.

I put my drink down to pick it up.

It was a picture of my father and me taken a few years ago, smiling and happy.

I stared at it for a long moment, my chest tightening at the image.

I flung my hand up in the air and hurled it across the room next to the others. The glass shattered, the sound echoing through the empty house.

Deep down I knew my revenge wouldn't bring back my father's or my mother's honour.

It wouldn't undo the betrayal, yet I couldn't stop because rage was all I had left within me.

I owed Rurik a great debt, he did excellent work uncovering everything about the Jensen family.

His man's work was immaculate.

There was more than enough to bury them with legal injunctions and ensure they didn't have a pot left to piss in.

Solicitors cost money, money they didn't have to spare.

I would protect my mother at all costs from any blowback.

I calculated that my father had kept his mistress for twenty-four years.

I would have been ten years old at the time.

The way he had set the trust up for his bastard child left me as the main Trustee.

Why after so many years had he not provided for them directly?

I shook my head.

The reasons behind it all didn't matter.

His foolish actions left them open to exploitation, which was precisely what I would do.

No more private school, no house, no stipends.

The whores' could walk the streets looking for their next chump.

The pain seemed to ebb away with my dark thoughts before a more diabolical method to humiliate the whore's daughter took root.

I was no stranger to the BDSM world and was a member of Club X.

The exclusive club was in central London and I recalled the pet playrooms that I was partial to.

The thought of having a pet bitch was appealing.

However, playing in the rooms of Club X and owning a bitch were two very different roles.

I opened up my laptop and explored the world of owning and training a human pet.

At the end of my investigation, I amended some details of my plans before going through Amari's photographs.

She wasn't my usual type.

I preferred refined women to date, but the women I took to Club X were rarely the dating type.

There were certain expectations of who I could be seen with.

The 'polite society' was not forgiving of scandals and it could impact on my business.

If people found out about my father's whore and the bastard child my mother would bear the brunt of it, cast aside and bad mouthed behind her back.

No, I needed to remove myself from the vicinity.

Amari's photo captured her wide dark brown eyes, thick lips and high cheekbones.

Her long black hair was wavy and her brown skin had a golden glow over it.

Her build was nothing like the dainty women I dated.

She drew out every evil, sadistic, dark desire I had in me.

Club X has strict rules to avoid abuse but I was too far gone in my madness to consider any form of mercy.

No, this woman packed curves on every part of her body, muscular yet soft.

The way her hips and thighs were shaped was obscene and her tits were the same, heavy and unmistakable.

Her body was made to be used and punished.

I could whip those thighs and ass all day long.

My eyes lingered on her heavy breasts, daydreaming of torturing her nipples, making her scream for mercy.

First I would need to get her out of her drab clothing. The woman had zero class or style.

I picked up the phone to my fixer.

She needed to get fired from her job first.

I glanced at the brat's school, which was next.

She might have a Greek name that my father gave her, but she wasn't part of my family.

I would make a personal appearance to remove them from the house, my father allowed them to stay in.

They would rue the day they entered our lives.

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Amari

The woman narrowed her eyes at me and glanced down at my clothes, probably looking for designer brands.

I held Alcina's hand as we stood at her school's reception area. They refused to let her attend and I knew for a fact that Christos had paid for the entire school year upfront.

"I can assure you there is no mistake. If you cannot pay, you should look into a state school,"

she said to me, but the vindictive glint in the ginger-haired woman was accompanied by a smirk.

"Thanks, Sarah,"

I said sarcastically before turning to Alcina. "Let's go, Alcina,"

I said, not wanting to do or say anything that would get me arrested.

"Have a great day,"

Sarah said in a sing-song voice as we reached the glass double doors.

"But I had a project due today,"

Alcina said, her head drooping.

When we got outside I knelt in front of Alcina.

“I know a lot is happening right now honey, but we are family and we will stick together,”

I said with a cheerful smile and bopped her cheek.

“I miss Daddy,”

she sighed.

I thought of Christos and hugged Alcina. I’d known him since I was around Alcina’s age, he was the only father figure I knew.

“I miss him too, sweetie. Why don't we have some ice cream on the way home?”

Ice cream cured everything because school and sadness were forgotten for now.

I knew Christos’s family were behind my getting made ‘redundant’ and Alcina being unceremoniously thrown out of school.

I was sure there was more to come but I couldn't get any social help until we were completely destitute. Hiring a lawyer at this point would be impossible.

What on earth has Christos been thinking not providing for my mum or Alcina?

“I’m sorry miss, your card has been declined,”

the shopkeeper said.

My cheeks flushed and I put my ice cream back in the freezer before going back to the counter.

“Can you try just this one?”

I asked, raising my sister’s Twister ice cream.

He smiled at Alcina and tried to scan my card but it bleeped again. The man smiled kindly at me before he looked at my sister. It was our local shop and this was the first time this had happened.

“Here just have it on the house,”

he said, handing it to Alcina.

She beamed at him before thanking him.

I blinked at the tears welling up and nodded my thanks before I shoved my card into my pocket and rushed out of the shop.

I would be back one day to repay his kindness.

He was a small business owner, and everyone felt the pinch these days.

After I opened Alcina’s ice cream for her, I tried phoning my bank but my phone wouldn't connect.

They were going too far.

How could I tell my mother any of this when she was still grieving? I saw Stefanos at the funeral, he was a taller, younger version of Christos, but there was a coldness to him.

Christos had been warm and vibrant.

My mum introduced me to him years after she met him.

I was a shy and timid child, it isn't a surprise I turned out to be an introvert.

It was only when I was much older, my mother told me Christos was married, which was why he didn't live with us.

My mum was in too deep to break it off. I watched them over the years, and they loved one another, this became enough for me. My mother was happy but he died too young.

My mind was a jumbled mess by the time I reached our street.

A black car slowed down close to us and I took Alcina's hand to draw her away from the road.

It was a long, sleek, and expensive car, and sure enough, it halted to a stop and the electronic window slid down.

Stefanos Karalis sat there with his dark hair slicked back, resembling a villain in his black clothes and car.

"Take her inside, we need to talk,"

he said, closing the window without waiting for a response.

I stood there for several seconds shocked, dismayed, scared and a million other things.

When I could move, I took Alcina's hand and ran.

My heart was fluttering by the time we got to our gate with my little sister asking too many questions.

She was the same age as me when I met Christos.

Old enough to understand some of the cruelty in this world.

She was half black and half Greek. It looked like her half-brother held nothing but contempt for her. That hurt my heart because Alcina was an angel.

"Amari, who was that man in the car?"

she asked again.

My stomach churned as I looked into her innocent brown eyes and almost lied to her.

"Someone from Christos's family,"

I murmured to her before helping take her coat off and washing her face.

"Hi, girls," my Mum.

When I turned around she had a smile on her lips but her eyes were swollen and lifeless. My mum had been through too much in life for a spoiled rich boy to try and ruin us.

Alcina ran to hug her.

“Why aren't you in school, poppet?”

my mum said lifting her to hug her close before kissing her.

“There are a few things happening mum. Alcina's school is one of them,”

I said gently.

“It was to be expected,”

she said sadly.

“Why didn't Christos make provisions for you and Alcina?”

I said trying not to let my anger seep through.

“It's complicated but Christos wanted his son to accept his sister. He believed in him, Amari,”

she said sliding Alcina down to the ground again. “If he was right then it will get better.”

My mother was gullible if she thought everything would be rosy and happy families with Christos's son. I saw the disgust in his eyes when he glanced at Alcina. The way his eyes trailed over my clothes. We weren't all born with a silver spoon in our mouths.

“I have savings, and Christos left us the house, provisions and a Trust for Alcina,”

my mum said softly, but she had a distant look in her eyes.

I wanted to tell her to snap out of it but it had only been ten days since the funeral.

“The school refused to take her,”

I said, but the words didn't seem to register with her.

She frowned and was about to speak when the doorbell rang. I left her in the kitchen to answer the door, she wasn't in any state to talk to Stefanos. When I opened the door, it was the driver. Who made their drivers wear a uniform these days?

“Mr Karalis would like to speak to you,”

he said with a tight smile.

My mum came to stand behind me.

“What's going on?”

she whispered.

“Nothing, I will be right back,”

I said with a smile.

“But—”

“It's okay, mum,”

I said before I followed the driver.

I'd had no intention of speaking to Stefanos but couldn't have any drama unfold before my Mum or little sister.

When I stepped outside, the impending feeling of doom was there.

I don't know how he managed to cut me off from my bank or mobile network provider but he was no friend to me or my family.

I dragged my feet on the ground until I reached his car and the back door opened as I approached.

My heart started to race but my pace slowed down as I reached the door.

Panic began to eat away at me when I realised he got to my employer and had me fired.

Christos was wrong about his son.

He was here to destroy us.

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Stefanos

The rage bubbled away inside me as I sat in my car waiting for her.

Once I dug my hooks into her, she would suffer the consequences.

I would relish in degrading her in every manner possible.

The options in which to do so were limitless. She approached the car and I opened the door but she didn't get in.

How dare she make me wait?

“Get in or you will find yourself homeless tonight,”

I snapped at her.

She moved and sat in the car but left the door open. I leaned over her to close it, glancing at her, but she kept her head bowed down. The subservient pose eased some of my fury. I sat back in my seat.

“You know who I am.”

Her hair covered her face but she nodded. I studied her for a moment, she was twenty-six but I never expected her to be this—timid. I smiled, this would be easier than I thought it would be. I glanced at her ugly black coat, denim jeans and trainers.

She nodded her head, reminding me of the words I uttered. I lifted my glass and sipped on my scotch but she wouldn't lift her head.

“Christos left everything in my control,”

I said gripping my glass as I said his name. He was no longer the father I thought he was, therefore didn't deserve my respect. “Today is an example of what I am willing to do to you all.”

She turned her head toward me, twisting her neck but she didn't lift her head.

“The bastard, the whore and the gold digger,”

I said with a cruel empty laugh.

Her gasp at my crude words was like a balm to my open wounds. The malicious need to cause her the same pain and suffering I felt was too great for me to battle. This was only a precursor to my revenge.

“In case you're wondering, you are the whore,”

I said toying with her. “Your sister is the bastard, of course, and your mother the gold digger.”

Her head snapped up and I stared into her wide dark brown eyes. They were darker than mine, richer, and warmer. Eyes that I would see in pain, desolation and tears. I'd chosen her to carry the sins of the mother. Soon, very soon, I would break her.

“Why are you doing this?”

she cried out before looking down at her hands.

She had them clenched together on her lap. I took a large gulp of my Scotch, my sole companion since the funeral. Did she consider herself to be a victim? She didn't make my father go to her mother or her mother to spread her legs open for a married man but she was the one who would bear the brunt of my wrath.

“You're a Jenson, part of the family I seek to destroy. Did you all think it was finally payday?”

I said spitting the words out in my anger. “I want my pound of flesh and I've decided it will be yours.”

My jaw tightened when she didn't look at me or say a word.

“You will do everything I tell you—or the bastard and the gold digger will be out on the streets tonight. I have the means to ensure no one houses you. Not even the state or charities,”

I said quietly because part of me wanted her to refuse so I could take my revenge on all of them.

“You would do this to your own blood?”

she whispered.

I froze at her words. The disgust of acknowledging the girl as family stuck in my throat. The ties of family and blood were destroyed the moment Hassell gave me the letter and documentation for the Jensons’.

“Blood isn't always thicker than water,”

I growled. “Especially blood tainted with betrayal by a weak and deceitful man.”

She began to shiver, and I heard her breathing unevenly. When I glanced at her hands, they trembled as she clenched them tightly. I relaxed and drank my remaining scotch before placing the glass in the cup holder.

“Nothing will happen to her if you do as I tell you,”

I said, lying through my teeth, but I needed to lull her into a false sense of security. “She can go back to school tomorrow. I will lift the restrictions on all of your accounts and call off the men who are due to evict you.”

Once I had finished toying with her, I would use everything I could to ensure they didn't get a penny from my father's estate. I didn't give a damn about his instructions. The legal team could drag it all out for years in the courts.

“How do I know you will keep your word?”

she asked.

I scrutinised her because she hadn't asked me what I wanted from her. Was she that stupid?

“You don't,”

I said flatly. “Get out of my car. I want an answer by tonight. Your phone will be connected for 24 hours before I have it shut off again—if your answer is negative.”

She scrambled out of the car, slammed the door shut behind her, and ran toward her house. I watched as she flung the gate open and ran through the front garden, scuttling away like a scared little mouse.

Nai, tha éinai mia ypákoui skylítsa. Yes, she will be an obedient bitch.

My father was a disgrace to everything Greek. Family was above all and he betrayed our family, my family and Amari would suffer because the old man was dead.

Blood be damned.

By the time I got home most of my anger had dispersed after dissecting our encounter and realising how scared the little bitch had been. I knew what her answer would be and I was intent on making her my human dog.

Egó katoikídio skyla. My pet bitch.

Her new name would be simple. Skyla or Bitch.

I would break her down until she was a brainless enslaved bitch before I moved on to her mother. My mother would be protected at all costs, she would never find out about his deceit and I would decimate the Jensons into silence.

I slipped my jacket off to pull out my phone to text her.

Me: This is my number, save it. Stefanos.

Skyla: I will do as you ask but please leave my family alone.

A slow smile spread across my face at her immediate response. Well, well, well, the results were better than I'd expected.

Me: A car will come to pick you up in two hours. Pack an overnight bag.

I went upstairs to the spare bedroom and opened up the closet to pick out her first

bitch outfit. The anticipation of seeing her kneeling before me as my pet was too great a temptation.

The long curved black dog tail was my favourite anal plug. It was made from silicone and the plug was slim but at least five inches long. The black leather gimp mask was shaped with a snout and long ears.

I grinned, lifting the heavy black leather and steel leash with the leather collar attached. The metal studs and spikes complemented the leash. There were various paws and knee pads, but I picked out the strapped knee pads that were crafted to keep the legs bound together in a kneeling position. From the drawer, I picked out the black nipple clamps, and they came with one black bell dangling from each of them. These painful looking clamps would make my little bitch howl.

I tossed everything on the bed before rearranging my hardening dick.

For the first time since the funeral, I felt something other than grief, rage or betrayal. All three emotions that had been eating my insides. There was only one focus left now.

The fulfilment of my revenge.

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Amari

I stared at my phone in horror, too afraid to reply back. He was an evil soulless man, but why would he want me to bring an overnight bag? The phone fell out of my hand, and I stared at it before I wracked my brain. I wondered what I would tell my mother. After taking several deep breaths, I could say to her that I would stay over at Tara's house for the night.

His words hit me again. The bastard, the whore and the good digger. I cringed at him calling my sister a bastard. He was the bastard, not by birth but by nature. Alcina was innocent in all this. What kind of a monster would drag a child into his bloody revenge?

I will likely find out shortly.

My head began to throb and I rubbed my fingers over my forehead, digging my fingers in to massage the dull ache away. The sickening feel in my belly continued to grow, anxiety eating away at me as I looked around my bedroom. He was a billionaire now that Christos was gone. There was nothing he couldn't have in life but he chose to focus his petty revenge on me and my family.

Whatever he planned for me I knew it would be as despicable as him. Stefanos Karalis was nothing more than a monster disguised as a human. If there were demons or devils on Earth, he was among them.

I swallowed thinking of my grieving mother and innocent little sister. I doted on my sister from the day she was born. I would do whatever it took to protect my baby girl.

A tear trickled down my cheek and I wiped it away as determination forged through me. I clenched my jaw so tight that my gums ached at how hard I ground my teeth together.

The monster would not see my weakness.

My bravado didn't last, I sat in the back of the car looking out of the tinted glass. The silence was filled with heavy tension and dread. The unsmiling driver had taken my bag and placed it into the boot of the car, leaving my hands free to fret. There was a partition in the car and I was glad because I could contemplate my doom in solitude. I fidgeted with my phone, but we hadn't messaged one another since his last text.

I almost vomited when the driver turned into a small road that led to a massive iron gate. He probably had a million properties all around the world. I gaped at the old sandstone building. It had likely been an aristocrat's grand mansion at some point in time. We never saw this side of Christos's life, but knowing how wealthy the Karalis family were was daunting.

The tyres crushed on top of the gravelly stones as they reached the house's front door. The crunching sound stopped abruptly as the car came to a halt. I stared at the door handle, dreading what was ahead of me while the driver got out of the car to retrieve my bag. He opened my door and waited for me.

I stepped out of the car, ignoring my racing heart and tried to force my previous determination, closing my eyes, I pictured Alcina the day I held her for the first time. I was almost twenty at the time, and having spent time with my pregnant mother, I was so excited to meet my new sibling. To find out that my mum had another girl, a little sister, was momentous.

“Hurry up and get inside,”

his voice snapped angrily, tearing me away from my memories and reminding me why I was here.

I opened my eyes to see him standing at the doorway. He wasn't wearing his suit, only trousers and a pristine white shirt. My eyes narrowed on the glass he held in his hand. The man had a drinking problem, which didn't bode well for me. My father had been an abusive drunk. I was too young to remember, but I knew that through his actions, was how my mother met Christos.

“Now, Amari!”

he said, snarling my name until my feet jolted forward.

“Miss, your bag,”

the driver said, holding my black backpack out for me.

I took it from him, slipping it over my shoulder before rushing toward the house. When I was inside I automatically began to look at the grand decor. Everything was pristine, from the polished floors to the furniture, decorative vases, and art.

“Follow me,”

Stefanos said, walking at a faster pace.

I dragged my eyes away from his house to look at him. His dark hair was thick but neatly trimmed at his nape. He was much taller than Christos, his shoulders wider than I'd anticipated. When I saw him in the car, he wore his suit jacket, but I didn't look at his face. I followed him up the dark wooden staircase, not touching the

polished bannister because I was too busy trying to catch up with him as he quickly jogged up the stairs.

The house was huge in comparison to our comfortable four bedroom house. We went up a second set of stairs. Why would one person want to live all alone in a mansion?

He stopped and opened a room and I peered inside to see a bedroom. When I glanced at him, he had a crooked smile playing on his lips, but a devious look in his eyes.

“Get in and take your clothes off. Your new life as my pet bitch is on the bed,”

he said with his smile spreading across his face.

Pet? Bitch?

I stared at the bed and frowned because it didn't look like clothing. I yelped when he pushed me inside and closed the door behind him.

“You are here to obey me. If you want me to ensure nothing terrible happens to your family, you will do everything I ask of you. This includes becoming my pet bitch,”

he said as I turned to face him. “You will beg, bark, eat and sleep like a dog.”

My hand covered my horrified gasp as I stared at the drunken madman. Was this some joke? A dog? He wanted me to become a human dog?

“W-What do you mean?”

I stuttered the words out, lowering my hand.

When he began to walk forward, I backed away, but he moved toward the bed, and I

focused on what was there, my mouth hung open when I realised what I was looking at.

A fucking dog mask, leash and other things that I didn't recognise—my bag slid off my shoulder and landed on the floor.

“Is that a tail?”

I whispered in horror, looking at the long black rubber tail.

Was I supposed to put that thing in my ass? What the actual fuck was happening here? I glanced at the door, fuck the bag, I could do a runner.

“If you leave I will ensure you are all penniless and living in cardboard boxes within the next two days,”

he said, picking up the dog collar and dangling it on the tip of his finger, swinging the silver chain. “Actually, call your mother, tell her you got a job transfer in Greece and you leave next week.”

My breath came in shallow gasps, my chest rising and falling, but as if there were a heavy weight pressing down on it. His dark eyes gleamed with a cold, calculating light. A cruel smirk played on his lips, as he watched me squirm.

“You understand what's at stake, don't you, Amari?”

he said, his voice smooth, almost soothing but it carried an underlying dangerous edge. He tilted his head, his dark hair falling slightly on his forehead, and his gaze never wavered from mine. “Your mother and sister, their safety rests on your decision.”

My throat tightened but I wanted to scream, to lunge at him, claw that smug expression off his face. The thought of my family stopped me. He had the means, the connections and I knew Stefanos wasn't bluffing. He was ruthless enough to follow through with his threats.

“Why are you doing this?”

I whispered, my voice barely audible. “What did I ever do to you?”

His hand crushed the leather collar in his palm and I noticed the metal spikes on it. The heavy chain jangled as he lifted his hand. His face darkened and his piercing eyes glared at me.

“You? Nothing personally, but your mother stole from my family. Christos betrayed my family. This?”

he said moving closer to me until the collar and chain was before me. “This is just the beginning. And you are going to help me make it hurt. You will suffer.”

I shuffled away from him but tripped over my bag. I braced myself with my arms for the fall but still hit my elbows on the hard wooden floor. His words made no sense. Who would hurt? Me? How was I responsible for our parents' actions? The man was a fucking psychotic asshole.

“I-I’m innocent—”

I stammered as I stood up and backed away from him, grateful that the room was large.

Stefanos chuckled, a low, guttural sound that sent a shiver down her spine.

“Innocent?”

he said, his voice rising sharply as he stepped closer, his polished shoes clicking against the wooden floor. “The gold-digging whore thought she could destroy my family. You're her daughter. Her blood and that makes you guilty by association.”

“Stefanos—”

I said, ready to plead with him, but the sudden fury on his face stopped me.

“You will address me as Master, you fucking bitch,”

he said, shouting the furious words until I covered my ears and closed my eyes.

I wanted out of this nightmare. A tear began to trickle out of my eye as the true horror of my situation began to sink into me.

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Stefanos

Amari's body shook as a sob escaped her, but I felt nothing. There was no mercy in the wake of my revenge. Ten days. For ten days I sat simmering in my rage as the plethora of my father's lies tore at my insides, watching my mother wander aimlessly in her home, grieving for a man I no longer recognised. For a man who had betrayed us.

"Remove your clothing. I won't ask again,"

I said with my voice devoid of emotion.

Her eyes opened and she lowered her hands, gripping the edges of her jacket to draw them closer to the centre of her chest.

"W-what? No...please, I can't—"

she said as her breath hitched, and her voice stammered.

"You can and you will,"

I said interrupting her. "You belong to me now. Your body, your dignity, and your humanity—it is all mine to take."

I would take it all, piece by piece until there was nothing left of her but what I allowed. Her tears spilled over, streaking down her cheeks, but I felt no pity, no remorse—only the cold satisfaction of my revenge.

She fumbled with her coat until it slid down her shoulders and fell on the floor behind her. Her hands shook as she reached for the dull grey sweater, hesitating as her dark eyes pleaded with me.

“Do it,”

I said, my voice dropping to a whisper each word laced with menace. “Or I will do it for you.”

She pulled the sweater over her head, letting it fall to the floor. Her shoulders hunched and she wrapped her arms around herself in a futile attempt to preserve some shred of modesty.

“Continue. All of it,”

I said with my eyes soaking in her flawless brown skin, deciding that red would be an excellent colour against her skin tone.

She continued to undress, each article of clothing falling to the floor until she was left in a pair of black panties. Her breasts were larger than I anticipated but her swollen nipples were a shade darker, perfect for the clamps I had waiting for her. I licked my lips when she pushed the thin lace of her underwear down her thick thighs.

Her breasts and hips stood out against her slim waist, showcasing an hourglass figure. Her body was far more sensuous than I’d ever encountered. Tall, skinny, and fragile were all I knew, but this woman would be able to take everything I gave her—and more. Why did she hide herself under such repulsive clothing?

She placed her underwear on her sweater and stood up. I was disappointed that her pussy was bare. A bitch should have some fur on her cunt. Her hands were clenched at her sides, but her face was covered by her hair, which was dangling down, trying to

hide herself from me. I unbuckled the collar before approaching her, and she flinched when I placed the collar around her neck.

“Lift your hair up.”

I fastened it around her neck, the leather pressed tightly against her neck. The metal buckle clicked into place and she breathed out a ragged breath of air at the sound. I dropped the chain and let it dangle on the floor. The collar looked good on my bitch but I wasn't done.

I tugged on the chain, pulling her towards the bed before lifting the dog mask up.

“I'm not an animal,”

she whispered.

“Oh, but you are,”

I hissed. “You're a bitch, Amari, my bitch. A pathetic, whimpering mutt. And by the time I'm done with you, you'll believe it too.”

I lowered the mask, but she shrank away from me, twisting her head. I grabbed her chin, forcing her to look at me. She no longer had tears in her eyes but a silent resignation in them. I released her chin, satisfied that her new reality was beginning to sink into her. She remained still when I placed the dog mask over her head, covering her entire face except for her eyes peering out from beneath the leather.

Once I buckled it on, I put her paws on her hands, deciding to leave the knee straps until she got used to crawling on the floor. I picked up the oval clamps, pinching the black metal clip open and placing it on her nipple.

Her hiss of pain caused my hardening cock to press against the restraints of my trousers. When I dropped the clamp, the bell tinkled in the silent room. I watched her while I cupped her breast, while I put the other clamp on. She began to breathe through the pain, something she would feel a great deal of.

“Only your tail left,”

I said, my voice dripping with mockery. “On your knees, Amari.”

When she didn't move I grabbed her by the shoulders and forced her to the ground. There was a dull thud of her knees against the hard floor and she cried out. I leaned down until the cool leather mask grazed my cheek.

“You’ll learn, Amari. You’ll learn what it means to be nothing,”

I whispered against her ear.

She whimpered like the animal she was becoming and I chuckled in delight at the sound. I stood up to observe her posture, kneeling on her hands and knees with her ass in the air.

“Good girl,”

I said, sneering at her.

“P-please...don’t...M-Master,”

she begged through her pathetic stuttering, placing her paws on my shoes.

“Now, now. Is that how a bitch talks?”

I asked, shaking her paws off my foot, to place it on the small of her back. “Show me how a good bitch begs her Master. Bark for me.”

When she didn't bark I pressed my foot on her until she began to bark.

“Wuf...woof, woof...woof,”

she barked and I lifted my foot off her.

“This is your new identity. A pet bitch. My pet bitch. You'll wear this and learn to obey. You'll bark, you'll fetch and grovel at my feet. You will do it all willingly because if you don't—”

I said with malice, trailing off to let the implication hang in the air between us.

I picked up the knee straps from the bed before switching them out for the simple ones. The only item left was her tail. I rummaged around in the drawers until I found the lube, deciding to show her some mercy since it was her first day.

When I turned to face her, she remained in the same spot I left her in. Her breasts dangled down with her bells close to the wooden floor. My revenge wouldn't be complete until I created the perfect little whore who begged for her Master's cock. My eyes trailed over her body as I walked toward her, stopping behind her ass. Her golden brown large mounds of flesh were a fucking work of art.

“Spread your legs, Amari,”

I said my voice low and rough.

She didn't move immediately and I was about to boot her when she parted her legs. My lips parted when I saw her tightly, sealed dark hole waiting for its tail. Below her

asshole lay plump labia lips, showing the slight hint of her pussy hole, waiting to be parted and explored.

“Ti òmorfi pòrni,”

I whispered to myself. What a beautiful whore.

The flawless set of holes would need to earn its Master’s cock.

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Amari

Numb. I wanted to be numb. To shut my brain off and dull my senses to what was happening. The constant pain from the long nipple clamps made it impossible to block him out. The mask helped by shutting the afternoon light out, but the heat of my breath against the leather made me pant. I was getting fresh oxygen from two sides of the mask where the nose was, but condensation was still building up.

