

Shane is a dalmatian with a boring job, a boring train ride, a boring suburban life. He also has a dark fetish obsession, an abusive 'master', and a desperate crush.

Reckless, Pt 1
by H. A. Kirsch
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Shane had a city job and a suburban home, the epitome of American life. It meant a train ride of over an hour each way, plenty of time to sit and regard the world through green-washed solar glass. A little yellow-green reduced the outside world to a sickly patina of smog and indistinct bland foliage.

Next to him on the train, oblivious to the outside world thanks to headphones and a smartphone, was a human. Shane kept looking every so often, to see if he was being looked at in return, but the human never noticed. Instead, he just stared lazily at his phone, head back and tilted to the side, hand cradling the device against a thigh.

The dalmatian looked at his seating partner out of the corner of his eye. The human was attractive, almost intentionally so, but the guy's choker kept drawing the most attention. A gold chain around the neck, snug, with a few colored rings at the front forming a rainbow in order. Shane knew what it meant, which explained why the guy was so well-groomed, but that wasn't the important part. The important part was the mere existence of the choker. Shane imagined unseen leather-gloved hands coming around the guy's neck, stroking flesh, stroking the chain, sweat breaking out, adam's apple bobbing, hands rushing up to pry at the chain as the gloved fingers hook in at the back and twist- Shane shook his head and spun his gaze back out the window. By chance, the train was pulling to a stop where there was an intersection crossing the tracks. A motorcycle idled at the intersection, its rider clad in leather and denim, boots on the ground, gloved hands free of the handlebars. A wolf. Shane put wolf and human together, in a dark alley behind a biker bar, wolf violating the human while wringing his neck like a wet shirt. Then he shook the idea out of his head again and squeezed his legs together.

The ride was half over. The dog had plenty of time to think about what just crossed his mind. All his life, a curious interest, a nervous shame, any time someone in a movie or television show or book was strangled, lynched, hung, smothered, chloroformed, suffocated, drowned. It took years and

years to manifest as anything more than a mild internal obsession. It was going to manifest when he got home, and he had been thinking about it all day, wetting his underwear, feeling tight under his shirt collar.

Shane entered the empty house and went about setting his work things down. As he passed his bedroom, he stripped his polo shirt and khakis off, tossed his dress shoes next to the bed. After stripping to his stretch briefs, he padded around the house, checking for signs of Kyros. The tiger was not home, would not be home, was even regulated by the schedule written on the whiteboard in the kitchen. The tiger was on second shift that night, not due until close to ten o'clock.

Every step he took was closer and closer to a fantasy that had been stirring around in his head all day. He swung by the kitchen and dug through the collection of saved grocery bags, finally locating a heavy clear one from some sort of electronic device Kyros had bought weeks earlier. Shane stashed it in the very back of the bag holder, so the tiger would never find it. He nearly dropped it several times, hands starting to shake.

Kyros would have no idea anything happened. The dog would have to cook dinner, and that meant rummaging around in the kitchen. The tiger rarely spied on anything in there, as food was entirely Shane's responsibility. Food, housekeeping, and satisfaction, although the latter had been increasingly absent as the big feline had taken to using it as a rare reward for servitude only. Shane took the bag into his bedroom, then froze in front of his posing mirror. Nude, white with endless black spots, flop eared, tight black briefs with a heavy curve into the stretchy spandex. He had briefly considered modeling, but it turned out that the signature spots were a problem. "Too busy," someone told him. It was only weeks later that he found out a cheetah had come in after him, and been accepted for an underwear shoot.

He pulled the bag over his head and gathered it around the throat, trying to seal it up by clutching the plastic into a knob and twisting it. It worked, mostly, and his first exhale made the bag blow up like a plastic balloon around his head. He adjusted the neck and inhaled, and it collapsed in a plasticy crinkle. Another couple of breaths and the bag was fogging up, making it hard for Shane to see himself.

The feeling made him insane. The mere thought that he was suffocating himself made his cock throb in

his briefs, and it drove him to feel up over the collapsing and expanding bag as it sucked onto his face. Then he felt down his slim chest, the tight little bumps of his abs, the bony curve of his hip, that prodigious bulge in his briefs.

He yanked the bag off, chest heaving as he took in fresh, clean air. Delirious, he sat down on the edge of the bed, then scooted himself back. He lay back and stuck his feet under the sheet, blanket, and comforter, feeling the weight of the fabric on him as a faint kind of restraint. Everything was so wrong. He was alone, not with Kyros. He was smothering himself, something that every internet advice column chided: "there is no safe way to engage in sexual breath play." The bag itself had small white print repeating all over it, reading, "WARNING: SUFFOCATION HAZARD".

Shane took the bag over his head again and clutched it around his neck. No, that wasn't working well enough. He took it off and scrambled around, feeling for his pants, sliding his leather belt out from the loops and taking it up. He formed it into a choke loop, tail through the buckle, then slid the bag over his head. He took the belt and fit it over, tightened it slightly, hot breath already reflecting back to his face from the plastic bag.

The dog groaned and squirmed, then finally gave in and pulled the belt loose and freed up his jaw, gasping fresh air, panic giving way to delirium. He writhed around on the bed until he could reach into a drawer and took out a condom, then scooted his briefs down. He tore the packet open and unrolled it down his length, latex clinging tight onto his dick. Shane slid his stretchy briefs back up, cock tingling and throbbing inside its extra layer of latex chastity.

Back went the bag, then back went the belt, hand milking at his groin as the other pulled on the leather strap. Actually choking didn't feel nearly as erotic he always imagined it would - it made his head feel stuffy, his blood rush in his ears - but the mere grasp around his neck, the thought of strangling as well as suffocating, took up the slack in his pleasure.

As he milked and stroked himself through stretchy fabric and barely-there rubber, he started to feel a little burn in his chest. He dug his fingers under the belt and exhaled hard, then tightened it back up. Now when he inhaled, the bag instantly shrinkwrapped to his face and left no air at all. He whimpered and barked, cock exploding into the condom as he felt his plastic-wrapped, gasping face with his free hand. Then, so desperate for fresh air that he forgot he could simply loosen the belt, he tore the plastic away from his face and heaved in coughing lungfuls of oxygen.

The scream in his head burned down to a roar, then down to just the rush of blood in his ears, the throbbing tingle as normal functioning crept back into his brain. Sexually empty, his paranoia set in and he yanked the rest of the plastic bag from his head, hands scrambling it together into his trash. Fingers shaking, he straightened the belt out, then hurried the condom off and tossed it into the trash. Still paranoid, he took the trash out, then went around the entire house getting things ready even though trash day wasn't for another 48 hours.

Kyros looked across the dinner table at Shane, the tiger frozen in pensive thought. Shane just kept eating, hungry and oblivious, mouth tingled by the tiger's extreme use of garlic in his chicken shwarma.

"I was going to fuck you tonight, Shane," the tiger finally said, as he put his fork on his plate and moved both off to the side, then folded his hands.

Shane looked up.

"That's right. But, you came already. What's the point of fucking you if you aren't going to enjoy it? That's why you want it, right?" The tiger's voice descended from matter of fact to dark and raspy, then escalated to a room filling roar. He stood up and grabbed Shane by the scruff. "At attention. You're going to spend the night in the cage, for spoiling yourself."

Shane stood up, gagged on a piece of chicken for a second, then gulped it down and gasped as soon as the tiger pinched at his scruff. Inside, he wanted to desperately beg for forgiveness, then he angrily wanted to ask why he hadn't been told he should be keeping himself chaste. Outside, he lurched himself along as Kyros ran him downstairs into the basement.

Kyros all but threw Shane into the metal barred cage, then crouched in the opening and picked up a few tools next to him. Arm hobbler, meant to make a humanoid's forearms into a perpetual begging position or to force puppy-walk. A humbler bar, like a long pair of massive chopsticks that pinched the balls back and forced the wearer to kneel or crouch. He applied both of them to Shane without any more words than the requisite profanity when he accidentally pinched his finger in the humbler. "You stay. You want your food? You eat it like a dog." The tiger got up, stormed upstairs.

The first few times Kyros put him in the cage, he had been beside himself with ecstasy, demeaned as the dog he was, treated like a common household pet. That wore off quickly when Kyros stopped any

kind of foreplay, and started using the human-sized puppy cage for an actual punishment. When Kyros left, Shane gurgled and heated up, face burning, tears overflowing and running down his muzzle, keening whimper muffled by his clenched jaw. He didn't even know what he'd done wrong - Kyros had never made him save himself before.

A good fifteen minutes later, the tiger returned with a plate of now-cold food. He locked the cage door first, then slid it in through the dish slot. "If I remember, I'll give you some water before bed."

By the time Shane realized that he absolutely had to stay on all fours or lie down extremely carefully, Kyros was gone again and the dalmatian had a few scraps of chicken shwarma to look at. He sighed, leaned down, and started eating them like a dog.

In the middle of the night, Kyros gave him water, which he guzzled as soon as he awoke in the morning. It was a nice touch.

The next day, on the way home, Shane let his mind wander. The train was half empty for some reason, a strange fluke in the unpredictable world of mass transit. One time, someone spent the entire trip very pleasantly playing a mandolin, to the eventual smiles and applause when he stood to get off. Another time, a woman beat her children and was removed by the conductor at one of the stops, to a gaggle of policemen outside. The atmosphere inside varied by random probability.

Outside the train, it rarely varied at all, every day the same gradual shift from dense core urban concrete to graffitied tunnels and highway, to the elevated gaze out over trees and suburb after suburb after suburb. Shane happened to settle on just that realization the moment he spotted something out of the ordinary.

The wolf. The motorcycle wolf, at the same intersection as the day before, in a slightly different outfit. Cowboy boots, black leather jeans, straight-zip street jacket, black fingerless gloves. Shane had no swelter-necked human companion to include in his fantasies, so the dog inserted himself. Bared wolf fingertips and clawnails stroked around his neck, then let go and fumbled with their owner's belt. Shane pissed in his jeans as he knelt next to the wolf's hot, pinging bike, face wet as he sobbed for forgiveness. (For what? That didn't get the dog hard, so he didn't think about it.) The wolf took the belt, choke-looped it around the kneeling dog's neck, and yanked upwards.

Shane scabbled at his neck, gagging and gurgling, scratching welts into his skin, cock eventually swelling and exploding in his pants from the neck-crushing trauma-

Oh shit. Shane sat straight up and looked around the train car. A little less full than before, not his stop, no one sitting next to him or even behind him.

He looked down and spotted a big stain in his khakis, wet and with slimy froth on it, the remains of the clotted part of a load of semen.

When Shane got home, he hoped to scurry himself into the bathroom to dispose of the mess in the shower and the laundry hamper. Instead, he found Kyros waiting for him, wearing chaps and a harness, military boots and black leather gloves. The tiger had no words for his 'slave', only a curt growl and the nerve-numbing pull of gloved fingers at neckscruff.

Kyros dragged Shane down into the basement once more, then tackled the stunned dalmatian to the floor. Yelping and trying to guard his ears, Shane buckled his head up against his chest and swatted at the violent large cat.

The pair slowly inched along the floor, from along the puppy cage over to the wall, Shane losing pieces of clothing every couple of feet. He finally hunkered up to the wall, one of his ears flipped, howling out as Kyros wound back to clock him. Instead of punching, the tiger's huge hand just jogged upwards and snagged something off one of the shelves. They often held random sex toys, whatever the tiger needed to put away after one of his moods. This time, it was cloverleaf nipple clamps. "No no no, Kyros, please, please, look, I'm really horny for you, I'm so horny I came, that's why I came, I was thinking about you using me like a d-d-d-dirrrrr-rty puppy, okay? Okay?" Shane quivered so thoroughly that his hands hung one minute like begging dog paws and then finger-squirmed with the dopaminergic hyperspeed fluid spazz of a crackhead.

Kyros did not stop his advances. The tiger just stared Shane in the eye and got each of the clamps ready. "Master? Master! Master I'm ss-s-ss-sssss-sssorry I called you the wrong name master, please master? Please?" Kyros pinched the clamps. The moment's melodrama was completely lost on Shane, who was out in enough of a cold sweat that it started to wet his fur around his neck.

The dog devolved into whimpering and petting at Kyros's glove leather as the glaring tiger slowly pushed the clamps towards their twin targets. He suddenly fitted them on with a near snap-off from

his fingers, then mashed Shane's arms to the walls. The dog howled in pain as the clamps crushed his sensitive nipples, muscles rippling and flexing underneath his spotted pelt as he unsuccessfully tried to get free. Tears ran down from his eyes, actual coughing sobs blubbering out of his short muzzle, the entirety of his day erased by that explosion of almost-erotic pain. Now, the only thing in the room besides him was the white-hot needle bite of the textured grip pads.

Shane opened his eyes and found a low 'fuck horse' just a couple feet from his face. Kyros was doing something behind him, but it didn't matter what it was: every time he breathed, the nipple clamp chain wobbled and altered that sensation until it felt like someone was slowly threading a machine bolt through each nipple piercing hole. Shane had gotten the piercings thinking that they'd make his nipples more sensitive, and while that outcome was desired, the lowered pain threshold wasn't. Cuffs. The tiger was cuffing him. Whatever. Cold, though. Cold and wet? He finally braved his pain zen to look and see what was happening, subtle shift of his slender spotted chest causing fire to squirt from each tit. Kyros fixed heavily padded leather cuffs around the dog's wrists, then up around the elbows, fixing both together with strange metal cylinders that appeared to be dripping wet. Dripping wet with ice water. Shane found this remarkable enough to pay attention to, an easy feat when the alternative was nipple torture that was quite possibly injuring his tender pierced nubs.

Ice locks. Each had been in the freezer and now contained a slug of ice. Once the ice melts all the way, the lock mechanism operates and allows its prisoner to escape.

"I keep them in the deep freeze, so that the ice is very hard," Kyros said, finishing up and stroking his fingers up and around to one of the dog's nipples. He let the black leather, cool and wet from the dribbling sands of time, slide along the nipple chain, lifting slowly as he went. The tension first bit at Shane's left nipple, then spread to both as the chain rose up in a hump over a few gloved fingers. "I'll fuck you, and I won't stop until the ice is gone." He let the chain drop. The weight of the metal chain, quite solidly made of stainless steel, dropped and yanked on each cloverleaf clamp, pulling it tighter. Shane screamed and tensed, legs twisting and kneeling to the side, chest smacking down on top of the fuck bench. That gave a split second of even worse pain, before the dalmatian writhed just the right way to compress the clamp springs. He freed himself and sobbed at the tickling euphoria as his body tried to quell the pain, rising up to see two smears on top of the black padded leather, each where his chest hit.

Kyros didn't stroke him or harass him further; the tiger stood up and wandered halfway across the room while Shane howled and whined like a puppy. When the delirious canine rolled back down onto the padding with a groan, he looked over his shoulder to see Kyros standing with cock at full mast, glistening with lubricant. The hulking feline had removed his leather gloves and substituted with long-wrist latex fetish gloves, equally shined up.

The tiger knelt down and smeared one of his slippery hands around the spotty dog's rump and balls, stroking and massaging rump muscle, taint, asshole, a few pulls to the balls. He curved two fingers and plowed them inside, bringing a wistful gasp from the dog. The ensuing prostate massage turned painful enough that Shane gagged and then yelped, creamy ooze pouring out of his pisshole and running off the side of the fuckbench seat as he suffered through a pleasureless reflexive ejaculation. After the medically-powerful prostate milking, Kyros withdrew his hand and plowed his slippery, bare dick through the dog's hole. Shane yelped again, asshole immediately overwhelmed to red-hot pain. Shane focused on the sensation until he realized that reality had set in and his muscles had grown frictionally weak. Kyros sawed back and forth while his hands grabbed and groped at everything they could reach on Shane, whether it was the mind-melting feral tingle up from navel to between pecs, or the tired burn of his nipples.

The heavy duty fucking quickly grew boring for Shane, and then painful. Kyros was clearly working himself up to the plateau, glans increasingly swollen until its relentless pop back and forth through the outer ring every few thrusts had Shane trying to avoid it by rocking forward, even as the very motion ensured more pain.

Pain gave way to an increasingly urgent sense of being broken, to being reduced to one thing, to being fucked as an object, to being raped. Shane decided to see if he really had to wait until the ice melted, and whimpered out, "Please stop, I'm s-s-serious." Kyros did not stop.

Shane grew dizzy and hunkered forward, slobbering onto the top of the fuck bench. Kyros had changed angle just enough to send a good portion of his thrusting down into the dog's bladder and prostate. Bladder first, as he let loose about a quarter cup of urine in a soft hiss that sprinkled the floor to the left of the bench. Prostate next, as the last finishing spurts of piss turned into creamy jets from a second round of prostate hammering.

The dog accidentally bucked his arms apart; the ice locks had melted inside and came apart with a

click and a faint metal clatter as the parts jangled against wristcuffs. Kyros ground to a halt, cock delivering just one final torment in the form of a hot splash of semen across the dog's hole. Thankfully for Shane, Kyros had inherited paltry loads of semen from his big-cat lineage. The tiger stormed off without any further words, heading upstairs and apparently taking up in the den. Shane slowly sat up, free but tortured, anus sore and unpleasantly loosened, nipples now sporting a double dose of black from dried blood. He did have one unexpected high note: Kyros had forgotten about the ice locks. Shane snuck them up to his bedroom and hid them in the very back of his closet.

Shane the dalmatian continues trying to chase his (nightmarish) sexual dreams while under the oppressive body of his tiger master.

Reckless, Pt. 2
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WARNING: This isn't really porn. It's horror/erotica. It's a story. Don't just skip to the sex bits or you will literally miss the whole point.

A few days later, Shane picked up a strange seating companion on the train ride home from the city. He was a sweaty-haired human in a leather jacket, 70's cords, and snakeskin cowboy boots. He had an opinion on train rides.

"Look at this."

Shane looked out the window as directed, as the city subway tunnels turned into the graffiti-filled gutter tunnels of the old suburbs.

"Everything goes from the bright lights of the big city, with underground transportation and cellular boosters so you can stay connected even hurtling around at 40 miles an hour in a fucking tin can that smells like piss and indian people... to this dirty residential mess that stretches on and on, slowly spreading out, houses getting fewer and bigger, with as much money as all the shit back in there at the city."

Heavy traffic flow put a motorcycle at pace with the rattling commuter train. "Yeah," Shane said, without really digesting what his ranting companion said. The guy didn't look particularly crazy or homeless, just a bit rough, perhaps fed up.

"We all want what's back there," the human said, turning around and pointing back towards the city. "We all end up out here, pushed to buy houses, pushed to send our kids to good schools... only the richest people can live downtown in highrises. It just rankles me, you know?"

The highway slowly approached the train as the terrain undulated, bringing the motorcyclist closer. He was clearly a hybrid. Clearly canine. Clearly... lupine. Shane suddenly lost all concern for the guy next to him, or his rants. Could it be that same wolf?

Yes it could. As Shane mm-hmmed his way through disposable social interaction, he watched the motorcyclist pull off the highway onto a toll ramp just in time for the train to pull up to the Bayleston stop. "We all need to do what we really want. If everyone just picked something and tried to do it, something they want and don't have and don't think they can get, and just stuck with it until it happened, even if they kind of suck at it, it'd be amazing. None of this zombie-"

Shane stood up, causing the human to immediately shut up and stare. "Sorry, I think I'm gonna get off at this stop instead of mine. It's not you, it's... bye."

"See? See? Just like I said!"

Shane barely made it before the conductor signaled to close the doors. He took off on foot at a flat-out run, aimed straight for the crossroad that he hoped the motorcyclist wolf would be taking. As luck had it, their schedules were offset just enough that he got a clear view of the big straight-piped harley purring across the tracks once the train went by. The dog didn't really think anything would come of it, and he'd probably just have to get back on the train, but it was worth seeing just where the wolf was going.

To his sheer delight, the wolf pulled into a gas station just a block away. Shane took off again, hauling his cellphone out so he looked like he had a reason to be jogging towards a gas station. The wolf not only was headed into the gas station, but needed gas, albeit a small enough amount that he was done by the time Shane showed up. The wolf then stalked into the shop, followed a few seconds later by an out of breath dalmatian.

Up close, the wolf was a bit more intimidating than he had been from the sickly green tint of a train window. He also wasn't entirely lupine, unless timber wolves had started getting facial permadyes to black out their muzzles. He had to be part dog, perhaps part German Shepherd as his ears looked a bit big. He was certainly large and clad head to toe in bike leather that looked as well-used as it did irresistably glossy.

Shane immediately started weaving through the convenience store aisles as the 'wolf' ambled around. The biker checked out the few skin mags on the rack, then looked through the cigar case. Meanwhile, Shane discovered that the selection of snacks included a stunning amount of weird ethnic treats. He kept an ear perked as another guy came in to pay for his gas; the clerk sounded Russian. The biker wolf-dog waited his turn, then stepped up to the counter and ordered a pack of clove cigarettes.

Shane looked around and spotted a box of Panda licorice. He swiped it up and stepped up to the counter behind the wolf, heart pounding so hard he feared it might be audible. He certainly felt nervous enough, and all he was doing was buying a box of licorice at a gas station.

The wolf reached in to take his wallet out and came up empty. "Ya gotta be fuckin' kidding," he grumbled, then started a methodical search of all pockets. Inside, Shane pondered helping. Outside, he just stood and stared. "I don't even have my fuckin' license. You know me, right?"

"Yeah, yeah, is no problem," the bear behind the counter said. "Need money, though. No bills, no tabs."

The wolf stuffed both riding-gloved hands into his back pants pockets. Shane's pleasing attitude finally broke through his intimidation. "Uh, hey, I can.. I can get it." Both bear and wolf-dog looked his way. "I just hate being in a line, you know, I mean, it's no big deal, it's just a few bucks." He set his box of licorice down on the counter and took out his wallet, then handed over his bank pass.

"Huh. What the hell, someone's actually nice around here." The canine had a rough, long vowel accent. New York? No, maybe Dorchester? Maine? The bear looked at him. "Yeah yeah, you don't count, fucker. Hey, thanks, pup," the wolf said, as Shane took his bank pass and purchase back to himself, then immediately made for the door.

Once outside, the spotty dog made a hard right turn and went around behind the gas station so the wolf wouldn't see him. An outbuilding and a poorly-locked junkyard gave him the perfect opportunity to hide and see if the wolf would do anything in particular.

He crouched behind a junked van and peered through a hole in the side, through the passenger window on the other side. He struck pay dirt. The wolf-dog came out of the gas station and ignored his bike for the time being. Instead, he went around back as if he were going to use the bathroom. He took one of the dark cigarettes out of its pack, slipped it into his muzzle, and lit up. Then, despite the fact that he was two feet from the bathroom door, he unbuttoned his leather fly and took out a serious dick. No sheath, slight torpedo shape, tapered and pointed head: definitely a wolf hybrid. Shane had run across plenty while looking at pinup mags for wolves over the years.

Shane, hidden behind the rusted hulk, did the exact same thing as the wolf. Instead of taking a hot, groaning piss all over the trash dumpster, he just started jerking off. The back of his mind registered an alarmist complaint, in the form of Kyros surely detecting the transgression, but Shane pushed it away by reminding himself that Kyros was probably working second shift and Shane would likely be asleep by the time the tiger got home. Even more pressing: he was watching a leather-wrapped biker asshole smoke and piss all over something.

The spotty dog didn't even have to apply his vicious imagination: he got off without even realizing it was coming. He also barked as he splattered the moldering insides of the van with his seed, and the wolf-dog immediately turned his head.

Oops.

Shane froze so thoroughly that he stopped breathing and started to see spots before his eyes, and without even the promise of an orgasm to make it fun.

The wolf-dog spent what seemed like minutes watching over his shoulder, then shrugged and packaged himself up. Just as he turned around to head back to his bike: "Don't eat all that shit at once, it'll rot your fuckin' teeth outta your head," then muttered something that could sound like: "Pup."

Shane gasped for air, then ran, pants bulging with his impulse distraction purchase, dick and balls hurriedly stuffed back inside.

Kyros was working late again, and that meant Shane could enjoy himself again. 'Could' was the operative word; Shane finally admitted that yes, Kyros had made it very clear he was supposed to keep himself chaste, at least as clear as the tiger was with anything. Kyros wasn't a native speaker and instead of struggling through English, he just used as few words as possible so he could get them right. He'd walked into Shane's room one day several months prior, told the dog that he could only come when asked, and then had gone to clean the garage.

The dog wanted to be playful about breaking the rules, just in case something nice happened as a result, but as he came home to an empty house, that playful air dropped away. Kyros barely even wanted to use him to abusive ends; the tiger had tended to ignore the dalmatian lately. Unless the dog smelled like semen.

Shane went down to the basement, slowly simmering with spite, and pattered around until he chanced upon something. A big bundle of scalding orange outdoor extension cord, probably for the tiger's new electric lawnmower. He looked around, then dug his cellphone out and peered at the time. Almost four hours still until the tiger came home.

He took the bundle of cord with him and went back upstairs, stopping in the kitchen to get a roll of wax paper. After blowing his load the other day while suffocating in a plastic bag, he'd been cooking up a way to indulge himself further. The extension cord made a perfect final ingredient.

Shane settled himself into his bedroom, checking on some websites and warming up with a glance at the latest HardZone newsletter. He stripped out of his work clothes and slid into something delightfully sensual, a black spandex body suit with a codpiece pouch affixed by push snaps. He slipped his hands into a pair of tight black leather driving gloves, then found a pair of black cowboy boots and slid them on. The final touch: a slightly too-small motorcycle jacket, collar flipped up, unzipped all the way.

The dog stepped over to his computer and turned on some music, then switched to a deep autumn-toned visualizer. He snapped the room lights off, leaving only the sweltering video light. The music throbbed, forlorn blues rock tinged with the perfect crispness of modern production, the splashes of reverb and pattering audience applause tidying the package up together.

The song: "I'm So Afraid" by Fleetwood Mac, from the live album, "The Dance". The throbbing drums and bass shored up the haunting overdriven blues guitar, and the whole band boosted Lindsey Buckingham's tormented wailing cowboy lyrics into the most emotional moment on the otherwise very corporate VH1 production. It made the perfect accompaniment to Shane's dancing.

Early in life, Shane had discovered that he could control his body with very little effort. He took ballet lessons, then progressed to ballroom, then modern pop dance. He was surely helped by his body type, lithe but still muscled, shape telegraphed by his flat slick fur. Now, he sauntered around his bedroom, eyes on his mirror as he turned into a silhouette and then lit up with almost candle-light glow from the computer screen. He lip synced as he stroked over his body, swayed back, felt up to his flopped ears, then reached out in a near orgasmic plea to the heavens, then sank down onto one knee.

The music did not demand an energetic dance routine, so Shane didn't give it one. Instead, he focused on the forlorn, wounded eros of the song's

lyrics and mood, then mixed it with his attention-whore kink slut attire. He wished he'd taken the dancing down to the basement, so he could use one of the floor supporting jacks as a pole. Shane tried to keep it tawdry, looking into the mirror both to seem like he was practicing, and so he could watch himself in slinky black spandex and glistening black leather.

As soon as he took the chorus before the long outro bridge, he sunk back onto the bed, then turned to look at what he'd brought up from the basement. Orange electrical cable. How garish, even compared to his hair-metal fag outfit.

Shane watched in his full-length mirror as he handled the cable, turning it over in his gloved grip. He measured out about nine feet of it, then put a complex knot partway down the length. He formed it into a double slipknot, two loops next to each other. He stared on as his black leathered fingers stroked and coiled the electrical cable, forming another slipknot at the plug end. A noose, six inches of tight windings. He shivered.

He took the cable and grabbed some wax paper, then scooted around as he got into one corner of his four-post bed. He wrapped a few layers of the paper around the headboard's frame beam, then wrapped it with a single turn of the extension cord. He piled up a few pillows, then writhed across the bed and settled himself against the pillows. The music turned instrumental, simplistic but timeless guitar wailing making the backdrop to Shane's fantasies.

In his mind, the wolf was there, and the wolf did not like Shane's slinky torch-singer dance number. The wolf did not like men. The wolf was not a faggot, unlike Shane who was so foppishly dressed like a prissy 80's rocker by way of gay pinups. The wolf was a real man, and didn't have the patience for little shits like Shane. Nevermind he wasn't even entirely a wolf - he was close enough.

In Shane's mind, the wolf bound his feet together after knocking him to the ground. In reality, Shane stuffed both of his boots through the mid-loops, calves forced together by the tight knotting.

In Shane's mind, the wolf took a rope and knotted it into a noose, then slipped it around his throat. In reality, Shane wrapped his neck with a hanky and then slid the noose over his head. He stretched out and his feet started to tighten the orange cable, snugging the noose up to his neck by way of the 'pulley' as it looped around the bedframe. He felt around it, first imagining that the wolf was stroking at his handiwork, then feeling his own gloved fingers for real stroking at the cable as it grabbed right above his adam's apple.

Shane stretched out harder and the cable started to choke him. Just like with a belt, or his own hands, it made his head puffy and made blood pound in his ears, and the sensation wasn't so erotic. It was unpleasant. Then he saw himself in the mirror, neck corded out as he strained against the backwards pull. The surprise made him jerk and tense, shoving into the foot loops and strangling himself so hard that it made his throat cluck and stop all airflow.

That made it instantly erotic and his cock swelled inside the spandex suit. Shit, forgot the condom - and that just made him harder, knowing that he was breaking yet another rule. Unlike the dubious one about not orgasming without permission, which he still didn't want to fully admit Kyros had goaded him into, Shane knew very well that he was only supposed

to climax in a condom unless Kyros explicitly ordered him to do otherwise. It was his own rule that he'd asked for, when the two were agreeing on the terms of their relationship.

His worries about the condom faded in a few seconds as soon as Shane eased up on his kicking. That didn't stop the strangling clutch of plastic-coated electrical cable against his neck. Panic. He clutched at the noose around his neck, this time out of actual need to take it off, gloved fingers prying and digging. His own panic made him stretch out, a habit he'd had ever since a puppy. Frighten him and all he would do is stand back straight or shoulders back, hands clutched near his beltline and pushing down at the ground. With his boots hooked into stirrup loops to help strangle himself, that panic reflex ensured that he was going to choke himself even harder.

The fantasy juttled back into his mind, the wolf-dog dragging him across the floor of some industrial garage by the neck, as he desperately clutched and pried at the rope around his neck, feet lashed together like a bound cowboy. In reality, he was strangling himself, using so much leverage as he tried to strain away and only pulled harder, feet now kicking to try and loose themselves of their own noose-like loops. He'd knotted them close enough to slipknots that he was now stuck, struggling for real, lever-action predicament ensuring that the harder he tried to free himself, the harder he strangled himself. He felt so aroused, so desperate, so tortured as the imaginary wolf tried to ruin him, that he was about to-

Shane's eyes popped open and he looked around his bedroom. His reflection had orange cable all over it, boots still wrapped with the foot loops, most of the rest puddled around on the bed with the cable winder sitting like an orange plastic spider. The noose was still around his neck and he panicked, clawing and wrenching at it, immediately tensing his muscles and choking himself again. After only a few seconds - that seemed like minutes - he managed to get the noose just free enough to breathe, then free enough to yank off entirely. His vision pulsed with the thunder of fresh blood flow.

For a second, Shane wondered if the whole thing was just in his imagination. The outfit wasn't - leather, spandex, all there. The cable arrangement wasn't. He felt around his neck and took away a hanky, torn up in a big gash at the middle. His fingers prickled as he realized he'd scrabbled desperately at his neck, managing to free the noose at the absolute last second and had passed out for - how much time? He looked over at the clock, but couldn't remember what time it had been. The prickling got worse and he felt panic creep into his blood along with very obvious heart-pounding. He rolled over to the side and squirmed out of the foot ropes, then curled up into a ball and squeezed hard until he felt consciousness weave back in.

Shane bolted up and swiped up all of the cable, gloved fingers shaking as he undid the noose and feebly tried to straighten it out. Impossible - not enough time - he spun it all around on the carrier and wrapped the plug end around a few times, hoping that Kyros would never wonder why it had tight wrapping indentations.

He ran downstairs, boots clattering across the kitchen floor, almost losing his balance as he skidded into the basement stairwell. He tore around in the utility room, wedging the big bundle of cable up onto the highest shelf he could reach, then putting a whole row of boxes in front of it. Kyros was notoriously bad about organizing anything that didn't

have computer parts or sexual uses, so surely the tiger would never notice-

Upstairs, the front door slammed. Shane almost collapsed, heart flopping in his chest. He bolted back up the stairs to the kitchen, skidding across the floor again just in time for Kyros to fling the door open. The two stopped and stared at each other, Shane so terrified that his tail actually curled under his taint and tried to come up around his balls, Kyros just scowling at him.

"Why are you dressed like that?" the tiger growled, tail slowly waving around behind him before settling down and curling around one of his slacks legs.

Shane's mouth went dry. "Uh. Uh. I was... I was dancing." He looked down at Kyros' feet in their expensive Eddie Bauer hiking boots.

"In the basement," Kyros said, stepping forward. Shane backed up with matching footsteps.

"The.. the radio's down there, I mean there isn't enough room in my room, and I.. didn't want to touch yours, Sir." Shane kept his gaze fixated on Kyros' work shoes. How casual and unassuming. He used it to distract himself from the fact that he could be in very bad trouble.

"Then we go down and you show me," Kyros said, continuing to advance.

Shane swallowed and whimpered, then turned so he wouldn't fall down the step to the stairwell foyer. He clopped down the stairs, suddenly very, very aware of how loud his cowboy boots sounded. He looked completely ridiculous, and was just waiting for Kyros to call him on it. He moved a few boxes out of the way in the basement, then just hung around.

Kyros grunted and leaned on a support beam, then crossed his arms. He wore a pair of khaki slacks and a polo shirt with a DSX Integrity logo over the left pec, the name of the computer security company he worked for. "Well? You put on that stuff, you were dancing by yourself, now you dance for me." The tiger shifted his foot and kicked the radio that Shane had mentioned. Thank god it was plugged in. But what was in it? Shane had no idea; he hadn't used it for ages, not since he'd helped Kyros clean up from a sump pump failure. It was so old it had a tape deck.

The tiger bent down and pushed the play button. Silence, a little whirr from the tape, a bit of hiss. Then a pickup drumbeat and... sax. Soprano sax. A very familiar wailing melody, and a soft-rock disco club groove.