He stood behind me and the tension caused my entire body to become rigid. I didn't dare move. My ears pricked up when he muttered something I didn't understand. He was speaking in the Greek language. Christos used a few words but I didn't understand what Stef—Master said. I cringed and closed my eyes at the word Master. He was my Master for as long as he wanted to be.

You'll learn what it means to be nothing.

His words were ringing in my ears. I would become nothing. My head hung down in defeat and I stared at the black paws on my hands, ignoring the constant pain biting into my nipples. A slave dog, I wasn't permitted to be a human.

What kind of hell was this?!

“Why did you have an STI test carried out three months ago? You may speak.”

At this point I wasn't even shocked that he had this information.

“I found out my boyfriend cheated on me,”

I said flatly.

“Have you fucked anybody else since?”

“No.”

“How many men have you fucked?”

“Three,”

I said spitting the word out into the mask.

This asshole was a renowned international playboy and he had the cheek to question my past. I should be asking him if he has been tested.

“Pity. Don’t worry, I will train you,”

he said, slapping me on my rear. “Shouldn’t you show me some gratitude?”

I pursed my lips together and clenched my hands in the paw gloves. My body trembled from unmitigated outrage.

“Thank you for training me, Master,”

I said, focusing on each word so I wouldn't stammer.

A deep chuckle filled the room and I closed my eyes at the injustice of it all. He moved behind me and after a few seconds something wet landed between my cheeks. I kept my eyes closed until I felt something jab against my anal passage. My eyes flew open and I began to pant. I clenched my ass but he pushed harder, forcing my hole open.

“P-Please, Master, not there,”

I said stammering again.

“No more speaking. Bark,”

he snapped.

I couldn't bring myself to bark again, but I could cry beneath the mask without him seeing me. He pushed the tail further into my ass and the tears rained down my face, blurring my vision from the two holes in the mask.

I tried to relax my ass when it became painful but it only helped a little. I choked on a sob when he drove it inside of me, but the pain dulled as the tail snapped into place. My muscles clenched around the tail and there was no more pain.

“A virgin hole no more,”

he said, gleefully taking pleasure in my pain and humiliation.

He put some pads beneath my knees and strapped them on. His shoes clicked on the wooden floor and I blinked my eyes to clear the tears away. He loomed over me like a predator over its prey before he picked up the chain from the floor.

“Now, let's see how well you can follow commands,”

he said. “Attention.”

I stared at him confused by the command.

“Up on your knees with your paws in the air. As if you are begging for a snack.”

I sat up and put my paws in the air, wincing when my breasts moved, reminding me of the nipple clamps pinching my nipples.

“Sorry, is crouching down with your head hanging down in shame.”

I moved back down, lowering myself before him with my head down, but as I crouched down my nipples grazed the floor making me his.

“Yes, move your right paw out and for no it is your left paw,” he said.

I went back to my hands and knees to try it. Right for yes and left for no, moving my paws back and forth.

“These three are enough for now. There is a chart with the full list for you to study in your cage,”

he said before blowing a short whistle and tugging on my leash as he walked away from me.

I stumbled from the pull on my collar but quickly crawled after him. My mind was reeling from the word cage. I followed him down the hallway until he opened a set of double doors. The room was huge, and when I looked around, I realised it had to be the master bedroom. He tugged at my leash as he led me to the back of the room, opposite the bed, and that was when I saw the cage.

It was tall enough to sit in but there was no way to stand up. The closer I got, I noticed the bedding and pillows in it. On the side of the cage was an A4 laminated sheet of paper with dog poses on it. We stopped in front of the cage, and he unclipped my leash before opening the cage door.

“Inside,”

he said but I was too afraid to move.

Being locked in a cage like an animal was too much on top of the mask, clamps and tail.

“Now,”

he snapped and I moved through the door but stopped halfway, the dread churning in my belly.

This time he used his foot on my ass and shoved me inside. I grunted in pain when my arms collapsed and I landed in my face with the nipple clamps pulling on the bedding below me. I quickly got up and moved my legs inside before he slammed the door on them.

“Turn to face me and I will take the clamps off,” he said.

I could have cried with relief when he uttered those words. When I swivelled around on my hands and knees, he pulled the lower part of my mask off, removing the nose section. The cool air on my damp face felt good. I wasn't expecting the dull throbbing pain when he removed the nipple clamps. I hissed at the pain and rubbed my abused nipples with my paws.

“You may study your chart and rest. If you are disobedient or speak and not bark then I will cane your ass until you can't move,”

he said, standing up to lock the cage door.

I nodded, but he had already turned away and was walking out of the room. When the door shut behind him, my entire body sagged down. I ignored the constant feel of the tail inside of me and collapsed on the soft downy bedding, mentally exhausted.

The chart was before me and I studied the dog poses. Each pose had its meaning below. Hungry, thirsty, tired, toilet, horny, sorry, yes, no, attention and playful. I glanced over each pose but was too tired to take them all in. I tugged on the covers until they surrounded me, and I lay on my side to prevent any pressure on the tail.

With the soft pillow beneath my head and wrapped in the covers like a cocoon, my eyes began to droop. As my eyelids grew heavier, I wondered if I would ever be a human again.

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Stefanos

The tiny spy cameras around her cage had surprisingly good resolution. I tapped my finger near the laptop touchpad when I saw her eyes close. It was strange that she fell asleep so swiftly in a dog cage, but I considered how harsh I was and factored in her emotional state to decide it was a natural occurrence. My guard would never be down around her until she had been completely transformed into my pet bitch.

I switched the screen to her medical files, tempted to fuck her bareback since she had an IUD in her and the medical notes from her GP confirmed it. The last thing I wanted was a énkoyos skyla. Pregnant bitch. I shook my head in disgust before I picked up her purse and emptied out the contents on my desk.

What the fuck?

An apple rolled out and landed on the floor. There were various bits of make-up, a phone charging wire, a portable charger, safety pins, pens, sanitary pads and a couple of tampons. I moved the junk around to see hairbands, clips, a book and a small notebook, her phone and a card wallet. I lifted her bag and opened the side compartment zipper to find mints and an expired condom.

Her overnight bag was more reasonable—one change of clothes, pyjamas, hairbrush and a toothbrush. I stuck my hand in the side compartment and found her underwear, pulling out the two bra sets, one black and the other a turquoise blue. Both were covered in lace, I checked the label for her bra size and discovered why they looked so large. She kept them well hidden all considered.

No wonder the nipples clamped bells were almost touching the floor. I ignored my aching dick and picked up her note book. A photo fell out and I picked it up to see my father with his bastard child and my newly appointed pet bitch. My heart beat sped up as I searched my father's face.

He looked completely relaxed and happy with the bastard sitting on his lap and his arm around my bitch. His dark grey hair was swept back and the eyes we shared stared back at me. I felt the rage bubble up inside of me and I ripped the photo into pieces.

I stood up, knocking my chair over and poured myself a scotch. I'd idolised the old man, loved him and all those years he was off playing father to a bitch and siring a bastard child with some whore.

Why? Why weren't we enough for him? Why wasn't I enough for him?

She napped for an hour and I let her stay in the cage for another hour. She studied the chart for most of the time, and for the rest she peered out of her cage inspecting my bedroom. When I opened the bedroom door she was on her hands and knees, lifting her leg to one side, indicating she needed the bathroom.

I unlocked her cage and opened the door before tapping my leg with my hand as I walked toward the bathroom.

"Do you need to piss?"

I asked her when we were in the bathroom.

She moved her right paw and I took her paws and knee pads off before curling my

fingers under her collar to drag her into the wet room shower.

“Lift your leg and piss in the drain like a bitch,”

I said coldly folding my arms at my chest.

Her dark eyes blinked behind the mask before she slowly shuffled closer to the drain and lifted her leg. I had the perfect view of her plugged asshole and her pussy when a stream of piss shot out. Her hands gripped the tiled floor as she held her leg up. I smiled grimly, watching her debase herself.

I began to unbutton my shirt and strip my clothing off. She was finished and remained still as she watched me. I ignored her and stepped into the shower to turn the water on.

“Attention,”

I commanded and she immediately got on her knees with her hands in the air.

I pushed her back against the wall and wanked the length of my cock, moving closer to her. Her eyes peered through the mask as water cascaded on us. I placed my cock on her lips.

“Put it in your mouth.”

After a momentary hesitation, she opened her and wrapped her lips around my dick. The hot wet hole gripped the tip.

“Rub your tongue across and under the head,”

I said slowly wanking my hardening length.

When her tongue began to rub over the smooth tip and beneath it, I started to pump faster.

“Suck and lick it until you start to taste me,”

I said, trying to keep my voice steady.

Her thick lips tightened around me and she sucked and licked my dick. This is how I wanted her. Plugged, dressed like a dog, cunt on display as she sucked on my cock.

“Suck harder, bitch. Work for that precum,”

I said pushing my cock further into her mouth.

She sucked harder and I felt my precum ooze out.

“Taste it,”

I said pulling back to watch her lick her lips and swallow my precum down. “Again.”

She opened her mouth and worked on my cock. Licking and sucking on my dick like a hungry whore. With a smirk, I began to pump my hand up and down my length squeezing out more precum. This time I left more in her mouth before pulling back.

“Taste it.”

After she swallowed several times.

“Now, while I fuck your throat you will keep your eyes open,”

I said waiting for her to open her mouth.

This time when she opened her mouth I shoved it deep enough for it to hit the back of her throat making her gag. She managed to keep her eyes open while she choked on my dick.

“Hold that throat open for your Master,”

I said, pulling back before I thrust again, this time it lodged inside her throat, and she struggled to breathe through her nose. “You’ll learn to deep-throat me whore.”

I ignored the water running down my face and focused on gripping her skull through her dog mask. I pulled back slightly before I slammed my cock down her throat. I slipped into her tight hole while she made strangled noises. The back of her head was touching the wall and when I glanced down I saw she had only swallowed half my length.

Her large brown eyes were open and looking at me through the mask. I bored into her eyes as I began to fuck her mouth. My rage merged with depraved lust, watching her splutter, feeling her gag but that only made me fuck her harder. I flung my hips against her face until I burrowed my way down her neck. I fucked her harder and faster until my balls slapped her face and my pubic hair pressed against her face. It wasn't enough.

My heart was pumping as hard as my dick but I never stopped face fucking her. She was slobbering over my dick but her throat was relaxed now as I rammed into her neck stuffing all ten inches into her before pulling back and repeating the action. Her head was bumping off the back of the shower wall but I didn't care because her throat felt so damn good. Hot, wet and so very tight.

“Roufíste to cum éxo,”

I snarled switching to my mother tongue. Suck my cum out.

My balls began to tighten and my dick stiffened. I was about to jizz in her but I wanted to fuck her until her throat ached. After taking a deep breath, I held myself in her neck until the feeling passed.

“When I cum in your mouth, you will hold it there until I tell you to swallow. Understood, bitch?”

I said leaning back to look into her eyes.

She rapidly blinked her eyes at me while her throat convulsed around my cock, struggling not to choke.

“Stick that tongue out and lick my balls,”

I said enjoying her struggle with my pipe rammed down her neck.

She gurgled and choked but I felt the tip of her tongue lick my balls.

“Vrómiki, mikrí pórní,”

I muttered before I slowly pulled back until I was half out of her throat. Filthy, little whore.

I ploughed back into her neck, holding onto the shower wall I started to fuck her mouth as hard as I could. I fucked and pumped into her, crushing my balls against her chin, listening to her gag, rejoicing in taking her like an animal. I never took my eyes off her bouncing head. This time my cock throbbed and hardened, I swung my hips harder until my balls ached.

A stream of cum spurt out of me and I pulled back, holding my dick in her mouth, squirting and filling her mouth full of cum. My cock jerked and I reached down to

pump myself growling with a long, low groan as I squeezed the last of my cum out rubbing the head over her tongue.

“Take your Master’s cum,”

I said continuing to pump and squeeze. “Show me.”

I loomed over her, keeping the water spray off her. When she opened her mouth to show me her mouth full of my jizz my dick jerked. I reached down and stuck my finger in her mouth rubbing my cum around her lips, and teeth before swirling my finger over her tongue.

“Hold it in your mouth, swirl it around, and taste it,”

I said pulling my finger out.

She kept her eyes on me while she rinsed her mouth with my cum.

“Now, you may swallow, bitch,”

I said with a smirk, watching her swallow several times to get it all in her belly.

I stepped back and she collapsed at my feet. I reached for the shower gel to wash us off. She needed to be fed, given an enema and dressed for the trip into London City. My pet bitch would accompany me to Club X.

She would taste the first bite of my cane tonight before she earned my cock in her holes.

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Amari

It took a great deal of lying to my mother before she relented to my supposed job in Greece. Poor Alcina was in tears, but I lied to her, saying I wouldn't be gone for too long. My mum told me she would be back at school tomorrow, that there had been an administrative error.

“Pull your cloak off and sit on my lap,”

Stefanos said.

I reached for the tie at my neck and pulled it off before climbing onto his lap. After he fed me from a dog bowl he stuffed a tube in my ass to give me an enema. We were going somewhere in his car. After the violent episode in the shower, he could be taking me anywhere to do god knows what.

He tugged at the chains attached to my nipples before he bent down to lick my clamped nipple, lifting my breast to his mouth. I gasped at the pain before the rush of pleasure inched in as he toyed with my nipples. The chains were attached to my collar. His hand wandered down my belly before his fingers fluttered over my pussy, teasing me with his light touches until I started to pant in my mask.

“Mia τόσο ygrí, mikrí skyla,”

he said in Greek before he pushed his fingers inside my pussy. Such a wet, little bitch.

I clutched at his jacket, wondering what he said in Greek, but when he began to drive his fingers in and out of me, I gasped. It had been so long since I felt any desire to have sex.

“Kneel over me and ride my fingers like a good little bitch,”

he said pulling his fingers out to smear them over my lips.

I moved over him with my knees on either side of him. As I straddled him I realised my breasts were close to his mouth. His hand touched my inner thigh, breaking my focus from his lips. I panted beneath the mask as Master pushed his fingers inside of me.

“Push yourself down and swallow my fingers up, bitch,”

he said with a cruel smile.

I closed my eyes, pushing myself onto his fingers until he shoved them inside me, painfully stretching me out. My eyes flew open and I saw the malice in his eyes as he continued to force all of his fingers deep inside me.

“Move that cunt hole and fuck them,” he said.

I gripped his shoulders and started to move my hips up and down. His hand gripped my ass, helping me move.

“Do you enjoy having your cunt stuffed full with my fingers?”

he drawled while I was panting and riding his fingers.

I nodded my head, pausing to feel the stretch again. It had been too long, but he

suddenly withdrew his hand and held his wet fingers before my mouth. He left me wet and aching but I couldn't say a word.

“Lick it all off,”

he said as the car began to slow down.

I sucked each individual finger into my mouth, sucking and rubbing my tongue around each digit until his hand was clean. By the time I was finished, the driver was parking the car, and Stefanos began to attach the snout onto my mask to cover my mouth and nose. He patted the seat beside him and I moved off his lap to sit beside him.

“Put your cloak on. We are here,” he said.

The venue turned out to be a sex club of some sort. I was relieved of my shoes and cloak upon entry and Master led me by the leash while I crawled behind him. There were various couples and groups all dressed differently, but the submissive party was always recognisable by posture or costume.

I was grateful for the dog mask because I was naked in front of so many people and I could feel their eyes on me. Master stopped to greet a few people while I sat by his feet waiting for him. My ears pricked up when someone asked if he was willing to share his pet. When Master declined I touched his foot, grateful he wasn't sharing me with random men. The thought had never occurred to me.

Master didn't appear to be in a good mood, which didn't bode well for me. He was brooding, his communication with others was short, and the way he yanked at my leash almost made me face plant the floor a few times.

“Look at the arse on that pet dog,”

I heard someone say. “Imagine flogging it.”

“Karalis is one lucky bastard. I would love to get my hands on that sub.”

Master paused momentarily before dragging me away at a furious pace. We went towards the main door, but instead of leaving, Master pulled me through a hallway with various doors. He pushed open a door and I followed him in and swallowed at the various equipment and instruments of torture that lay within it. The air in the room became thicker and I took long, slow breaths beneath my mask.

“It seems that people can sense the filthy little whore living inside of you,”

he said, his voice low and dangerous voice.

How was I responsible for what other people thought or said while he dragged me around naked with a tail stuck in my arse? Make it make sense.

“And you're not even sorry,”

he drawled, making me freeze before I crouched down and lowered my arms and head. “Too little and too late.”

I didn't move from my pose because I was guilty no matter what I did next in his head. His shoes clicked on the floor, the sound growing closer until it stopped. The silence grew louder and I could feel the static of his anger prickles my skin. I kept my eyes lowered, fixed to the ground, but the way he loomed over me, his silence was worse than his words.

He wanted to make me beg and plead, but for what?

“I’m sorry, Master,”

I whispered when the silence continued to linger.

A part of me, small and shameful, thrilled at his dominance in the car. The way he reduced me to a trembling bundle of nerves. That thrill was fleeting in the wake of his displeasure. Now, he used his dominance to instil terror rather than pleasure. I winced as I thought of all the instruments around us that he could use on me. My imagination ran wild conjuring horrors each more vivid than the last until I couldn't bear it any longer.

“Master,”

I whimpered, reaching for his feet but he stepped back and I glanced up at him.

The mask impeded my view of his face but I didn't dare to lift my head off the floor. My heart raced erratically when he didn't respond.

“Did I say you could speak, bitch?”

he said each word was like a shard of ice, sharp and unrelenting, piercing the silence.

“Woof,”

I said softly biting back my tears but still trying to appease him. “Woof, woof.”

My dog-like pleas were met with silence. Until I felt him move my hair and yank my neck up from the collar before he dragged me across the room. I scrambled onto my hands and knees, trying to keep up with him. He lifted me into the air, and I used my paw gloves, uselessly trying to prevent myself from choking as the collar bit into my neck cutting off my oxygen.

My body landed on cold padding and he relinquished his grip on my collar. I gasped for air while he pulled at my limbs. My eyes watered at his vicious assault. When I recovered I was strapped into a permanent kneeling position on a black padded bench. I followed the sound of his footsteps and when he removed a thin cane from the wall. I closed my eyes, not wanting to see what else he would use on me.

“You disobeyed me,”

he said, his voice low and cold, fear made me want to tug at the straps that held my ankles and wrists, but I forced myself to remain still.

“Wuf,”

I said but the bark was barely audible and pathetic at best.

“Den eísai típota,”

he said in Greek slowly before repeating the words in English. “You are nothing.”

I gasped at the exact words he told me earlier. They pierced my heart because most of the time I felt empty. In the way of my mother’s romance or desperately trying to be part of the family when Alcina was born. In a mediocre job, and I ended up with a cheating boyfriend.

I began to pant again, the mask becoming claustrophobic. My mind a whirlwind of fear and suspense. I didn’t know what he would do, but I knew this: whatever came next, it would break me.

But would he leave me broken or put me back together?

Stefano

The room was dimly lit, perfect for my dark mood. My heart thrummed with a wild, intoxicating rhythm as I stood before her—my pet, my creation, my revenge in the flesh. My eyes roved over her stuffed asshole, down to her strapped ankles. She lay before me as my bitch. The dog ears on her mask trembled before she visibly shivered. Her fear was palpable, a sweet aroma filling the air, and I breathed it in deeply, savouring it.

I left the vibrator and lubricant beside the bench, taking the cane, moving to see her masked face. Her eyes were wide and pleading, they darted up to meet mine before she quickly looked away. The silver spikes in her collar glinted under the faint light, a symbol of her submission, and her helplessness. It was the perfect bitch collar for Amari.

When I stepped closer, my shoes were the only sound in the room. I ran my hand down the long thin cane, striking it in the air. The sound of it slicing through the air, sharp, cutting, and she flinched at the beautiful sound,

This is what I lived for—this moment, this control, this exquisite blend of fear and pain. Tonight she was my canvas and I was the artist, painting my masterpiece in shades of suffering.

“Since you are nothing, you should be given a new name. Skyla shall be your new name. It is fitting since it means bitch,”

I said, my voice dripping with malice. “Or should it be pornì since a whore like you

attracts so many men?”

She whimpered again, the animalistic sound suited her since she was my pet bitch. I smiled and traced the tip of the cane down her spine to her rubber tail, sticking up in the air. Her magnificent ass was in the air and I tapped the cane over it, making her jump and tug against her restraints, but there was no escaping my wrath.

“Let’s begin,”

I said yanking the tail out of her asshole and tossing it to the floor.

I positioned myself to bring down the first blow. I felt alive, more alive than I’d ever been. This was my revenge, my pleasure, my darkness and she had no choice but to endure it.

The cane whistled through the air and struck her buttocks, her howl was still echoing around the room when I hit her again, applying equal blows on each side. Three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine and for the tenth I thrashed her with a vicious blow, cutting her scream off with a loud sob.

With relish I inspected her rear, my first mark on her virgin flesh. The marks were deep and forming colour despite her darker skin. She quietly sobbed behind her mask while I rubbed my hands over her ass cheeks. I reached for the wand because the bitch deserved a reward for not begging me to stop or uttering a human word throughout her punishment.

She was mine to take, to punish, to degrade and to humiliate in any way I chose. I switched the wand on and stuffed it between her cunt and the padded bench. Tonight she would learn to love whatever I decided to give her. Her crying grew quieter against the constant buzzing of the vibrator.

I unzipped my trousers and pulled my cock out dragging my balls over the zip. Once I was thoroughly lubricated, I smeared her asshole with a generous dollop of lube. The sight of her wrinkled tight asshole against my marks made my cock drip over her ass.

I pressed the head against her sealed hole and began to push until her asshole had no choice but to spread itself open for me. My bitch would take her first cock in her ass, whipped, restrained and no matter how painful it was for her she would still cum.

“Good little Skyla take your Master’s cock in your ass,”

I said watching her hole swallow my entire head.

Her ears popped up and she moaned, hanging between pain and pleasure. I grinned and forced another few inches inside her, panting when her asshole sucked me into her tight soft hole.

“Yes, you little bitch, take your Master,”

I said, gritting my teeth as I managed to squeeze myself in.

She was too tight, the ring around her asshole strangled my cock trying to prevent my entry. The feel of the vibrations began to come through and I held her ass cheeks and slammed into her. Her cry joined the sound of the wand while I pulled back and thrust inside her again.

“Just like that,”

I said as the tight ring gave way.

My fingers bit into her ass and I began to swing my hips back and forth, watching her

dark hole being plundered. I fucked and fucked and fucked into her until my trousers and balls slapped against her ass. My entire length was inside, ramming and rearranging her insides. Her cries and moans filled the air but I was beyond myself. I ignored her orgasm and continued to plunder her asshole.

Her stuttered cry and shivering didn't stop me. The tight spasms around my cock, trying to milk me while the dull thrum of the vibrations against her pussy made my balls tighten.

No. Not yet.

An idea sprang into my mind. Something I'd never did before but seemed appropriate for my little bitch. I shuffled closer and started to pound into her, swinging myself back only to plunge deep inside her. She took my cock like a champ.

“Your Master is going to jizz in your asshole, bitch,”

I said triumphantly while pummelling her caned ass.

I gripped her hips and drove myself into her ruined asshole. The lube made my movements easier, gliding in and out of her twitching hole. A sense of vindictiveness gave me pleasure each time I bottomed out inside her, my black trousers hitting against her ass while my balls swayed with each motion.

My body tightened and a tremor raced up my spine, with my shoulder and neck muscles locked. I slammed into her, scraping the bench along the floor. My cum shot out of my cock and soaked her asshole. She came again, a howl filling the room, and I growled in satisfaction.

My little bitch will love whatever pain I give her.

I didn't stop fucking her prolonging my pleasure, rubbing myself against her insides as I spurt more cum into her. My fingers were like iron vices in her soft flesh as I began to come down from my orgasm. I glanced down at her hole as I rocked myself back and forth. It was loose and pliant.

Perfect.

With her tail back in her ass to plug my cum up I took her into the bathroom, pulling her leash until she was kneeling in the shower. I unclipped the leash, placing it into my pocket.

“Attention,”

I commanded, watching her spring onto her knees, lifting herself up with her paws in the air.

I moved into the shower and placed my semi hard cock on her mask. Her wary eyes were on me while I pulled the snout off, before rubbing my cock over her nose and lips.

“Open up, suck and lick me clean, Skylar,”

I murmured.

She didn't hesitate to open her mouth and eagerly began to suck the head into her mouth. I plunged it into her throat and she relaxed it to allow me entry while her tongue worked around my length cleaning what she could before pulling back to lick the base and my balls. I allowed her to continue until she had licked and cleaned every part of me before pulling back.

“My little cock whore deserves a special reward,”

I said softly. “Open your mouth and hold it wide open for Master.”

I aimed for her mouth and a steady stream of my piss began to fill her mouth, splashed went everywhere over her face and mask and she closed her eyes.

“Drink it,”

I said, wanting to degrade her some more.

My urine began to flow out of her mouth and run out of the sides and chin.

“Drink my piss, bitch,”

I commanded angrily.

She shook her head and I moved forward and shoved my dick in her mouth while pinning her against the wall. The instant gagging and choking sounds began but there was no escape as my piss hit the back of her throat. I kept her pressed against the wall until every last drop of my piss had been drained from my bladder.

When I pulled back, I felt the moisture on my trousers. Glancing down, I saw that my pristine, polished shoes were wet.

“Lick my shoes clean,”

I said calmly but my underlying rage seeped through.

Her eyes blinked rapidly but she dropped down and began to lick my shoes.

“Once you’re done, dry yourself off. It seems I have a disobedient bitch that I must train.”

We will be in Greece tomorrow, and it will be easier to train in my home over there since I have it ready for her. The seclusion was perfect.

Amari

The moment he left the bathroom, I rinsed my mouth out, gagging at the thought of drinking his urine, my nails clawed into my tongue, scrubbing it. If I could bleach my mouth I would. I felt drenched in his urine from head to feet. I shuddered as I remembered the warm liquid pouring out of my mouth, running down my chin and only my breasts. That was before he shoved his dick into me so deep that he left me no choice but to swallow it all.

What sort of a sick, twisted, disgusting bastard was he? Why couldn't I have a shower?

I dried myself as best as possible, but wished I could run some clean water over me. My ass was fucking throbbing from the cane, but I gently rubbed the towel over it, hissing at the pain.

“We need to leave, Skyla,”

his voice boomed close to the bathroom.

My jaw clenched tightly at my new name, but I woofed my response before running towards the doorway, dropping down and crawling towards him. I kept my head low because I couldn't take anymore punishments.

He fitted the snout back on my face before clipping the leash on my collar. Without a word he led me out of the torture room. I shivered looking at the wall of doom. There were whips, canes, dildos, chains and other items that I didn't recognise. The lighting

was low throughout the part of the club we were in. There was another section that we didn't go into. I sighed as I crawled into the hallway, wondering what was in store for me in Greece.

I was lost in my thoughts when he bumped into someone else he knew, but I kept my head down. My ass was too sore to piss him off again. It didn't take much.

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

Master asked someone.

I cautiously lifted my head, glancing at the man with a woman. She was a pet kitten. My eyes volleyed between them but she didn't seem afraid of him. Everything about her body language was relaxed. A pang of sorrow hit my chest. I was the one who was nothing.

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

the man said and I tensed at his words.

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

Master said viciously.

I lifted my head and barked twice. The dark-haired kitten moved closer to her Master as she stared at me.

"This is my fiancée, Francesca,"

the man said with a wide smile.