Shane had spent a short stint as an erotic dancer for a gay gentleman's club. He hadn't done it for the money, or because he had poor self-esteem; he did it because the mere idea of it gave him a raging hardon. The only reason he stopped was that he'd met Kyros, and the tiger had promptly gotten him 'a respectable job'; the irony of the situation was that the tiger quit shortly afterwards and went on to a much better gig at DSX.

The dalmatian's signature song, in contrast to the bump and grind gay club anthems the other dancers liked to use, was "Careless Whisper" by Wham! Not only could he grind and bend and primp to it, but he could do a good George Michael impression to boot. He couldn't help himself as the song led into the verse: he had to sing along.

Kyros' house wasn't particularly new, and the hardwood floors necessitated a bunch of floor jacks. Shane used one of them as a pole, clinging around it, stroking it, grinding against it. The dalmatian's flop ears gave him just enough of a forlorn look to match up with the song's lust-lost croon.

Then, buoyed by Kyros' lack of physical violence towards him, the dog strutted up to his pantherine master and belted the chorus out into his face. Instead of annoying the tiger, his master's face slackened into a look of surprise, and a big, big erect curve in his khakis. Shane put on equal parts singing support and pole-dancing moves, sometimes gyrating and tending towards positively orgasmic writhing against anything he could find.

As the song faded out, Shane stepped up to Kyros and slid his gloved hands along the tiger's polo shirt, then sidled up against the big feline's front, cradled against the towering form.

Kyros used his foot to unplug the radio with a crash as it fell over. "Go up to the master bedroom and wait outside the door for me, puppy."

Shane's eyes widened, ears lifting as much as their floppy droop would allow. "Rrf," he squeezed out, then lurched away, hurrying upstairs. The slight issue of dinner faded out of his mind, replaced by the amazement as Kyros seemed pleased for once. Maybe he'd really taken the tiger by surprise. The dog forgot all about blacking out while strangling himself to visions of a dark leather-stud wolfdog.

Kyros used the dog's forced waiting period to make dinner. Whatever it was, it was spicy and garlicky, with a big side of rich sweetness. Shane sat down on the upstairs hall carpet and leaned against the door, then scooted over and propped into the corner made by a storage unit a few feet away. The evening's events so far left him feeling strangely calm, as if nothing could surprise him or overload him anymore. If Kyros was mad, he wasn't showing it. The tiger never expressed much in the way of feelings, but when he was angry, he wore it on his sleeve. In blood.

Shane took a quick pit stop to go to the bathroom, and he was back at the master bedroom door for only a few minutes before Kyros started up the stairs. The tiger came up slowly, and by the time he reached the top, Shane had his muzzle tucked and huddled against the wall. Kyros had a tray.

"You get dinner up here while I finish something for work. Just a small thing. But. You get dinner as a pup." The tiger handed Shane the tray. "Do not touch yet." Then he opened the door and stepped inside.

The master bedroom had an enormous king bed decked out in black linens, with four short posts dotted by D-ring attachments. The room had a huge trunk at one side, and then a massive cabinet that looked like something industrial out of a workshop, each wardrobe-sized door locked with a padlock. The other side had a desk with one of the tiger's laptops on it. Kyros immediately sat down and started doing something.

"What do I do?" Shane said, standing in the doorway, staring down at a tray full of food. Not a lot, but plenty for him. It looked like lamb kofta and some sort of spicy red sauce, then baklava. The dog waffled between helpless puppy and hungry, tired adult.

"Put it down over there," Kyros said, flinging a hand back in the general direction of the heavy trunk. It had a padded top, doubling for a sitting bench. Shane stepped around the bed and kneeled down with the tray, careful not to spill anything. He went to get back up but couldn't. Kyros had crawled across the bed and almost pounced down on him, without making much more than a rustle. Shane's pulse quickened. Worse, the tiger had something with him.

It felt like a belt - it was a belt, heavy saddle leather, glossy black, with D-ring attachments all around the waist. Two padded leather cuffs were riveted onto either side, unbuckled. Kyros shoved one of Shane's gloved wrists into it, bunching the jacket leather up a few inches, then buckled the strap tight. He repeated with the other side, leaving the dog's arms pinned at his sides. "Now, you eat." The tiger climbed back over to the other side of the room and went back to whatever he was writing up.

Shane stared down at the plate and its messy entree, crumbling sticky-sweet dessert. He felt like he was on another planet, one where Kyros did nice things for him all the time. He leaned down and lapped at a little bit of the sauce, warm fire mixed with something delightfully sweet. He lapped and lapped and lapped, slurping and grunting a little as he tried to chase down a few of the rough lamb balls. Shane was a lot hungrier than he'd realized, and tried real hard not to snarf at his food. He didn't chew one of the meatballs enough and when he swallowed it half whole, his neck throbbed.

The dog paused, stared down at his food, desperately wanted to rub at his neck. Did he have a mark? Some rubbed-off fur? A bruise that'd show through under the white fur? He looked a little frantic as he tried to crane around and look in a mirror without actually getting up.

Kyros must've seen him as a reflection in something, as the tiger turned his head around. "Is something wrong? Not good?"

Shane shook his head. "No Sir, it's really good. I'm just..." He said, and started carefully picking words in his head.

"I'm almost done," the tiger growled, looking back to his work, talking towards his laptop screen and the wall. "Take off that black suit and put the rest back on. Unless it has a fuck-hole in the back."

"It d-does, sir."

Kyros growled to himself, furiously typing. "Then leave it."

"I can't... I can't take it off anyway. You-"

"Fuck, whatever, I said it'll be a few minutes," Kyros snarled, then went back to his work.

Shane finished his food, then kneeled. It didn't sit well inside him, spicy and garlicky and powerfully honey-sweet. It felt like a lump. After another five minutes, the dalmatian realized he wasn't ill from the food, but from worrying if he was in trouble. Kyros muttered to himself almost constantly, chair creaks for minutes at a time, then furious typing and snarling.

Finally: "Hah! I reboot it all at once and now it works." He spun around on his chair and stared across the room at Shane. Shane whimpered. "Get up into bed. Go on, get up in there and lie down."

Shane whimpered and cocked his head, then stood up and climbed into bed. The fixed-arm bondage took away his grace and he struggled after tilting to the side and lying down, unintentionally sprawling out across the black sheets.

Kyros watched him and stripped, eyes fixated on Shane as the dog struggled to get comfortable against the pillows. The tiger's fat cock drooped and throbbed as he got out of his work clothes. "Good pup," he said, then went over to his closet and started rifling through things.

The dog craned his neck to try and watch Kyros dress, but the tiger had absently pulled the walk-in closet's door half shut. All he could hear was grunting, the clicks and shuffles of clothes hangers and drawers, then the creak of leather.

Kyros came out of the closet in full leather gear: tight leather chaps stuffed into enormous thigh-high motorcycle boots, cock and balls strained by a neoprene 'sling' cockring; upper body wrapped in a motorcycle jacket zipped to mid chest; gauntlet gloves over the jacket arms. Instead of a hat or some simple BDSM hood, Kyros had on a full-head motorcycle helmet, with raging black and orange tiger stripes and a sun shade visor. The tiger's dick looked like it was going to explode, veins showing along the length, foreskin squeezing the middle of the glans so the big-holed tip looked like it would pop.

Shane stared at the tiger's helmet and froze over inside, absolutely terrified that he was going to be punished. He couldn't even will himself to whine, and the room grew silent as Kyros stood still, staring at him. On the bright side, the outfit gave Shane a stunning hard-on.

Kyros crept closer to the bed, gloved hand surrounding his cock, milking his foreskin forward enough that it wrinkled up and drooped forward, then pulled it back until his cockhead bloated up like a shiitake mushroom. "I liked how you danced for me down there, in that tight suit you wear. Tonight, we play with electricity."

Shane blinked and let out a soft rrf? Definitely not what he was expecting. Kyros turned away and returned back to the walk-in closet to rummage around, grunting again. This time, his grunts came with the heavy, dark huff of someone breathing inside a helmet. Shane had assumed that somehow, he had gained Kyros' affection and favor and that he'd spend a night being mounted and cuddled in the big tiger's bed, instead of shuffled off or even forced back into his own room like usual and left alone while the hulk audibly masturbated in the next room.

Kyros came back out of the closet with his cock almost entirely wrapped in black latex, shaft and balls gleaming with the black material. Only his dickhead sprouted out of it, strained extra by the tight constriction. He had something in his arms, a jumble of wires and bits, something Shane had never seen before. "We will complete the circuit together."

Shane stared. He couldn't do anything to help, arms forced to his sides, so he just wriggled on the bed. "Yes, Master." What the hell did 'complete the circuit' mean? Shane's only experience with electrical stimulation was when he'd been assembling the tiger's new barbeque grill

and had shocked himself in the pisshole with the ignitor. It hadn't exactly hurt, but it hadn't felt very good, either.

Kyros set everything down on the bed, then stood at the side, right where one of Shane's hands was. He took a prostate massager out, then started to slick it up with some water-based lube. "Touch me," he said, then leaned over, one leatherclad knee pulled up onto the bed. He started working the toy into his asshole, groaning and huffing into the helmet as he slowly worked it in. Just before it disappeared, Shane noticed that the head of it was made out of metal.

The dog twisted his body and moved his hand over, then grappled around with his restrained gloved fingers until he could pull the tiger's black-sheathed dick down. He started to milk at the head, nerves soothed by the sounds of deep pleasure he - and that prostate massager - extracted from Kyros. "Does it feel good?"

"Be quiet, pup," Kyros said, then clamped a gloved hand over Shane's muzzle. It smelled like leather and slightly sweet from the lube. It tasted only like lube. He licked anyway, until the tiger let go of him.

The leather-tiger then pried the codpiece pouch off of Shane's spandex suit and drew the back zip down, until it hit the dog's whip tail. "Do you understand what I'm going to do now?"

"No?" Shane whined, fingers trying to grab for Kyros' dick again. They failed.

Kyros took a black package and tore it open. Inside, more black, an ebony Tuxedo condom. Shane whimpered, cock growing up to full erection, nudging at his belly. Kyros took something else first and strapped it around the head of the dog's dick, right behind the glans. It looked like a thin black rubber tube. He took one of the wires from the bundle of toys and plugged it into the very end of it, then snugged a little keeper up until it grasped onto the flesh. Then he took the condom and unrolled it down Shane's cock, hiding the contraption with a bulge that looked only like a swollen vein. "Maybe you are not so technical, pup. You only know computer software. This is electronics. I am one pole, and you are now the other."

The tiger slicked up two of his gloved fingers and slid them up under the dalmatian's tail, stroking and rubbing at the muscular hole, slowly penetrating it. Shane groaned and whimpered, immediately swooning from the pleasure of a thankfully gentle prostate massage. After a few minutes of gentle thrusting, Kyros slid his fingers back out and climbed into bed, then splayed Shane's legs apart. He kneeled down and started nudging his bare dickhead against the dog's hole, cock stuffing in with enough force to make Shane bark. The big cat then took one of the other wires and blindly fitted it into the toy stuffed in his own ass. He leaned over, leather-clad body almost touching Shane's, helmeted face inches from the dog's snout. "Kiss me."

Shane whined and started to puppy-nuzzle up at Kyros' helmet, pink tongue washing out over the hard plastic. He licked and nosed and rubbed, muscles slowly squirming under his spandex, gripping and milking at the tiger's penetrating shaft.

"Now, you see how it works," Kyros said, sitting back on his knees, cock curvature and posture giving Shane a massive prostate massage. The tiger picked up the electronic box where the two wires terminated, and turned a

knob. Nothing happened save for the flicker of a couple blue LEDs. He turned another knob, and still nothing happened... until it did. Shane felt a twinge of something in his body, a tingle around the rim of his dickhead and some internal muscle tension. A little more of a turn, and he felt a distinct buzz that swelled up and then stopped, swelled and stopped, swelled and stopped. It felt like he was vibrating inside, and simultaneously getting a vibrator shoved against his cockhead. "What do you think, pup?"

"It feels kind of weird," Shane said, struggling against the restraint belt, gloved fingers squeaking against themselves as he flexed and relaxed his hands. "But having your... your dick in me feels really good-AAH!" While Shane talked, Kyros turned the knob he was adjusting up almost a quarter turn. The strange, pulsating tingle turned into a massive, heavy, muscle-cramping intermittent buzz. He squeezed and milked at Kyros' dick without any will, head slapped back against the sheets, face twisted up. "Aaahhh! Kyros! Kyros! Turn it down! Turn it down! Turn it down! Master? Master? Please sir please please please!"

Kyros grunted and started to thrust into Shane's electrically-squirming asshole, leather-clad body slowly rippling as his muscles strained into the riding and fetish gear, body leaning back to ensure his bare dickhead worked just like the electrode on his own prostate massager, delivering current right up into Shane's sensitive gland. He timed his thrusts to match up with the electrical jolts, snorting and grunting into the helmet so thoroughly that a bit of condensation and drool started to escape from the breathing vents. Kyros did not turn it down.

Shane expected the painful electrical zaps to get worse and worse, but after the first few, it started to just feel good, not nearly as intense. He stared up at the looming tiger, anonymized by the helmet, and went limp. He felt only the massive penetrative pleasure from getting his prostate hammered and electrocuted, and started to whimper and beg, words indistinct except when he proclaimed love for Kyros with a near howl.

The tiger adjusted the power control again, the surge hitting hard enough to hurt, and then came hard, snarling and gagging inside his helmet, cock bucking and jerking as he dumepd a few squirts into Shane's asshole. Then he pulled out, suddenly breaking the contact and stopping the massive electrical pleasure. Shane groaned and rolled his head to the side, tongue flopping out of his mouth. His arousal faded, leaving him to feel shunned, orgasm not quite reached.

"Do you think it's over? You are my pup, so you should act like it," Kyros said, then reached back and unplugged the prostate massager from his asshole with a wet plop. He rolled Shane over and stuffed it into the dog's asshole, leaving Shane to spontaneously howl as the tiger hadn't bothered to turn the control box off. Not only did the electricity bring him to near orgasm, but the muscle contractions jackhammered the toy into his guts. He couldn't even think, one moment staring at the sheets, the next staring at the top of the tiger's immense boot cuff. His arms were free and he hugged onto Kyros' leg, immediately starting to hump at the leather. "Now, that's a good puppy dog."

Kyros rotated one of the other knobs and the pulsating zap turned into a constant, high-frequency buzz. Shane cried out and clung onto the tiger's massive leg, cock exploding in the black condom, muscles squeezing on the toy hard enough to make a wet sound. As soon as he finished, the tiger unplugged the electrical leads.

"T-thank you, master," Shane groaned, clinging to Kyros until the tiger pried him off. The big hulk took his prostate massager back, leaving Shane feeling like he had a gaping, numb space where his anus should have been. Then he pulled the condom off the dog's sinking cock, squeezing it out all over his hand. Shane immediately licked it all clean, then hunkered back on the bed, staring up at Kyros.

The tiger pulled his helmet off. "Now I'm tired, food and fucking wears me out. You can sleep with me tonight."

Shane almost cried.

Pain.

Shane woke up to scalding, searing, crushing, nauseating pain. It hurt so bad, he wondered for a second if he had appendicitis or something.

"Wake up! Wake up, filthy dog!"

WHACK. Oh, that's why it hurts. He stared down just in time to see Kyros whip him across the balls again with a dress belt. The dog couldn't even register what was happening, staring down at his limp dick and dangling balls, muscles flickering up and down his spotted front.

"Wake up! Are you still hard? Do you still have morning wood? No, you don't. It's gone now. You don't come without me telling you to, any more. Now I have this." Kyros clutched something in his hand, a metal curved shape that looked generally phallic. While Shane sobbed and gagged on the bed, he grappled with the dog's limp dick and balls, stuffing the shaft into the metal sleeve, then fitting the whole thing around and behind his balls. It had a small padlock, which Kyros snapped shut. The tiger withdrew the little keyring, with two keys on it. "Do you see these keys, pup? I get one," he said, removing one of the keys from the ring. He put the ring on his own keyring, then took the other in his hand. "Go into the basement, get me pliers and the torch."

Shane sniffled, heart pounding from being forced awake by gut wrenching pain. He balked and Kyros pulled his arm back. The dog sprang from bed and ran downstairs, forgetting to breathe until he got to the basement. Torch, torch, torch, we have a torch, where's the torch, do we have a torch, is Kyros crazy, is he going to burn my dick off, what's he gonna do, what's he gonna do?

The dog's emotions caught up with him, eyes welling with fresh tears, face burning, nose burning, snot dribbling down onto his lips as he fumbled through things on the utility shelves. Torch torch torch extension cord NO! He encountered the still-mangled cord from the night before and flashed back. Orange cord around his neck, a hanky to keep him from getting rope burn, feet locked together in a noose for leverage, strangling himself, blood rush drowning out the music. Then panic, unable to get the noose free, gloved hands scrabbling at his neck, lungs burning, blood rush getting quieter, everything fading.. and then he'd somehow come around, perhaps from going limp as he blacked out.

He looked down, a few wet splats on the floor from tears. Where his dick had been, there was now only metal, like some kind of Elizabethan faux penis for a poor eunuch. He juggled the mental image from strangling

himself the day before and stopped caring so much about finding the torch. Instead, he cared about how it hurt to try and get an erection.

Metallic pounding made him snap back to reality. Pound, pound, pound, clang, clang, clang. What the hell-

"DIRTY MUTT! GET ME THE TORCH AND PLIERS!" Kyros was banging on one of the heating registers and screaming into the ductwork. The roar rattled the entire furnace.

Shane started panicking again, finally locating a pair of big pliers and the propane torch. He ran upstairs and ran right into Kyros blocking the master bedroom doorway. The tiger wrenched the tools out of his grip, then scruffed him and dragged him into the bathroom.

The dog's fear of terrible repercussions fizzled out. Kyros took the pliers and held the very tip of the chastity padlock's keyring hole, then clicked the torch alight. He aimed the blue flame at the key and it quickly turned from brass to red, then melted. The metal landed with a hissing splat in the sink. "Now, only I let you come. Maybe you figure out how to do it in that thing. Good luck, it will hurt. Then you will like pain more."

Shane sniffled. "Okay."

"Go to work."

Someone sat down next to Shane on the train home and he turned over to see what sort of pointless canned companion it was this time. Instead, he saw one of his coworkers, Bill from the development team. "What're you doing on the train?"

"Car's in the shop," the raccoon said.

"Oh, that sucks."

"Tell me about it. Ever since I was a little kid, I wanted a Jaguar. I guess it's part of that anglophilia thing, eh? Boy, I should have listened. Never trust the English to wire something."

"I don't know, what about that Enigma thing from World War II?" Shane started watching out the train window, expecting to see the biker wolf-dog.

Bill rubbed at his chin. "Okay, never trust civilian British companies to wire things?"

"Doesn't Ford own Jaguar?"

"Stop making sense, Shane. Anyway, the damn thing's in the shop, just stopped dead on the highway. They probably have to replace the entire wiring harness, which is over a thousand dollars of labor. Oh well. It's a nice car otherwise. Gives me a hardon when I shift gears."

Shane looked over at Bill. "Why are you carrying binoculars?" The raccoon had a pair strung around his neck.

"Well, I volunteered with some nature group to help survey the peregrine falcon population downtown," Bill said, so matter-of-factly that Shane instantly laughed.

"Are you serious? For real? Since when do you like birds?" Binoculars. Binoculars. Shane kept saying the word over and over in his head. He was on about the fifth repeat when he realized he was trying not to think about the way his cock ached when it tried to stiffen inside its curved surgical steel chastity sleeve. Wolf-dog. He'd see the wolf-dog.

"Oh, it just seemed like something to do. I like chasing new hobbies."

Shane looked back out the window. He didn't really believe Bill, even though the coon did indeed have a new hobby every few months. He assumed the binoculars were there as some part of divine intervention, the same force that put a menacing but very handsome wolf-dog on a motorcycle at a train crossing almost every day.

Sure enough: the train hissed to a halt, and the wolf-dog pulled right up on his rumbling Harley to wait his turn. "Hey, can I borrow those things?"

"Oh, sure," Bill said, taking them off and handing them over. "It's kind of hard to find birds on buildings, if you're not a birder. So don't try. Anyway, guess what? Our company's sunk. Someone's gonna buy us out."

"Really," Shane said, focusing his vision on the wolf-dog. Boots. Leathers. Gloves. Menacing face. Matchbook as he fumbled it out to light up a cigarette. "That sucks."

"It's not totally guaranteed, and no one's announced it. I don't know who's gonna buy us, either. It's just been going around. We have something useful but we're not making enough money. We got too big and can't scale. I don't know. I guess it sucks. With our luck, they'll keep the IP assets and get rid of the biological ones."

"What?" Shane wasn't really paying attention. He was trying to memorize the name of the bar on the matchbook. The Pit. Hadn't that closed? He put the binos down and handed them back to Bill, then took his phone out.

"They're probably going to fire everyone except the upper management, Shane."

The dalmatian punched in the name and web searched. Apparently The Pit did close, but then switched owners and had its grand opening a few weeks earlier. Thursday was also 'Bike Night', where bikers who showed their registrations got discount cover, a free drink, and a chance to have the VIP lounge all to themselves with whoever they wanted as a lottery prize. "Guess I better dust off my resume."

"I'm really surprised you've been here so long, I mean, been with the company so long." Bill put the binoculars back to his eyes. "That guy who got you the job, that tiger? Even he left. I'm only here because I'm trying to finish a project. Resume building project, really."

Shane turned his mind to the guy who got him his job, and his balls ached. "Well, I guess I'm just a wuss."

"Oops, my stop!" Bill said, as the next stop rolled up. "Good luck!"

Shane tried really hard to worry about his job, but all he could really worry about was how he was going to get to The Pit without Kyros finding out.

Kyros was working third shift. No, even better: he might have to stay over. Some sort of 'emergency' situation was going on at DSX Integrity and he had to oversee it in person, no questions asked. So said the note left on the fridge whiteboard.

Shane sunk inside for a few moments, as he wondered if he would ever have a moment of affection from the tiger that didn't somehow end in trauma, or wasn't stilted by the tiger's awful work schedule. He tried to chalk up the tiger's attitude to being a foreigner, to being a geek, to a short temper, to his own willingness to humiliate himself.

He rose inside - but not inside the chastity tube - as he realized he now had the perfect opportunity. Another web search, again on his phone, proved that The Pit was definitely 150% open and that night was definitely Biker Night. Bikes optional, biker gear requested heavily. The Pit was Lainsville's premiere gay and fetish club, and it was even where Shane had met Kyros. That was years and years earlier, though.

Shane went up and dug out all of the gear he'd put on the night before, with the addition of a pair of lace-side leather shorts. Not only did they look great with the biker jacket and cowboy boots over the spandex, but they helped hide the fact that his cock was stuffed into a metal tube and padlocked onto his balls.

He opened the front door to leave and stopped. He took a deep breath, then verbalized what he was feeling. "Kyros says I can't cum, but he didn't say I can't have fun on my own." Then, he stepped out into the outside world again, this time dressed in a flagrant kinky-trash costume.

No one actively jeered him on the way to the train station, or even on the train itself. He did draw a lot of looks, though. Children seemed to be impressed and then mocking as they grew older; adults seemed concerned that one would dress so outre compared to the status quo. One guy, who was disappointingly rounded, gave him a very, very lewd smirking for the second half of the train ride into the city.

Once he reached 10th and Ashdale and got off, things were a bit different. That was the unofficial gay district, which took up almost a third of the city to the west of downtown. Leather biker gear was more common than it should have been, more flashy and iconic than practical. Cutoff jean shorts and combat boots looked to be making a second run, and almost everyone male who wasn't more heavily attired had on a tank-top. When anyone in that part of town looked at Shane, it was either out of lust or drag-queen one-upped contempt. That made Shane want to get hard. Then it made him hurt because he couldn't.

The Pit sat square in the middle of Reinhardt Street, two blocks over from Ashdale. The building looked the same as it ever did, mostly indistinct with a few pride flags dangling from upper balconies. The sign had been redone into some big stainless steel thing with black lettering. The front windows were blacked out as were most bars. A vague throb of techno bubbled up from under the sidewalk, from the dance club in the basement.

Even in the foyer where one could immediately jog down to the dance floor instead of entering the leather-saturated main bar, things were just slightly off. Nicer, fixier, and by definition colder and more masculine. He paid cover and got banded, then went into the main bar. Definitely, almost alarmingly different.

The original The Pit had been a hand-me-down place, cobbled together as its owners slowly bought the entire vertical allotment in the building over a good twenty years. This was the same idea, but completely designed in place. Dark and forbidding, yet still loaded with alcohol advertisements and plenty of space to park oneself. The bartenders all wore leather body suits; the floor waiters had thigh-high Wesco boots, jocks, and bar vests on. No exceptions.

Shane went up to the end of the bar and waited for the attention. He was surprised to find a touch-screen thing mounted there which he could use to order. He was in the middle of punching in his name when one of the suited bartenders, a lanky maned wolf, came over. "Oh you don't have to use that," he said, amping up a little bit of fop. "I saw you all the way from the other side of the bar. Do you have a registration?"

"A what?" Shane was nervous enough to have forgotten the core reason he'd actually come out to the club.

"It's bike night," the bartender said, pointing to the custom banner on the computer screen. "If you have a New York State motorcycle registration, you get a free drink and entered in this lottery to have a fuckfest in the VIP lounge, and something else. I forget, I don't do that stuff, I just make you drunk."

"Oh no, this is just kind of an outfit. I guess I'll have a jaeger bomb."

The bartender started making Shane's drink right in front of him. "If I had a motorcycle, I'd love to have you climb on behind me," he said. "And I mean that. You're something in that. Look at you, you're such a nice dog."

Shane stared and tucked his muzzle a bit. "Really?"

Someone sitting at the bar, a Rottweiler who looked like he would need a can opener to get out of his motorcycle racing suit, turned his head around. "He just says that shit because you have hot pants on. He loves a guy in hot pants."

"You keep quiet! So what if I do?" The bartender grouched, emptying a can of Red Bull into a glass and then pouring off a shot of jaeger. Before Shane could take his wallet out, and definitely before he could even take hold of the combination drink, the rottie grabbed the glass.

"I got this for you if you do a trick for me," the big dog said, turning in his seat. His riding suit had a custom codpiece in it, and the dog looked to have a partial erection. "You a good dog? I bet you do all kinds of tricks."

"You're such a filthy mutt," the bartender said, but leaned on the bartop to watch.

Shane swallowed and pulled his flop-ears back. "A trick?"

"Kneel. Put the shotglass on your nose and balance it. Then, when I snap, you dodge to the side so it falls into here. Easy." The rottie held both parts, one in each hand.

Shane kneeled, which tickled the rottweiler enough that he guffawed and almost spilled Shane's untouched drink. He put his gloved hands on his spandex-clad knees and stuck his muzzle straight out. His nascent, trapped erection hurt so bad, there was no way he could ignore the sexual tingle buried in the too-tight crush. He looked up at the rottie, and got a look back that said, "For real?" Shane nodded, then froze again.

The rottie took the shot of jaeger and set it on Shane's muzzle, and it stayed perfectly balanced. Shane had done the trick before - the very first person who'd ever treated him to some pup play had made him do it - and a naturally squared muzzle top made it all too easy. The other dog then took his glove off one hand, held the glass of red bull underneath Shane's muzzle, and waited. He snapped his fingers and Shane knocked his muzzle to the side, then immediately grabbed the glass out of the rottweiler's hand, guzzling it down. For a second, he gagged at the awful faux-citrus musk of red bull mixing with the herbal licorice burn of the jaeger. Then he smiled at the dog and stood up. "Thanks."

Bolstered by the tingle of alcohol, the promise of a caffeine rush, and the sheer exuberance of doing something humiliating and coming out on top, Shane started to strut around the bar. He was definitely dressed on the rakish side; most of the other patrons were clad in very typical fetish uniform or slave gear, biker gear, or skimpy underwear-ready spandex briefs and boxers.

Everything good from his early days, back when he was a dancer, came rushing back on a wave of warm alcoholic glow. Just as that blossomed into a warm buzz as he made several circuits around the bar, the caffeine started to hit. He felt a little bit of panic, and a lot of relief from his crushed hardon as it shrunk a little.

Shane was just about to check out the back room, which promised nefarious play just from the terrible dim 'security lighting', when he turned and walked right into someone. They crashed against him, arms immediately clutched onto his to keep him from toppling back.

"Whoa there, pup!" the big guy growled, then pulled Shane to stare into his face. "If I hadn't given my beer to some jackass to hold while I got another one, I would have spilled it all over me. And you'd be licking it right up off... hey, wait a fuckin' minute. You're that dog from the other day."

Shane felt a little bit of piss - just a little - force a lot of precum out of his chastised, spandex and leather-wrapped dick. The wolf-dog. "Hi. I'm sorry. I'm sorry... for bounding around here like a puppy."

"Puppy? I'll fucking say. Look at you, playing fucking dress-up. You just need to spike up your fur between the ears and put on some kind of fancy spiked collar, put on a sneer, you got billy fucking idol or something!" The wolf-dog's voice lifted up and out until he was gesticulating and practically hollering in Shane's face. The dalmatian's cock instantly fell in love. "Eh, you know what I'm talking about? The other day? You bought me some very nice cloves, and I went out back and watered the brick while you beat off."

Shane actually did collapse forward, right into the canine. Big, muscular, leathery. Endless leather. Tall engineer boots, tight leather riding pants, classic leather jacket, long gauntlet gloves, and a bandana around the head with his ears up out of two slots. The face was the dead giveaway, the charcoal muzzle and lighter facial patterns of a wolf. The wolf-dog put his arm around Shane. "I'm not drunk yet. I'm just... wow. You're really big."

"Gonna fix that, c'mon," the wolf-dog grunted, then started walking Shane back to the bar. It was standing-room only, but as soon as the biker pushed Shane up, a couple of people edged right out of the way, both smiling at Shane's plight. "Mmm. So what am I gonna get you? I know. Hey, hey leggy, I have a little firedog who's gotta put one out."

"Call me that again and I'm going to put strychnine in your drink," the maned wolf behind the bar said, scooting past and fag-wagging his fingers at Shane and his lupine captor.

"Hey, sambuca, double, two of 'em. You know what that is? Mm? I'm talking to you, puppy dog." The hybrid stroked under Shane's nose. Shane stared at the biker's boots.

"No? I'm Shane. You have really, really nice leathers," the dog said, whimpering at the crush around his dick.

The maned wolf swiped a bottle off the shelf and filled two big shooters with it, then slid them over. The hybrid got out his debit card and swiped it off, then keyed in a tip. He tucked his money back into a jacket pocket. "Name's Rex. I'm surprised you don't recognize me from, I dunno, somewhere else. Like everyone else does."

Shane tilted his head. "Who? What?"

"Haha, well, look, if you happen to watch porn, you might want to pick up the Rough Trade Studios collection. It gets a little, you know, rough, and I mean that." Rex did not seem to be upset by how rough his own pornos had been. He pushed his chest out more. "How about we go somewhere not so, uh, vertical? C'mon." Rex hooked Shane under the arm and pulled him along.

Shane felt like a girl for a few steps, drink flung out and held carefully, cowboy heels making him clop until he picked up with the hybrid's drunken strut. They went right into the back room, around a couple of pool tables, and then into a sort of booth. It had an L-shaped bench that didn't quite go two thirds around, leaving room to simply stand. There was a glory hole in that part, over to the next booth. Rex pushed him into the bench area, so he sat down.

"Aren't you gonna try it? You'll love it. I bet you, I dunno, somethin' that you'll love it."

Shane lifted the glass up and had a big sip. Licorice. Immense licorice, but not quite the same as good herbal black. Much more fragrant. "So, you really are that wolf who I bumped into at the gas station. Really?"

"Only half wolf. Other half's German Shepherd. Gives me this pretty face," Rex said, gesturing around his snout. He took his own drink, sipped and licked around his muzzle, then knocked it right back. "And yeah."

Shane thought that was silly, then proceeded to compulsively sip his. A thought bubbled up to the surface and came right out of his mouth before he even thought to edit it before he spoke. "I watch you every day coming home on the train. You're always stopped at one of the crossings that's at the end of the train station." He sipped the rest of his drink down, then realized what he'd said. He looked down at the bench cushion, which also happened to be right between Rex's thighs. The wolf was packing, but Shane barely looked at it.

Rex didn't know that. He reached his hand out, leaned forward, and gently stroked it along Shane's muzzle. "Oh yeah? Well, too bad you're always up in one of those train cars or else I'd be lookin' back at you." He leaned until his muzzle bumped up against Shane's. Rex's breath smelled like anise, alcohol, meat, some kind of musky smoke. Shane parted his lips and wiped his tongue out against Rex; the wolf-dog countered by gnawing down with his lips, then returning the penetrating lick.

Shane lost control of himself, almost crying as arousal washed over him. He had fantasized about the yet-unnamed Rex so fervently over the last week or so that he'd very nearly killed himself. Now, in reality, he had the canine's tongue swirling around in his mouth. A bit more romantic than he'd expected, but it would have to-

Rex grabbed onto Shane's wrist and shook it, breaking the dog out of his leather-stroking, lip-nibbling reverie. The hybrid's hand pulled Shane's up to his leatherclad package; the dalmatian curled his fingers around the bulge, then kneaded. It felt... a little unusual. "You like it? I can take it out."

Shane looked around while he kneaded the biker dog's cock like putty. "Mmm, I don't know." The room spun a bit further than he twisted his head. Oh, drunk. One side effect to his paltry existence was a complete lack of alcohol tolerance. Kyros didn't drink, at all. "Could I lick your boots first?" Shane spoke before thinking, but upon reflection, his words just gave him a crushed thrill.

Rex leaned back into the corner of the booth, then pulled his boot up, propping it toe-up, heel dug into the gap between bench cushions. "Go for it, pup."

The dalmatian hunkered over and started to nuzzle, then kiss at Rex's black boot leather. They were worn for real riding, a faint whiff of exhaust, all kinds of road smells. The leather was worn but not worn out, polished but creased from wear. Shane kissed at the toe, then swirled his tongue around it, then set about trying to gently mop his tongue over every inch from sole to top cuff buckle. "Thank you," he said, eyes closed, cheek rubbing against the boot.

"Yeah, sure. This is kinda funny, bumping into you here. Better than just fucking around with my buddies like usual. That right, Ranger?" Rex stayed reclined back, then knocked on the booth wood with the dull thud of leathered knuckles against wood.

"You say some shit about me?" Someone from the next booth over stuck their head around the edge. Black labrador retriever in an outfit identical to Rex's.