I almost gasped at the fact that they weren't a Master and slave like me.

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

Master said with bitterness dripping from each word.

"Let's catch up sometime,"

the man said, eyeing Master curiously.

"Lovely to meet you, Francesca,"

Master said politely before he continued down the hallway, pulling on my leash to follow.

We were close to the double doors when Master yanked on my leash and I fell onto the floor beside his feet. Before I could get up, his foot was on the side of my head pinning me to the floor.

"Get up. Your days of misery are only beginning, bitch,"

he hissed before slapping my aching rear.

I whined beneath his foot touching his other foot with my paw in the hope of mercy. When his foot lifted off my head I almost cried with relief. My life as a slave resembled nothing of that of the pampered Kitten. With all my might I tried not to resent the pretty princess but hot tears raced down my cheeks as I blindly followed my Master. As claustrophobic and uncomfortably hot as the mask was, it was also my shield.

Beneath my mask I could hide my pain away from such a cruel man.

The subtle punishment wasn't lost on me as I sat with my paws on Master's feet as the stewardess served him his drink. The man had to be a functioning alcoholic since he constantly knocked back straight-up spirits.

“Bring a bowl of water for my bitch, please,”

he said, pleasantly to the woman who turned away to hide her smile.

I couldn't cry anymore, they could fuck in front of me for all I cared. He made me sit in the car's footwell until I reached his home where I finally took a shower. To my surprise, he put some cream or salve on my ass and it eased some of my pain.

A glass bowl was slapped in front of me, it sloshed around and spilt over the edges. When I looked up, the dark-haired stewardess had a vindictive glint in her eyes with a faint smile on her face.

“Will there be anything else, sir?”

she preened at him, making me roll my eyes beneath my mask.

I could see the appeal, Greek, tanned, dark hair and eyes—a body built like a Greek God, oozing with charm when he wasn't a psychotic bastard. I cringed thinking of poor Alcina, my stomach churned at the thought of Master hurting her in any way. If it meant protecting my little sister and mother, I would be his dog or whatever else he wanted me to be.

“Drink your water, Skyla or I can arrange another hot beverage for you,”

he said with a chuckle.

I moved so fast that I almost toppled the bowl over, but trying to get to the water with the snout on my mask was a struggle. Master yanked my leash and removed the section from my mask. The air conditioning hit my damp face, my eyes closed, enjoying the cool air before I remembered his remark about the 'hot beverage'. I bent down to try and drink some water.

Eating and drinking from bowls was not easy. Most of my time was spent chasing the bland food around the bowl. Master took great pleasure in watching me, he never got impatient when it came to feeding me. I continued to lick at the water, wondering how long he would use me as a vehicle for his revenge and if he would grow bored of abusing me anytime soon.

His Greek mansion was more impressive than his English one. It was light and airy with beautifully crafted windows. Sunshine flowed through every part of the house. It would have been nice to explore, but while Master worked in his office, I was trapped in a tiny cage beside his desk.

He finished his call and put his phone on the desk before I heard him tapping away on his laptop. The only drink he had today was the one on the aeroplane. I tried to shuffle around but my tail caught against the cage and my ears hit the top of the cage. With a sigh, I lay down again, back on the floor of the cage, cramped and with aching muscles from being unable to stretch out.

When he got up from his desk, I couldn't see what he was doing since I couldn't move, but when a sharp pain stabbed my ass, I cried out in a panic. My butt was pressed against the cage so I couldn't rub it.

“You won't be going anywhere now, bitch,”

Master said. “That is a microscopic chip inside of you. I can track you at all times now. Compliments from my Russian friend.”

I longed for my tedious job in compliance, my mundane life was mine.

Not stuck here with a Greek madman sticking GPS tracking devices in me.

How safe was that shit being inside me?

When he left the office, I lifted my head to gape after him but my head hit the metal wires and I hunkered down in the cage built for a midget.

Master enjoyed watching me struggle.

I replayed what happened in the club many times, and he could have caned me for much longer and inflicted more damage.

I shuffled again trying to get comfortable.

I decided that if I ever owned a pet, I would never put it in a cage.

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

Stefanos

I walked along the terrace, stretching my arms and legs, grinning at the thought of my pet bitch stuck in her tiny cage.

The delicious filthy plans I had for her were diabolical.

The home I used to visit for family holidays was the perfect setting.

The staff had removed everything belonging to my father out of the house.

I would enjoy desecrating every last memory of my father by fucking up his step-daughter in the same home.

With a heavy sigh I tapped on my phone to speak to my mother, checking in on her.

The other casualty in our family that had no idea that her husband was a cheating lying fuck.

At least I had my bitch to vent all my frustrations out on.

Collared, chipped and caged.

After several minutes of watching her struggle, I realised that she wasn't pretending.

I stuck my hand in the cage to grab her collar and dragged her out of the cage.

She began to yelp and scream in pain, but all it did was make my dick stir.

As soon as she was out of the cage, she rolled onto her back with her arms and legs still crouched.

I checked the time on the wall and decided the next time she was in the cage I would half her time in it.

I nudged her leg with my foot.

She had managed to place her feet on the floor.

Her paws were still up by her shoulder and as she rocked her body her heavy breasts swayed.

I leaned down and clipped the delicate chain to her collar before opening each clip and placing it at the tip of each dark nipple.

Her low moan of pain hardened me further. I pulled the clip off watching it tug and slide off the nipple before repeating the same process with her other nipple.

She was panting through the pain and had managed to stretch her arms and legs out.

As she moved her legs the pink flesh inside her cunt flashed at me.

The only hole I hadn't taken yet.

She moaned as she managed to stretch both of her legs out.

My gaze remained on her pussy as the folds spread apart. There was plenty of time for her pussy but for now it was fun and games for me.

“Follow me, bitch,”

I said, tiring of all her moaning and groaning.

I reached my bedroom, which was equipped with a full-length cage with a built-in pillory.

She would be in the bedroom, cage locked up, when I had errands to run or needed a break.

It looked like a cell rather than a cage with the long iron bars.

I removed my T-shirt and shorts before lying on the bed.

“Get up on the bed,”

I said waiting as she climbed up, pausing as she looking at my dick. “Lick don’t suck, I want every part of me licked.”

I pulled the snout off her dog mask, placing it at the side before I put my arms behind my head and spread my legs.

She scurried closer, causing the chains to dangle from her collar to her nipples.

I closed my eyes when she worked her tongue from top to bottom. She flattened her tongue rubbing it all over me, under my balls, lavishing them with her saliva.

“That feels good but you missed a spot. Lick my asshole and stick your tongue

inside,”

I said keeping my eyes closed but my cock began to twerk in the air when her tongue trailed down from my balls to my asshole.

Her hesitant tongue worked around the rough skin of my asshole before she tried to push her tongue inside me. When it pushed into my ass I smirked and raised my knees before spreading my legs.

“Fuck me with your tongue like a good little whore and wank my cock,”

I said in a low and husky voice.

Her masked face pressed against me as she began to thrust her tongue in and out of my asshole. Her hand wrapped around my cock and I lifted my head to see her kneeling before me with her ass in the air, while servicing my every need. I should have trained a sub years ago to become my bitch.

“Dig deep, bitch. Use your tongue in me and lick my asshole together.”

My cock was rigid and fully erect but her saliva had dried from my dick.

I needed more lubricant, but her tongue in my ass felt good.

She pulled it out and began to eat my ass with more enthusiasm.

Licking me all over from asshole to balls before sticking her tongue back inside my ass like a hungry bitch. I lay back enjoying her efforts.

“Such a good ass licker. You deserve a double reward,”

I said sitting up. “Move to the floor and stand to attention.”

I followed her to the floor, and by the time I reached her, she had opened her mouth. Her paws were in the air and she was kneeling before me with her clamped tits in the air. I placed my fingers under her chin tilting her head up so I could drive my cock straight into her neck.

“Eyes on me, bitch,”

I said slowly as I slipped my cock into her waiting hot wet mouth.

She blinked behind her mask until I bumped into the back of her throat. She closed them and I waited until she opened them before I thrust into her, gripping a handful of her hair as she flew back, forcing my way past her tight throat.

“Yes, you were made to be used like a fucking whore,”

I said ignoring her gulping noises as she adjusted to my length and width in her neck. “Just like this.”

I held her hair and began to pull back and drive into her neck. The more she soaked me the deeper I got until eventually my balls rested on her wet chin. That was when I began to pummel her face, beating my pelvis against it, watching my pubes rub in her face.

“Nasty little bitch,”

I said spitting out each word with a slap of my pelvis.

There was no resistance left in her throat as I rammed myself down her neck.

I fucked her mouth so hard that I had to hold her head in place, feeling her teeth graze my cock, but it didn't stop me.

The harder I fucked her the more I slapped against her face assuaging some of my rage.

When my balls became taut and my dick grew thick and hard, I pulled out.

She began to gasp for air as I released her hair and began to furiously pump my fist along my dick rubbing the head until I pointed it beside her knees and watched my cum shoot out and splash across the wooden floor.

Jet after jet of my jizz shot out and gathered in a small pool beside her until there was nothing more left.

I squeezed my length until I reached the head until a few drops of cum smeared the tip of my cock.

My breathing calmed down but my heart still raced.

“Lick,”

I said as she leaned forward to lick her tongue over the smooth pink head before she swirled her tongue around it.

I chuckled when she tried to poke her tongue into the hole to suck anything left remaining in my dick.

“Slowly lick my cum off the floor. Savour it, enjoy it, let me see your tongue play with it before you swallow it,”

I said diving in for the final kill of humiliation.

She immediately bent down, moving back before she twirled her tongue in my cum, licking it, toying with it, smearing it over lips before licking it off. She dove into the sticky mess again and again all while I stood over and watched.

She did everything I asked, taking almost ten minutes before she had licked that wooden floor so clean that she could eat her dinner off it. The satisfaction was unlike any other I'd experienced.

It was all the better for it being in Christos's old bedroom.

I removed her mask, collar, paws, and nipple clamps before leading her into the shower.

"Squat on the floor with your mouth and legs wide open,"

I said, getting ready to give her the second part of her reward.

"Woof,"

she said quietly.

"It's twenty strikes of the cane or drinking my piss, bitch. You choose,"

I said with a smirk.

She opened her mouth and I stepped forward, slipping my dick into her mouth. I wanted to tease her and make her savour it so I allowed a small trickle over her

tongue before pulling back.

“Taste it, savour it, like a worthless fuckhole,”

I said watching her but she kept her eyes down but followed my instructions.

“Open,” I said.

Her mouth opened and it was empty, I slipped my dick in until the head rested at the back of her throat.

“Drink all of your Master’s piss this time,”

I said with menace in my voice.

I didn’t wait for her to acknowledge my command I resumed pissing inside her mouth. She did better than last time as most of it went straight into her belly. I leaned back to see that she was still squatting with her pussy on display. Her breasts were heaving as she gulped my piss down. I leaned down and held them, tweaking her nipples, toying with her as she received the reward of drinking from my cock.

The pleasure of using her like a toilet was incredible. I didn’t remove my dick until there was nothing left in me. When I was finished, I patted the top of her head.

“Good little bitch, drinking down everything your Master has to offer,”

I murmured.

She kept her head down.

“Do you like being Master’s personal toilet, bitch?”

I asked softly.

She wasn't wearing her paws but her right hand slowly moved forward and she touched my bare foot.

Well, I'll be damned.

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

Amari

The bedroom was pitch black and quiet but for Master's steady breathing.

I was locked in my spacious cage by the foot of his bed.

I sat on the floor of my cage struggling with various thoughts pulling from one extreme to another.

After tossing and turning, I eventually sat up to stare into the darkness.

The only memory of today that gave me a sense of peace was when Master showed me the lump sum deposit into my mother's account.

Her work was part-time during Alcina's school hours, so she needed the child maintenance payments to continue.

He didn't give me permission to call my family though.

I hate him.

I hate Stefanos.

I hate him being my Master.

I hate what he's done to me, what he's turning me into.

But then there's this—this other feeling, the twisted shameful part of me that craves his attention, his touch and his approval. It makes me sick.

He is breaking my mind, reshaping it into something I don't recognise.

I sigh quietly and look toward the floor I licked today.

God, I licked and tongued his bloody asshole earlier then drank his—my stomach churned at the thought with my dinner about to come up.

I licked my dry lips but all it did was remind me of licking his salty thick cum off the floor.

Why? Why did I enjoy the sick depraved things he made me do?

Fear crawled and clawed my insides, spreading like a virus.

The fear of becoming nothing.

Fear of losing myself so completely that there was no way back for me.

I thought of the kitten and her Dom from Club X but shook my head.

There was no comparison. Master wanted to destroy me, obliterate me, break me.

He was conditioning me to respond to his voice without thought.

I could see it in his eyes and his rare smiles—the smugness and gratification from my capitulation.

It was like watching myself from the outside, screaming to stop and fight back, but I

couldn't.

And he knew it too.

He knew why I would continue to obey.

He caned me raw and fucked my ass so hard that I thought he would truly hurt me, yet despite my fear, I came not once but twice.

My ass clenched around my tail, remembering how he felt inside me, rubbing my insides with the vibrator forcing me to cum through the pain.

I rubbed my temple with my paws.

It was like he rewired my brain, made it so that I can't separate pain from pleasure.

When Master fucked my throat today, I loved how my throat ached and throbbed afterwards.

The humiliation, the degradation—it should disgust me, and it does, but then there is that small part of me growing to enjoy it.

I look toward my Master's bed, my heart beating faster.

He was an extremely dangerous man out for blood.

As I move to lie on the floor of my cage, there is whispering in the back of my mind.

Maybe this is what I was meant for.

Perhaps this is who I really am, that I was just as sick as he was.

And that was the most terrifying thought that kept me awake for most of the night.

He pushed my face into my bowl until the edge of it pressed against the top of my nose. I winced at the pain before whimpering for mercy, he enjoyed that sound. It worked. He moved his hand back and I tried to eat faster, chasing the last few bites of food.

“Perhaps I should get you some dog food,”

he mused but I lifted my head to see amusement twinkling in his eyes.

It has been nine days since we were in his Greek retreat.

Every day was the same routine.

Breakfast was his cum on the floor or directly in my neck before I got real food.

Then the small cage in his office.

He fucked me at lunchtime and at times after dinner.

Sometimes he bathed me like a dog, and I was permitted to shower other times. He gave me an enema after three days, saying I would get this done twice a week at a minimum.

He only used my mouth or my ass but if I was lucky I got a vibrator in my pussy.

There was no caning but he liked to spank my ass at times.

I was always on guard not wanting to give him a reason to fly off the handle with me.

I noticed he wasn't drinking as much and had to wonder if this was why he was more mellow.

“Cage time,”

he said lifting my bowl and placing it in the dishwasher.

His staff usually came when we were in his office.

I was sure he didn't know how to turn the dishwasher on.

He picked up my leash and led me into the office and I cringed seeing the tiny cage.

He opened the door, and I crawled into the cage.

I tried to get comfortable as he locked me up.

There was little to do, stuffed in the cage while he worked, but he enjoyed seeing my discomfort when I came out of the cramped space.

Every second of the day, my focus was on him. I often wondered who was more sick. Him for doing this to me or me for enjoying his attention.

He pulled me out of the cage, and I rolled onto my back, trying to stretch my muscles slowly.

Master stood over me watching me but when his eyes were focused on my pussy.

He left for a few moments but soon returned by the time I could move my limbs again.

That was when I noticed the wand vibrator in his hand.

He knelt down, put one hand on my chest, and pushed the other between my legs, switching the wand on.

The strong vibrations immediately made me moan and Master began to squeeze my breasts, tugging on my nipples, pinching them before rubbing them.

My legs fell apart and I lifted my hips up.

The pleasure was too much when he slid the wand over my clit and I closed my legs knocking his hand away.

He slapped my breast so hard that it took my breath away.

The sharp stinging pain from his hand made me spread my legs for him.

“Such a filthy little bitch,”

he said slapping my other breast. “Yeah. Do you like that porn?” Whore.

I nodded as he rubbed the wand up and down the length of my pussy.

“Kókoras pou agapás tin pórnι. Tha pas to poulί mou όπου θέλο,”

he said in Greek. You cock loving whore. You will take my cock wherever I want you to.

The only words I caught were cock and whore.

“You are drenching the vibrator, bitch,”

he said palming my breast before clamping his fingers on it until I gasped with pain but then he brought the wand to my clit again magnifying my pleasure through the pain.

He began to slap each breast, pausing for a moment in between each slap. I was breathing so hard that the mask was hot and damp. I tried to keep still, but I began to move, trying to rub myself against the vibrator.

“Are you gonna cum, whore?”

he said slapping me again until I screamed out my release but he didn't stop he continued rubbing my pussy and slapping my breasts.

I pushed my feet flat on the floor and raised my hips, my body shook as the pleasure ripped through me. My empty pussy contracted.

“Cum again, whore. I'm not stopping until you cum,”

he said with a smirk sliding the wand up and down my pussy before pushing it down, trying to push the thick head inside me.

His hand massaged my breast before he began to slap me again. Slap after vicious slap against my nipples and breasts. He didn't stop until he forced another orgasm out of me and I lay there boneless and spent with my limbs twitching on the floor of his office. I sagged in relief when he switched off the vibrator.

“Now it is my turn, whore,”

he growled, making me swallow at the dark intent in his eyes.

I wondered what fucked up thing he would make me do today.

Stefanos

She scurried behind me trying to keep up with me while I led her to the bedroom. When we arrived, I left the leash on her and gathered what I needed before stripping off my clothes. She remained on the floor watching me until I was naked.

“Get on the bed and lie on your stomach, whore,”

I said, watching her spring into action.

She was the most obedient, horny little bitch I’d ever fucked. I might have primed her but the rest was all her. At this rate, I could take her back to England sooner than I anticipated. Isolating her from her friends and family was part of my psychological trap. Nothing but her Master’s needs should be on my bitch’s mind.

“Put your paws behind you and spread your ass cheeks. I’m going to tear that ass up today”

I growled while lubing up my dick.

After watching her cum consecutively the way she did I was as hard as rock. When I glanced at her she was in position with her ass spread, showing her black rubber tail off. I climbed the bed and stood over her naked body before pulling the tail out. Her asshole was always a tight fit but once I managed to get inside to the halfway mark it was plain sailing from then.

“Do you want me to fuck this hole?”

I asked kneeling over her body, resting on the backs of her thighs.

Her right paw shot up on the bed.

“It is going to hurt real bad. Are you sure my little anal whore?”

I asked rubbing my fingertips over her damp asshole.

She pushed her right paw up again before returning it to spread her ass open for me.

I pressed the head of my cock at her asshole. The tiniest of gape was open from her stretching her cheeks out for me, but that was from her tail. I began to apply more pressure until her hole softened.

“Keep it open for your Master,”

I murmured to her as I struggled to pierce through the tight muscles.

She gasped as the head pushed through and began to sink into her ass.

“Yes, you love it up the ass, don't you?”

She pushed her ass back at me, like a hungry whore begging to be taken, to be railed to be nothing but a cum dumpster for her Master. I gave her short shallow stabs, until her hole widened for me, the lube allowed my fat cock to sink a little deeper.

Stab, stab, stab, stab, I finally burrowed my way into her while she spread herself for me.

“My dirty anal whore,”

I whispered to her. “Here it comes.”

I plunged myself into her dropping all my weight down to drive the rest of my cock into her tight hot asshole. She let out a shrill scream but when I glanced down there was still a couple of inches left for her to take. Her paws still held her ass spread. Her asshole was the perfect bullseye for me.

I pulled back, being careful to leave the head inside of her before I slammed back inside of her feeling my balls crushed between us. Her garbled grunt from beneath her mask didn't bother me. I braced myself before I began to plough deep and hard into her ass the springs in the mattress helped with the momentum.

I couldn't take my eyes off her violated cock stuffed hole. My grunts were in rhythm with my thrusts. She took everything I had to give her and through all her moaning and crying she held her ass up for me to abuse. I fucked her long and hard, pausing to change to short stabs before resuming back to vicious thrusts that caused me to bounce off her ass cheeks with resounding slapping noises.

I held myself deep inside the depths of her bowels before grinding my balls against her, forcing her to feel me deep in her gut. Her mewls and gasps beneath the mask goaded me on.

“Yeah, feel how deep I am,”

I said grinding against her one last time before I started to pummel her ass with longer strokes.

Her ass began to contract rapidly while she howled like the bitch she was. Her asshole convulsed milking my cock. I fucked deep into her before the last few spasms of her asshole around my dick took me out. I reared my head toward the ceiling roaring as I pressed into her shooting my cum into her like rapid bullets. Shot after

shot of my hot cum filled her asshole up.

When reality pierced my haze I realised a couple of things. I was drenched in sweat and my bitch had passed out after cumming so hard. I didn't have the strength in me to wake her up, get her to squat in the floor and lick my cum up. I remained inside her for a few moments and when I pulled out her hole, it was gaping wide open after having such a large cock inside it.

I left her lying facedown on the bed while I walked to the bathroom to shower. There was an uncomfortable feeling in my chest, niggling away at me and it took a few minutes to shake off. It was probably because of how hard I came that made me feel an inexplicable emotion toward her.

She was my pet bitch, nothing more and nothing less. It didn't matter if she enjoyed what I did to her. Ultimately, even if her mind hated it, her body would love it.

When I came out of the shower rubbing a towel through my hair the bitch was coming around. The need to shake off what happened was at the forefront of my mind.

“Enjoy your nap, bitch?”

I asked sarcastically. “Go and squat on your cum spot. As soon as my cum is all on the floor you know what to do with it.”

She slinked off the bed and stood on the spot where I usually left a load of jizz on the floor for her first breakfast. While she squatted down, I tossed the towel on the bed to get her nipple clamps. I wanted her to feel as uncomfortable. When I turned around I saw my cum dripping out of her ass and onto the floor. I approached her to clip the

nipple clamps on her.

There was beauty in the way she lovingly played with my cum, smearing it, licking it, swirling her tongue in circles but when she hoovered it up, lapping up every last drop, consuming my essence like my hungry cum loving whore it fulfilled me like never before.

We watched a movie together—well, I did. My bitch was my table for the night. She stayed on her hands and knees balancing a bowl of popcorn on her back while I relaxed. Every so often she tried to stretch herself out to prevent cramping. I tossed a piece of popcorn at her head, watching it bounce off the top of her mask and land on the floor.

“You're distracting me, bitch,”

She stopped moving and I studied her curves. Her ass was facing me with her tail jutting out and beneath the tail was the allure of her plump fat pussy lips. The temptation was growing and I wanted to feel the inside of her soft wet pussy hole. The feel of her cunt lips rubbing against my dick. To pulverise another one of her holes. I pulled my shorts down my ass and paused the movie. Two weeks of torturing myself was long enough.

“Páre me sklirá, pórní,”

I said to her. “That means, get me hard, whore.”

She slowly shuffled around to face me trying not to knock over the popcorn bowl balanced on her back. I lifted the bowl from her back and put it on the sofa. She knelt on her knees, sitting upright, before stretching her back and arms.

I leaned forward and removed the lower part of her mask. She had fully adapted into remaining naked and wearing her dog outfit. My cock began to lengthen when I recalled slapping her breasts while she came on the vibrator.

She moved to kneel between my legs before she began to work my cock with her mouth, tongue and lips. My daily skull fucking relieved her of her gag reflex and fear. The result was my perfectly trained bitch working her lips down the length of my cock until they almost reached my balls.

“That’s it worship your Master’s cock. Suck bitch, suck harder. Use those lips around my dick,”

I said, raising my T-shirt out of the way to get a better view of her diligent work.

She worked my length throat fucking herself on my dick until I felt her lips touch my balls. She remained still for a moment as if savouring my cock in deep in her neck. When she pulled back, she gasped for air but immediately went back to work. Only this time she worshipped my heavy balls.

The whore was one of the best cock suckers I’d ever had.

Amari

Master was playful tonight, and I followed his instructions, trying to be his perfect pet slave. His watchful eyes were never far from me. The words he used were always harsh, but the various tones he used ranged from psychotic to soft. I loved it when he used the filthiest of words with his low rumbling voice, indicating his pleasure. It made me want to please him. I stopped asking myself why I was like this.

I raised Master's cock to gently cup his balls before I started to lick them, sucking them into my mouth one by one while gripping his hard cock in my hand. The hair around me tickled my face and the clean scent of Master's shower gel surrounded me. His balls were as hot as his cock.

"Enough,"

he snapped and I glanced up at him, fearing he was angry with me, but his eyes only held a dark desire.

My pussy clenched tightly and I hoped Master fucked my ass as he did the day when I passed out. I sat back as Master tugged his white T-shirt off. His skin had darkened under the sunshine. I gazed at his thick neck muscles, taking in his broad chest, running down the hard abdomen until reaching his angry-looking thick cock.

He stood up and pushed me onto the sofa cushion where he had been sitting. I could feel the warmth against my skin. I froze when I felt his fingers trail down the opening of my pussy. The last time he touched me there with his fingers was in the car on the way to Club X.

“Your bitch cunt is on heat,”

he said pushing his fingers inside me.

Two, three...four of them.

I felt the burn of the stretch when he burrowed all four inside me, pushing them all in. They slid back and forth with ease since I was soaked from sucking his cock and balls.

“Such a fucking wet whore,”

he muttered. “Dirty little, Skyla. You need my cock in here.”

I shoved my right hand forward on the couch but Master chuckled.

“That wasn’t a question my little fuck hole.”

He pulled his fingers out only to hold my pussy open with his hands—then I felt it. His cock sliding towards my pussy. I whined, needing to feel him there, inside my pussy.

“Beg for it,” he said.

I immediately began to woof and howl my sounds ranging from dogs to wolves. Master rewarded me and I felt his thick girth push into my pussy. His fingers had stretched me but his cock was going deeper, forging its way inside my neglected pussy.

“No gentle fucking for a bitch like you. I know how much you love to suffer for your Master,”

he said moving his hands on the sofa while I raised my ass and braced myself for what was to come.

I felt myself gush at his words and I felt him tense.

“Fucking wet slut. I knew I wouldn’t need to use any lube,”

he muttered to himself before pushing a few more inches of his dick inside me.

There was no warning as he tore into my cunt so hard that I thought he had split me open. I didn’t get a chance to adjust to his girth before he began to fuck me so hard that my knees pushed against the floor from the strain of his downward rapid thrusts. It was a tight fit but the pain only made me crave more.

“You’re creaming all over me,”

he growled. “Filthy cock loving whore.”

It had been so long since I last had a cock inside my pussy. I wasn’t sure my ex’s six inches counted at this point. Master’s girth and length were huge. There was no stopping him as his relentless thrusts got harder and deeper the wetter I became. I pushed myself back onto his dick. No one could fill me up and batter my insides the way he did.

“I own your fucking pussy,”

he said hammering into me. “You are my filthy bitch.”

His pelvis slapped against my ass hitting my tail with each thrust, my pussy began to tighten as I moaned, desperately trying not to speak. He didn’t slow down but pounded into me with long deep thrusts rubbing my pussy raw. He gripped my collar

and began to slap my ass.

“Bitch,”

he grunted slamming his rock hard cock into my tight sopping hole.

Out of nowhere my orgasm ripped through me.

“Oh, God,”

I howled as my pussy began to convulse and spasm around my Master’s cock.

He fucked me hard enough to pin me down on the couch, choking me with his hold on my collar as he lifted my neck up. My body began to shudder as he took my orgasm to the next level. I clenched down on him, clamping my muscles around his cock, feeling every inch of his hard thick length of him. The last thing I remember was his arm locking around my neck, cutting off my air and a distant roar.

I blinked as I woke up, trying to remember what happened and why I was lying on the floor. The events of the evening flooded through my mind. I sat up to see Master sitting on the sofa, glowering at me. He was still bare chested but wore his navy shorts. I couldn’t have been passed out for long.

“Did I give you permission to speak, bitch?”

he snapped at me eyeing me up coldly.

I cringed at his icy tone and words while I pushed my left paw out. The only words I remembered saying were when I came and hadn’t been able to control myself. Why

was he making such a big deal out of it?

He stood to glare at me as I quickly moved onto my hands and knees, dipping my head and shoulders down to the apologetic pose. I heard him walk away but it wasn't until I listened to his footsteps on the stairs that I raised my head.

I hated it when he was angry with me. His heavy feet on the stairs made me drop my head and hands back on the floor. I kept my eyes closer as he approached me. He grabbed my collar and I opened my eyes to see a cane in his hand. My pussy gushed at the thought of pain but it also could have been his semen dripping out of me.

He manoeuvred me around the back of the couch before pushing me over until I placed my paws on the back of the couch. The cane tapped the insides of my ankles and I spread my legs, clutching the soft cushions beneath my paws.

“Do you think I don't see what you're doing? Pretending to act like my bitch, trying to manipulate me—pathetic,”

he said, his voice was low and the familiar seething anger beneath his words was back.

Pretending? What the fuck? I couldn't win with this guy.

He swished the cane in the air, and I flinched at the sound, my breath caught in my throat.

“You are nothing,”

he hissed out before he sliced the cane in the air but this time it struck my buttocks and I gasped at the eye watering pain that accompanied the strike.

“Nothing. Nothing but a set of holes for me to use. Your Master,”

he shouted, bringing the cane down again and again and again.

I forced myself to remain still, biting my lip until it bled to stop any cries, but my resilience only seemed to make him strike me harder and faster. The pain bloomed and spread over my flesh as each swipe from the thin rigid cane merged into one. I panted through my nose while the taste of blood flooded my mouth. My legs trembled as I clutched onto the sofa.

When he moved down to my thighs a whimper left my mouth, but he had no mercy. He thrashed the soft flesh of my thighs until I felt each strike swell and throb on my skin. Tears streamed behind my mask and onto my cheeks as I gasped for air.

“You are nothing, bitch,”

he said quietly as he continued to work back and forth to cane both sides of my ass and limbs. “You will learn.”

When the pain became unbearable I sagged on the sofa in defeat, a sob escaped my bloodied lip. My back was on fire from the burning pain. It took me a moment to realise he had stopped, I collapsed on the floor, crying and blindly reaching out for his feet with my paws as deep gut wrenching sobs wracked my chest.

I was nothing. Nothing. Nothing but a bitch.

Stefanos

I stepped back before she could touch my feet. Was this the manipulating whore-like tricks these women used? Sucked men in? Destroying families? I reached down to take her by the collar, ignoring her wailing, and dragged her upstairs to shove her into her cage before I slammed it shut.

Her ass and thighs are littered with lines from my cane. She turned her head, looking at me through her cage, eyes wide and glistening with tears. Blood was smudged on her chin and I noticed the cut on her lip. When I didn't speak, she curled into herself and lay on the white bedding. The sight of her broken spirit remained with me as I left the bedroom.

I told myself this was necessary—that she needed to learn her place, to understand the consequences of her actions. But as I close the door behind me, the echo of her soft whimper followed me.

I strode into the living room, the familiar scent of leather and wood grounding me. The decanter of scotch catches the dim light, and I pour myself a generous measure, the amber liquid swirling like molten fire in the glass. I take a long sip, letting the burn sear away the unease that began to creep into my chest.

She's clever, that one. Too clever. Her submission, her obedience—it's all too natural, too effortless. And yet, there were moments, fleeting but undeniable, when I caught a glimmer of something else in her gaze. Perhaps it was a spark of calculation or a whisper of manipulation.

And tonight she fucked herself back on my dick, she took it all, sucking the seed out my balls like a fucking demon whore. That pussy. That delicious juicy wet cunt. When she came she not only drenched my dick but had soaked my balls with her cum. The thought that she would be like this with any other man left a bad taste in my mouth. It was infuriating.

I sank into the couch, cradling the glass in my hand, staring into the empty fireplace. She was playing me, wasn't she? Testing the boundaries, seeing how far she could push before I push back. And I did push back—harder than I intended, perhaps. But it was necessary.

With a heavy sigh, I take another drink, the scotch warming my throat but doing little to quell the turmoil within. The fire of revenge that once burned so brightly in me felt—dimmer now.

No. I won't let her win. I won't let her worm her way into my head. She's mine to control, mine to shape. And yet, as I sit here in the quiet, the image of her tear-streaked face lingered, and I can't help but wonder if the real battle isn't with her at all—but with myself.

Did any of it matter? As long as she remained my pet bitch and whore.

I pushed the bedroom door open. The air felt thick, heavier with the weight of what transpired. She was silent and still lying in the same position I left her in. When I opened the cage door she didn't move. The cage was spacious enough for me to climb in behind her. I spread some of the cream on my hands before gently applying it over the welts on her legs and ass.

“Get on your stomach,”

I said quietly.

She moved instantly, but slowed her motion when she gasped in pain. When she turned onto her belly, the full extent of my rage was on display. The reddened skin was the worst around her ass with welts from hits that made contact more than once on the same spot. The lines across her thighs were more even. Her ass took the brunt of my rage.

“You may speak freely,”

I said liberally applying more of the numbing cream over her caned flesh.

“I’m sorry for disobeying you, Master,”

she whispered but her voice was barely audible.

I frowned at her words while I continued to apply the cream.

“How did you disobey me?”

I asked while wondering if she would confess trying to entrap me with her feminine wiles.

I glanced at her cum stained pussy and cane marks. My cheeks burned as my cock began to harden at the sight.

“I spoke when I came. I’m sorry,”

she whispered. “I-I didn’t mean to.”

I thought back to when she came around and what I said to her. She said ‘Oh, God’

during her orgasm. It was an excuse I used against her because I thought she was trying to manipulate me.

“You took your punishment like a good bitch. All is forgiven,”

I said gently.

“Oh, thank you, Master. It slipped out—”

“Put it out of your mind. It is forgotten,”

I said, interrupting her.

Was it this simple? She was being genuine?

“Yes, Master,”

she said pulling the covers against her chest, as if seeking comfort from them.

Her body relaxed and I continued to massage her skin, fortunately there were no cuts on her skin. She would be out of commission for a few days, but I could let her explore the house and terrace.

Amari had the freedom of the house, yet after the first few hours of her newly found independence, she came into my office and lay beside my chair. As I worked I couldn't stop glancing at her but she didn't move until I got up to make a cup of coffee.

Which would have been fine if my housekeeper hadn't been there. Lydia practically

ran out of the house. My little pet bitch bowed down in her apologetic stance until I patted her head. I could hire another staff member the next time I came. She made a video call with her family but I lurked in the background ensuring she didn't say anything about her actual situation. I heard the concern in the mother's voice and the excitement in the child's.

She followed me everywhere for the next two days and it wasn't long until she began to brush herself against me or nuzzle her snout at my shorts. Her lip was healing and there were only a few marks left on her ass. It wasn't until I came out of the shower to see in the 'horny' pose that my resolve cracked. She was on her hands and knees with her head in the air and ass thrust out to show her tail off.

I yanked the white towel off my waist, she knew what she was asking for, and she could suffer the consequences.

Amari

There was something different about him since the night he caned me. I wasn't entirely convinced it was remorse but something changed between us. He allowed me to shower, eat, and roam around the house. He applied the cream on me three times a day, gently massaging it into my healing flesh. However, physically he kept his distance from me. There was zero sex and zero humiliation tactics. I found myself becoming bored and irritable over the days.

The one and only highlight of this weird situation between us was that I saw my family again. I hated to admit it, but with me gone, they looked much closer, but this was good for both of them. If my mum focused on Alcina, then she wouldn't think as much about Christos. Alcina was missing her playmate and would spend more time with my mum.

The tail inside of me was a constant reminder that I needed more. With every movement the slim long silicone plug made me ache. He could cane me, piss on me or make me sleep while sucking on his balls. I had no idea what it would be like without Master's constant attention. Whatever had gotten him so angry seemed to have passed and I was horny. I missed the way he fucked me—like an animal. All my subtle hints were ignored so I resorted to the 'I am horny pose' from the chart.

“Did you need something, Skyla?”

he asked while he stood behind me.

I placed my face on the wooden floor and reached behind me to spread my ass cheeks

for him. All I could feel was a slight dull ache against my ass and it wasn't unpleasant. I barked but kept my head in the air. My bravado began to disappear when his footsteps grew closer.

My mouth fell open beneath my mask because I was faced with his thick muscular thighs and massive cock that still swung slightly like an elephants trunk. His heavy balls peeked out from beneath his cock, smattered with his groomed dark pubic hair. I placed my face on the floor, pushing my right paw out and touching his bare foot.

Yes, I needed something long and hard inside of me to take my nasty ache away.

“Woof, woof,”

I said raising my eyes but I didn't lift my head from the floor so I couldn't see his genitals.

“Do you want me to use you like a filthy little Skyla? To fuck you until it feels as if I am tearing your insides up?”

The Greek word for bitch wasn't as abrasive in his husky voice. My heart pounded against my chest. A normal person would be afraid after the vicious punishment he doled out and yet the violent sex made me ache and throb for him at the same time. This was his power, he could twist my apprehension into desire until my heart raced.

I tapped his foot with my right paw—twice.

The silence that followed gnawed away at my insides. No matter how curious I was to see his reaction, I didn't move. He finally moved, but he left the bedroom, and I lifted my head. The door was wide open and I caught a glimpse of his ass cheeks. My cheeks burned when I thought of how he made me tongue and lick his asshole. I had never felt more nasty or horny at the same time.

He walked in carrying a wooden chair with green material padding over the seat. It looked old but in good condition. After he put it on the large rug beside the fireplace, he stood upright and the dark malice danced in his eyes.

“Come and kneel on the chair,” he said.

I began to crawl toward him, noticing his cock had stiffened and began to rear its head, uncovering his hefty balls. His chuckle broke the spell and I reluctantly looked away from his cock. It was long and fat without being fully erect. I always felt a sense of accomplishment when I got it rock-hard. I knew all of his sensitive spots. I stood up but was uncertain about how he wanted me on the chair. He came behind and nudged me forward.

I climbed onto the padded seat and held the wooden backrest. Once I was comfortable, Master appeared with velcro straps before strapping my legs to the armrests and my wrists to the backrest with the back of the armrests holding them up. The straps on my legs were lower, slightly above my knees. My shoulders rested on the rounded wooden frame and my ass was sticking as I knelt on the seat. I was kneeling on the chair for him, but I couldn't move an inch.

Master walked around me, circling me with a speculative glint in his eyes and a corner of his lips was tugged upwards. My neck became strained while I tried to keep track of him. My breasts heaved grazing the back of the wooden chair while I licked my dry lips.

“What to do with a cock hungry bitch in heat?”

he asked, his tone mocking and laced with cruel amusement.

All he needed was a look or a few words to make my insides burn with shame. The shame that lit a sick desire within me. His finger traced a slow, deliberate path down

the curve of my spine and when he reached my tail, I held my breath. His finger reached my pussy but he continued to trace it downward until he reached my clit. When a whimper escaped me he laughed.

“Pathetic,”

he murmured, easing his finger inside my pussy, I was so wet that the digit sank right in.

“Mmm...n...ugh,”

I said, desperately trying to stifle my moan.

“Whose cunt is this, Skyla?”

he asked before I felt his fingers rub my clit.

I barked beneath my mask, trying to push back on his fingers but it was futile against my restraints. He reached for my right breast, cupping it before palming my sensitive nipple. When he pinched my nipple, I clenched his finger with my pussy, gripping it tightly, moaning at the tortured pleasure and closing my eyes. It wasn't enough for him, he began to move his finger in and out, rubbing me by curling his finger.

There was something wrong with me for loving what he did to me. Deep down, I knew this was all an unhealthy form of a dominant and submissive relationship. Yet even with all his hatred and revenge, I couldn't deny the toxic, perverted chemistry between us.

“I own this cunt,”

he said, whispering into my ear, stuffing a second finger inside me before pinching

my other nipple. “I own these tits and your lovely tight asshole. I own you, Skyla.”

The heat from his body moved away from mine, releasing my aching nipple and pulling his fingers out of my pussy. He walked around to face me but my eyes dropped to his cock which was fully erect and jutting forward, the base was a darker shade but the head was a succulent pink colour. It dawned on me why he had tied me to this particular chair. He had my head and ass strapped down to the perfect height to do as he pleased.

“I see you understand the predicament you're in,”

he said, removing my snout to slap his dick off my mouth and nose. “You are here to serve me Skyla so open your fuck hole for me.”

My pussy twitched at his words, but I kept my eyes on him, opening my mouth. This is what I wanted, what I needed. I stuck my tongue, feeling his thick cock rub against it while he held my head.

“Taste me, Skyla,”

he hissed as my lips wrapped around his cock. “Lick and suck until I gift you with my precum.”

I didn't hesitate to lick around his head, sucking on him and trying to swallow more of him. The back of the chair and my wrists bound as they were wouldn't allow me much movement, but Master began to rock his hips, giving me what I needed.

A taste of my Master.

Stefanos

There was no manipulation on her part. After watching her for the last few days, her submissive actions and natural desires were sincere. It occurred to me that since I wasn't fucking her morning, noon, and night that my observation had been impartial. She surprised me by choosing to stay by my side after the harsh punishment I doled out.

The daily routine as a dog helped, feeding her at her dedicated dog bowl area in the kitchen, bathing, grooming, and taking her for walks. She would be beside my feet or by my side when I was working or relaxing. She embraced the pet play, headspace, and accepted me as her owner.

I held her masked head and fed her my cock, gently rocking back and forth as her plump shapely lips locked onto my cock to knead it as I moved. Her tongue worked around the head, twisting and licking, working for my precum. I tugged on my balls and massaged the base, wanting her to taste me before swallowing my precum. I left my cock in her mouth for her to suck on my sticky essence. When she hungrily lapped me up, cleaning me up, swallowing everything I gave her. I was close to breaking point.

“Enough,”

I said, pulling myself out of her mouth to look at the disappointment in her deep chocolate-brown eyes peering out at me from beneath her dog mask.

“I promised to tear you up, didn't I?”

I said, rubbing my thumb over her wet lips as she tried to nod her head.

I pulled away from her, trailing my hand over her silky black hair, down her back over her hip until I reached her strapped knees and perfectly positioned ass. I stepped between her legs and lifted my dick to rub it between the crease of her pussy.

Up and down—using her my cock to push her folds open so I could see the deep pink colour set against her brown labia. I prodded my head against her folds easing into her pussy. She felt the same as the last time I was inside her: soft, hot, wet and ready.

To mouní mou. My cunt.

Her rubber tail curved into the air but I wanted to see her tight asshole, to see all of my pet's holes. I tugged on the plug only to see Skyla's asshole clench around it. With a smile I yanked it out, ignoring her yelp. Her asshole was shining from the lube. I rubbed my finger over her wrinkled bud.

Yeah, I missed all her holes.

I traced my thumb over the marks left from her caning, hoping she would feel pain when I smashed into these beautiful mounds of flesh. The pain made her gush like a damn waterfall and her orgasms always milked my cock. Her love for pain and humiliation grew as much as my need for sadism and subjugation.

She mewled impatiently but the underlying torment was what I heard. It was what I fed off. I placed my hands on the side of her ass close to her hips but I rubbed my thumbs along her cane marks and her pussy tightened each time I touched her injured flesh.

It was time to stop teasing her. I squeezed my thick cock into her pussy watching her hole stretch for me as her lips rubbed against it. Her velvety soft cunt was wet and

ready. I pulled back to see her secretions glistening on my cock.

“Yes, you’re always so wet, Skyla. I’ve never fucked a cunt that gushes as much as yours,”

I said with a chuckle. “Kaftí mou pórní.”

My hot little whore.

I moved back and forth easing my thick length in but when I got to around six inches embedded inside of her I took it to the next level. I grappled her hips so the chair wouldn’t topple over and thrust hard and deep into her, glancing to see my balls went touching her pussy yet. She tried to move her hips with a moan but I tightened my fingers around them to batter into her, swinging my hips, grunting when I felt my balls hit their target.

“You take my cock so well, Skyla,”

I said pounding into her as her juices and cream began to gather on my dick. “Fucking perfect.”

She grunted and moaned each time I slapped against her caned ass. I didn’t stop fucking her tight wet cunt until she began to tighten around me. I slid my cock out ignoring the need to cum, leaving her cunt gaping open I walked around to place my cock against her lips.

“Now, taste yourself,”

I said with a smirk.

She stuck her tongue out flat and opened her mouth wide as I guided it into her

mouth, gripping the back of her head I shoved my dick against the backdrop of her throat.

“Throat me,”

I said harshly before I pulled back and swung my hips forward while pulling her head down ramming my dick past her throat and down her gullet.

“Your throat and mouth are going to clean my dick,”

I said fucking her neck, choking her while I sped up my movements. “Yeah, taste that cunt.”

Her fists tugged at the black straps attached to the back of the chair, but there was no escaping me. After a final thrust I withdrew, tilting her head up to look into her eyes while she gasped for air.

“Did your cunt taste good?”

I asked purring the question out while watching her blink away tears.

“Woof,”

she said croaking out the word from her raw throat.

I released her jaw before returning to her ass. Her cunt looked puffy wet when I guided my freshly bathed cock into her pussy, closing my eyes as her tight heat enveloped me. She cried out as I stretched her out again. I stared at her asshole before spitting on it and pushed my thumb inside, feeling both holes tighten around me. It wasn't enough.

I grabbed a fist full of her hair until her head tilted up similar to her earlier pose before I began to drive my cock inside, holding her ass, curling my thumb inside it, feeling her holes clutch me. She began to pant and bark for me. I responded by slamming into her cunt with deep thrusts. The beauty of her submission made me pummel her with vicious jabs until my pelvis smacked against her caned ass and thighs.

Her moans began to get louder, goading me while her pussy coated me with another layer of her arousal as thick and creamy as the last. I released her hair to hold her hip when the chair tipped forward from my rapid thrusts.

“Cum for me, bitch. Let me feel you cream all over my cock,”

I said, gritting the words out between clenched teeth as my balls grew tight.

I stabbed my thumb in and out of her tight asshole while pile-driving into her restrained body, fucking her so deep that the head of my cock began to bump into something inside of her.

The pain and pleasure pushed her over the edge and she screamed before her pussy began to spasm around me.

Her muscles massaging my cock and like last time she milked me with her tight cum forcing my seed to shoot into her waiting hot pussy.

Her ass gripped my thumb and her pussy strangled my cock while I continued to empty my balls inside her.

Absolute perfection.

When I checked my phone, it was a little after one am, yet I lay in bed awake.

After licking me clean I released her to bathe her but ended up pinning her to the shower wall with my dick pounding her asshole.

She was addictive—to have complete control of her was becoming my addiction.

There was one more week left before I returned home and there would be a new playroom created for my pet bitch.

A room designed for every dark fantasy I had about Amari as my dog.

In all my planning to seek revenge against the Jenson family, I never considered the possibility that my target would enjoy every nasty thing I did to her.

She stirred in her cage, mumbling something in her sleep before I heard her moving around until she settled down again.

My revenge wasn't as clear-cut as I'd imagined it to be.

It was emerging and adapting into something unique.

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

Amari

My neck felt bare without my collar and I kept reaching up to touch the empty space.

Almost two weeks later, I was wearing clothes.

It felt strange to wear them, being able to speak and walking on two feet, but after a month of living like a dog with my Master, my mind felt splintered.

There was a degree of comfort living like a human pet. It was a simple life with little to worry about.

There was life before becoming a target of his revenge and my life after the chaotic event.

I opened the gate and walked down the garden path, feeling empty without my tail plugged inside of me.

The love for my family came rushing back as I reached the door.

I was doing this for them. To protect them from ruin.

“Amari.

You’re home!”

Alcina said running towards me.

I grinned at my little sister's excitement and lifted her up as she hit my body, giving me the hug I needed.

Healthy human contact for six hours to feed my soul until next month.

"Mum, why did you stay with him?"

I asked my mum quietly as she sliced the onions.

"Christos?"

she asked as I nodded before I looked around to make sure Alcina wasn't around.

"It wasn't a typical romance story, that's for sure. We had a difficult journey but stepping out in front of his car was the best thing that happened to me,"

she said before quickly wiping her tears away. "I was leaving with you but my mind was in a state of panic."

"I can imagine, Mum,"

I murmured before squeezing her hand.

I was too young to remember being a toddler when my mum left my father in the dead of the night.

Although she met Christos and knew him for several years, I didn't meet him until they got serious.

“He insisted on taking me to the hospital.

When it came to parting ways, instead of going to a woman’s refuge centre, he insisted that he had an empty apartment we could live in for as long as we needed.

We were good friends to begin with, but as I started to recover from your dad, we grew close.

He helped piece me back together again,”

she said with a faraway look in her eyes before she smiled faintly.

“We were complete opposites, but matters of the heart took over for me.

It was complicated for him and I tried to break it off with him, but in the end, neither of us could do it.”

They had a nineteen-year gap between them, but when I thought of their time together, it was full of love and laughter.

Our West African heritage was never an issue for Christos, but when we went on holidays, I would notice some people would stare.

Their love might have been beautiful in my young eyes, but it was built on the back of someone else’s marriage.

Had Christos done the right thing by one woman, I wouldn’t be in Stefanos’s sight.

My sister and mum would be safe.

What a tangled web it was.

“You’re young, sweetheart, full of ideals but as you go through life you will realise there are events that don't fit in the criterion of right or wrong,”

she said before she placed the chopping board over the pot, sliding them off with the long knife. “Sometimes you live in shades of darkness and sometimes in the light.”

If only she knew what shade I was living in. Pitch fucking black.

“No one is perfect,”

she said with a sigh.

I changed the subject because I didn't want to think of what I was willing to do should my Master ask me.

I don't know how my mother remained the ‘other’ woman for so many years, sharing a married man, it wasn't something I would be able to stomach.

When Jason cheated on me, I was furious and hurt, and there was no way I would have been able to take him back. I’d thought about Cora Karalis ever since I was in Greece.

How did she not know her husband had another life for over twenty years?

The driver came to pick me up at six o’clock promptly.

I was outside waiting for him since I didn't know what kind of mood Master would be in when I returned to him.

My mum was suspicious about my ‘new job’ but I insisted that I was needed for a project that was time-sensitive.

There was much of Christos in Alcina and while I spent time with her today I realised there were similarities between her and her half-brother. Perhaps in another lifetime, they could be siblings. In this one, she had me.

“Mr Karalis is waiting for you in the playroom,”

Keith said as I got out of the car.

“Thanks,”

I mumbled, embarrassed that Keith knew about the playroom.

My stomach lurched, knowing it couldn't be a good omen for my ass.

I nodded to Keith and bolted to the front door, finding it open.

My shoes tapped along the wooden flooring before I reached the staircase.

I made quick work of the first two floors and slowed my pace for the third leading to the playroom, torturing myself with the image of him caning my ass.

I still had a few marks left from the last one.

On the final step before reaching the landing, my foot almost faltered.

I considered running away, but with nowhere to hide, I stared at the playroom door, cautiously edging towards it.

Since the caning, he hasn't punished me.

He continues to humiliate me by walking me in the garden, forcing me to pee outside, using my back as a footstool and playing with his cum on the floor every morning before my breakfast.

My cheeks burned thinking about licking and tonguing his ass.

Master was nasty, but here I was ready and willing to be his dog again—the only excitement in my otherwise uneventful life.

I pushed the handle down and opened the door to the playroom, pausing when the lighting was dim.

When I entered the room I saw that the blinds were closed and the small side lamps on the wall were lit.

My eyes searched and found him sitting on the S-shaped fuck couch.

He wore his signature dark suit with a white shirt.

There was a glass of scotch in his hand, and I heard the ice swirling around it as he swirled it.

I took a step toward him but his voice cut into the silence, freezing me on the spot.

“Remove your clothes before you enter, Skyla,”

he said with his cold voice matching the air of hostility in the room while his eyes moved over my clothes with a look of distaste.

I made quick work of removing my jacket, jeans and shoes. I lay everything in a neat pile before shimmying my knickers down and reaching behind me to unhook my bra. My breasts felt more comfortable without my bra. Although I didn't miss the constricting dog mask after having my hair free all day.

"Crawl,"

he said, the single word made me drop to my hands and knees.

I crawled across the room until I reached his feet. He crossed his legs and his black polished shoe swung in the air. I glanced at his shoe's sole, seeing it look relatively new, and wondered how many pairs he had in his walk-in closet.

"How was your first monthly visit?"

he asked, taking a long, slow sip from his drink.

"It was good, Master, thank you,"

I murmured, answering his question without my animal sound effect since I doubted he would decipher my barking.

"Hmph,"

he grunted before barking out his order. "Attention."

I instantly jumped upright into the pose without thought and saw Master's smirk. He reached beside him, and I noticed my dog collar, mask, tail, paws, and a white and blue tube of lube.

He placed both feet on the floor before he placed the thick leather collar around my

neck, buckling it in place, twisting it around until I felt the silver metal loop at the front. The gloves were next and then the mask, which didn't feel as bad as I thought it would. It was my hiding space.

“Asshole,”

he said and I turned away from him before bending down and moving my ass toward him, placing my hands on the floor. “Face on the floor, lift that ass in the air.”

I followed his instructions but this time my pussy fluttered. In my sick twisted head it didn't matter that I was becoming his bitch again after a few hours of acting like a human. I was more focused on the impending pleasure or pain, but hopefully, it would be both.

“Hold your ass open for me, Skyla,”

he said but he couldn't hide the desire in his low husky voice.

I rested my weight on my shoulders and reached behind me to spread myself for my Master until the cold wet lube dropped on my asshole. He fingered the lube around my hole while I held my breath waiting for him to put my tail inside me.

“Whose ass is this porní?”

he murmured.

I placed my cheek on the cool floor before barking for him.

“Woof, woof, woof,”

I said uttering my first bark of the day.

My reward was the anal plug slowly being eased back into place. I squirmed as it snapped into place. His fingers trailed down my pussy and rubbed my breasts against the floor, trying to scrape my nipples on the hard floor.

“Wet again? Tsk. Tsk. Tsk,”

he said but used all of his fingers to rub my pussy hard and fast before taking my clit between his fingertips, pinching it until I gasped in pain. When he released my aching clit, I lifted my ass in the air, trying to pull my ass cheeks open wider but the gloves grip didn't help my cause.

“I'm not sure I can keep up with such a filthy slut,”

he mused. “What a dilemma.”

I closed my eyes at his amusement. His mockery wasn't new yet my cheeks still burned with shame but sadly it also made my pussy ache to be filled.

What a dilemma, indeed.

He pushed my hands away from my ass before he held my ass cheeks in the palm of his hands to rub my flesh before a stinging blow from his palm made me hiss and lift my head off the floor. He showered me with five more blows which only exacerbated my problem.