"Yeah, I said you're an asshole. Look what I found, some pretty little firedog. I think he likes my boots. You like my boots?" Rex looked down, twisted his boot a little.

Shane nodded, enthusiastic, slightly worried, more than slightly drunk. Empty stomach, strong liquor, all the sugar of a Red Bull. The caffeine made him drool, which only made suckling at the wolf-dog's boot leather more enticing.

"Nice." Ranger stood and crossed his arms, leaning on the entrance to the booth.

"I bumped into him at the fucking gas station. Little pup was buying some licorice or something-"

"Actually, I followed you there. Remember, the train?" Shane interrupted.

"Yeah, yeah. Hey, remember how I asked if you wanna see my dick? I'm not gonna ask anymore," Rex said, and without looking down at Shane, started to open up his leather jeans. Out came his dick, ebony black and vaguely canine shaped. The head was flared like a humanoid cock, but scalloped concave on the top like a canine, making a blunt point at the tip. The length had a torpedo swell to it, and a knot that was more of a big lump near the base than the unworkable balls-stuck-on-a-stick that most domestic canine hybrids had.

Rex's dick was big enough that Shane stared at it and forgot all about the big black boot he was cradling in his hands. "Uhh." Size fear had nothing on his good vibes; it didn't matter that he was in a semen-stained booth in the back room of some famously filthy BDSM gay sex club. He hadn't felt so positively tingling with sexual energy in years.

"Hey, c'mon up here. Come on.. that's a good boy," Rex said, scooting so he shoved his boots around Shane's body as he sat up and faced the dog, then pulled him up. Shane kneeled instead of straddling onto the wolf-dog's lap. "Don't mind Ranger, he likes to watch."

"Like the dog at the foot of your parent's bed," the black lab added, stepping over behind Shane.

Rex stroked his gloved fingers over Shane's chin and the dalmatian immediately started to kiss them. "Hey, puppy, I don't really know you that well. How about you just jerk me off with that pretty gloved paw of yours, and you can kiss and nuzzle whatever else you want. That sound nice? Then I can cream you in the face when I finish."

Shane had never felt so amazing. His early days at the clubs, when he'd moved to the city for college, were loaded with anxiety since he was much younger than a lot of the men he lusted after. Now, over ten years later, he just felt the endless burn of lust. A little anxiety crept in as he remembered, now and then, that he had a tiger at home who was not very pleasant, but Kyros would never find out. For sure.

No, Kyros would find out. Shane paused his nuzzling and dropped his face against Rex's gloved palm, trying to hide as he whimpered. Despite the whimpering, he reached out and started to slowly milk Rex's foreskin up and down. The wolf-dog stank, like someone who beat off twice a day and showered once a week. The smell was almost sexual, but with the worries about his transgression starting to curdle his metal-crushed arousal, Shane much preferred Rex's hand. The wolf-dog didn't seem to mind, happy to pet and stroke and finger at the dalmatian's slurping, bashful mouth.

Meanwhile, Ranger was not just watching. The black lab had his gloved hands all over Shane's ass, stroking and feeling at the dog's leather shorts. "Hey, hey, Rex, your little puppy friend here's got a back zip," he said, then seized the zipper pull and yanked it down. Shane didn't notice immediately. "Oh shit, he's got another one on that stretchy suit thing he's wearing!" Shane did notice that, whimpering hard against Rex's hand.

"Sshh, shhh puppy, it's okay. Just keep kissing my leathers," Rex groaned, cock throbbing in the dalmatian's relentless slow milking grip. The biker took his hand and curled all but two fingers, then prodded the index and middle into Shane's muzzle. The dog tried to suck on them, but he wasn't equipped for much sucking. Instead, he just closed his eyes and took the muzzle-fucking with a slobbery groan.

Ranger opened up his fly and exposed a much more canine cock, sheathed but peeking out, tip an angry reddish pink. "Aww, I forgot a rubber. Poor pup," he said, then grabbed Shane's whiptail and held it up. He grunted and growled, snorted, then spit all over Shane's exposed asshole, gloved fingers working it around and around. The more he pressed in, the more Shane tried to bury his face into Rex's gloved hand and against the wolf-dog's thigh, fingers throttling the biker canine's dick. Ranger slid his finger out as soon as it penetrated Shane's asshole, then he replaced it with the tip of his dick. He unsheathed himself into Shane's hole and groaned, thrusting up in deep with a swift shove, knot starting to swell and latching himself in place right away.

"Look at that, pencil-dick there likes you," Rex grunted, using his gloved fingers to pet and stroke Shane's face, forcing the dalmatian to look at his dick. "I bet he's gonna cream you right away. Dog's got himself a real true dogdick, don't he?" The wolf-dog snorted and pried Shane's fingers off his cock, then took up jerking himself off.

"Yeah, yeah," Ranger muttered, hunching and hammering into Shane, thrusting all of two inches back and forth as his knot kept him from pulling back and his hips kept him from going forward. Just like Rex joked, he was creaming in Shane almost immediately, pink tongue hanging out of his black muzzle, gloved hands pulling and squeezing at the dalmatian's leather-jacketed shoulders as he spurted through every thrust. "So good. You got good taste in your little dog sluts, Rex. Good fucking taste."

"Ask him how good my taste is," Rex grunted, then grabbed Shane by the ear to keep the dog's head still. He skinned his foreskin back and milked behind his dickhead. One creamy slobber oozed out, then a huge splurt hosed Shane in the face, followed by a good ten more that ended up running off his chin and splatting onto his coat lapel.

Shane desperately wanted to get off, but he couldn't, not with the kind of pain inside him, both the uncomfortable crush of Ranger's knot against his prostate, nor with the constant burning pinch at his cock. He felt like a cum rag, and cum rags don't get off.

"Hey, I'm gonna beat him off. I think his hole milking my knot'll get another round out of me. You think that's a good idea?" Ranger said, holding onto Shane by the back of the dog's jacket collar. Shane shook his head hard; Rex grinned and nodded. "Mm. Let's see what you got in here, pretty puppy." Ranger started to undo Shane's leather shorts from the other side. As soon as he got the codpiece undone on the spandex suit, Shane's metal-clad dick and balls flopped out. "Whoa."

"I can't," Shane mumbled. "My master put that on me."

"Your what?" Ranger stopped moving.

"Yeah, what'd you just say?" Rex sat up, sagging dick drooling out onto the booth's bench seat.

Shane burned under his fur, ears flattened as much as he could make them. "My master put that thing on me so I can't get off unless he wants."

"Who's your master, then?"

"He's not here. I uh, I mean he's not here right now. I came here by myself."

Rex and Ranger looked at each other, while Ranger's knot deflated. The black lab pulled out with a wet slurp and backed right out of the booth. "Uh, hey, I think I gotta go take a leak." Rex got right up after him.

"Yeah, uh, sorry pup, but I don't mess around with that kind of shit. I kind of have a reputation and I don't want it getting punched in the face by some possessive jackass," Rex grunted, and stalked off after his friend.

Shane squirmed on the bench seat, sore and confused, dizzy from the alcohol, heart pounding from shame. He zipped himself up and looked around, then started wandering around the club. He swiped a bar towel out of one of the bus-boy baskets full of empty glasses and mopped his face off, then wiped his coat clean. Neither Rex nor Ranger were anywhere in the club, at least where he was allowed to get into. Neither dog had gone to the bathroom. Both of them had bolted, probably assuming they would get wailed on by Shane's master.

The dalmatian sighed and walked out.

The last train had left an hour earlier, so he was stuck taking one of the NYCAP transit night busses. Everyone on it was either derelict or old, or both. The bus was the automotive equivalent of an Old Country Buffet at 3PM on a Sunday. He sat down on one of the sideways seats near the front, unsteady on his still-intoxicated feet. Some old lady was directly across from him, but he didn't care for a few stops. Until she opened her mouth.

"Oh, did one of those pigeons downtown shit on you?"

Shane perked up. "What the hell did you say?" The old lady pointed a be-ringed finger and Shane looked down at his lapel. There was a big, now-dried whitish splat that he must've missed with the bar towel. "Oh. That's not bird shit."

"Here you go, I have an extra wet nap," the lady said, then took a foil packet out and tossed it at him. "I know you weren't hanging out in the square. I'm a tarty old coot, I know what dogs like you do for fun."

If it had been a normal commute home, Shane would have excused himself to the train car's bathroom. He wasn't on a train and there wasn't a

bathroom. He sighed and tore the packet open with his teeth, then wiped his jacket off. "Is there any more? I can't see my face."

"Oh no, I think you got it all. I bet you had a fun time tonight. I just saw my son and got yelled at for being a stupid old fart, but he's a stupid fancy-pants jerk," the lady said, then folded her arms up around her purse.

"Yeah, a real fun time," Shane grouched. "Not really. I had a fun time, but I blew it, and now I'm gonna, I dunno."

"Mmm," the old lady said, and went back to her own thoughts.

Shane returned to his and started growing a pit in his stomach. What if Kyros was home? What if the tiger came home and figured out what Shane had been up to? He knew he'd done something stupid, but the sheer thought of finding the mysterious wolf-dog at a fetish bar was too awesome to pass up. What he found was what he knew deep down he'd find; just another asshole who wanted to get off any way he could. In person, Rex had no inclinations for Shane's fantasies, or even doing more than just spunking his face. The strangling, vicious dog of his fantasies was just some hot-headed porno punk.

The dog wanted to get the gnawing pit in his stomach to go away, so he tried to think of something fun. Thinking sexy thoughts hurt, but he couldn't help it from the constant tingle in his ass from Ranger's pure-dog knotted humping. He couldn't believe he'd been fucked bare without any warning. He remembered Ranger holding onto his jacket collar and mentally moved the black lab's gloved hands to his neck. That hurt even more.

He couldn't remember when he started thinking about strangling, about suffocating, about gagging and choking and hanging. He tried to trace it back while he walked the couple blocks from the night bus stop to his house in the dark, but just couldn't. He'd always been fascinated by anything strangling, and as he grew older, it just grew into sexual interest. The longer he'd known Kyros, the more he'd become obsessive about it, to the point of it overflowing into his own reality.

Shane was sure that if Kyros knew, he'd just dole out more fierce, cold punishment. More time locked in the cage. Ball beating, nipple torture, and no emotional support. Whenever Shane did something wrong, fucked up, made even the simplest mistake, Kyros withdrew all sense of emotion instead of doling out support.

The dog wandered around the neighborhood, taking the long way to his house. His almost absurd, gay-rakish attire attracted no attention at all. It was late and the suburb was at home, in their homes, behind their curtains, watching television or surfing the internet or masturbating to hardcore pornography.

He turned onto his street, energy drained out to the point that he stopped and leaned on a lamp post before actually looking. His house was dark; Kyros's car was not in the driveway. That gave him enough will to finish the walk home.

Empty bus, empty neighborhood, empty house. He wandered up to his room and sat down at the computer, then checked his email. A message from work, sent while he was still on the train. His coworker Bill had been right: the company had been sold. As of next Tuesday, all level 4

employees would be retained and everyone else was let go, severance plans active. There was some potential for limited re-hiring, but their product was now just another cog in the IT infrastructure machine of DSX Integrity.

Shane stared at the message. The actual reality of being effectively fired via passive-aggressive email was painful, but also a relief. Everyone had suspected it was coming. The part that concerned him was which company had bought his. DSX Integrity was where Kyros worked.

Rex and Ranger hadn't wanted him, so much as a fucktoy with no strings attached. No one in his neighborhood wanted or even cared that he was walking by in spandex and black 80's glam-metal leather. No one was home to give him a hug or even chide him for disobedience. No one at his job wanted him. Kyros's job wanted what he did, but not him. Kyros...

Everything came back to point at the tiger. Shane was property. He wasn't even a pet, just an object that the tiger used to amuse himself. After puppy love affection faded, there was only hollow sexual use and pain.

Shane used to have a car. When he moved in with Kyros, the tiger had all but ordered him to sell it and use public transportation. He used to have a menial but fun job in desktop hardware support, and a side hobby as a dancer at the old version of The Pit. Kyros made him give up looking for another dancing gig after The Pit closed and then got him a 'promotion' to a different job at his now-former employer. Kyros then left for better pastures at DSX and claimed there were no openings for Shane's talent. That was years before, and openings never came. Shane used to own things; now he just had one closet of clothing and one room full of belongings in a three-bedroom house. Shane used to have friends, but Kyros ordered him to spend time at home servicing him - or doing nothing at all with the tiger - so many times that he simply gave up and withdrew.

The dalmatian looked into his closet at the remaining vestiges of his own self in the form of business and casual wear. Most of his fetishy clothing was already on his body. Then he looked up, at the shelf with a second coat bar. He grabbed the stepstool for getting up there and went up, wrapped his fingers around the bar, and put some weight on it. He managed a pullup without any more than a little creak.

Shane then realized what he was doing. His heart stumbled in his chest and he stepped down, then backed onto his bed. He almost felt faint, terrified... and so painfully aroused that he couldn't tell if it was an ache from the chastity tube or a full bladder. He got up and wandered down the hall into the bathroom, then took his metal-clad cock out and groaned as he flooded the toilet with the hot blast of post-drinking urine.

As he shook his cock off, he realized something. The chastity device didn't quite fit right. It depended on his balls to keep it in place, attached around the sac and each orb to prevent it from being pulled off. It could be pulled off, though, as long as he slowly stretched his balls out and then pried his cock free.

Three minutes of fussing, and he had his cock and balls in one hand, swelling into a well-warranted erection, and the metal chastity device in the other. He tossed it into the sink, clanking against the stain on the porcelain where the molten padlock key had splattered that morning.

He went down to the kitchen to guzzle some water, then looked at the basement staircase. He crept down the stairs, then wandered across the basement. Everything was too quiet, too inert. He looked up at the box where he'd stowed the electrical cable and went to check if it was still there. It was, still wedged in a strange way, just like he'd left it. His cock surged with no chastity tube to constrain it, swelling out as he took the orange cable down and handled it. He clutched it up into his leatherclad arms and carried it upstairs.

Shane stood up on the stepstool in his closet and tossed the cable up over the high shelf, then knotted it a few times around the hanger bar. He then formed a noose in the middle of the leftover length, just like he had before. He tried it over his head a few times to size the loop, then bent down and started to tie his cowboy-booted ankles together. Just before he knotted them.. he spotted something in his closet. Something glinting.

He untangled his feet and picked up the ice lock cuffs that he'd 'stolen' from Kyros. They were a pair of heavy padded leather cuffs with a cylinder between them that disconnected at one side and stayed together with a regular padlock whose key he'd tracked down the other night. The cylinder came apart with no effort, but presumably after being filled with water and frozen, it would stay all but permanently closed until melted.

Shane took the ice lock over to the bathroom sink and filled it, then tucked it into the freezer next to where the cold air blasted out. He looked at the clock on the range; he had hours before Kyros was due home. He waited. In front of the fridge.

Once the lock was seemingly frozen solid, he took it out and tested it. Not even pulling at it with one end stuck under a boot heel dislodged the mechanism. He took it upstairs and set it on the bed. He had only ten minutes until Kyros would be home.

Shane's heart thundered in his chest, cock big and loose and floppy half-hard as he attached the ice lock back to the cuffs. He took the key out of one of the padlocks and put it on top of his desk, then strapped the other one onto his wrist. He carried the ice lock over to the closet and set part of it down on the shelf.

He bent down and lashed his ankles together, noosing them like before and then wrapping the leftover end a few times. He reached up to feel for the noose and looked at his hands, glove leather vibrating as he shook. He slid it over his head and snugged it up, instantly panicked to the point of whimpering, eyes starting to burn but not watering.

His room lights were off and headlights lit up the curtains, growing brighter and then peaking as they turned towards the house and finally disappeared. He could faintly hear the garage door over his pounding blood, the vibration ending with a thump.

Shane pulled the other part of the ice lock down and fitted the cuff around his wrist, then fingered at the padlock, barely able to put it together. It settled with a snap and he barked out, whining uncontrollably, neck tensed enough that he already felt like he was being strangled.

He pulled the key free and flipped it across the room as far as he could. It skittered across the wood floor and slid right up to the metal carpet join where the hallway carpet met his room.

He heard Kyros open the garage door into the kitchen. "Where are you, mutt?"

Shane took a deep breath and kicked the stool out from underneath his feet.

He instantly regretted it.

Hanging was not like strangling oneself in bed, or suffocating inside of a plastic bag. It was like pain mixed with terror. The noose yanked right above his adam's apple and burned at his neck, one corner of it yanking at his jaw with ghastly pressure. It strangled him so thoroughly that he could only croak the tiniest amount of air out. His head felt like it would explode and all the muscle tensing in the world couldn't counteract one hundred and forty pounds of dalmatian hybrid.

He flailed and kicked, not to try and get out of the rope but to try and get the stool back. He could swing his feet over to it, but they missed by inches.

He couldn't breathe.

His chest burned, both strained full of staling air and also with every heartbeat, as blood went to pump to his brain and never got there.

He heard Kyros' footsteps on the stairs like little crackling pops. He saw only a vague suggestion of his room. Kyros never appeared in front of it. The footsteps went the other way. He struggled and felt something smack his thigh. He wasn't even hard.

Then he screamed, the sound squeezing out of his throat like the reedy, wet blatt of someone attempting to play a trumpet while drunk and inexperienced. He panicked and thrashed and kicked with every last shred of consciousness, struggling only ensuring that the orange-sheathed extension cord worked itself tighter and tighter.

He expected things to fade like a television tuned to static, or maybe a near death experience, or maybe, maybe, maybe. Instead, the fire in his chest turned into a college bonfire and everything buzzed into black.

...Where Shane the dalmatian's life unravels into sexually introspective threads of torture and emotional confusion. Again.

Reckless Pt. 3

by H. A. Kirsch

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[The Nightmare]

The lights came on so fast. Shane's room; the closet, everything a blur; something crashed down on

him; Kyros and stripes and fur; yelling, roaring, suddenly the tiger's face; the master bedroom.

Shane stared at the black comforter, dizzy and confused, head throbbing. He was chest down, a little on his side, drooling. His neck hurt, a deep ache inside the muscle and tendon, a hot burn on the skin, and every time he swallowed it felt like his larynx was actually moving around.

He was bound, wrists cuffed behind his back, ankles free.

He could hear the big tiger moving around, stomping back and forth, growling to himself, huffing, snorting. Kyros came into view, still in his work clothes, then suddenly without his polo shirt, then without his pants, dick and balls swaying around.

"I tie you up, so you don't do anything else stupid," Kyros said, and tossed a bundle of rope onto Shane's back. The tiger bent over and started unwinding it, immediately winding it around Shane's feet. All the while, he muttered an endless stream of unintelligible growl-words.

The dalmatian was about to complain and struggle when he got a strange sensation in his chest, like his heart was beating hard, like it was a fish flopping around. It kept going and he started to feel faint, desperate, panicked. He was alive now; Kyros had saved him; Kyros had tore him down from hanging in the closet; now he was going to die anyway.

"What do you whine about?" Kyros said, hands stopping. "Tell me," he grabbed at the dog's shoulder, rolling him to the side further.

Shane tried to squeeze his own chest, one gloved hand fistled up and shoving at his sternum... and it passed. "I felt sick," he mumbled.

"You are sick!" WHACK! Kyros backhanded Shane so hard that dog-spit hit the alarm clock on the nightstand.

Tears welled up into Shane's eyes and he started to whine.

"Shut up!"

"I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry!" Shane barked out, scrabbling to get away from the looming Siberian tiger. It was very hard to escape, since his calves were now wound together, like a hogtied cowboy's.

"You are dressed like a boy slut and you smell like ass! Who fucked you!" The tiger didn't lift a hand, but just leaned, snarled.

I just hanged myself and all you care about is who fucked me? Shane thought. Then he couldn't remember who fucked him. Someone fucked him? Fuck? The dalmatian quickly debated which would be worse: telling Kyros the truth, or lying. "Some dog!"

"What did he do?"

"He fucked me, he fucked me without a condom," Shane whined. He squirmed on the bed again. Instead of hitting him, Kyros stalked off into the walk-in closet. "I'm sorry. I... I couldn't help it, I I I've seen this wolf guy on a motorcycle every day, on the train, and I was desperate, and I went to that nasty club downtown and, and I met him, and he wasn't really a wolf but kind of a wolf dog or something, and I couldn't believe it and then he made me jerk him off and his friend came in me."

Kyros returned with leather in his arms. He dumped it on Shane's chest. A leather arm binder, a simple cone with harness straps and a pouch for hands. "Put your arms into this, or I make the other side of your face bleed."

Shane licked. Copper. He stuck both arms out, still gloved, still wrapped in motorcycle jacket leather, still covered in black spandex inside. Kyros shoved the sleeve over, and that was almost fun, sultry soft leather inside, the bump of the wrist cuff narrowing, then the easy open space. He squirmed his hands; useless. They were still bound together, still ice-locked. The binder was to keep him restrained when the ice melted.

The tiger snapped the big wrist cuff shut with a hard snap, then the clack of a padlock. He clutched onto a strap that hung off the bottom of hte binder.. "Pull your arms out." Shane wiggled. "PULL!" Shane pulled as hard as he could; Kyros leaned forward, and he crunched himself up to sitting. Kyros let go and the dog fell back. Shane's arms did not pull out.

"I'm sorry K... m-master, I'm a bad dog," Shane whined, hoping to accomplish something.

Kyros climbed into bed and pinned the dalmatian flat, then worked straps around his shoulders, holding the sleeve on by way of a simple buckled harness. The tiger then climbed off and stomped out of the room.

In the other room, Kyros started talking, muttering fast, in Greek, escalating until he was yelling. Shane could just barely hear a crackling voice from the other end of a cellphone conversation, but he couldn't make out any words. Then, a gasp, a huff, and, "Sorry, I was too excited. Come over. Come over now. You are busy? No you aren't. Don't lie to me, you were already busy! Come over. Come

over. Come over. Come over. Come over." Then, after a strangely pleased grunt: "Good boy." "Kyros?"
Shane called out.

The tiger stepped back into the room. "How did you know about him?"

Every second that passed made Shane feel worse. More sore, more confused, more ashamed, more frightened. His panic came up and it was simple terror this time, not the lopsided palpitations of some kind of heart problem, maybe from hanging - he'd read about it-

"HOW!" Kyros almost roared but did the opposite of striking Shane; he barely moved, fists at his hips, body leaned forward.

"I don't know? Who?"

Kyros stomped off again and didn't return. Shane found the most comfortable position, propped sideways against a pillow, and relaxed. His emotions slowly played through again, then left him at relative peace. Downstairs, he heard the sounds of cooking, then the solemn clanks of utensils against plates.

Then, a motorcycle came through the neighborhood, the heavy rumble and pound of straight cruiser pipes. It turned down their street, then... stopped, idling with a lumpy thunder.

Shane panicked. Someone was coming over. That part was not a dream. Whoever it was had a badass motorcycle, and that was even worse. Knowing Kyros, anyone who would befriend him was either pathetic - like Shane now viewed himself - or some kind of beastly terror.

"Kyros? Who? Who were you asking about? Kyros, I'm sorry I'm so fucked up, please don't, please don't have people come over and, and, and I don't know, who were you talking about? Kyros?"

Downstairs, the door opened. "Fuuuuck, you're fuckin' naked!" It shut fast, but someone was already in the house. "Some little kid's gonna see!" Something was horribly familiar about that voice. Too familiar. So familiar that Shane couldn't recognize it.

"I don't care," Kyros said. "I have something you will like."

"Oh fuck yeah? Great. I smell food. You gonna gimme some food?" Whomever it was, they had Boots. Thud. Thud. Thud. Thunk. Clop. They came up the stairs and every thump made Shane twitch.

"Maybe later," Kyros said, following with his padded - but heavier - footsteps.

Shane stayed facing the door, body bent like an L in a desperate attempt to make himself as small as possible. He was on top of the sheets, mostly clad in matching black, but the ashen fur and white spots only stood out more.

The newcomer threw the door open. Motorcycle jacket, long riding gloves, leather riding pants, engineer boots, bandana around his head. Wolf-dog, part German shepherd. Rex.

For one long moment, Shane wondered if maybe the horrible events of the night were some kind of terrible dream, if he'd dozed off in a corner at the leather club and was just now waking up to see Rex coming to Fuck His Ass Hard.

He wasn't at the club. His wrists were icelocked and stuffed into the leather cone of an arm binder, his boots were lashed together, and he was lying stunned on Kyros' king bed.

"Whoaaa!" Rex finally said, after looking over to the now-present Kyros, then back to Shane. "Shit, if you told me that this fucker was your big scary Master, I'd have invited him down to the club and had everyone pull a train on your spotty ass!"

"W-what's happening?" Shane said, tucking his ears until they flattened instead of just folding.

"I found him like that," Kyros said, motioning one thick hand towards Shane, face towards Rex. The wolf-dog seemed wound up, perhaps drunk. He kept moving around, like he was about to grab Kyros and start roughing him up just for fun.

"Oh yeah? He had this thing on when he was at the club earlier, and man, he wanted out of it. He just, you know, he couldn't figure it out. Guess he finally did." Rex ground one fist into one palm. "You mind?" He pointed to the bed.

"Fine," Kyros said, standing by his work desk, arms crossed, hunched forward slightly. Shane gave him a pleading look, but the tiger only contracted in on himself, either to hide away, or to wind up to pounce. Shane never could tell which.

Rex climbed into bed, gingerly but like he was tiptoeing, muzzle pulled back into a voracious canine grin, ears up hard and straight. He immediately straddled over Shane. "Mmm, I bet you're really glad to get your dick outta that metal shit, so you can get off all over that pretty black shit you're wearing," the wolf-dog growled into Shane's ear, crawling against the dog as if he was a fourlegger.

Mentally, Shane was beyond terrified. He had tried to kill himself, unless that was some kind of

insane fantasy and he had merely fallen asleep after locking his wrists together. Kyros knew about what he had done with Rex earlier. Kyros knew Rex. Rex was going to fuck him, and-

"Go on, tell that big fucker daddy of yours how much you wanted to get outta that while Ranger was owning your little fuckhole," Rex said, voice loud enough for Kyros to hear.

Physically, Shane was about to orgasm and the only reason he wasn't was for lack of touch. Rex hovered over him, not touching, yet. "I... I begged Rex to take it off, and then fuck me, but he wouldn't." The dalmatian felt instantly proud, and that made him only more aroused. The thought seemed hot and risky, suddenly shifting fault over to Rex.

Rex licked into Shane's ear, then skidded over to his side, leather-clad groin against the dalmatian's spandex suit, big gloved hand petting everywhere. "Yeah? Well, now it's off, and I get to fuck you in front of him, and he's gonna get off real hard. Just like you." Rex rolled Shane over, then stuffed his hand up the front of the dalmatian's suit between belly and bed, fingers latching onto the all-round zip and pulling it down.

Shane whimpered, looking back over his shoulder, at Rex's mean grin and Kyros's black hole stare. All three were now hard: Rex throbbing inside his leather as he kept grinding at the dalmatian's black-encased thigh; Shane just now dropping into the cool air and against the warm sheets where he had been squirming minutes earlier; Kyros jutting out like a hooded mushroom on the end of a thick beer bottle as he stared at the grope session. "I don't know, it's a little sore," Shane said. He was a little sore in his asshole. His neck felt like someone had hung him from it. He had.

The dalmatian rolled back over underneath Rex and gave him the biggest puppy eyes he could manage. Rex just started playing with his balls, laid next to the dog, and started licking and nibbling at the dalmatian's neck. He was also instantly distractable. "Hey, Kyros, what the hell's that fuckin' cabinet there for? You got like some epic sex toy collection?"

Kyros slowly walked over to the cabinets. Then, he walked back to his desk, grabbed his keys, and again returned to the cabinets. He took his time, moving in slow motion, tail absolutely frozen. Rex just stared at him in intoxicated amazement, at the tiger's sheer motion.

Shane knew what that walk meant. It meant Kyros was crazy. He got crazy when his cat faculties took over his human ones, when he turned into a stalking predator. He squirmed harder, and Rex returned

the favor by starting to tweak his nipples. Shane whined and leaned his head back against the near-spooning, leg-humping wolf-dog.

Kyros took his key and unlocked the cabinet. He swung both doors open - they would almost hit someone standing at the foot of the bed. Inside were floor to ceiling racks of black leather and black rubber, canvas straps, metal cylinders. Gas masks, rubber and leather hoods, anesthesia masks, paramedic breathing bags, hospital anesthesia bags, something that looked like a pistol-grip cock pump, a box of gray cylinders next to the pistol object, a little silver spraycan with a black lid, and several sheets of ampule-style poppers.

"Oh fuck," Rex said, startled, and then repeated. "Ohh FUCK." This time, he had a surprised chuckle and chuff. "That's nasty, hot shit." He rolled Shane back over, then started shifting the dog around. "These things full of ice? That's hot. So he'll suddenly get loose when I'm inside him? Put up a little fight?" Rex fingered at the ice locks, pulled on them, and proved that they were still frozen. Then he furthered that all-around zip until it exposed Shane's asshole.

Kyros looked through the cabinet, but then just turned around to watch. "He doesn't know I am into this," the tiger growled, urgent like he expected Rex to stop.

Rex didn't stop. He crawled over and squirted some lube onto his fingers from a bedside pump, then returned to Shane's backside and fed those two fingers in like slipping them into a bowling ball.

It didn't hurt as much as Shane was expecting; Ranger's fucking earlier really had loosened him. The tender ring mostly just felt extra-excited, registering every tiny crease in Rex's glove leather, every stitch along the sides, every bump of each knuckle. As fucked up as Rex appeared to be, he knew exactly where to bend his fingers to. Shane felt an urge to piss, and then a massive warm spread starting in his lower back, spreading to his thighs, then rising up his back right into his head.

After digging around deeper and deeper, until Shane finally yelped, Rex slid his fingers out. Amidst the clear, dark slickness of the lube on leather, there were streaks of dirty white. "There's some fine black lab, right there." Rex grabbed and wrestled with his zipper using one hand, holding the other with the two slimy fingers together like he was pointing a gun. He dragged his cock out, big and black, uncut and scalloped, with the big swell (but not sharp ball) of his hybrid knot. He reached down and wiped lube all over his dick. Along with Ranger's leftover cum.

Kyros reached back and grabbed onto one of the shelves, staring on, offering no indication that he disapproved of Rex's imminent penetration.

The wolf-dog took his dribbling, stiff, black shaft and slid the foreskin back, then rubbed the slimy head against Shane's hole. He pushed forward and let out a gurgle and then a strange little coo. "Oh man, no wonder you have this guy as your little puppy," Rex said, shuddering and grinning as he fed almost half his shaft in, then dragged it out until the head pulled free from the dog's ring.

Shane felt like fainting, overwhelmed but not exactly in pain, full and then empty, penetrated and then quivering shut.

"Your big daddy's into crazy breath play shit. That's hot. Little slender dog like you'd look great hung up from a meathook with a bag on his head," Rex said, sinking up to his knot, then dragging out again, shortening his thrusts as he picked up a good, solid rhythm. "Hang on, hang on, just, you know, make like you're sh... unh," Rex grunted, and forced his knot bulge in.

The dalmatian cried out and arched his back around, squirming like a worm thanks to his bondage, writhing as Rex's knot pushed in. It felt horrific, huge, like some massive impossible entry - and then it was in. It wasn't that much bigger than the rest of the hybrid's cock, just enough to provide a freakish thrill. As soon as Rex stuffed it in, he grunted and grabbed his cock root, then pulled it back out.

In, out. In, out. Shane almost climaxed on the spot, at the same time as he almost started sobbing, eyes watering from the overstimulation. Pain faded and mixed with the wonderful slick drag of bulging cockflesh through tight anal muscle. Every so often, Shane muttered something; Rex responded to each with grunted, even snarled, Yeahs or Uh-huhs.

As violent as the wolf-dog seemed, he was so good at fucking. Shane dimly remembered that Rex had said he was a porn star, but Shane had never seen any. His tastes in porn were so specific and so shameful that he tended to forgo them and just use his imagination. Rex had to be a porn star, even if it was just talk. He fucked for show, and he fucked to get it done, and being used like that left Shane wanting every one of his desperate, nearly homicidal fantasies involving Rex to come true.

Then, the spotted dog opened his eyes and saw Kyros taking things out of the cabinet. The tiger

silently, methodically assembled some sort of contraption. Full-face gas mask, the kind with a muzzle cup for a respirator and a big plastic face shield to protect the eyes. A black rubber breathing bag meant for an anesthesia circuit. The pistol-grip contraption. One of those gray cylinders, pushed into the 'gun' like ammunition. Kyros took the completed gear and set it aside, then barged in next to Rex.

"Fuck him like a girl," the tiger ordered. When Rex ignored him, Kyros pulled Rex back so hard that his cock pulled free with an audible plop from Shane's asshole. "Untie his legs and fuck him on his back, I want him to see your face, when you cum in him," the tiger explained. Then, he turned his gaze to Shane. He might as well have stared a whole rank of cavalry swords at the restrained dog.

"Yeah, sure, that'd be nice," Rex mumbled, looking as if any moment he would fall over, from whatever intoxicated him. He leaned down and slowly, almost twitchingly untied the dalmatian's legs. He rolled Shane over and spread the dog's legs; Shane kept them only tense enough to make it a little easy.

Kyros surprised the dalmatian by coming in from the opposite side and shoving something down over his snout. "Hah!" Shane managed to bark, the sound muffled doubly, by his own shut jaws and the heavy leather sleeve that muzzled them together. He whined out, but stopped as Kyros shot him another predatory look. The tiger cocked his head slightly, then cocked it again, then made a motion like he was quickly wiping something across his lips. Be quiet. Be quiet. Shane had to be quiet - the worst he could do was yowl aimlessly into the muzzle, and with Kyros' psychotic attitude, that was a death sentence.

Rex, black-eyed and as erect as a dildo, just scoffed with a bark that sounded like someone coughing and laughing at once. "Aww, this is what you wanted back at the club, isn't it?" the leathered brute said, splaying Shane's legs apart and dragging the dalmatian to the edge of the bed, then immediately stuffing his sloped dick back into Shane's hole. "I should've kept you all to myself, none of this shit would have happened, we'd have.. we'd have been... I'd have fuckin' called Kyros and we'd be taking turns in front of everyone and fuck," Rex spat the last word out as he knotted, then unknotted, again.