“Make yourself cum on my foot,”

he murmured. “Rub that wet cunt all over it, cream my shoe then lick it all off. Every...last...bit...of your filth.”

I blinked beneath the mask as my mouth became dry and my heart raced at the image

he concocted.

What a welcome back into his home.

Stefanos

The visit with my mother went well, seeing her content and busy in her social life took a great weight off my chest.

I spoke regularly with her but felt guilty for being so obsessed with my new pet.

When I came home, it was strange not to have her crawling or caged beside me.

My usual comfortable solitude was marred with memories of all the depraved things I did to her in and out of my house.

When Keith messaged me to say they were on their way back, I wondered if I would meet any resistance from my bitch.

I was ready to quash any rebellion but she surprised me again by slipping into her submissive pet dog role with ease.

With each act of her complete obedience to me, my irritation fell away, leaving me with the need to see how far I could push her.

My pet turned to face me with her eyes wide behind her mask.

The ease in which I could strip her humanity away always filled me with a dark sense of satisfaction.

It soothed away the ragged edges of my residual anger.

Those beautiful haunting dark eyes behind the mask were always focused on me.

I crossed my legs as my dick jerked under my trousers, swinging my foot up and down to watch her eyes follow my movements.

With my collar back around her neck and her naked plugged body before me, what better way to start my evening than with a touch of humiliation.

“Climb on, Skyla,”

I said, patting my thigh and stretching my foot out for her.

Her gulp was visible along her slim collared neck but she shuffled over like a good pet. I reached for her snout to remove the attachment, and as she rose up to mount my foot, I took her arms to help her along.

One paw rested on the sex sofa and the other on my thigh as she squat down until her cunt rested on my foot. Her lips parted as she slid her pussy over the top of my shoe. My dick began to fill up the little space there was in my trousers from sitting cross legged. Her eyes fluttered as she found her balance and pace, pressing down on my foot, humping herself on my ?3650 Italian leather imported shoes.

God, she was doing it. She was rubbing her horny little cunt on my shoe and loving it.

“Use the tip of my shoe, I want your cream all over it, my little cumslut,”

I said but my words rasped out at the sight of her submission. The sight of her desire to please me.

I tilted my foot up, feeling her heat around my foot as she slid to the top and worked her way down again. I slipped two fingers into her mouth, pushing them in to feel her

tongue, while tweaking her nipples with my other hand.

Her hot breath ran up my fingers to my hand as she began to pant like a bitch. I pressed my foot against her cunt harder while tugging and pinching her nipples. She let herself go, gripping my thigh as she worked her cunt over my foot, humping me like a dog in heat until her thighs tightened around my legs.

Her eyes flew open and I pulled my fingers out of her mouth as she wailed out her release. I gripped her throat, curling my fingers around her neck as she came on my shoe. I rewarded her by rubbing my foot against her cunt until the final tremors stopped.

“You had better start licking, Skyla if you ruin the leather I might need to cane your ass,”

I said, the warning evident in my voice, before I released her neck.

She jumped back and was on her hands and knees holding my foot in her paws. Her head dipped down as her pink tongue began to bathe my shoe. I watched her tongue work up and down, slurping as she worked diligently in cleaning up her mess.

I might need to get her to christen the rest of my shoes.

As soon as she was finished, I stood up to strip out of my clothing. I was unhurried in my movements because Skyla sat on the floor watching me with her eager eyes peering from behind her dog mask.

She was in her mask most of the time, and I loved seeing her dog ears and snout, especially when she crawled with her tail in the air and her breasts swaying with each movement. When I was naked, I reached for her collar to bend her over the higher part of the curved sofa while she placed her paws on where I sat a few moments ago.

“You will have a sore ass tonight, but don’t worry Master has a nice surprise for you,”

I said with a smile.

She turned her head to look at me with her inquisitive eyes. After all this time I learned to read her expressive eyes through the mask. With her snout removed, I could see her mouth and nose, which helped deduce her emotions and reactions.

Her hips were at the perfect height. I made quick work of removing her tail and lubing her ass before rubbing copious amounts all over my stiff cock. She was soft and obliging, utterly unaware of my depraved intent.

I rubbed my fingers over her pretty asshole. Every time was a struggle for her to take me up the ass but by the time I worked my entire length inside of her she needed the pain as much as I needed to fuck her deep and hard. It was a rare occurrence to find a woman who could take all of my cock let alone love the pain that came with it. I spread her ass cheeks apart, pushing my fingers in before hooking them into her asshole and prying it open.

“You open up for me beautifully. What an accomplished ass slut you are,”

I said to her before spitting in her asshole, smiling when she smacked her head on the couch. “Keep your hole relaxed and open.”

I removed my fingers to replace them with the head of my cock, easing it in with no resistance.

“Good little ass slut. Just like that,”

I murmured, watching my cock sink further into her tight hole, spearing her hole with

my thick cock.

Her asshole twitched around me and she panted against the sofa before a moan escaped her lips. I pulled back, to surge back inside her forging my path inside her. A few more thrusts loosened her enough for me to pick up the speed and stuff more of my cock inside her. She swallowed every inch until I was leaning over her and the couch, slamming my dick into her balls deep. She offered her hole to me by lifting her ass while whimpering in pain and moaning in pleasure.

“You dirty little ass whore,”

I said beside her masked head. “Ugh...Yeah, take it deep.”

I gripped the sofa and started to pile drive into her asshole. The tight hole felt too good surrounding my cock. The ring of muscles massaging the length of my cock as I plunged into her again and again until the muscles were defeated. The familiar ache to drain my balls, causing me to batter her insides while she grunted and cried out.

I was lost in a world of sensual dark pleasure, using my little human pet dog as I pleased. Harder, deeper, faster...more and more, slapping against her ass while lunging balls deep into her soft hole. Her shrill cry as she came didn't deter me from my goal.

I continued to rain down on her, smashing my hips against her, knowing the next phase in her humiliation. I grunted as my balls smacked against her and felt my cock swell up inside her asshole before I began to pump my jizz inside of her, fucking her while cumming again, filling her tight dark cavity up. She tightened her ass around me extending my pleasure. My heart was pounding as rapidly as my breath puffed out of me. I took a few moments to compose myself.

I traced my fingers down her flawless back, her golden brown skin was warm and

beautiful as ever. Each time I fucked her I resisted kissing her mouth or her body the way I wanted to. It was damp from the fine sheen of sweat and I wanted to taste her skin but I slipped my hands beneath her to capture her full breasts. They filled and overflowed in my hands.

“Now for your surprise, Skyla. Master is going to take a nice long piss in your asshole. You will be a good little toilet for me and take it,”

I said massaging her nipples and palming her breasts.

Her head snapped up almost slamming into mine.

“Woof?”

she barked hesitantly.

“Don’t you want to be my dirty little piss hole?”

I asked pinching her nipples, toying with her mind and body.

She shook her head and put her left paw out.

“Pity,”

I said before I began peeing inside her ass, sighing at the instant relief and loving the fact that I could claim her asshole once again.

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Amari

Did he just say...? Was he going to pee inside of me?

I was still shaking my head, no, and my left paw was stretched out, but then I felt it. It wasn't a slow and steady stream like the water enemas. His urine gushed inside of me—an intense rush of hot liquid, filling me up. I moaned at the sensation but then he began to move his cock inside of me, playing with my nipples. His piss began to leak out of my asshole and run down my pussy before it dripped between my thighs.

“Oh, yeah,”

he groaned. “Such a good piss whore, taking my piss inside your asshole. It feels so fucking good.”

I whimpered when his hot flow didn't slow down. I couldn't believe this was happening. His fingers continued to tug and pinch my nipples while he rocked his cock back and forth in my ass. The excess hot piss continued to trickle down my pussy and I froze in horror because he was turning me on.

“What a good girl. You're doing so well,”

he crooned, massaging my breasts as he lay on top of me.

My pussy clenched at his words of praise, a rarity in all the time I had known him. The warm glow from his words made the current depravity a little easier to accept. My ass tightened around his cock as my body reacted through the sordid humiliating

torture. My belly began to expand from all the excess liquid as I lay helpless in the wake of his madness.

“That’s my little Skyla, you make a fine whore and toilet for your Master,”

he murmured as his flow finally slowed. “I’m going to plug you up then we can go to the shower to watch all of my piss and cum drain out of that ass.”

I closed my eyes and sagged on the sofa, laying my face on it in defeat.

At least he hadn’t made me drink it.

Three weeks later I was contemplating dog life. My life as a dog—this would be the title of my book if I could write one about my experiences living as a dog. I wondered if anyone would buy it. I would need to do it under a pen name and change all the names. Master would definitely sue me or cane me, possibly both.

“Why are you smiling?”

Master asked, pausing, rubbing the towel over his hair.

“Woof,”

I said wrinkling my nose.

How did he expect me to answer?

He stood over my cage looking at me before he unlocked it. I sat up waiting for his command. It also gave a better view of his almost naked body. The white towel

around his waist was wrapped tightly and a contrast against his tanned physique. Master slept naked and I always got a morning and evening show.

“Get on the bed,”

he said, opening the cage door before he turned away to put the wet towels in the laundry basket.

I followed his instructions but I was confused. He fucked me earlier so why would he want me on the bed? Unless he was extra horny. I shrugged and climbed on the bed. Him and his swinging cock got on the bed before he pulled the covers back and slipped inside them. I watched him tuck the covers beneath his arms, leaving his chest and shoulders bare.

“Well? What are you waiting for? A written invitation? Get under the covers,”

he said reaching for the lamp and plunging the room into darkness.

I blinked in the pitch black room, wondering what this meant, but his growl snapped me out of it, and I climbed under the covers, sighing at the feel of a mattress beneath me after nearly two months on cage bedding.

His bed felt so damn good. I had never in my life appreciated a piece of furniture the way I did his bed. I spread my legs and arms a little more while stretching my back out, pushing my head into the soft pillow. The pillow was plump and soft yet held its shape as I pressed into it. I bit my lip to stop any sound coming out of me.

“If you are going to flop around like a dead fish you can return to your cage,”

Master said dryly.

I barked and turned to cling onto him. We both froze as I lay on his chest with my arm around his waist. My leg was over his with my body pressed against him. He didn't say anything for what seemed like an eternity but then he placed his arm around my shoulders.

“Go to sleep,”

he said gruffly.

My body relaxed and within seconds I fell asleep, warm and comfortable in his arms.

The visit with my family took us to our closest theme park. I needed some fun with my little sister. She had lost her part-time father, and with me paying for his sins, she might as well have lost me too. Being twenty minutes late was worth it because Alcina had the biggest smile on her face all day.

Through the doughnuts and candy floss, as well as all the age-appropriate rides and entertainment. I took many pictures and selfies of us with silly poses. Now that I had my fun it was time to pay the price.

Which was why I was currently face down with my tail up in my sorry pose.

“Why were you late? Speak,”

he said in a dangerously low voice.

“I took Alcina to a theme park...we got carried away. I'm sorry,”

I said cowering away from him as he approached me.

The truth was I wasn't sorry at all nor was I scared. His worst caning was something I could take. I was counting on him not to fly into a rage like he did in the early days.

"What is your passcode?" he asked.

My head shot up and I saw my phone in his hand. "302019,"

I said, wondering why he wasn't whipping my ass.

"Your sister's birthday,"

he murmured as he looked at my phone screen and tapped on it.

It surprised me that he made the connection, and I began to breathe a little easier because he hadn't sworn at Alcina as he used to. He was focused on my phone and his finger was sliding along the screen. He must be going through my camera roll. He was pausing at some pictures and scrutinising them before he continued to scroll through them.

"You both had a good day,"

he said grudgingly after several minutes.

"We did,"

I said softly.

"Don't be late again or else—"

he said but didn't finish his threat.

“Yes, Master,”

I whispered, shocked and relieved at his leniency especially when my misdemeanour was related to my family.

Did Stefanos Karalis have a heart?

Well, blow me down with a feather and call me Fido.

Stefanos

Time passed quickly, and I came to terms with the fact that my pet had become part of my life in ways I'd never intended. My mind was constantly conflicted, trying to recapture the initial affront and anger but it was futile. Amari was far too young when they met to be involved. I knew this from the beginning but my fury sought to ruin them all. She would stick by her mother's side as I would mine. The mess was all my father's doing.

The bitterness was still there at my father's betrayal. Yet, I became curious about the little girl who was a mixture of Christos and Amari's mother. The girl's face was similar to mine when I was younger. She looked healthier than I did at that age with her golden skin. I looked into all her school reports and she was doing well. The two sisters looked happy in the pictures at the theme park, and when I saw them, it sucked my anger out only to replace it with warmth.

She had lost the only father she knew. At least the old man set enough provisions for his child and her future generations. I could teach her how to manage her trust fund. My dilemma lay in the fact that Amari would no longer need to be my pet should I release all of the inheritance.

Over three months passed and Skyla was a perfectly trained submissive pet, primed to all my commands and needs. She slept with me on my bed, practically sleeping on top of me, and I grew accustomed to holding. Some nights when I lay awake it was soothing to stroke her hair or back, listening to the sound of her breathing.

The light on my phone lit up and I gently untangled myself from Amari's limbs to

reach for my phone. It was Rurik.

Abrosimov: How is it going with your osobennaya ledi?

I knew conversational Russian and Rurik always kept me on my toes with it.

Me: My special lady is fine. Thank you for all your help. Any chance you found a woman to put up with your bad tempered ass?

I thought of Alessio Caruso and his fiancée. My head was a mess when I bumped into them and missed their wedding. I paused for a moment, vaguely remembering her dressed as a kitten. Interesting for a Dom and sub marriage, especially for a man like Alessio. Then again the owner of Club X got married and vanished. Rumour has it he found a pony and settled down.

Abrosimov: I have no intention of procuring a permanent sub. I travel too much to for the responsibility.

Me: It's not as hard as you think. I manage most of my work online. When are you back in England? I owe you.

Abrosimov: It was nothing. I will be back in a week's time. I'm just finishing some business in Niger and Burkina Faso.

I smiled at his response because it didn't surprise me in the least. He was a major producer and supplier of steel and his work took him all over the world but Rurik was known for his transparency in business. It was how we met, another associate recommended his company. His close team had various skillsets, which was why he was able to do so much for me.

Me: It will be good to catch up with you.

Abrosimov: Da. I hope you will introduce me to your lady.

Me: No way.

Abrosimov: It is probably for the best. She would fall in love with my baby blue eyes.

Me: I doubt it, she isn't blind.

And she was mine.

The thought of my friend seeing my pet in all her glory made me uncomfortable. The asshole was trying to rile me up. I smiled recalling that his tastes were more inclined to the milking room in Club X.

I put the phone back, wondering what Amari saw in her ex. He looked like a nerd, but then again, she worked in compliance with the Financial Conduct Authority. It was a respectable job but one with little imagination or career prospects. I took control of my destiny within many industries knowing I could never work under anyone else, not even my father.

My pet turned over onto her side, leaning into me, the covers slid down her chest until her nipple peeked out. A devious thought inspired me to leave the warmth of the bed to collect a bottle locked away in my study. I planned for every outcome to ensnare Amari, not realising that she would capitulate to my threats so easily.

I climbed onto the bed, placing the sweet scented chloroform over her mouth and nose until she groaned, trying to smack my hand away. Within seconds she resumed her heavy slumber. This patented version was risk-free and perfect for tonight's activities—the one thing my biotech company produced and not an aid from Rurik.

Her breathing was steady and I retrieved the lube from the bedside table drawer.

Once I pulled the covers down, I saw her curled up like a ball. When I leaned back, I saw her pussy peeking out from between her thighs. The amount of chloroform I used on her would keep her unconscious for a short period, but I wanted her to wake up to me pounding her holes. She stepped up to my depraved nature every single time and I doubted tonight would be any different.

I took my time stuffing her asshole up with lubricant, plunging my coated fingers inside her tight hole again and again. There was no resistance as she was completely relaxed. I didn't stop until I had all four fingers stretching her tiny hole apart.

With reluctance I pulled my fingers out of her to stare at her loose asshole, recalling how good it felt pissing inside her, filling her up in ways she never imagined. She would never be the same again after me, but I was conscious of the fact that I would never be the same after owning Amari as my pet.

Her arm blocked my view of her breasts, I moved it behind her back before stroking her thigh and buttock, pushing her leg toward her stomach. The curves on her body were sinful, perfect and mine. I leaned over her to smooth her dark hair away from her face before tilting her torso until her breasts were visible.

I gently teased her nipples with my fingers, tugging and pinching them until the soft flesh began to harden. With a groan I bent down to suck on the beautiful dark peaks, crushing my dick against her ass and thighs, leaking all over her. With her being unconscious, I could worship her body as I pleased.

I took my time kissing her soft flesh working my way up to her collar. The sight of it drawing more of my precum out of me. When I reached her lips I licked them, tracing over the plump flesh before forcing her mouth open to taste her. I crushed her lips while stabbing my tongue inside her until my heart raced erratically and my breath became heavier. I pulled back to observe her long black lashes, high cheekbones and homing back to her lips, pushing my thumb into her hot wet mouth.

I jerked upright and made quick work on lubing my dick up before prying her thighs apart to guide my cock into between her compressed pussy folds. Her position made it a tight fit but the lube did its job, I paused to watch my cock spear her hole apart, spreading her cunt open, enjoying the sight of my hard veiny cock sink inside her, searing the image to my memory. I held her hip and thigh before thrusting into her welcoming sheath.

The position made her tighter than usual and I hissed at the feel of her relaxed cunt surround my hard cock before the inevitable need to use her took over. My fingers dug into her flesh as I began to fuck her using the momentum of the bed to fuck her deeper with each powerful thrust. Her eyes were still closed but her lips were parted and her breasts danced to the tune of my rhythm.

Within seconds my balls were slapping against her as I used my grip on her to fuck her harder, driving my full length in and out of her until I saw her arousal on my dick. With a growl I released her and grabbed her by the shoulders to turn her on to her belly, pulling out of her pussy to straighten her legs before climbing on top of her to resume fucking her.

I stared down at her sleeping face as I knelt over her, I lowered myself to down to cover her back and pulled my hips up before slamming myself into her until her ass cushioned my blow. I let go of my restraint and began to work my hips up before driving down with all my weight.

Each time my cock surged deep inside her. With each thrust our flesh slapped together filling the silent room with the obscene sounds until her moan joined them. A sudden gush inside of her and the tightening of her inner muscles around me made me grunt as I pulled back only to pummel her with a series of vicious thrusts. Her soft moan joined the lewd sounds of me fucking into her.

My pet had immaculate timing.

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

Amari

The dream felt vivid I could almost feel the dick inside of me, but with the weight of my eyelids I couldn't open them. My body was lifeless when I tried to move then I felt the cock surge back inside of my pussy. I tried to catch my breath but then Master rammed his cock inside me and the weight of his hips slammed against my ass. This wasn't a dream but I couldn't move.

He didn't stop the pummeling, the continuous thrusts as I lay there unable to move but received him into me. I wanted to push myself back onto him, to feel more. I moaned at the thought as he continued to surge into me, taking me closer to the ultimate release. He lay on top of me, pinning me down to the bed, but I still couldn't understand why I was unable to move any part of my body.

“I know you're awake, little whore, your cunt is gushing as always,”

he said next to my ear before grinding his hips against my ass until his cock hit something deep inside of me.

I tried to open my eyes, but they were of no use. He began to circle his hips until I felt every part of his cock inside of me. His heavy balls were squashed between us as he rocked back and forth, trying to make his dick come out of my mouth. My pussy contracted around him, aching for more while I grunted.

“Let's try your other hole,”

he said pulling out of me and shifting above me until his hand slid down my back.

He moved his cock up until he reached my asshole, I grunted as he pushed down until I felt my ass being forced open. He moved his hand back on the bed and his body covered my back again.

“Yeah, do you feel that? Do you feel my dick in your asshole, pet?”

he said with a deep chuckle as he continued to sink into my ass. “There is nothing you can do.”

His forearm wrapped around my neck, pulling my head off the pillow. My eyes flickered and I blinked at the dim lighting in the bedroom. They closed again when he pulled his cock back while I struggled to breathe between his arm and my racing heart.

He plunged back into my ass slamming his entire cock into me in one go. The pain was minimal in comparison to the pleasure of him filling my ass with his cock. The scent of him surrounding me, his arm pressing into my collar and my aching pussy left me needing more. I wanted more and he gave it to me.

His legs gripped onto my lower body and he began to fuck me, using me like he used my pussy a few moments ago. The battering ram pounded my asshole and my muscles couldn't tighten in the usual way ensuring a smooth continuous battering of my insides. The deep thrusts were too much for me and my eyes began to roll back at the extreme pleasure. It was like an out-of-body experience, taking me to a level that I never knew existed.

“Fuck, your asshole is sucking me right in, balls deep. I should fuck your ass like this more often,”

he said straining to speak as he fucked me.

His thrusts got harder as he plunged down using all of his weight, causing me to bounce off the bed back to him with each deep stroke. He was going in too deep but the edge of pain was all I needed to cum. My pussy began to spasm clutching at the empty space and drool ran down the side of my mouth to my chin.

The hips smacking my ass as he continued to hammer into me while his arm tightened around my neck until I saw a bright white light. Every cell in my body lit up and even as the intense orgasm took over my lungs were on fire trying to suck in more air as I forgot how to breathe.

He roared in my ear before I felt him stiffen inside my ass with his hot cum splattering inside me. That was the last thing I remembered before I passed out.

When I regained consciousness the following morning, Master had his arms wrapped around me. I studied his sleeping face wondering how he could look so innocent in his slumber when I knew what a depraved sick fuck he was. I don't know what or how he managed to do what he did to me last night but the mere memory of how hard I came made me clench my thighs together.

It was only fair to repay the favour.

I slipped my hand under the covers to his abdomen before rubbing my fingers through his pubic hair, massaging him slowly before dipping down to feel his hot ball sack. He remained asleep so I eased my other hand to feel his flaccid cock, and as I began to massage both parts of him, I felt the blood thicken his cock.

With a smile I slid out of his hold down his hard toned body until I was in position to lick and suck his balls into my mouth, enjoying the salty taste of his flesh. His cock jerked in my hand before it began to harden, making me rub him faster. His legs

spread open and I crawled between them to find a better position to suck his balls. When he let out a long moan, I released his balls to lick up his lengthy cock.

“Oh, yeah. Suck it, work for your breakfast, pet,”

his guttural words were heavy from sleep. “In fact put your cunt on my face while you empty my balls.”

The thought of him eating my pussy made me pull the covers back but he was on me before I could move. He threw me on my back before clambering over me.

“You bad girl. I’m going to make you scream on my dick like a whore,”

he said yanking my legs apart while kneeling over me.

I reached up and gripped his cock with both hands, rubbing my fingers up and down the smooth flesh, feeling the veins as they began to bulge. His tongue was working through my folds, flicking my clit while I struggled to breathe remembering when I passed out last night. I looked at his length because I would struggle when he was in my neck but it didn't stop me from positioning him over my mouth, knowing he would face fuck me like he usually did every morning.

I opened my mouth wide to lick his swollen head, tonguing him around the surface the way he liked it, tasting him before sucking him between my lips. His tongue plunged inside my pussy while he began to push himself against my throat. I braced myself for what came next, my pussy contracted at the thought of him using my throat while he used his mouth to pleasure me.

It was a surprising turn of events, but I wasn't complaining.

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

Stefanos

When I woke up to her sucking my balls and wanking my dick I knew that I would never release her.

After last night's little experiment, I would have thought she would be hesitant, especially when she passed out.

Her asshole had been so pliant that it was the best ass fuck of my life.

With each passing day, our time and life entwined together, stronger and better than the previous.

No.

I would never release my filthy little pet because I couldn't see myself with any other woman.

Not like this.

Never like this.

I glanced down to see her suck my cock into her mouth.

With a smile, I slowly pushed down to feel the back of her throat.

I kept it there until I pushed two fingers inside her pussy only to feel a rapid

contraction around my fingers.

I shook my head at her cunt.

This hot little bitch was made for me and my predilections.

I ran my tongue down her short black hair to her clit, sucking it until she gasped around my cock.

I felt the saliva gather in her mouth and I gently nudged on the back of her throat a few times before pushing down, smiling against her delicious cunt before thrusting past her throat.

The immediate tight hot wet hole surrounding me—enclosing around my dick made it leak in her neck.

I gripped her inner thigh before licking her clit and sliding my fingers in and out of her pussy.

Her moan vibrated around my cock until I started to move.

I gave her four shallow thrusts before I upped the ante.

While grazing my teeth over her cunt, I drove my pelvis against her face.

She managed to take most of me and I rewarded her by fucking her pussy with my fingers.

Her muffled tortured moans only made me fuck her mouth harder.

“I thought you could multitask?”

I asked before slamming my cock into her, listening to her gurgling around my dick and enjoying the tight hole struggling to take me.

I pulled my fingers out of her and held her wriggling legs, flattening them on the bed before licking her pretty slit.

While I started to eat lick suck and tongue her hole, I fucked her mouth hard and fast until my balls were soaked and smacking off her pert nose, grunting with effort while she tried to adjust.

Her finger nails were digging into my legs only adding to my pleasure.

When she was close I squeezed my fingers in her pussy and her asshole before attacking her clit until she was ready to blow.

I pulled my dick out and let her cum.

It took mere seconds as she howled and bucked beneath me.

I pulled my fingers out to see how she had drenched them with her cum, slapping her pussy as I climbed off her. Her mouth was a sopping mess, matching the state of her pussy.

“Kneel on the floor,”

I said fisting my wet cock in anticipation.

The dazed look in her eyes vanished and she quickly got into position, joining me on the floor, kneeling before me like a good little slut.

“Good girl,”

I crooned cupping her face before I rubbed my cock and balls over her face. “If you are so hungry this morning, I want you to take everything your Master has to give you.”

Her eyes were closed since I was rubbing my dick and balls over them. I took my dick and slapped her cheek with it, laughing when her indignant eyes flew open.

“Open,”

I said, pushing my thumb in her mouth until she opened up.

I peered into her mouth before rubbing my cock over her tongue, holding her head to look into her eyes.

“You look perfect with my dick in your mouth, but this morning I need to empty my balls and my bladder,”

I said with a smirk when her eyes grew wide in alarm.

She could look shocked all she wanted, because a deep dark side to her loved every bit of us.

“Hands on the floor and keep your head up,”

I said watching as she slouched down.

I slid my hands down to grip her throat before pushing into her mouth, watching her lips wrap around my dick again.

With a hold of her throat I went back only to punch forward driving my cock down her neck.

I closed my eyes as I used all my lower muscles to fuck her so deep and hard that I felt her gag before she retched.

The feel of her vomit spill out only made my dick harder.

Her hands and knees remained on the floor while I kept a hold of her neck, pounding her soft wet hole with my dick, my heavy balls aching to offload in her.

“Good. Fucking. Whore,”

I said smashing my pelvis into her face with each filthy word until she moaned. “Finger yourself and keep them inside your wet pussy until I’m done.”

There was a slight nod before one of her hands disappeared between her legs. I was close so I tilted her head up to drive straight into her until my muscles tightened and I came hard, fast and with a long groan. I kept fucking her but pulled the head of my cock over her tongue feeling my cum spurt onto it. My movements made some of it trickle out of her mouth and down her chin.

“Hmm. I could wake up like this every morning,”

I said with a sigh before using the pad of my thumb to scoop up the cum and push it back into her mouth.

I took my dick out of her mouth to see my gift to her.

“You may swallow now,”

I said watching her gulp down my cum.

As soon as she was finished I tapped her lips with my dick, grinning at her.

“Your next course,”

I said before leaning back to see she still had her fingers inside her pussy.

She cringed but opened her mouth and I released her throat. I held my dick an inch away from her lips and began to piss in her mouth, filling her up with my golden flow, watching as it dripped out while she tried to swallow it without closing her mouth.

It soaked her chin, neck and tits, rivulets rolling off her. Her eyes were closed and I pushed my cock into her mouth until it was inside her neck. The steady stream of pissing going straight inside her belly.

“That feels so good my nasty little pet. Take my piss, drink it down like the filthy toilet you are,”

I groaned enjoying the sick pleasure of emptying myself inside of her and listening to her guzzle it all down.

When I was finished I pulled back leaving the tip of my cock between her lips.

“Clean me up. I’m not taking my dick out of your mouth until you make yourself cum on your fingers,”

I said with a smile, pushing her hair back.

What an excellent way to start our day.

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

Amari

When I returned from my visit with my family, I could sense a difference in Stefanos, he was silent as he put my mask, tail and collar on.

I looked around for the paw gloves but they weren't there.

I didn't think much of it until later that night, lying beside him when he didn't touch me.

In the morning there was no more tasting or playing with his cum before breakfast.

It didn't stop my hunger or ache between my legs.

There was a brooding silence the entire night and his hand was back to swirling the ice in his scotch.

I couldn't understand what was happening because he wasn't angry, but—indifferent.

By the third day, I had eaten my meals alone and fully clothed, sitting on a chair with a dinner plate on the table.

I toyed with the food because it felt wrong and the dread in my belly grew.

By the sixth day, I was almost begging for his rage, passion, and cruelty.

The cage was gone from his room, and he moved me into the spare bedroom, which

he had taken me into to force me to dress as his human dog.

It was in this room he removed my collar without a word.

I whined and barked but he didn't say a word.

He took my collar and left while I sank to the wooden floor, finally giving in to the tears as the door shut behind him.

In all this time he never gave me permission to speak nor did he explain why he no longer wanted me as his pet.

The longer this continued, the more I wanted to beg him to tell me why he was doing this? What did I do wrong? I was afraid to speak in case it became his last straw.

I glanced around the room, remembering the fear, shock, and horror of being turned into his dog, into 'nothing'.

I wasn't nothing when he made me feel every extreme emotion there was to feel.

He made me feel alive.

On the seventh day I walked behind him as he led me into his bedroom.

I saw a pile of white envelopes on his bed, they seemed bulky.

The room was silent, it was cruel to bring me into the room that was once my prison and my sanctuary—the one in which he brought me intense pain and pleasure.

I closed my eyes momentarily because there was no more time in the playroom or this bedroom.

When I opened my eyes, I noticed my dog collar on his bedside table, I twirled around to look for him, but he stood in the doorway of the bedroom observing me.

He looked away from me to the large window and strode across the room to stand there with his back to me.

I glanced at my collar again with my heart pounding in my chest.

He hadn't touched me in days.

Hadn't called me Skyla, pet or whore.

Hadn't even looked at me the way he used to—like I was his possession and his obsession.

He stood tall with his broad shoulders silhouetted against the pale light of the setting sun.

The distance between us was unbearable and I couldn't take it anymore.

I opened my mouth to speak but he beat me to it by clearing his throat.

“There are three envelopes on the bed. Each of them releases my hold on what—my father left for you all. I will continue to oversee Alcina’s trust fund to ensure her portfolio continues to grow at a higher-than-market level,”

he said in a cold detached voice. “You may speak.”

“Master, why are you—”

I began to ask.

“I am no longer your Master,”

he snapped at me, his head turning, but he stopped to face the window again.

I gasped at his words, covering my mouth with my hand, unable to form a coherent thought let alone a sound. The silence stretched between us, heavy and suffocating until I took a hesitant step towards him.

“Stefanos, tell me what’s wrong? What did I do?”

I said beseeching him. “Why are you doing this?”

When he didn't speak, a whispered plea left me.

“Please.”

“It’s over Amari,”

he said, his voice emotionless yet his words cut through me like a blade.

“Why?”

I whispered, my voice barely audible.

He turned then, his face unreadable, his dark eyes devoid of the fire that had once burned for me.

“My revenge is complete. You are free to leave. Keith will be waiting downstairs to take you home in fifteen minutes.”

Each word hit me like a physical blow, knocking the air from my lungs.

I stared at him, my mind reeling, my heart shattering as reality sank in.

Everything he had done in the last week was for this. My legs buckled beneath me and I fell to the floor. I caught myself from slipping into the sorry pose.

“No, you can't. You can't just—just throw me away like this. Not after—not after—”

I said trying to speak but becoming overwrought as memory after memory flooded through me. It was like a movie reel of our time together.

“It's done. We are done,”

he interrupted, his voice firm and final. “There is nothing more to say.”

I wanted to lash out at him, scream at him, to demand answers, but the distant, empty look in his eyes stopped me.

It stopped me because I wanted to keep the last vestige of pride left within me—even though my heart had shattered into a million pieces.

He was already closed off and had moved on.

I rose to my feet, shaking as I did, my eyes returning to the collar, and for a split second, considered taking it as a sick memento of what I was leaving behind.

I couldn't bring myself to touch it.

Instead, I turned and walked out of the room, holding my head high, ignoring the hot fat tears coursing down my cheeks. I no longer had a mask to hide away in.

As I stepped into the hallway, I paused, glancing back one last time.

Stefanos stood by the window, his back to me once more like I had already faded from his world.

At that moment, I realised the cruelest truth of all.

This was his final act of revenge and now he was done with me.

I truly was nothing to him.

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

Stefanos

Amari didn't see my clenched jaw as I fought to keep a neutral expression.

She didn't see the way my hands curled into fists, nails digging into my palms as I resisted turning around to stop her.

She didn't see the guilt that burned a hole hotter and more painful than any revenge I'd ever sought.

I treated her horribly, reduced her to something less than human and now the weight of my actions crushed my very soul.

I couldn't let her see me like this, drowning in regret, not for her sake.

She had to believe my words and cut me out of her life like a malignant tumour.

So I remained silent and cold, letting her walk away, hoping she would hate me enough never to look back.

I touched the window as I saw the red taillights vanish past the gates.

It was done, yet there was little relief in freeing my pet. My shoulders sagged as the tension left me, turning around to stare at my empty bedroom, I noticed the envelopes for her freedom lying at the foot of the bed.

My eyes moved to the spot on the floor where her cage had been before I walked to

the side of my bed to lift her collar, stroking my fingers over the metal studs, before wrapping it around my hand.

I clenched my hand around the black leather collar, enjoying the pain of the metal spikes cutting into my hand as I recalled my visit to my mother.

“Darling, I wanted to ask you about your father's estate.

I asked Chris but he refused to tell me due to some silly legality,”

she said with a tight smile.

I put my cutlery down and took a sip of my wine, preparing how to lie and hide the Jensons’ from her.

She didn't need to know about my father’s betrayal.

Chris Hassell was a stickler for rules and wouldn't divulge details about the part of the estate planning sectioned out for my father’s other family.

“What did you need to know, mum?”

I asked, keeping my voice casual and light.

“Chris indicated that you know about your father’s—indiscretion,”

she said hesitantly. “What did he leave them? I want to know.”

My jaw dropped open as I gaped at my mother’s calm exterior.

“You knew?”

I asked, aghast at how blasé she was about my father cheating on her—on us.

She waved her glass in the air.

“Your father came to me asking me for a divorce. I assured him that it would not end well for him if he ever divorced me. Our marriage merged two powerful families, and I would never let him besmirch my family for that—that woman,”

she said with disdain, her face showing every bit of disgust she felt.

“When did he ask for a divorce?”

I asked calmly, ignoring the brewing storm within me.

“What does it matter now? Your father is gone,”

she said glancing down at the table but not before I saw the sorrow in her eyes.

“You loved him,”

I said softly.

She raised her eyes and nodded with a sad smile.

“I loved him, but he never loved me. It was never a love marriage for him. I couldn’t live with the stigma of divorce over me back then and I couldn’t let him go.”

“You know about his daughter? My sister?”

I asked, the word sister feeling foreign.

“Your sister? From that woman? Never! I’m not racist, but—”

I slammed my fist on the table to cut off her words, knowing they would be crude and vile.

The impact was sharp and loud, causing the dishes and cutlery to rattle and jump with a spoon clattering to the floor.

Whatever she thought of Amari’s mother was what she would think of Amari, which was unacceptable.

My mother flinched and she put her hand out to reach me but I recoiled from her touch.

“You knew,”

I hissed, my voice low with an underlying tremor. “All this time, you knew, and you said nothing. Both of you.”

She opened her mouth to respond but I raised my hand in the air.

“Who else knew?”

I asked coldly.

“Andreas,”

she said, suddenly looking her age.

My mother was still beautiful at sixty-one but at this moment I didn't recognise her. Not my father or my mother with their web of lies.

“What he left them didn't diminish what you built together and that is all I will say on the matter, Mother,”

I said standing up, tossing the napkin on the table. “I have to go.”

“Stefanos—”

“Don't, Mum. Not right now,”

I said leaning over to kiss her cheek before I left to call my uncle from the car.

As soon as the call connected through the Bluetooth I pounced on my Dad's older brother. My dad had been sixty-six when he died and my uncle was three years older than him.

“What do you know about the Jenson family, Uncle Andreas?”

I asked, refusing to consider what it meant for Amari and me.

The car was silent and I slammed my hand off the steering wheel in frustration.

“Stefanos, my boy, it was complicated,”

he said softly, his voice flowing through the car speakers.

“Give me the quick version,”

I said, biting the words out.

“Christos met Thema when she was leaving her husband.

It was a bad situation for her and her daughter.

She ran out in front of your father's car. They grew to become friends until it began to blossom into more. He explained to your mother how he felt but she refused to divorce him,”

he said with a long sigh.

Family meant everything to us. My father was split in two.

“Cora threatened to take full custody of you and deny him access if he ever divorced her.

You were only eleven or twelve at the time and your father was put in an impossible position.

He tried to separate from Thema but they loved one another too much.

So he made it work where he tried to balance both sides of his life.

He loved his children more than life. In the end he—he never wanted to hurt you,”

he said with another sigh.

I blinked away the tears, feeling sick at referring to Alcina as a bastard. I was the only bastard in the Karalis family.

“Do you want me to come over, son? We can talk.”

“No thank you, Uncle Andreas. I will come over, I-I just need to sort a few things out first,”

I said, knowing I wanted to hear more about my father's life.

"You are welcome anytime, Stefanos. I think your father would want you to know now, but while he was alive he worried about you finding out and what it would do to your relationship," he said.

I frowned, wondering if this was why he made me executor and a trustee for his will. The letter, his letter, was something that I skimmed over and threw back into the file.

"I will visit soon, Uncle Andreas—thank you for being there for my Dad,"

I said, glad that my dad had some support in his complicated life.

For the rest of the drive, I contemplated everything I had done since my father's death and by the time I considered every potential scenario with Amari.

There was no version of her ever forgiving me for what I did to her and there was no version of me being able to live with the guilt of what I did to her or her family.

My father's family for twenty-four years. My mother wielded me as a weapon to control my father's life.

I knew I had to do the right thing. Let her go.

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

Amari

It was childish and immature, but I couldn't bring myself to leave my bedroom.

I tried to block everything out of my head but the dull throbbing pain wouldn't leave me.

My beautiful, kind-hearted mother watched me from the sidelines but didn't pressure me to talk or scold me for not leaving my room.

When she brought me my food, she left it on my bedside table before kissing my head and silently closed my door behind her.

Keith had dropped the white envelopes at our house, and since they were addressed to me, I opened them up one by one.

Christos had left the house to my mother, with a lifetime stipend.

The second envelope had Alcina's trust fund details and monthly allowance, which was accruing in a savings account.

The third envelope contained a lump sum cash amount that had been deposited into my account—two million pounds from C.

Karalis and another five million transferred from S.

Karalis.

Every envelope had all the legal documentation detailing the last will and testament for Christos and a copy of the house title deed in my Mum's name.

My mother still didn't ask me a single question when I gave her the documentation.

My bedroom door creaked open and the soft light shone into my darkened room.

My sister crept in wearing her cute pink pyjamas, clutching her goth black and blue skeleton unicorn soft toy.

I raised my head off the pillow and forced a smile for her.

I winced when she looked relieved and closed the door behind her.

I made space for her on my double bed and she climbed in with the stuffed toy between us.

"Are you still ill, Amari?"

she whispered, stroking my cheek.

"I'm getting better,"

I said, lying to her and glad the room was pitch black.

"I don't like to see you sad. Mum was sad for a long time after Daddy died,"

she said pushing the stuffed toy into my chest before she snuggled closer.

I tried to blink my tears away, my eyes still raw from my previous pity party of one. Alcina deserved a better big sister.

“I’m sorry if I made you feel sad too,”

I whispered, wrapping my arm around her tiny waist. “I promise you, everything will be okay.”

“It’s okay,”

she said patting my shoulder in an attempt to comfort me before she hesitated to speak again. “Maybe you will smell better then.”

I choked back the laughter and blindly kissed her cheek but ended up kissing a mouth full of her hair.

“Love you, Al,”

I said, using our sibling nickname.

“Love you, too, Am,”

she said stifling a yawn.

But even as I closed my eyes the image of Stefanos was larger than life. He was done with me to the point he paid me off to get me out of his life forever.

Did he miss me? Had he replaced me with someone else? Had he hated me all throughout the four and a half months?

The hardest question that I refused to seek the answer to simmered away in the background.

Why did I care so much?

Three weeks passed, and I still felt the pinch in my feet from wearing shoes.

My jeans and sweaters were now loose since I dropped a dress size.

After months of being naked and wearing my pet outfit, nothing I wore was comfortable.

My throat still felt bare without the tight, thick leather collar.

It had been almost a month since Stefanos freed me, and yet every day felt like walking on glass.

I clung to Alcina like an anchor, her sweet laughter in the park, her insistence to feed the ducks crusts of bread, these were rituals that I could mimic.

I pedalled bicycles, pushed swings, nodded as she chattered about the school playground, dragon and glittery unicorns.

My gaze would often wander off to the dark shadows in the park.

One time hearing a man's deep voice—too much like his—had me gripping my sister's hand too tight.

With no desire to return to the workforce, I sought solitude but ended up wandering around the foreign yet familiar streets, sitting in random coffee shops letting my drink grow cold, and holding novels on the same page for hours.

I watched the people through the window, or customers in the coffee shop, envying their everyday, unbroken lives.

No matter where I went, I couldn't shake away the memories.

At home, folding the laundry, when his timbre voiced commands echoed in my mind until my hands shook.

The names he called me until he began to call me his pet.

Or when I stood in the shower to scrub my skin off trying to erase the recollection of his hands bathing me—clinical, possessive only to tremble when I realised I missed the intense heat of his scrutiny.

At night I dreamt of the wooden floors and the hands that held me down, guiding me into position.

I would wake up gasping for air, reaching for my face only to realise my mask was no longer there.

The shame and disgust curdled with something darker, hungrier, gnawing at me between my thighs.

Yes, he had been cruel.

He stripped me of my dignity, my voice and my choice, but he also became my certainty with every rule, every punishment and every flicker of approval—my guide in the new world of submission and domination.

Now, I was lost without his direction, his touch.

Stefanos had freed me but in doing so he also ruined me.

The muesli looked appetising with the mixture of brightly coloured berries and thick Greek yoghurt.

I wondered what the word yoghurt was in Greek.

My eyes prickled with tears, but I blinked them away, refusing to shed any more tears for someone who only held me in contempt.

Perhaps I should go to the museum today or an art gallery.

“Amari, I have tried, baby. Please, tell me what’s wrong,”

my mother said, reminding me I wasn’t alone at the table.

I avoided looking at her eyes and put a spoonful of my breakfast into my mouth, taking my time in chewing the creamy, fruity oat mixture.

“It’s nothing, Mum. I’m fine—I will be fine,”

I said, correcting myself because my mother wasn’t a fool.

“Christos loved you, Amari,”

my Mum said, looking away from me uncomfortably before raising her eyes to look me in the eye. “He would often remark that Stefanos should settle down with someone like you.”

I stared at her, unblinking, shocked at her words.

“I know something happened with him. If you don’t want to talk about it right now, that’s okay, but know that I am here for you,”

she said softly.

I swallowed hard, giving her a brittle smile, but all I could feel was the outrage and fury at the audacity of these men. Christos, leading a double life with a wife and mistress. And his dumbass son, Stefanos, with his misguided vengeful actions.

Fuck all men with a steel poled spiked dildo in their stupid assholes.

Seven million pounds wasn't enough compensation from this family of dull-witted Greek men.

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

Stefanos

My guilt became a slow poison in the first month of Amari's departure.

After visiting my uncle, and rereading my father's letter, it all made sense.

My mother held my father prisoner and over the years he became accustomed to balancing both sides of his dysfunctional life.

He never told me for the fear that I would grow to hate him.

I was an adult, he could have shared his life with me.

I think after the initial shock I would have listened to him.

After spending weeks of drowning in the numbing comfort of my amber scotch, I cleared up the empty bottles and crumpled up legal documentation that voided every clause and injunction I had weaponised against Amari's family.

The money I funnelled into her account was blood money, a coward's apology.

Five million pounds.

Enough to buy her freedom in her life, but not enough to scour the guilt from my soul.

I told myself that she was better off without me.

The cold silence I used to push her away was mercy.

Yet the lie ate away at me each time I caught a glimpse of her through the tinted windows of my car, trailing after her like a wraith.

She wandered through parks and her local high streets, her lifeless eyes searching through the sea of people.

I watched her sit for hours in cafés, staring blankly at her book.

I would flinch when her fingers would absently trace her collarbone where her collar once bit into her skin—the memory of tugging on the leash while she crawled behind me disgusted and roused me.

The sight of her yearning for her collar carved me open.

Work became an afterthought, conducting meetings in my study or in the back of my Bentley, my attention split between reports and the live feed from the private investigator hired to keep an eye on Amari.

My tracking device inside her always told me where she was, but it wasn't enough.

There were whispers about my absence, but I didn't care.

The only thing that mattered was the grainy footage of Amari pushing her sister on a swing, her smile not quite reaching her eyes.

Then came the night she wore red.

She made arrangements to meet her friend at a bar.

I waited impatiently outside her house for hours nursing a flask of bourbon.

When she emerged from her house wearing a sinful long red dress that clung to her curves like a second-skin, she took my breath away.

I'd seen her naked, vulnerable, owned, but this—this was different.

This was Amari reclaiming her fire, her defiance, and it made my heart race to see her bright spark of life emerge. My eyes narrowed on her body, she'd lost weight.

Keith followed her taxi through the neon-drenched lights while I relived the memories of my pet.

The first time I made her kneel, the raw pain and disbelief in her eyes when I set her free.

After several visits to a bar, the ladies settled for a trendy nightclub.

The strobe-lit darkness allowed me to linger in the shadows, hidden with my gaze locked on her.

Men swarmed like vultures—suit and tie predators, offering drinks, compliments and hungry stares.

Each rejection she issued filled me with relief and a savage fuck you to all the pricks unworthy of her.

When a blonde Adonis, his hand brushing her waist, I almost crushed the glass I held.

Amari turned the man away with an icy smile and my relief morphed into shame.

I had no right to be jealous, no right to the heat pooling in my veins when she flicked her long black hair back.

The hair I once combed.

It didn't stop me from watching her dance, the silky red material sliding over her hips as she moved, her breasts swayed, showcased in the low-cut neckline.

Later slumped in the car outside her house, I replayed the night on a loop.

The way she'd thrown her head back laughing with her friend, the shadow that flickered across her face when she thought no one was looking.

I knew that shadow, it mirrored my own—the hollow where obsession and guilt festered.

I dialled his number, listening to it ring.

It was four in the morning, but I didn't care.

He picked up on the third ring.

“Double the surveillance,”

I said to the investigator with a rough voice. “I want every detail. Every man who looks at her.”

I didn't wait for a response, I hung up, looking at her house before telling Keith to take me home—the empty home which was full of vivid memories of us.

I meant to let her go, to live alone, but my obsession went deeper than the ties of

blood.

It was time to face the truth.

She was not just my father's stepdaughter, not a pawn in my twisted retribution.

Amari was my ruin and my redemption.

Thicker than blood. Thicker than betrayal. She was the one thing that made me feel alive and the only thing that could destroy me.

It was time to make my move.

After I knocked on the door, I tugged at my tie before quickly began to fix it when I heard the chain and lock opening.

Amari's mother stood staring at me, her eyes wide and her lips parted.

She looked like an older version of Amari, the same eyes, nose and lips.

I smiled at her but it faltered when she glared at me.

She pushed me back, and I stumbled on the step.

She stepped outside, closing the front door behind her, but it didn't fully close.

"You are lucky that you are Christos's son or I would slit your throat and bury you in my back garden to ensure my tomatoes have a decent fertiliser this year,"

she snapped viciously at me.

I held my hands up.

“I come in peace,”

I said softly before checking her hands for weapons.

“What did you do to my daughter?”

she asked with her nostrils flaring while she stabbed her finger into my chest with each word.

I gulped at her question because there was no way on this earth that I could tell her what I did to her daughter.

“I-I made a mistake, Ms Jenson. I—”

“Are you here to hurt my daughter again?”

she snapped, interrupting me.

My twisted mind went to all the times that Amari got off from pain and I hesitated before answering.

“I will never harm your daughter emotionally and only physically if she wants me to,”

I answered honestly but my cheeks burned when she looked confused.

“What do you mean if she—”

she began to ask but the penny dropped and she looked flustered. “God, never mind. I don't want to know what you young people get up to nowadays.”

Thank God.

“Why are you here?”

she asked looking me up and down with narrowed eyes as she crossed her arms. “What do you want from her?”

This was harder than I thought it was going to be, but I thought of Amari and my resolve strengthened.

“Ms Jenson, I never knew about any of you until my father passed away.

I was under the misconception that you sought to ruin my family.

There is no excuse for the manner in which I behaved, but the news came while I was grieving the loss of my father.

It wasn't until I spoke to my mother and she told me what she did to ensure my father never divorced her. I am truly sorry for everything,”

I said lowering my head to look away from her. “I should never have presumed the things that I did and Amari bore the brunt of my anger.”

“How dare you?”

she whispered causing me to look up.

My heart plummeted at the sight of her eyes glazed with tears. The same deep dark

eyes as Amari's.

“Your father always talked about how proud he was of your accomplishments, your character. Today, he would be ashamed of you,”

she said quietly wiping the tears away from her cheeks. “He was a good man. A good man who had to make difficult choices for you.”

“Ms Jen—”

“Call me Thema, you're making me sound old,”

she said with a sniffle.

“Thema,”

I said softly, appealing to her with my eyes, pleading. “Please give me a chance to make amends, to let me get to know Alcina, to know you.”

Her lips trembled and more tears rolled down her cheeks. She had lost her partner that could never fully be hers because of me and my mother. A love that became forbidden in the eyes of the world.

“You're just saying that because you don't want to become fertiliser,”

she said with another sniff.

I was about to reply when the door flew open and another Jenson set of eyes was trying to murder me.

Amari.

Amari

It had been so good catching up with Tara a few nights ago.

I couldn't remember the last time I had got all dressed up to go out.

It had been the perfect distraction from my inner turmoil.

When I went to make a cup of tea, I looked around for my Mum to ask her who was at the door but I couldn't find her.

"Mum?"

I shouted out.

I walked out of the kitchen and went into the living room, which was empty.

That was when I saw the front door was ajar.

That was when I heard Stefanos's voice.

It had been almost five weeks since he threw me out of his house.

I froze before I began to have heart palpitations.

What was he doing here? Oh, God, he was talking to my mother.

I opened the door a crack and listened to their conversation, word for word.

The more I heard, the angrier I got.

He made a mistake and he didn't know jack shit before he dragged me into his fucked up games.

He was working his pretty words on my mother like a snake in the grass, trying to involve my sister in his games.

When I had enough, I yanked the door open to glare at him.

Damn him and his impeccable suits, but when my eyes reached his polished shoes, those I recognised.

When I lifted my head back to his eyes, I knew he wore them on purpose.

His eyes twinkled with amusement and satisfaction.

“Mum, go inside please,”

I said, my voice as frigid as I felt.

My mum didn't say a word before stepping inside the house beside me.

“Amari—”

Stefanos said, but I slammed the door in his face and locked it.

“Fuck off back to your mansion and leave us alone,”

I shouted through the door, waiting and listening until there was no more sound from the other side of the door.

“Feel any better?”

my Mum asked quietly before I heard her chuckle.

“You know what, Mum? I actually do,”

I said, turning to face her while trying to control my shaking hands.

My mum gave me a big bear hug, squeezing the life out of me. “That's my girl,”

she said whispering in my ear.

I snuggled into my mother's warm embrace, glad Alcina was at school and she didn't see Stefanos. My mind was reeling as I replayed his words in my head again and again. His explanations and apologies were too little and far too late.

Day 1

Unknown Number: Good morning, pet. What are your plans for today?

I stared at the message, trying to stop the shiver that came when I read the word pet.

Me: Leave me alone, Stefanos.

Unknown Number: Never.

“Arghhhhh,”

I screamed into my pillow.

For the rest of the day I fought the temptation to text him vile words full of contempt and anger.

Day 2

Unknown Number: Good morning, pet. I saw you in the park with Alcina yesterday. You're a good sister. Do you think that I would make a good brother?

Me: You're spying on me?

Unknown Number: *keeping you safe

Me: Who will keep me safe from you?

Unknown Number: I will never hurt you again unless you want me to.

I rolled my eyes and threw my phone on the bed, but I wondered what kind of a brother he would be to Alcina.

Could I separate my anger for the sake of my sister?

Day 3

Unknown Number: Good morning, pet. I saw a man flirt with you at the café yesterday. He was terrible at it. If you're going to entertain suitors, at least pick ones who have all their teeth.

I snickered at the message despite myself. I remembered the ‘workie’ in the coffee shop.

Me: It is none of your business who I flirt with.

Unknown Number: Every breath you take. And every move you make. Every cane you break. Every step you take. I’ll be watching you.

I ignored the popular song lyrics that he bastardised until I remembered.

Oh, God, the tracker he stuck in my ass.

Me: How do I remove the tracker?

Unknown Number: Let me see you, and I will reveal everything.

Me: No, thanks, I would rather risk a fatal disease from the tracker.

Unknown Number: Pity, I miss seeing those beautiful eyes and stunning...

I started at my phone but no other message came through. He was fucking with me, again!

Day 4

Unknown Number: Good morning, pet. I dreamt about you last night. It reminded me of when I fucked you in your sleep. That was the best ass fuck of my life.

I groaned at his words.

Me: STOP TEXTING ME!

Unknown Number: Make me.

I blocked his number.

Day 5

Unknown Number: Blocking me, pet? I'm hurt but also impressed.

I ignored him but that didn't stop him from texting me.

Unknown Number: Fine. I will behave, for now.

He left me alone for a few hours until I got his subsequent text.

Unknown Number: Just so you know, I'm not going anywhere. You can slam doors, block numbers, and pretend I don't exist, but I'm still here. And I'm not giving up.

I wrote out numerous messages and angrily kept deleting them because in the end he wanted me to respond to him.

I stared at the screen, with a tight feeling in my chest.