Kyros grabbed one of Rex's arms and slapped something around the wrist with a clack. "You fuck him without hands. You have good balance," Kyros snarled, husky tiger growl now with the added keening

bite of psychotic glee. Rex didn't fight back, so Kyros pulled both wrists behind the wolf dog's back and cuffed the other. Rex did have good balance, and just kept pounding into Shane's hole, leaning back to support himself and delivering such a prostate massage that Shane forgot all about being muzzled and arm-bound and ice-locked and sore-necked and just drooled into the muzzle and out onto his cheeks as he stared up at the two big men violating him.

So close. So close. So-

The tiger swiped his nefarious contraption up and stalked up behind Rex. Seeing that made Shane clutch up inside, SO CLOSE!! Kyros yanked the gas mask over Rex's head, stretching the straps and letting them snap closed. Rex reared back and unplugged from Shane's ass; the shock left the dalmatian suddenly empty, orgasm malfunctioning and sending a squirt of urine up at the same time as seed, watery mess spraying all over his spandex-clad stomach.

Rex tried to flail around, but his arms were bound behind his back, handcuffed simply but effectively with hard steel. That, and Kyros was massively strong; one arm was enough to hold the wolf dog wrenched back, bent as if howling. The tiger grabbed that pistol grip and there was a loud hiss for a few seconds; the breathing bag inflated slightly, then puffed up all the way as Rex exhaled with a big huff. "Fuuuuuckk! FUUUCK! WHATHEFUCK! KYROS! YOU FUCK! YOU FUCK! LEMME FUCK YOUR DOG!" The hybrid yelled into the mask, collapsing and then reinflating the bag once, twice, three times. Kyros let him go, and the wolf dog stomped in a circle, spun around to face the tiger but kept spinning, then staggered over to the feline's computer desk. Rex's complaints were now simple groans as the wolf dog's body writhed and squirmed atop the desk, slowly settling.

Kyros came over and pulled the pistol grip off the breathing bag, then pulled the trash out from underneath the desk and held the 'gun' over it. He snapped the little gray cartridge out and it fell, frosty, into the garbage. Then, he popped a little white cap off the end of the bag and crushed it when Rex exhaled; on inhale, the rubber slapped in on itself and air sucked in the little opening with a spitty gurgle. "Don't worry, this isn't the dentist, I won't pull your teeth out. Just fuck you. I fuck you, and you come, in the trash," Kyros grunted, holding Rex down with his body weight.

"Motherfucker," Rex wheezed, exhaling again. Kyros crushed the bag, blasting whatever stale and fumigated air was in the bag out the vent hole. "Whathefuck is this, what, what?"

Shane had not actually climaxed. The crushing pump of dick flesh against his prostate had triggered him to ejaculate a little, but the internal reflex got out of sync and the huge rush of pleasure never welled up and flooded him. He was left lying on bed, panting, confused, upset, and aroused as Kyros attacked Rex and... and started to smother him. With no more violence directed at him, the dalmatian could simply watch. Whatever happened was certainly real, but it was straight out of his own fantasies.

Kyros struggled Rex's leather jeans down, then snorted a few times and spit into his palm. He jerked himself off until his cockhead was plump and shiny, then went to stuff into Rex's hole. He got nowhere, growled, then clutched for a bottle of lube on his desk. A few squirts on himself, a few squirts on Rex, and he tried again. After a few grunts, Rex barked and wrenched, pounding his shoulder against the desk. "Good," the tiger gruffed, then started rocking back and forth.

"SonofbitchIcantBREATHE, you asshole!" Rex snarled, although he technically could breathe just fine if he took slow, deep breaths and let Kyros huff his exhaled air out that little emergency vent hole.

Kyros didn't do that. Instead, he let Rex inhale once more, then snapped the vent cap shut. The tiger turned his rocking thrusts into outright hip slams, thick tail lashing around and knocking into anything that got in its way.

"Fuck you ARE into this shit, fuck, fuck, FUCK! Kyros, come on, lemme out, lemme cum on your dog, lemme come on your fucking dog," Rex babbled, voice muffled into the gas mask and its recirculating breathing bag. "Come on Kyros come on lemme the fuck out! Lemme out! Lemme out!" The wolf dog started breathing faster, deeper, and began clutching and struggling with his cuffed hands. Kyros just grabbed them and held them fast, thrusting hard enough to smack his hips against Rex's furry rump with a firm thump.

Shane could still feel Rex's version of that violent penetration in his battered prostate, and his cock swelled up to full tilt again. The thought of Rex, a seeming textbook badass (complete with motorcycle, cigarette habit, and fluid profanity) being suffocated and raped by Kyros was so exciting that the dalmatian came hands-free with a series of desperate yelps into the muzzle, real creamy jets of spunk splattering his entire front from groin to leathered chin.

Kyros noticed, staring at Shane while he continued jackhammering Rex's ass, countering the wolf

dog's desperate struggling bucks with his own thrusts.

Rex did not notice Shane's orgasm. The hybrid was far too busy with the huff of his own breath in the gas mask, the coughing croaking gasp of breathing huge amounts of air that had little oxygen and a lot of panic-inducing carbon dioxide.

The tiger suddenly roared, the sound unhindered by any personal attempts to quiet it. It rattled the windows, the desk drawers, the floor. Shane flipped his ears back, and even then, it was as if someone had blasted a train horn in the room. Rex still didn't seem to care; his gasping turned to desperate loud barks and a screaming howl.

Kyros yanked out, and his dick flopped down like a limp raw sausage, cream dribbling onto the floor. Rex kept up his tortured barking and howling, the sounds intermingled with a strange rustling sound. Shane rolled over, groggy and blissed, and tried to see where they were coming from. The trash can. Rex had been crushed against the edge of the desk with his cock aimed downwards; most of his semen splashed into the trash can or onto the puffed up edge of the bag, crinkling the plastic.

The tiger unscrewed the breathing bag from Rex's mask and the dog gulped in fresh air. His hypoxic barks kept coming, this time full of words. "FUUUUU-HUH-HUH-KUH!" he finally yelled, sounding like he was sobbing. Kyros did nothing to remove the mask, or further restrain Rex. The wolf dog rolled side to side, stood up, staggered and tripped over the edge of the bed, then fell to the floor with a picture-shaking wham. He kept groaning and breathing deep; Kyros ignored him.

"Get out of bed," The tiger growled, clambering across and dragging Shane towards the edge. "Out of bed!" The tiger's cock left wet splats on the bed linens as he pulled Shane.

The dalmatian was half an inch to falling off before he realized he could use his legs and stood up. Kyros spun him and shoved him out of the room, down the hall, downstairs, then downstairs again. The basement. Fun was over.

"Strip," Kyros snarled, finally releasing Shane from ice locks and the arm binder.

Shane complied, leaving spandex and leather in a pile on the floor.

"Cage," the tiger ordered, not even bothering to point.

Shane complied again, and was two thirds inside before Kyros put a big foot on his ass and pushed. The dog slid to the opposite end and conked his head on the bars with a ringing thunk. "Oww," he

whined, the sound coming out muffled into the muzzle.

Kyros had no reply. The tiger scooped up the discarded clothing, locked the cage, then went upstairs. He didn't come back down.

Shane lay in the cage and a strange sense of numbness came over him, as if he'd taken painkillers. He fell asleep.

Reckless Pt. 5
The End
by H. A. Kirsch Copyright 2012

The orders for the day: stay naked. Shane was absolutely not to put on any clothing, go outside, or do anything that wasn't within ten feet of Kyros.

The tiger spent most of the day transforming Shane's bedroom from a disaster area to a spartan spare bedroom. The dalmatian spent the first hour or so sitting in the hallway, staring at the mess as it slowly dissipated. He began to feel faint again, heart pounding, muzzle sweating. The sensation grew worse and worse, vision going bright and almost solarized.

Shane imagined that Kyros was turning the room into a spare bedroom, because of course Shane wasn't around, because of course the dog was dead. Kyros didn't know Rex. Shane had lost his mind and lost his life and that was it and he was a ghost now or living in hell and doomed to watch the tiger go on about his life with only himself or someone else, the tiger torturing and violating and fighting and fucking on and on and on until old age while Shane stayed and stared silent-

"I hear hungry noise," Kyros said. "Your stomach. Come on. Let's eat," the tiger said, letting his garbage bag fall to the bedroom floor with a whumpf.

Shane came back to himself and realized that his stomach was gnawing on itself. He followed the tiger down to the kitchen and sat down, hunkered over forward onto his arms, tail occasionally twitching between parts of the seat back.

"So do you really know Rex from some kind of fighting thing?"

"He is an ex-MMA fighter. Regional something. I forget now. I wanted to join, and I thought he was very sexual, so maybe if I joined I could fuck him."

Shane perked his ears up as much as they'd go, still flopped. "Are you kidding me?"

Kyros was frying something on the stove. He shrugged. "I was young. I wanted to have sex all the time. I still do, but it was stupid, I didn't think about it then. I think about it now. A lot."

The dalmatian stared on at Kyros' backside. The tiger filled out all of his clothing, and not just with the slight muscle gut at the front. Everything stretched over his muscles, even so far as his jeans suctioning against his rump. The dog's cock firmed up until the tip just bumped the table underneath. "I just can't believe... I ran into him, I mean, I saw him all this time as the train went by, and then, and then,"

"You go to the club to fuck him, and he tells you he is afraid of me so he won't, and then you come home sad. So I fix things by having him come over."

"That's not what happened," Shane said. "I didn't tell him who.. who my master was. He didn't know it was you."

Kyros turned, lurched forward at a near pounce, and smacked Shane on the knuckles with his metal spatula. It was very, but not burning, hot. The dog instantly yelped and jerked his hand back. "Don't ignore what happened, dog. You don't play around like that by yourself. It will hurt you."

You hurt me, Shane said to himself. Then he started to choke as he wondered if he said it aloud. Kyros gave him an unchanging feral stare; probably not. "I'm sorry," he whined.

"You should have said something. You see my things in the bedroom," Kyros grumbled, turning back to the stove. He flipped the steak he was cooking up in the air. "And what I did to the wolf-dog when he came over. We could play all this time, but no, you keep it to yourself." The tiger plated the steak, then tore it into thin shreds with a knife. He tossed it and some tomatoes and onions into a pita, then slathered it with a lewd splash of tzatzki. "Eat."

"I thought I was dreaming until.. about ten minutes ago. I thought either I was just dreaming, or maybe, you know."

"No, I heard you from downstairs when I came in. You were making this sound, this crying howl, and then urrlch, and I know that sound so I went up and grabbed onto the cord and just put my weight on it. Big tiger."

Shane looked at his food. He felt slightly queasy, but not from the discussion. He played back the idea that he'd attempted suicide, and it definitely didn't make him feel particularly off his food. Instead, he just felt so hungry that the idea of eating was offputting. A few bites of the salty, spiced beef and harsh onions turned him around. "I don't think I really want to be dead. I mean. It really... it, playing like that, strangling, suffocating, really turns me on. I think that's why I did it. I didn't get what I wanted when I went out, and I was upset and scared and that made me excited and I just lost my shit-"

"You don't get what you want from me," Kyros said, and rolled up his own steak gyro. "That's why he did this, last night," Kyros said, and motioned to his muzzle. It was raw underneath some sparse fur on the side, trimmed hastily and almost gory.

The dog sighed. "I don't want to make you mad. But." Come on... "Yeah."

Kyros merely grunted, then took a few bites of the wrap. "I do better. Tonight, we do what you want. And you have the dog bed now."

Shane felt happy, but more in a relieved way than in general pleasure. He finished eating in silence, then went back upstairs. His room was seemingly off limits, so he went to the master bedroom instead. Kyros had sequestered the dog's laptop, and he went to go mess around on some time wasting pages.

After a few hours, where Kyros spent a while swearing as he repaired the closet, Shane had a very strange feeling. He reflected on how he felt about supposedly getting his way. About Kyros' change of heart. Of Rex suddenly being in his life. About losing his job. Intellectually, things were a mess. Emotionally, though, they weren't. Shane picked his emotions apart and found that they were

just attempts to fit in with what he thought he should do, not actual gut feelings.

He looked up at the metal storage lockers that held such a thorough collection of nefarious, suffocating toys. Knowing their contents, he was merely excited to see them again, not afraid that Kyros had such scary interests with his already mercurial and abusive personality.

The dog felt giddy enough that he rolled around and wrestled with a few of the pillows in the bed, only stopping himself when he realized his panting and growling were probably audible down the hall.

"I just want you to tie me up and fuck me. You can do whatever else you want, I guess," Shane said, looking down at Kyros' feet. No shoes, no boots, just furred and striped feet.

"Fine," Kyros said.

"And I want to... wear that outfit. The one I used to dance in."

"Fine," the tiger repeated. He seemed completely nonplussed, tapping at his computer.

Shane got up, ears burning, and went to the closet where most of his leather gear was now stored. He dressed up into the form-hugging black spandex, cock and balls sprouted out the front, air wafting in under his tail at the open back. He shrugged into his leather jacket, then stepped into the flashy black cowboy boots. Last step: gloves, a pair of rubber ones this time, tight latex compressing his finger fur down. He left the leather shorts off, since Kyros was going to stuff him.

He turned to leave the walk-in closet and walked into something. Tiger. Leather tiger. Kyros had his riding suit on sans helmet, and held things in his wrists. Shane yelped and put his hands up; Kyros caught them in sturdy padded cuffs, snugged the buckles tight, and then spun Shane again. He padlocked the dog's wrists behind his back, then picked him up with a grab around the waist and carried him into bed.

Shane almost burst out in tears when he was bound up. It was simple, just wrists and ankles. Kyros, like many of their nights together, said nothing above a grunt. He took the keys for the restraints and put them on the nightstand under the desk lamp, then the tiger turned and opened up the cabinet containing all of his breath play toys.

That did the dog in; he whimpered and tears welled up in his eyes, pouring down his cheeks and leaving wet trails. After the initial outpouring, the burst of terrified emotion gave way to a hard stare. Kyros saw Shane, but gave him only a blank look. The tiger pulled something out of the cabinet, then immediately pulled it over his own head.

Kyros had just hooded himself. It was a black rubber hood with a large portion at the front made of natural translucent latex. The loose portion hung like a bag from the face. As soon as Kyros exhaled, the bag filled up, only to collapse in on his blocky snout.

The tiger approached Shane and climbed into bed, then snatched a bottle of lube off the nightstand. Two pumps into a gloved hand as he slicked himself up, then he hefted Shane's legs up. Kyros paused after exhaling, then kept pushing out as he flattened the bag to his face. When he inhaled again, it suctioned up over his features, air whistling in through the pencil hole at the end of the snout.

Shane lay back, barely pushing along as his legs were lifted and folded and propped up against Kyros' shoulder. The tiger's slickened cockhead pushed right up against his hole and stuffed in with no foreplay at all. The penetration was a scary jolt, firing up the residual soreness in the dog's asshole from the other day.

Kyros lasted only about thirty seconds as he tried to both fuck his way towards orgasm and breathe through that tiny hole. Shane stared at the inflating and collapsing rubber, as it went from staying filled with air to forming a glistening relief of a tiger's gaping, gasping muzzle. The dog was about to climax when Kyros yanked out and stumbled back, hands clutching at the hood and pulling it up for air. After heaving breath in a few times, he removed the hood entirely and sat down in his desk chair. "I won't come yet. I will put on a show for you. Maybe you will mess yourself while you watch."

The dalmatian settled down from his whimpering squirm and stared. Kyros grunted and stood back up, then started picking things out. Shane made up a mental fantasy of what Kyros would take, and focused as hard as he could. When he opened his eyes, he saw what was in his mind, and started to feel panicked inside. His fantasy wasn't coming true; that was impossible. Instead, he had to be in hell. He hadn't survived. This was punishment, somehow. Kyros would turn on him. He would never get to see what was surely coming next. On and on and on, as Kyros picked out the toys for more self-torture.

A full-head gas mask hood, crafted by some insane German out of a paint respirator and scuba-thick latex. An attached anesthesia rebreathing bag, dangling black latex with a cappable safety airhole and a second gas mask air hose connection. A small blue glass bottle. A larger, but still small, silver spray can.

Kyros took the rebreathing assembly off the mask, then pulled the heavy latex on over his head. The tiger shook up the can of ethyl chloride, then sprayed it into the secondary hole at the junction of mask fitting and breathing bag. He took a kept cap and screwed it onto the fitting, then hooked the whole thing back up to his gasmask. He exhaled and groaned, filling the bag with air, then inhaled. The tiger coughed slightly and groaned, then felt up his face, up over his head, riding leathers tracing over everything as he fondled the bag, fittings, mask, leather jacket, leathered lap, and finally over his straining erection.

Shane rolled around in bed, whining, whimpering, struggling at his bonds. He looked around the room, then back at Kyros.

The tiger groaned and huffed, inflating and sucking the bag flat faster and faster, until he fumbled around with the air cap and barely unscrewed it. His head slumped forward and he sat with his cock in his hand, sleep-breathing fresh air as it mixed with the leftover fumes.

The dalmatian looked over to the nightstand, at the keys. He rolled over three times, which put his free fingers just an inch away. He snatched up the keys and rolled back, then squirmed around and whimpered. After the fourth whine, Kyros jerked his head up and unscrewed the breathing bag from his mask, then breathed deep and hard.

"You like this? You like watching? I should have told you before. We could have more fun," the tiger said, face hidden underneath the gas mask, voice muddled up like he was speaking over a walkie-talky underwater.

"I can't cum like this, I can't just cum on myself. I need to cum into a condom," the dog whined, almost believing it. While he had a compulsive fixation to jerk off inside condoms, he wanted to lead Kyros on. Would it work? "Maybe... maybe if you cum, I'll do it too."