I hated how his words made me feel—seen, wanted, alive. I hated myself even more because part of me wanted to text back and surrender.

Day 6

Stalker: Good morning, pet. Do you know I still keep your collar beside my bed? It always makes me feel closer to you.

I read his message several times because I believed him.

More the fool me.

Day 7

Stalker: Good morning, pet. You left your scarf in the park. It smelled like you and I'm keeping it. Finders keepers.

Me: You are a creepy bastard.

Stalker: And you're my beautiful bitch.

I gasped at his message, but I remembered the tail, mask and collar—the way he would use it to choke me as I came.

Day 8

Stalker: I saw you feeding the ducks with Alcina before you took her to the playground. It made me wonder what kind of parents we would be to our children.

I blocked his number.

Unknown Number: I can do this all day, every day, pet.

Unknown Number: I would love to stick my hand inside of you and pull that IUD out so I could breed you. You know how deep I can cum inside you.

This asshole.

I stared at the screen, hating how his words made me react—angry, horny, hopeful and resentful. It was no good throwing my phone off the wall but now I was horny. For the first time since I left his house, I reached for my vibrator to seek some relief.

Day 9

I unwrapped my new phone, courtesy of Stefanos's pay-off money.

For the first time I splurged on myself and got the latest model.

I was usually too practical and bought an older model to save some money. I smirked when I placed my new SIM card in it.

Since I was at the shopping centre, I picked out Alcina some new games for her console and got her a goth skeleton unicorn pyjamas.

For my mother, I got her a new bottle of perfume and flowers.

My family deserved the best.

For everything I thought about Christos, he had made extremely generous provisions for all of us.

It made me wonder why he made Stefanos the executor and trustee for Alcina. I decided that Christos was naive to think his son could handle the inconvenient truth.

Alcina would never get her father back but she could have a big brother to lean on.

I sure as shit didn't trust his mother.

This was something I would need to talk to my mum about. I mulled over the situation before wondering if the stalker had seen me go into the phone store.

Oh, shit.

I should have worn a disguise.

Day 10

Unknown Number: Good morning, pet.

You can run, but you can't hide.

I liked the new model of phone you picked out.

Your old one was ready for the recycling centre.

I sighed before I admired my new phone.

When I read his message, part of me wanted to respond because by him coming back to me was validating.

The only thing that stopped me was how easily he had crushed me.

The crippling pain had been worse than any caning or humiliating act he had me carry out.

There was so much that I was bursting to say to him, but I held it all back, shaking my head, I got out of bed.

Unknown Number: Did you have breakfast? Do you miss mopping up my cum off the floor before I fed you? My hand has blisters from rubbing my cock raw because I remember every single second, vividly.

I replay it in my mind like a porn flick.

I choked on my tea and quickly put my phone face down on the kitchen table.

“Are you okay?”

my mum asked with a frown.

“Yes, the tea went down the wrong way,”

I said feeling my cheeks burn up.

My mum gave me a knowing smile.

“You seem happier these days,” she said.

“Hmm.”

She wasn't wrong but I didn't have to like it.

The phone vibrated on the table, I continued drinking my tea, ignoring it.

Day 11

Unknown Number: Good morning, pet. What are you wearing? I miss holding you at night.

Unknown Number: I'm sorry, I messed up and I'm sorry it took me so long to realise what I let slip through my fingers. I was ashamed of how I treated you and how much I enjoyed it.

My fingers touched my neck, remembering the feel of his collar. I was ashamed for obeying him and enjoying all the sick, filthy things he did to me and made me do.

Unknown Number: Do you ever miss it? The simplicity of it? No decisions, no disorder—just you and me. I know I do.

Me: Why won't you leave me alone?

His answer was immediate.

Unknown Number: Because you are mine.

No, I wasn't and I would prove it. I pulled up the app store and downloaded a popular dating app.

Day 12

Unknown Number: Good morning, pet. Good luck with your date tonight. Wear the red dress, you looked spectacular in it.

I had no idea how he knew my plans because this was a brand-new phone. Then again, considering all the shit he pulled from when I first met him it shouldn't surprise me.

Me: f*ck off.

I sent my creative message.

Unknown Number: Fuck? Yes, I want to fuck you. I want to rip off your dress, bend you over my knee, and spank your ass hard. I'll tear away those panties and fuck you right then and there until I hear you bark for me.

I closed my eyes despite myself and remembered how he fucked me like no other. The way he put everything into it, his power, dominance and control. Yes, it hurt but

he made me cum so damn hard.

Unknown Number: I wake up every morning with a bone and nowhere to bury it.

I snorted despite myself and put my phone on silent.

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

Stefanos

She was going through with it, but I was never a quitter.

If I failed, I would return to my research to ensure I was using the correct tactic and go at the project harder than ever.

I wouldn't stop until I was successful and that is how I created my wealth.

My father was pivotal in helping me start up my company and his knowledge guided me to my current level of success.

“What the fuck?”

I whispered when I saw her leave the house wearing an indecent dress, quickly forgetting the fact that I kept her naked for most of her time with me.

Her red dress covered her from neck to knee with a risque neckline and material that hugged her curves.

This one was black, short, cinched at the waist with a glittering gold belt.

The neck had a small black strip of material resembling a dog collar, but from her neck to the gold belt her tits were on show. It was like a titty heaven peep show.

She had done something to her hair, it was shinier than usual.

It flowed down her back in loose curls, styled and pinned on one side of her temple with a sparkling gold pin.

My eyes travelled down her bare legs again to the winding golden straps around her ankles to the long-heeled fuck me sandals. She didn't look like my pet dog, but a damn sex kitten.

“Damn it! Why is she wearing that dress for him? For some random cunt off the internet,”

I said before narrowing my eyes as her flowing dress lifted as she sat in the taxi.

“Sir?”

Keith said.

I forgot we needed to keep switching cars to remain undercover, and this one had no partition.

I didn't answer my silent stalking partner. As soon as the taxi began to drive out of her street, he followed her. I couldn't get the vision of her out of my head as we moved on to the main street.

This was Amari.

My Amari and no one would ever touch my pet.

I waited for her date to sit down before I joined them, pulling a chair out while they both gawked at me.

“I’m glad you came tonight,”

I said to the man who looked as if he didn't even own a suit. The scruffy bastard. “My wife and I have been looking forward to tonight.”

The man looked at Amari. “You're married?”

“I’m not—”

she began to say before I interrupted her.

“The truth is, we like it when someone else watches us fuck,”

I said trailing my fingers down her bare arm. “My wife gets turned on when other men want her but can't have her.”

“Stefanos, you had better—”

“You see my cock is extremely large and she is the only woman who can take me without complaint. She likes to show off her skills, don't you, darling?”

The man swallowed, looking at me and then Amari, before standing up.

“Uh, look. I’m not into that,”

he said, his face looking rather pale before he turned and bolted out of the restaurant, which kind of deflated me because I had been looking forward to this date.

“You fucking psycho. You're even wearing a wedding ring,”

Amari said fuming at me as I raised my hand to look at my wedding ring.

“I think it looks good on me. Seriously, pet? Him? Shit brown trousers and doesn't own a comb?”

I said, tapping my fingers on the table. “What a fine establishment he brought you to.”

I lifted my fingers to feel the sticky substance from the wooden table.

“Don't you dare! Where did you ever take me?”

she said, her eyes spitting fire at me.

I took her to Greece to isolate and train her and Club X to humiliate her. Everything I did to her was from hatred, anger, pain and revenge.

Yeah, what a freaking gentleman I was.

“You're right. I was a complete and utter bastard, Amari,”

I said, taking her hand but she pulled it away from me.

“Don't touch me,”

she hissed and I moved my hand back.

“I want you. That will never change, but I also want to get to know my sister,”

I said quietly. “She is my sister. The last legacy of my father.”

I watched her anger dissipate as she leaned back and her furrowed brows smoothed over.

“She is worth knowing,”

she muttered before giving me the evil eye. “If you ever hurt her—”

“Never, I swear to you that I would never harm our sister,”

I said, watching her face soften when I said our sister. “I’ve watched you all, but the way you love Alcina—I—”

I paused to regain control of my emotions when her fingers curled around my hand.

“She is a special little girl,”

she said squeezing my hand before quickly removing it. “I will talk to my Mum.”

I mourned the loss of her warm touch, but it was enough for me that she touched me, and I might have an opportunity to gain access to Alcina.

What my mother thought or did was on her.

I wouldn't punish my father for falling in love, because I know what I would do for Amari.

My father didn't cross the line, but had I been in his position, my ex would be financially destroyed or buried in an unmarked grave.

I smiled at Amari, pushing my murderous thoughts aside.

“Thank you,”

I said softly.

She refused my lift last night, choosing to find her own way home, which wasn't very time- or cost-effective since I had followed her home.

From the moment I woke up in the morning, I would lift my phone to message Amari.

This morning I took a snap before attaching it to her message.

Me: Good morning, pet.

You looked stunning last night.

Thank you for your assistance last night and this morning.

I attached a picture of my cock tented beneath the sheets.

When she didn't reply, I went in for a shower, smiling for the first time since I forced her to leave, feeling the glimmer of hope.

She touched me of her own accord last night.

When I came out of the shower, I checked my phone to see a very long message from her.

I sat on the edge of my bed and tapped on the notification.

Amari: You can't just bulldoze your way back into my life and expect me to forget everything you've done.

Trust isn't something you can buy with a smirk and a suggestive text.

It's earned.

And right now, you're not even close. But...I'm not shutting the door completely. Not for me, and not for you. For Alcina.

She's the last piece of your father left in this world, and she deserves to know her brother.

If you want to meet her, if you truly care about being part of her life, then you need to prove you're serious.

No games.

No manipulation. Just honesty.

I'm not saying this is easy.

I'm not saying I trust you.

But I'm willing to try—for her.

And maybe, just maybe, for us. But don't mistake that for forgiveness. Don't mistake it for weakness. This is me giving you a chance, Stefanos. Don't waste it.

P.S If you're going to send me a dick pic at least have the decency to show it off properly.

I don't know how many times I read her text, over and over, each word packing a punch to the gut, but her playful suggestive ending made my heart race with

hope—hope for the future, our future.

I whipped my towel off, confident that I could go again and create a series of artistic dick pic's for her.

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

Amari

I contemplated on my mother as she tended to our vegetable patch.

She reduced her working days to three days a week, saying she needed the social interaction, but she didn't need to work at all.

I know Alcina was an accident, my mum was high risk being pregnant at over forty, but she didn't consider a termination.

After the initial shock, both Christos and my mum were over the moon.

My mother was always very protective and I admired her in so many ways.

"Mum, Stefanos would like to get to know Alcina. I have threatened him so you won't need to bury him in our back garden."

"Hmph, about time,"

she said stabbing the small prong into the ground, yanking the weed out as if it were Stefanos's head. "These Greek men are unbelievably stubborn."

"Why didn't you tell me about what his mum did? It was always in the back of my mind that Christos kept you as his side piece."

She paused to glance at me.

“Once you start badmouthing another person, it becomes a habit which will eventually turn into bitterness. Baby, why would I give someone power over me like that?”

“I want to be you when I grow up,”

I said with a heavy sigh of defeat because I did not have my mother’s patience.

Her laugh tinkled throughout the garden, the sound made me smile.

“Invite him to dinner on the weekend. I want to watch him squirm,”

she said with an evil smile.

I began to laugh before I dragged a sack of compost to the patch my mum was working on while she muttered about once a month visits and non-existent projects.

“Why can’t I have a baby brother? Why does he need to be grown up?”

Alcina said with a frown.

My mum glanced at me with a smirk.

“You best get to making my baby a niece or nephew to play with?”

she said before her eyes softened and turned dreamy. “A grandchild.”

“You’re too young to be a grandma,”

I said with a frown, wondering how the tables turned against me in this conversation.

I thought of the picture Stefanos sent me and bit my lower lip.

It irked me as much as it turned me on but he knew what he was doing when he sent me the second set of pictures.

He sent a close up of his cock oozing out the clear liquid of his precum, a second one of it dripping down, and a third one of it on the wooden floor of his bedroom.

I remembered his words.

Taste me, lick it up, use that tongue like a good little whore.

I missed him.

The darkness, the humiliation, the pain.

I missed the way he took care of my every need.

It was such an immersive experience becoming his pet and I wondered if we could balance what we had with something new.

My mother was enjoying herself immensely as she watched Stefanos smile politely at his plate.

We tucked into the feast my mother had made while he watched us before copying us.

He had all three of us staring at him while he pulled off some of the soft doughy fufu and dipped it into the stew before putting it in his mouth.

“Swallow, don’t chew,”

I said with a smirk.

“He is so old. Why doesn’t he know how to eat fufu?”

Alcina whispered to me.

“Yes, why don’t you know how to eat fufu?”

I asked, watching him struggle to swallow the large mouthful.

Yeah, it isn’t so easy, is it? Try a ten inch pipe down your neck.

“Try a smaller piece,”

my mother said with a straight face.

Revenge was so much sweeter when your family had your back.

My heart would overflow with love watching Stefanos with Alcina.

I initially feared he was using her to get into my good books, but I could see his genuine curiosity for my baby sister grow into so much more.

Alcina graciously took him under her wing and taught him the ways of a six-year-old,

showing me his will to adapt for someone he loved.

He told her stories of their father and I was sure Christos was somewhere watching over his children.

It was a pity he couldn't have had this moment when he was alive.

My mother was right about negativity and bitterness changing a person.

It helped me change my feelings toward Cora from anger to pity.

“Is this making you broody?”

My mum asked.

“God, what is wrong with you?”

I exclaimed swivelling around to face her but her eyes were on Alcina and Stefanos.

“I might retire if you gave me some grandchildren to play with. Alcina would be in baby heaven.”

“He's only been around for a few weeks and you want him to inseminate me,”

I said dryly.

“I'm beginning to see what Christos saw in him—and you,”

she said softly before putting her arm around my waist.

“Thanks, mum. For giving the space when I needed it and for being who you are,”

I said as I turned to hug her, drawing in her warmth and the faint scent of her perfume.

“You will always be my baby. It killed me having to hold back but I know you, and you are far stronger than you realise.”

My mother’s life hadn’t been easy, and it was reassuring to hear those words coming from her. Little by little, I was healing and I was emerging stronger than ever before.

How could I not when my mother’s name meant Queen?

I took a deep breath, my fingers hovering over the phone’s keypad. Stefanos’s name glared back at me, a beacon of everything I craved and feared.

Club X. Just typing the words felt like stepping into a storm. Memories flooded me—the dim lights, his piercing eyes, the way his cruelty had cut deeper than the vicious swipe of the cane. But also the heat, the intensity, the way he’d made me feel alive in ways I couldn’t forget.

This time would be different. I wasn’t the same girl who’d let him break her. I had a choice now.

My thumb trembled over the send button. One tap. That’s all it would take.

I exhaled sharply, my heart racing.

Just do it.

The message sent before I could second-guess myself.

Stefanos

The leather collar was in my hand again but it was nothing compared to the handcrafted dark brown leather collar which was encrusted with a layer of diamonds in a pavé setting. She might never want to be my pet again and I could live with her decision because I wanted Amari in any way I could have her. But my hope was eternal.

Time spent with Alcina soothed away the grief of losing my father. To have a relationship with my little sister, thirty years my junior, was an enlightening experience. I tried not to think of my father's weakness because I would have made different choices. On the other hand, Alcina made me imagine my future children with Amari—the mother of my children.

My god, seeing her with Alcina made me want to breed her—to claim her completely. I missed her every single day. Two months of being apart and I was on edge. With a groan I put the collar down and opened the drawer to pull the jewellery box to see the one I had designed, to imagine it around her neck for the millionth time.

My phone buzzed, and I absently lifted it to look at the screen.

Amari: I want to go to Club X as your pet.

I dropped the collar, holding my phone closer to my face, ensuring I read her message correctly. The timing was momentous. I hesitated before I responded, quickly tapping one word and holding my breath before I hit send.

Me: Rules?

Amari: Your choice.

My breath burst from my lips as I exhaled.

No fucking way!

Me: Any boundaries?

I pressed her, needing to make sure that I understood what she was asking for.

Amari: None. You know exactly what I love.

Me: Keith will pick you up at 8 pm and bring you home before we leave for Club X. I will gag you if you attempt to complain about anything that I do to you.

Amari: Yes, Sir. Woof.

A slow smile spread across my lips before I began to chuckle. Goddamn, this was the love of my life and I'd never been more proud of her.

Me: Thank you for trusting me, agápi mou.

My love.

Amari: Don't make me regret it...Sir.

She was setting the new rules and she didn't even realise it.

I had the front door open, and I paced up and down the hall, watching the tracker coming closer. They were around the corner. The day had been long and torturous. I heard the car before I saw it and walked out to greet her. Keith climbed out to open her door.

She wore a dark grey cable knitted dress, legs clad in black tights and knee-high leather boots, and she was holding a small leather purse. Her long hair was tied in a ponytail but her thick curls spread behind her like a fan. It was perfect for the light hand-stitched leather dog mask I had for her.

“Do I pass the inspection, Sir?”

she asked before she gave me a twirl.

“You could wear a burlap sack and still look beautiful, pet,”

I said holding my hand out for her while she looked flustered and pleased. “Are you ready for this?”

Her dark eyes were bright and direct.

“I sure am,”

she said, placing her hand on mine.

I nodded before thanking Keith. I had a pet to prepare.

There were zero pleasantries as I dragged her upstairs, ignoring her snicker.

“Does Thema have a curfew for you?”

I asked as we reached the second floor.

“Nope, I am all yours tonight,”

she said as I led her down the hallway to my bedroom.

She hesitated at the doorway and I looked back at her as a dark shadow passed over her face. Her eyes were facing the window where I stood to tell her my revenge was complete and I was done with her.

“You're in control this time,”

I said quietly before drawing her closer to me, resting my hands on the top of her buttocks.

She put her hands around my waist and placed her head over my chest, leaning into me. It was our first embrace and it felt poignant that it was in my bedroom. The weight of her trust truly dawned on me as I held her—my woman, my pet and my love.

“I vow to you Amari that I will always protect you, love you and care for you—no matter how I dominate you,”

I said because she didn't want games, manipulation, only honesty.

She squirmed against me but kept her head on my chest, I bent down to kiss the top of her head, deeply inhaling the scent of her perfume and enjoying the sensation of her hair against my lips.

“Towards the end, I loved everything you did to me. You scared me in the beginning,”

she murmured and I released her ass to tighten my arms around her waist.

“I’m so sorry. There is no excuse for my behaviour—I wasn’t in my right mind,”

I said, rocking her, trying to soothe her, trying not to think of what I put her through, but grateful that she was here—with me.

“Just don’t go easy on me,”

she said pulling back to look at me with a smile.

“I wasn’t planning to,”

I retorted, reaching for the hem of her dress.

When I pulled her dress off her my eyes widened and my dick was already on alert from holding her.

“Damn,”

I said, moving back to look at her, gripping her dress in my palm as I drank her in.

She wore black hold ups with a floral pattern at her thighs, no knickers and a black lace bra showing a hint of her beautiful nipples. I slowly stepped back before I turned and reached the bed.

“Amari,”

I said, her name a low rumble. “Come here.”

She hesitated, and for a moment I wondered if she’d defy me. But then she

moved—one step at a time and something primal stirred inside me. She was still mine.

“A new collar for a new beginning,”

I murmured, lifting the collar for her to see.

She lifted her hand and traced her fingers over it.

“It’s beautiful,”

she said before looking at me.

“Once it is on no more talking only barking,”

I said with a slow smile when I saw the challenge and excitement in her eyes.

I placed the collar around her neck, for tonight my pet would shine as bright as the stars.

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

Amari

Stefanos buckled the collar around my neck and I closed my eyes, feeling the stiff new leather tightening around me.

It was thinner than the black one, more delicate yet still had the metal loop on it for him to add the leash.

The diamonds sparkled against the dark brown leather, and I noticed the dog mask on the bed.

It was new and wouldn't cover most of my head like the previous one.

Stefanos stepped back to admire my collar.

He let the silence stretch as his eyes moved down my body, but by the time he raised them I could see the heated dark intensity in them.

His jaw was clenched and with a slight frown he reached up to touch my collar.

“You made me wait a very long time,”

he said ominously, walking around me, and I didn't expect it, perhaps I should have since I gave him free rein over me for tonight.

He slapped my ass cheek so hard that I flinched, until that familiar burn spread to my front, remembering when he would slap my pussy.

“Woof, woof,”

I barked, slipping back into my role with ease.

“Bend over the bed,”

he said, his voice calm but edged with steel.

I spread my legs and bent over the bed raising my ass in the air. The soft bedding and his familiar scent on it made my legs tremble.

“Good girl,”

he crooned and I lapped up his praise but it left me wanting more.

He reached out and picked up the lube and tail, whispering in my ear.

“I’m going to so much fun tearing your asshole up tonight. Now be a good whore and spread that ass for me.”

I couldn't even bark because I was using all my faculties to remember how to breathe. With trembling hands, I reached back and spread myself open for him, pressing my face into the bed.

The lube landed on my asshole and I felt the stiff plug of the tail push against my ass. I took a deep breath and relaxed my inner muscles until the plug breached me.

“It’s tightened up again but not for long,”

he said, shoving it all into me while my moan was muffled against the bed as the tail snapped into place.

I was aching for him to touch my pussy but as he got me ready he didn't touch me once and I knew it would be a rough yet satisfying night.

Stefanos held my hand as we walked into the club.

I wore a long jacket he took from me before he signed us in.

I was on my hands and knees, curious about the club this time.

There were male and female Dom's and some same-sex partners.

My eyes were drawn to a guy who was in a latex head-to-toe outfit dressed as a dog.

I was naked except for my stockings, but I wouldn't like to be dressed in latex. It would be stifling.

"Is my room ready?"

Stefanos asked, drawing my attention away from the sub.

"Yes, Sir. We followed all your instructions."

Stefanos, tugged on my leash and led me through a different set of doors from last time.

I eagerly crawled beside him to look inside the actual club.

There were stairs on one side, people were standing around a stage, but from my position I couldn't see what was happening.

“Stefanos, it’s been a while,”

a man said, but when I saw his sub, I lost interest in him because she was dressed as a pony.

She raised a hoof up at me and I smiled beneath my dog mask and raised my paw up. Her outfit was much nicer than the latex dog one. She was mostly covered in black leather but had enough bare skin on show without revealing too much.

“Grayson, I thought you had retired to the countryside. It is good to see you back in the club.”

“We don't get out as much since we are busy with the children.”

I gaped at the sub but the bridle didn't allow her to speak. They were married and had children?

“This is Larisa. Every now and again my wife needs correcting, don't you dear?”

She rolled her eyes at him.

“I heard you had got married. Nice to meet you,”

Stefanos said with a smile before he glanced at me. “This is my fiancée, Amari.”

I gasped at the bald-faced lie and nudged his leg with my head.

“Sorry, we have to go, she is in heat. If I’m not careful she will start humping my leg,”

he said slapping the other man’s arm.

“Best get that taken care of,”

Grayson said with a chuckle.

Larisa was grinning through the bridle and waved as Stefanos led me away.

I closed my eyes for a moment realising that everyone could probably see my wet pussy even under the dim lighting.

Each time I moved, the silky feel of my stockings rubbed against my thighs, it only exasperated my problem.

“We are going upstairs to an observation room,”

Stefanos said, leading me to a lift.

I glanced up at him as he pressed the button.

“It means anyone or everyone will see you get punished and fucked tonight,”

he said with a devious smile I recognised. “They will watch you cum on my dick while I fuck your holes.”

The lift door slid open, snapping me out of my daze.

I wasn't expecting this, but I was looking forward to the new experience.

We only went up one floor, but I presumed that Stefanos didn't want me to walk up the stairs.

I saw a long hallway with doors on it, but the main front room had glass on both sides

of the room.

There were people standing around the hallway and when I looked past the metal bannister I saw that you could see the central stage below.

Stefanos led me to the door and held it open as I walked in.

It was grey, white and black with black furniture.

The dark room had several spotlights shining on a bench which was strategically positioned to face the windows.

When we got closer, it reminded me of a park table and benches.

There was a metal dog bowl on top of the bench.

“Up onto the bench,”

he said while he moved the bowl onto a table, and that’s when I saw the back wall full of various instruments.

When I didn’t move fast enough, Stefanos tugged on my leash, and I quickly stood up and bent over the bench.

The height of my heels helped as I leaned over.

I looked around to see other benches and furniture.

They all had various restraints attached to them.

He fastened my wrists onto the bench using metal chains with leather buckles before

moving back to remove his suit jacket.

He hung it on a nearby hook, before he began to unbutton his cuff.

I watched him roll up his white shirt to expose his tanned muscular forearm, remembering when he said how he would remove my IUD.

His face remained in the shadows but the bright light was on his arms.

“You’re going to scream for me tonight and when I take you home I am going to fuck you throughout the night. When you go back home tomorrow I want you to feel me everywhere. The same way you crawled inside me, Amari and made me feel,”

he said quietly as he worked on his other sleeve.

It was reassuring to know we were both hooked on each other. My eyes dropped down to his trousers and his dick was stretched out against the black material. My pussy clenched in anticipation. The silicone vibrator was good, but not as good as the real thing.

“Still so hungry for my cock,”

he murmured before he walked away.

I gulped when he reached the back wall but couldn't see what he picked up. He returned with a harmless looking oval black paddle with a paw print on it and a large bottle of lubricant.

He moved behind me and silence filled the room.

There were only faint sounds from outside and I saw from the side window that

people had begun to gather, men and women, some held drinks in their hands while others pointed into the room.

A few had their faces glued to the window.

“They are all here to see a naughty little bitch get paddled. It’s thanks to your date that I had this idea. Did you think you could replace me?”

I shook my head because I knew the date would go nowhere. The only reason I went to meet the man was to prove to myself that I could.

“Damn, right,”

he hissed before he spanked my ass with the paddle.

The pain wasn't as sharp as the cane but harsher than his palm. It still spread to my pussy, causing me to clamp down on the plug in my ass.

You. Are. Mine. Amari,”

he said striking me with each word. “Bark.”

I barked as he whacked the paddle all around my ass cheeks until they burned.

The longer he used it, the louder I barked until I couldn't keep up and my barks came out as yelps.

I felt tears begin to form as he continued to spank me.

The initial hit was nothing like the rest, but it helped when he spread the strikes on different parts equally.

“Thirty strikes, not bad,”

he said finally stopping to rub my aching flesh.

I groaned as he continued to gently massage my buttocks, chasing away the throbbing pain. I rested my hot cheeks on the cool bench, listening to the sound of his footsteps approaching me.

“Are you ready to taste me, agápi mou?”

he said, his voice as smooth as butter.

My love, Christos used to say those words to my mum.

I glanced up at him, his eyes were burning—burning for me. I looked straight into them and barked. “Wooooof, woof.”

He removed the snout from the frame of the mask leaving only the ears on. The sound of him unzipping his trousers made my mouth dry and my heart race. He was the intoxicating pull that I couldn't resist and I was here to submit myself to him. This was different because even though I surrendered my body to the sick, twisted man I loved, I felt stronger than ever.

I wanted everything he had to give. I was ready.

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

Stefanos

The way the light shone down on Amari's body made her the star of our show.

The smooth curve of her spine, leading up to her ass made me want to go back there but first my nasty girl needed to get a taste of my cock.

When my zipper came down, her eyes were glued to my trousers.

I reached in to grab my cock manoeuvring it until it sprung out before reaching in to pull my balls out, leaving them to hang over the material.

Her mouth opened when I stood up on the stool.

The height would ensure that I could get into her mouth balls deep.

“You know what to do, lick and suck until you taste me.

Only then do you get your bone,”

I said, rubbing my cock over her stained glossy lips.

She stuck her tongue out and swirled it around the head of my cock while I reached for her ponytail to take a grip of her head.

I held my cock in my other hand and slid upwards before going back down to the base.

She eagerly rubbed her tongue over the head before probing the small slit, desperate for a taste.

She moaned when a fine droplet dripped out. Her lips wrapped around the head, and she sucked and licked hungrily while I pumped on my cock, feeding her.

“My hungry little whore. Such a good girl, get a good taste,”

I said feeling my rock hard cock turn rigid. “Show everyone how much you love my cock.”

Her hips shifted impatiently, making me smile. I raised her head back using her ponytail, pushing into her hot mouth, rubbing against her wriggling tongue.

“There is no mercy for you tonight, agápi mou,”

I said, touching the back of her throat, pressing my dick against it, sliding back and forth, testing its strength. “Open wide.”

I released my cock and gripped her jaw with my fingers grazing her throat before I plunged into her as hard as I could, groaning as her throat constricted around me. When I glanced down, she had taken almost half of my length.

“Not quite there yet,”

I said looking into her watering eyes.

I held her and started to rock my hips, forcing her to cough up more slimy saliva, easing my way into her inch by inch.

“I think everyone will be impressed by your deep-throating skills,”

I murmured when my balls finally pressed against her chin.

I began to rotate my hips until my balls were squashed between my trousers and her chin, inching my fingers around her throat while pulling her hair.

I pulled back to see my cock soaked by her saliva, she panted for air but held her mouth open for me with her tongue hanging out.

I smiled at her before thrusting back inside of her fucking her until I had screwed every last inch of me inside her again.

The feel of me slipping down her tight neck and rubbing along it as I pulled back was sensational.

My grip tightened on her before I started to fuck her hard and fast, grunting each time she managed to take me balls deep.

The familiar obscene sounds echoed around the room.

I took a deep breath before pulling out of her, no gloss remained on her puffy pink lips and her chin was dripping wet.

I needed to pace myself because I wasn't done with her. She stared at me, hungrier than before and I bent down to kiss her wet sopping mouth, tasting us before I released her head.

“Wuuf,”

she moaned, shifting her legs.

“Does your cunt ache, sweetheart?”

I asked her.

She jerked her right paw forward, but it didn't go far, with the restraints, the chain caught in the metal edge of the bench.

“What about your asshole? Did you miss having a cock up there?”

I asked sliding my hand up my wet cock.

She nodded but her eyes were glued to my dick.

Unbelievable. I was a fucking idiot for letting her go.

I worked on the buttons on my shirt before tossing it in a nearby bench.

The trousers came off next, there was no underwear and I left my socks on.

I glanced at the two viewing windows, which were full.

The club had a strict policy of no phones or recording devices within the premises to protect all members, so I had no worries about anyone recording Amari through the windows.

I never thought I would want anyone to see Amari like this, but I was so proud of her bravery.

This was a one-time experience for us both.

Her ass had a lovely blush on it from the paddle but it was her dripping pussy that I had my eye on.

She shifted her legs and began to bark again.

I took my time rubbing my cock all around her wet inner thighs, the tops of her silky stockings while twisting and turning the plug in her asshole, pulling it in and out.

I touched every part of her except her leaking cunt until she whined and whimpered for it.

“You will be my wife, won't you?”

I said letting my cock rest on her wet pussy.

She froze and didn't say anything.

“I'm never fucking anyone but you, agápi mou,”

I said trailing my cock down her wet slit, ensuring I didn't press too deep.

I ran my hand up and down her silky thigh. She barked and tried to push back but I gave her a sharp slap on her thigh, before being my cock back up only to trace her pretty cunt lips with it.

“You may speak if your answer is yes,”

I said rubbing the insides of her lips until I parted them and she began to coat my head with her juices. “Otherwise, I have all night.”

I didn't have all night because my balls ached for relief and I felt myself begin to sweat. She needed a little push so I pulled her tail out and reached for the lube I had placed on the floor, pumping the clear liquid over her asshole.

“Did you fuck your ass with anything?”

I asked curiously.

She shook her head.

“But you fucked your cunt.”

She nodded her head.

I pushed my thumb against her asshole, pressing into it with my nail until it began to disappear.

“Are you going to marry me, my love?”

I asked teasing both of her holes.

“Yes! Yes, yes, yes, yes!”

she howled out desperately.

“Goodness me, one yes was enough,”

I said with a chuckle before pushing my thumb into her ass before I pushed the head inside her pussy, holding it there. “Will you bear my child?”

“Yes, Sir,”

she whispered softly. “Yes.”

I pulled my thumb out and lifted the tail from the footrest and eased it back inside

before I wrapped my hands around her upper thighs to feel the top of her stockings.

“You will let me breed this cunt?”

I said, looking at her plugged asshole.

“Yes,”

she moaned, choking on a sob as she placed her head on the bench in defeat.

“Good girl,”

I said, leaning over her to kiss her back, easing my cock into her overheated pussy.

The heat inside her matched my blazing victory. She was drenched and there was no resistance as I fed her my cock. The velvety smooth pussy that I dreamt of was mine. I licked her back, tracing my tongue up to her shoulder.

“Your cunt is mine, your ass is mine and your mouth is mine, pet. They always were,”

I whispered beside her ear. “And now everyone here is going to witness our union.

I stood up and looked down before I slid my cock back, gritting my teeth at the sensation of her trying to clench around me to hold me inside of her.

I moved her legs apart until the edge of her knees rested on the footrests.

My hands slid up to her hips before I started to grind myself against her, using rapid movements.

She cried out in abandonment when I sped up, pushing against her tail.

“Only you get this cock, agápi mou,”

I said panting from the effort before glancing down to see my glistening cock spear into her continuously. “Only you get to taste what I have to offer.”

She was mindlessly nodding her head while she cried and I picked up the speed, drawing back and slamming inside of her, slapping off from her ass and thighs. I was drawn to all the times we fucked in Greece, in my bedroom, the playroom, outside in the garden. Those memories haunted me for two months.

“Yes, nice and fucking deep until it hurts,”

I said thrusting back and forth, bouncing off the back of her ass only to drive myself back inside her incredible pussy.

I felt her legs shake as she screamed, her pussy exploded around me as I continued to fuck her but I felt her squirt with liquid gushing out of her cunt. I slapped her ass as hard as I could using my fingers to catch her and she contributed to contract around me. The bite of pain always gave her a little extra. I held myself inside her until she was finished.

I wasn't.

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

Amari

The man was an evil genius and I handed him the keys to the kingdom, but as I lay there destroyed yet satiated, I didn't care. The way he edged me and made me cum was something new. When he pulled out of me I realised two things—my legs were soaked and he hadn't orgasmed.

He pulled the plug out of my ass and climbed on top of the bench, I turned to look at him over my shoulder to see him crouch over my back with his cock pointing towards my ass. His words came back, something about tearing up my ass. I placed my face back on the bench and closed my eyes. He rested his hand on my shoulder and I felt his cock nudge against my asshole.

“This might hurt,”

he said but I could hear the smile in his voice which made me smile and my ass muscles twitch.

All I could think of was the night I woke up to him fucking me and the way he took my ass that night still made my insides quiver. He brought me back into the moment by pushing past my tight muscles, the initial entry was always painful.

“There you go,”

he said squeezing my shoulder. “Keep it nice and relaxed, we both know how much you love a good ass fuck.”

I groaned but did as he commanded, grunting when he pushed deeper. He held himself there pushing back and forth, easing me open with his girth before he pressed deeper. I panted through the discomfort but he had begun to drive deeper, harder and faster.

His other hand moved onto the bench close to my face as he continued to spear me with his hard cock. Then I felt his thighs rubbing against me each time he sank into me. The constant barrage of movement opened me up wide enough for him to drive his entire length into me. I tugged at my wrists and tried to move my legs to push my ass toward him.

“Yes, I missed this ass. You're such an anal slut. I love it,”

he growled, pummelling me harder.

The pain of him driving deep, keeping me open, using my asshole for his pleasure and the sensation of his cock moving inside me made me shudder. I wanted to scream his name, shout for more to let me cum again but all I could manage was gasps of air being pushed out of my lungs each time he drove into me.

I didn't know how many people were watching us but it added a depraved edge. I began to bark when I felt my second orgasm approach, his deep pounding motion increased and I started to cry out but the sound caught at the back of my throat as the waves of pleasure crashed down on me, I clenched around his length. All of my muscles clamping up until he stopped moving and held himself inside of me.

“I knew you would cum again from a hard ass fucking,”

he said before he pulled out of me.

I heard him climb down but I lay there depleted of all energy until he picked up the

metal bowl. My head moved in sync with him until he stood beside me with his hard cock in his hand. I blinked at him in confusion until he started to wank his cock rapidly. His eyes closed and I glanced at his hand moving up and down his dick before he groaned.

Thick white cum rained into the bowl, splashing the edges before sliding down to the bottom of the bowl. He never stopped wanking his cock until he was done. His cum spurt out in rapid jets, each one landing in the bowl. This was my pre-breakfast ritual happening in Club X. I glanced at the window and my mouth fell open at the size of the crowd.

“Fuck, I needed that,”

he said before he placed the bowl on the floor and unbuckled my wrists before he helped me down. “You know what to do, take your time.”

I dutifully dropped to my hands and knees, crawling to the bowl, leaning down to reach his musky, salty cum. My tongue swirled around the cum that was now cold against the metal.

“Good, little cumslut. Lap it all up,”

he said rubbing the plug down the crack of my ass before sliding it inside me. “I want that bowl to sparkle by the time you're done.”

I did what he asked and took my time, savouring his offering, ignoring the people witnessing my subservience. Stefanos rewarded me by playing with my pussy, gently circling his fingers over my clit while I played with his semen, savouring it.

My second visit to Club X was far more satisfying than the first.

I sat on his lap on the way home with his arms wrapped around me and I snuggled into his shoulder to rest my head. He'd removed my dog mask and I decided the light one was much more comfortable. It had taken us a little time to get cleaned up, and once I was dressed again, we watched some of the show on the stage.

It was a nut-smushing dominatrix who had not one but two male submissives on the stage with her. I couldn't take my eyes off their cock cages or the way the whip left marks but Stefanos was eager to get home, promising me that we could return.

“You can't back out,”

he said adamantly while I stared at his neck.

“Back out?”

I asked confused.

“You agreed to marry me,”

he said, turning to look at me.

“I don't know Stefanos. That was under duress,”

I said rubbing his cheek, smoothing my fingers down to his neck.

“You're going to have your IUD removed,”

he said, narrowing his eyes at me.

“Sure, I am,”

I said running my fingers over the back of his hair, feeling his body tense beneath me.

“Fine, I can do it when I put you to sleep,”

he said with a smile and relaxed again.

“I’d like that,”

I said softly, thinking how much I enjoyed walking up to his attention. “But don’t tell me when you plan to do it.”

His hand snuck up from my waist, pulling my coat to one side and playing with my breasts and neglected nipples until I was squirming on his lap for more.

“Did you like me pissing in your asshole?”

he asked whispering to me in the darkness, tugging on my nipple.

“Yes,”

I said hesitantly because some of the most deeply shameful things he did to me, I loved them.

“My hot little whore, always hungry for more,”

he murmured pushing his hand between my legs until his fingers slid into my pussy.

My head fell back and my lips parted, hoping it wouldn’t take too long to return to his house.

Stefanos

Since she stayed for the weekend, we went clothes shopping for her, but I might have gotten out of control when we stopped off at a lingerie outlet. There were stockings, basques, bodysuits, corsets, flimsy panties and bras. After seeing her in her black hold-ups, I wanted more.

“I don't think I will need any more underwear for many years to come,”

she said dryly.

“Hmm,”

I said because she would when I ripped half of them off her. “How about we go to the jewellers and you can show me which type of ring you like?”

She paused to look at me and I stopped walking to shuffle the bags into one hand, wrapping my free hand around her waist.

“You said yes, five times, I believe,” I said.

“But marriage—”

“Is a done deal.”

She frowned at me before muttering about me and her mother ganging up on her. It seemed like I had an ally in Thema. I watched Amari walk off. She wore her knitted

dress but had bare legs with her boots. I wanted her to move in with me. The thought of her going home tomorrow made me desperate enough to message Thema.

“You're coming in?”

Amari asked as I followed behind her with my bag hidden among all of hers.

“Stefanos, Amari, you're back,”

Alcina said as she opened the door. “Mum said we are having a sleepover.”

Amari was hugging our sister but she glared at me. I smiled innocently at her before Alcina threw herself into my arms next. She was so tiny and light, fitting perfectly on my forearm.

“You're so tall, S,”

she said with a giggle.

Thema appeared in the doorway as she looked at us with a smile, but she had tears in her eyes. Before I could say or do anything, she ushered us inside, saying the spare room was a mess and that I should sleep in Amari's room.

“But Mum—”

“It's a sleepover, Amari,”

her mum interrupted her.

“I will show you where her room is,”

Alcina said.

I watched them all, my father's other family and for the first time since his death, I felt close to him. I understood the words on his letter. Just as I vowed to Amari to protect her, that protection fell on my sister and her mother.

“Traitors, the lot of you,”

Amari said, trying to tickle Alcina.

I glanced at Thema, her tears were gone and there was only happiness as she watched her daughters.

“I should make you sleep on the floor,”

Amari said cuddling into me.

“Why?”

I asked, trying to get comfortable on her bed.

“To make up for the cage you had me in,”

she said pushing her hand into my shorts.

“Are you sure you want to do that with the sounds you make? Alcina will think I'm killing you,”

I said kissing her neck. “You should move in with me.”

She pulled her hand out of my shorts with a sigh.

“You’re always plotting something,”

she grumbled. “What good is a sleepover if I can’t take advantage of a real penis?”

“That’s why you should move in with me,”

I said with a chuckle.

It took me a valiant six days for her to agree to move in with me and for me to deny her my dick. Thema high-fived me on our way out, but I wasn’t done yet.

“You bought us a house?”

Thema said blankly.

“I know you wouldn’t live with us if we asked, but I’ve already missed out on six years of my sister’s life, and Amari moved in with me. I thought you would like to live closer to her. There is a great school for Alcina,”

I said with a shrug.

“I-this is too much, Stefanos,”

she whispered.

“Do you want me to go into detail and tell you exactly what I did to your daughter? How I broke her?”

Her head snapped up with fire blazing in her eyes before she narrowed them on me with pursed lips.

“Give me the damn keys to my new house,”

she said holding her hand out.

With a satisfied grin, I pulled them out of my pocket and dropped them into the palm of her hand, leaving her to explore the new house that was a two-minute walk from ours.

My mother didn't accept my future wife and wouldn't accept the rest of the family, but this wasn't a surprise.

Amari slipped her arms around me from behind.

“You can do anything you want to me tonight,”

she whispered.

“Anything?”

I asked to clarify while turning around as multiple ideas exploded in my mind.

“Anything,”

she said firmly with a smile, but it was the happiness in her eyes that took my breath away.

The IUD was out and I knew exactly what I would be doing to her tonight. My arms tightened around her, I could have lost her, never known this happiness or the innocent love from my little sister. Without my father, none of this would have been possible.

“Se agapó,”

I whispered to her before pulling back from our embrace to claim her lips.

I love you.

Amari

Eight Months Later

For all his hot temper and brash actions, Stefanos had the softest of hearts for children. He made sure to make time for Alcina in every way that mattered. He doted on her the Christos did and she would never feel the lack of a male role model in her life. But I think seeing the first scan of his child broke his brain.

“All my hard work paid off,”

he murmured, still staring at the picture.

“Hey, what about me and my egg?”

I said, trying to grab the picture, but he was too quick for me and pulled it out of my reach.

We were on our way back home and I was sitting on his lap in the car as usual. The partition was up in the car but Keith was probably used to our shenanigans.

“What did you do? Lie there strapped to the bench, making me do all the work,”

he said with a chuckle, moving his hand again when I reached for the picture.

“What could I do when you would tie me up half the time or drug me the other half?”

I exclaimed indignantly while eyeing up the picture in his hand.

“I earned this,”

he said waving the picture around.

“Please, Sir, can I see our baby again?”

I said softly, wrapping my arms around his neck.

“Fine, but I get to hold it,”

he said showing me the picture of our tiny baby.

The picture was perfect. Our baby lay on its back, and we could make out one arm from its shoulder and one leg in the air. The larger head had faint marks where the eyes and mouth were. It had a cute button nose.

“We made a baby and it’s perfect,”

I sniffed.

“I made the baby and of course it’s perfect,”

he said teasing me but I knew he was doing this so he could have angry sex with me when we got home so I remained calm. “You're simply holding on to it for me.”

My head snapped up and I was about to blast him about the toll pregnancy takes on a woman’s body until I saw the devious look in his eyes. I smiled at him.

“You’re right, dear,”

I said before relaxing on his chest.

My husband wouldn't get the better of me today because I was too happy.

Stefanos

Eighteen Months Later

"Why is it that our son can crawl faster than you?"

I asked my wife as she crawled behind me.

She didn't bark but growled at me ferociously beneath her mask, making me chuckle.

"You're such a feral bitch tonight,"

I said lightly opening the door to the playroom.

Alexandros Christos Karalis was a year old now and usually slept through the night. It was the first time my wife was back in her dog outfit and she looked more beautiful than before, but she never believed me when I told her. Tonight she would learn that I meant every word.

I placed my phone on the table I had set up, facing it upward so I could see if Alexandros woke up. Our little addition was doted on by everyone except my mother. Sadly, she was far too set in her ways to become part of our little family. I visited her on occasion but our relationship was strained.

When I turned to look at my wife, she was staring at the newly installed sex swing. My eyes narrowed on the uncertainty and panic in her eyes. I clenched my jaws as I felt the anger slowly rise.

“Stand up,”

I snapped at her. “Lie back in the swing.”

She promptly stood up but shuffled toward the padded swing. I held it still for her as she clung to the metal chains before cautiously sitting on the edge. I shoved her back and she screamed as she fell back.

“Such a drama queen. You’re not going to fall,”

I said, rolling my eyes while I pulled her legs out to place them in the foot straps.

When she lay there with her legs spread open, pussy on show and asshole plugged with the tail, I smiled at the sight while she squirmed uncomfortably. I picked up the nipple clamps attached to the chain and placed them on her one by one before attaching the chain to her collar.

Her gasps of pain followed panting. She wasn’t breastfeeding our son anymore so it was a good reintroduction to the clamps. I flicked one dark nipple with my finger, watching the anger burn in her eyes before doing the same to the other one. Her fingers tightened around the chains she held.

“Do you remember how much I worshipped your body when you carried our son, Amari?”

I asked, picking up the leather whip to slap it on the palm of my hand until the sound echoed around the room.

She nodded cautiously, eyeing up the tasseled whip.

“Through every phase right until the end. After our son was born, I still worshipped the body that went through the trauma of giving birth to him,”

I said tightly remembering how difficult a birth it was for her. “And you can’t understand why I still worship you?”

She blinked at me before shaking her head.

No.

“What if our roles were reversed? Would you love me any less?”

I demanded.

She shook her head again, looking teary-eyed.

“Damn right you wouldn’t and neither do I,”

I said before striking her pussy with the whip, watching her jump and cry out in pain.

I began a steady rhythm of whipping her pussy, thighs and breasts. They weren’t like the first vicious strike. It was a mixture of teasing and inflicting pain at focal points in her body.

“Those marks, your curves, that sexy as fuck belly that protected and nourished our son turns me on,”

I said whipping her harder until she began to bark.

She could scream as much as she wanted on the third floor.

“Do you understand?”

I said whipping her thighs with rapid strikes until her feet jerked around in the foot straps.

I rubbed my fingers over her wet pussy.

“My little pain Slut. I missed you,”

I murmured before circling my fingers over her cunt only to slap her clit. “Your pussy is so fucking gorgeous but a naughty bitch like you gets a hard ass fucking.”

Her head was flung back, a groan left her mouth, muffled against her mask, eyes closed, and squirming on the swing. I pulled my shorts off and began to lube up my cock under the watchful eyes of my wife.

“You will take me in your asshole and when I’m done emptying my balls in you, do you know what I’m going to do?”

She moaned pitifully and her head fell back while I laughed maniacally.

“Yeah, I’m will piss so deep in that asshole that you won’t doubt my words again,”

I said, pulling her tail out of her asshole. “You’re going to be a good girl for me and take what I give you.”

I pushed a slim vibrator into her pussy, watching it part her cunt while the attachment rested on her clit.

“Woof, woof,”

she barked, trying to appease me, but I knew my greedy little cum Slut and knew what she needed.

“It’s going to be a tight squeeze, baby,”

I said with an evil smirk when her breath hitched.

I held the metal chain in one hand to hold the swing still and guided my dick to her asshole, nudging at it, teasing it. My eyes travelled up her stuffed pussy, budging belly, clamped nipples, the dog collar around her neck until I reached her eyes. When I began to burrow into her tight ass, my eyes remained on her masked face.

“Open that ass, Amari, let me in,”

I growled gripping the chain and trying to squeeze my head into her asshole.

She nodded and I felt the head begin to ease in beside the vibrator. It was a very tight squeeze, but it didn't stop me from pushing forward while my wife lay there gasping, her breasts rising and falling from her rapid breathing. The deeper my cock went into her asshole the vibrator bulged upward. I felt the length of it against my cock.

“Fuck, that's tight,”

I said easing back an inch before pushing forward.

When she didn't respond, I tugged on the chain of her nipple clamp. The pain in her eyes was exquisite. So exquisite that I pulled on both the chains together, but her asshole tightened up again. I released the chain and switched the vibrator on. It wasn't long before her holes began to twitch.

I held the swing chains with both hands to hold her in place and started to swing my hips, watching my cock spread her hole open while she whimpered. I increased the speed of the vibrator before using the swing to fuck into her harder and deeper, smiling as the combination of sounds filled the room.

The harder I fucked her the louder she screamed, but I didn't stop until our flesh was slapping together and my balls hit the edge of the swing. The vibrator was beginning to get pushed out but I shoved it back inside of her.

“My little backdoor slut, cum for me,”

I said yanking her back to me each time I drove myself into her ass. It was lovely and loose now, taking me with ease.

When she began to pant and her head moved from side to side, I leaned over to grip her shoulders. Her eyes flew open to gawk at me from behind her mask.

“This is gonna hurt,”

I whispered to her before I pulled back and rammed myself into her.

My groan was so loud it drowned her muffled moan of pain. The feel of her ass muscles trying to resist me only goaded me on. I was relentless in pounding into her twitching hole. The tightness only helped rub my cock raw as I felt my orgasm approaching. The dull vibrations of the vibrator through her pussy made it all the better.

She cried out my name, clutching my neck and shoulders as she came. I held her tight before smashing into her with the last few hard thrusts before I gave into the intense sensations, closing my eyes as my cum spilt into her asshole while it clamped down on me, milking the rest of my cum out.

The vibrations continued as we gasped in our mutual orgasm. I touched her damp hairline, soothing her, yanking the snout off to claim her lips and ravage her mouth. I savoured the feel of every last drop of my cum emptying out in her. Her breasts rubbed against my chest and I deepened our kiss delving into the inner recesses of her mouth, trying to devour her.

When I pulled back her lips were pink and wet, her eyes bright with love until I smiled at her. She began to shake her head and my smile widened.

“You know you love it my little ass slut,”

I crooned, kissing her lips again, licking them before nipping a bite out of her upper lip. “This is your punishment.”

She shook her head again but I pulled back slightly and let some piss trickle out, just enough for her to feel it.

“Be grateful I’m leaving the vibrator in your cunt,”

I said harshly before sucking on her clamped nipples and releasing my piss inside her hot tight ass. I moaned against her tits while she tried to squirm with a few pitiful barks.

I focused on peeing everything I had in me while gently fucking her hole with my semi-hard dick. Her fingerless paw gloves allowed her to dig her nails into my sides.

“Good little piss whore,”

I moaned but I was disappointed when my strong stream of piss began to wane off.

I stood up to see my destroyed wife, limp in our new sex swing. Without removing my cock, I leaned to the side to get her tail. When I straightened she was holding her belly and moaning.

“Hold it in until you get to the bathroom. Tighten your ass, I’m pulling out.”

A flow of piss gushed out of her when I pulled out. It probably didn’t help that the vibrator was still inside her, but it didn’t matter since I loved to give her tasks she would fail in—all the more reason for me to punish her.

“You can deal with Alexandros in the morning,”

Amari said stifling a yawn.

“Of course, my love,”

I said hiding my smirk as we went downstairs.

She snorted at my subservient tone.

“I thought the shower might have given you a second wind.”

“What we did in the shower was my second wind,”

she said pushing our bedroom door open.

I watched as she removed her long silky white robe and hung it up before climbing into bed naked. She had been wearing baggy T-shirts or pyjamas, trying to cover herself up from me. I gave her space, patience and love, yet nothing changed how she felt about her changed body.

At least a good whipping along with some anal torture worked. I climbed into bed placing my phone on the side table before pulling my naked wife against me. There was no hesitation and her arms were wrapped around my neck.

“Alexandros, is so young, my love,”

I said to her softly. “If you want to change your regime or have time to work, of course you can. But I would rather you rest and recover.”

“He is a year old,”

she said with a sigh.

“And? It can take up to two years for a woman to fully recover,”

I said slapping her ass but the covers made it had to get a good crack at it.

“God, are you sure it’s not you that is hormonal?”

she said with a chuckle.

“I only want to see you happy. We have a beautiful healthy son, you need not worry about anything other than recovery,”

I said defensively.

“Yes, Sir—I love you, and thank you,”

she said with a small sigh as she settled into my chest.

“I love you so much I let you drive me crazy,”

I muttered.

“Payback,”

she said before she yawned again.

I almost scoffed at her timid attempt at revenge, but instead I smiled and held her tighter before closing my eyes.

Six Years Later

“Why don’t we have another one?”

Amari asked and I glanced up at her before putting my book on my lap, pushing my glasses down my nose to stare at her.

Her eyes were fixated on the children. I glanced over at Alcina, who was helping Alexandros with his homework. They were fourteen and seven, but they would love another baby. They were so close, even though they were aunt and nephew.

“I thought you didn’t want anymore,”

I said raising my eyebrow as she turned to face me.

She slid her bare foot up my leg until she reached my dick. Her sexy toenails were painted in a deep dark maroon colour. I reached for the blanket folded at the top of the couch and covered her foot and my hardening dick.

“A girl can change her mind,”

she said coyly, sliding her foot back and forth over the length of my dick.

“And I’m some breeding stallion that you can use anytime?”

I asked, trying to stifle my smile, but took my glasses off to stare at the siren on the other side of the sofa. “My cock is not a toy.”

“How about you put me to sleep tonight and dig out my IUD?”

“My dirty little bitch. Your wish is my command,”

I said stroking her foot beneath the blanket. “Don’t blame me if you wake up sore.”

“That’s the best way to wake up,”

she said with an impish grin.

I prayed that my wife never changed even though she had me wrapped around her little finger. Through my revenge we entered a world of pain and pleasure but in the end she was my redemption.

The End.