"Is not like yawning," Kyros growled, then absently dangled the bag around in front of his face. "I can't see to get you a condom. You will come anyway, dog. I will make you." Instead of getting up to assault Shane, Kyros just played around with his breathing gear. He very slowly got out of the chair and retrieved the nitrous gun he'd used on Rex previously. He inserted a tube from it into the breathing bag's safety hole, then slid it back out. He opened up the blue vial of poppers and held the bottle near the gas mask fitting and inhaled slow and deep. He held his breath as he screwed the bag on, then exhaled and filled up the bag.

Shane stared on, silent, occasionally squirming to make enough of a leather rustle or bed creak to let Kyros know he was there.

Kyros rebreathed for three breaths, then unscrewed the bag and huffed for fresh air, groaning hard and swooning around. His cock sagged and swelled, straining into the air as it rose out of his leather gear. He screwed the bag back on and squeezed the trigger on the nitrous injector, creating a loud splattery hiss that jounced the breathing bag around. It inflated up and then shrank a little, then sucked in as Kyros inhaled.

Shane could feel himself teetering on the edge of an orgasm, buoyed up by the sheer amazement at having his fantasies come true, dragged down because Kyros was the one doing it. There was no longer anything Shane liked that Kyros couldn't touch and wrench and hurt and covet for himself.

Kyros made a lot more noise as he succumbed to the nitrous, groaning and even speaking in Greek with long nasal tones as he breathed hard. After a few long moments, he uncorked an alternate safety peg

on the end of the breathing bag and crushed it in his shaking hands, then dropped it in his lap as his head slumped, then rolled back and forth.

Shane had been slowly, silently fiddling the keys between his fingers, until he had the handcuff padlock just shy of penetration. He slid the key in and twisted, then fingered the lock apart. Once his hands were free, he did the same to his ankles, then hopped out of bed.

He grabbed onto Kyros, but the tiger only wheezed and let out a sound almost like a mooing cow. He took one of the tiger's wrists behind the chair, then took the chain that had gone between his own cuffs and padlocked it onto the tiger's wrist. Kyros struggled a little, but then let out another near-orgasmic moo that degenerated into jackal laughter. The tiger reached up for his muzzle, then dropped his hand. Shane grabbed it and did the same, cuffing the tiger's leatherclad arms behind his back.

The tiger jackal-moored again, lashed against the chair, then huffed out extra-hard and waited for the bag to slowly deflate out the safety hole. Then he inhaled again, keeping up the same pattern to give himself some purer oxygen.

Meanwhile, Shane had an easier time with the ankles. The leg cuffs fit, barely, around Kyros's boots, and easily padlocked to attachment points on the chair.

Then, once the tiger was secured, he unscrewed the breathing bag. "There you go. See? Now you can breathe."

Kyros reacted by groaning and apparently drooling in the mask, as some of it eventually glistened out the exhaust port. Then he coughed and choked and squirmed harder against the bonds, shaking the chair slightly. "Shane, what are you doing?" he finally gasped.

Shane put the cork back in the end of the breathing bag, and played with it between his hands. "I just want to make sure you cum. I know you like this. I know you like it so much, you wouldn't tell me, so I wouldn't know anything about it. You could keep it all to yourself." He held up the threaded end of the breathing bag's hose in one hand, then picked up the ethyl chloride in the other.

"Shane, no," Kyros huffed, then started to snarl and lash his head around as the dog sprayed a good few seconds of fluid into the hose. There was enough that it crackled inside as it boiled at room temperature, sending a little fog out of the end.

The dog clutched onto Kyros's head, then screwed the bag onto the mask. "You'll cum so hard, Master," he whimpered, then fed another cylinder into the nitrous pistol and gave it a squeeze just as Kyros desperately inhaled the chemical fumes. He immediately coughed and hacked, shuddering and straining the breathing bag. Then, he started to moo again, cock straining and dribbling on itself.

Shane held the bag in his hands as it flexed and sucked in on itself. He waited until it was almost full and pulled the cork at the end out, then squeezed it. Sweet, noxious fumes huffed out. He corked it again, and Kyros tried to breathe in. He got only a third of a breath in before the bag slapped in on itself.

Shane dropped the bag and jumped back. Kyros started to buck and flail against the chair, swinging his head around as hard as he could. The bag and pistol managed to stay put, flapping around as the shaking turned from wide strokes to shallow wobbling. Kyros screamed and then started to bark into the mask, the sound slowing down. He coughed and hacked again, then slumped around. He woke up and jerked again, toppling the chair over onto its side with a wham that sent Kyros's head thumping against the carpet.

The tiger's chest heaving and arm pumping, desperate attempts to free him from the chair, did nothing. Then they turned into a strange rhythmic jerking and Kyros stopped breathing normally. Instead, he choked and gagged, then let out a heinous "ullrrh". His howling breathing turned into a wetted squelch.

The convulsion suddenly came to a stop, and Kyros was still. He spontaneously heaved and gasped, then fell silent, then heaved and gasped again.

Then, after several seconds of quivering nothingness, the tiger's cock wet flaccid and streamed urine all over the bedroom carpet. The flow petered out to a dribble, and Kyros did nothing more than lay there.

Shane felt like he was going to cry, but then the emotion broke through: the most intense, purest orgasm he had ever felt. His cock exploded a long, syrupy squirt of cream seed, then fired the rest out as watery jets that splashed onto the carpet just a foot shy of Kyros's body.

The dog fell back onto the bed as his fur-soaking climax stunned him, then sent him into such a haze that he drifted into prostate-tingling dreamland.

It was very easy for Shane to avoid the elephant in the room, so to speak. He simply stayed away from upstairs.

When he leaned back on the sofa several days later, he realized that the house was completely silent in between breaths from the air conditioning or the purr of the fridge. Before, even when Kyros had been out of the house and Shane was alone, the dog had felt this presence around him. A sensation like tinnitus, irritating and oppressive but directionless.

That was now gone. Silence was truly silent.

He was in the middle of one such long stretch of silence when the doorbell started to ring. It came in slowly, as if it were far away and slowly moving closer on a vehicle. Then it stopped.

The front door flung in. "God damnit glad you gave me keys, what the fuck's going on, huh?" The voice was vague and hurried, brusque and overheated with masculinity. Rex. "Sitting there, not letting me--"

Rex had to inhale after barking at Shane, and got half a lungful before he gasped. He immediately turned and bucked down in half to vomit on the floor, then clutched his arm up over his nostrils. "What the FUCK Shane, what the FUCK is that, what the fuck is that, it's fucking, it's death! What the fuck is dead in here!" The wolfdog completely lost his cool, slobber hanging off his lower jaw in wet, urgent strands as he shrieked and howled.

Shane climbed up off the sofa and came over to hold the dog by the upper back. Rex bucked him away.

"No, come on, I'll show you."

"The fuck is goin' on, I was just coming over to, oh shit, I don't even remember now, I'm kinda trashed on somethin', don't get into fuckin' pills, pup. Don't do it," Rex groaned, as he staggered up the stairs.

Rex stomped into the bedroom and swung forward, then backwards, toppling back against the door.

"Holy fuck."

"He started doing it to himself, gassing himself, while I was tied up. But I got out. And I tied him up instead." Shane said this to Rex with his ears especially flopped over, slouched a little, clutched up on himself. Standing up, the dog realized that he smelled like he hadn't bathed. It was partly tangy and sexual, but also swampy and sour.

The wolfdog straightened up, looked like he was about to sneeze, gurgled in his throat, then choked it back down. He slipped his cell phone out and, sweating profusely around his muzzle, made a calm phone call.

"Hey. It's that time of the month. Yeah, I know what that means. I made it the fuck up, of course I - look, I need a hand. I need a messy recovery. No, no, no, no, I mean it no, it wasn't me! You know Kyros? You know where he lives? Yeah. Come over. Yeah fine, half an hour." Then he put his phone back and walked right out of the room.

Half an hour, Shane thought. Someone was coming in half an hour. "Rex? Rex, who's coming over?"

Rex was now in the small upstairs bathroom, doing something out of sight. There was no hot splash of urine, but a faint rustling. "You ever heard of a fixer?"

Shane crept closer to the door. He could see more of the wolfdog. Rex had shirked his jacket was doing something with his left arm, held out against the sink. Rex was still wearing a pair of black leather gloves. "Have I... like that guy from Pulp Fiction?"

Rex gurgled a kind of chuckle, like a stuttering dog growl. "Yeah. He's gonna take care of this mess. No one's gonna even know that fucking cat ever lived here."

Now Shane could see what Rex was doing. He had a long, institutional tourniquet rubber band, like a phlebotomist would use. He coiled it around his arm and then put the end in his muzzle. "But he, his company.."

"Look, pup," Rex said, voice garbled by biting on the rubber band. "God, the smell. You know, it's kinda going away," Rex said, suddenly losing his train of thought as he tried to do something manual. He made a fist with his garroted left arm, then brought a hypodermic needle over with the other and injected himself with something. "But look, I don't give a shit what's going on, really, now," the wolfdog said, face going wide-eyed but slack. "He's good, he'll, take care of shit," Rex groaned, and sat back, slumped on the toilet, eyes almost closing for a brief head-nod.

Shane's heart started to pound, and then the dog's cock started to throb underneath his stained spandex. He stepped into the bathroom and gently took the dog's gloved hand, prompting a reflexive squeeze. Then he slid the syringe out, getting only the vaguest acknowledgement from the roaringly high canine. "I think you need to sit somewhere more comfortable." Shane formulated an instant plan.

It really didn't matter that Kyros was dead. Or, for that matter, that Shane had let him die. Or had killed him out of negligence. Or had killed the tiger out of sheer, lustful intent. The lust was the important part, and it was still there.

"Mmmufhhuh, you gawnblowme?" Rex slobbered, slowly staggering up to his feet as Shane helped him leave the bathroom and head for what used to be Shane's bedroom. It was now stripped of paint and flooring. "Howcauhn its all fucked in harh?" The hybrid said, coming down off the absolute peak of the synthetic opiate-aphrodisiac he'd just injected himself with.

"Here, I'll be back," Shane said, and had the wolfdog go lean against one of the walls. The dalmatian left and changed his messy clothes for something a little more racy. A full rubber bodysuit, black latex that was just thick enough to be sturdy. His cock and balls sprouted out of a 'cockring' in the front, straining hard and slimed with leftover precum from the past... days? Shane thought for a moment, as he looked in the mirror. He was changing in That Room. Someone was coming over, too. The dog put his boots and leather jacket back on, slipped his leather riding gloves over

the rubber, and executed his plan.

Shane took a look through the piles and closets of play gear that he and The Tiger had accumulated.

Leather locking ankle spreader, with cuffs wide enough to accommodate booted and pantsed legs.

Leather arm binder, two heavy sheaths next to each other with locking buckles and a strap that could

do any number of things as it wrapped around and buckled back. A rubber-coated metal bit gag, also

with a lockable head harness. A muzzle gag, designed to be worn with the bit gag. A black plastic

bag. A bottle of poppers. A spray can of ethyl chloride.

He set them all bundled together on top of a wood bondage chair tucked in the back of the enormous

walk-in closet, then brought it out and into his old room.

Rex did not seem to notice what was on the chair. He just perked up as the dog came in, waited for

Shane to clear it off, and sat down with a huff. He spread his booted legs apart, leather jeans

bulging in front as the stiff drug kicked in as his euphoria petered out to a glow. "Mmmfh, you did

it in here, an-he cleahnhned it auuh," Rex groaned, tongue still slurring around in his mouth. He

licked his chops, then perked up a bit more when the dog produced the arm binder. "Oooh. That's

gonna be fuckin' fun," he said, pacing the words out.

"Mmm-hmm. You'll come so hard in my face," Shane said, stroking the wolfdog's leather-clad arms. He

tested to see what happened if he pulled them back. Rex just leaned forward and grunted, trying to

help out. "Wow. You're really hard."

"Fuckin' shit nails you to the wall," Rex said. "And fuck, that X is crazy with it."

Shane smiled and nodded. Not being an expert in drugs, he assumed X was whatever Rex had done before

coming over. He affixed Rex's arms into the binder sheaths, then locked the buckles up each side.

Instead of strapping the wolfdog's bound arms to his own body, the dalmatian tied them to the back

rungs of the chair. He went for Rex's booted feet next, buckling the spreader's cuffs to each ankle,

with the spreader back behind the middle rung of the chair. That way, even if Rex tipped over, he

wouldn't be able to get away from the chair.

"Oh man, this is kind of fucked up," Rex said, only now realizing that he was being bound up.

"Goddamn it, take my dick out already. I don't wanna blow in my pants again. I already fucking did it once today."

"You have no idea how fucked up this is," Shane smiled, and picked up the muzzle. He took the bit gag and showed how the two interoperated, interlocked.

Rex stared, eyes wide, black pools.

Shane took the muzzle and fitted it over Rex's head. It was easier than he thought - the wolfdog seemed intent on keeping his muzzle shut. The bitgag was harder to push in, because Rex was really keeping his muzzle shut.

"Urrh, ehh gahvsh meh lahcuh-jaw," Rex grunted, immediately starting to slobber as he tried to talk around a gag and into a leather muzzle.

"Mmm-hmm," Shane said, then left for the bathroom. He came back with two squares of toilet paper and set them on the floor. Then he unzipped Rex's leathers and took the hybrid's cock out. Tapered human glans, foreskin, veins, and that Knot Lite for locking in, all stone hard and straining, precum drizzling from the pisshole. "Wait, one minute," Shane said, and scurried off again.

"Oh man, I'm so fucking hard!", Rex tried to yell after the spotted dog, but the words came out as a single modulated sound.

Shane found a latex cock and ball sheath in the play closet, and put it on. The end result was worth it, especially once tucked into the cockring hole of his body suit, but stretching it over his balls made him literally cry for a few moments from the side-crushed-testicle pain. Then it was all better.

He went back to his old bedroom and picked up the squares of toilet paper, then folded them into a wad the size of a penny. He took the bottle of poppers, opened it and capped the top with the paper wad, then inverted the bottle. "I'm really glad you're so fucked up, Rex," Shane said, then set the bottle aside. He tossed it into the plastic bag he'd brought, then went to stand behind the wolfdog.

"Waaahh waay way way," Rex muffled, then reared his back against the chair and tried to stare at the ceiling. The muzzle Shane chose had a leather collar that it hooked to, and that strangled Rex, making the hybrid tip his face right down into the open plastic bag. Shane closed it around the hybrid's muzzle.

"I'm really glad you're so fucked up, because no one else I've ever met would ever, ever, ever let themselves get into this situation. Not even Kyros."

Rex inhaled and sucked the bag up to his face, then coughed as the concentrated nitrite fumes burned his nose. "HURRH!"

Shane squirmed in his boots, cock sheath like an ink black condom, straining with the erection inside it. Rex was seriously strong, but when bound and intoxicated, his worst thrashings were easily managed by someone as slight as Shane. The wolfdog's terror breakthrough died back as soon as the poppers hit him, prompting him to grunt and thrust his hips into the air, cock flapping around. A few times, he sounded like he was begging Shane to fuck him, then devolved into simple animal grunts and snorts. Then, as he started to run out of air, he began to howl and bark into the plastic bag.

The dalmatian let go, and Rex howled and let his head slump forward, drool hanging out of the muzzle. Shane then came around front and started to jerk the wolfdog off, glove leather wet with precum and filling the bare room with the wet sounds of leather on flesh. "So, your friend is coming over, to take care of the mess I made? That means you're a liability. Right? I did something bad, and you know about it, and now this guy does, but he sounds like he does this kind of thing all the time. Right?"

Rex, about to pop, simply groaned.

"I don't know if that's a good idea. I mean, you. And I really like you. You're the best wolf I've ever seen, and you're not even a whole wolf." Shane let go and Rex's cock twitched, but didn't quite start to fire off.

The dalmatian rushed into the bathroom and came back with a hand towel. He dropped it into the plastic bag and then sprayed it with ethyl chloride.

"Shaaaaaaane, whaaafuuhh," Rex groaned, shaking and wet-faced from the poppers afterglow, eyes locked on what the dog was doing.

Shane went behind Rex again and dropped the bag over Rex's entire head, then clutched it around the dog's neck.

"SHAANE! FUUHHING DAAAHH! LEMMAH AAUUHH!" Rex screamed, inflating the bag. He tried to hold off breathing in, but it was difficult. He coughed on the cold fumes, then bucked his head left to right. With the muzzle on, he could whip his head around all he wanted but he would never be able to chew his way out. Unlike with the poppers, which led Rex to an escalating sexual peak, the ethyl chloride turned his huffing and begging into a blur of grunts, then the wolfdog's head slumped forward.

Shane took the bag away and listened. Rex was still breathing, an even huff with a slight rattle almost like a snore. He was out cold.

The doorbell rang and the dalmatian almost jumped out of his boots. He dropped the can of ethyl chloride with a clank and ran out of the room, heart pounding so hard that by the time he reached the front door. He peered out the peephole and looked at who had shown up. Despite the summer heat outside, the visitor was wearing a pair of black leather jeans, what looked like knee-high strap-laden tanker boots, a neru collar racing jacket, and a pair of visor shades. He looked like a wolf with no fur, whose skin was made of black leather.

If only to keep the neighbors from gawking at the strange sight, Shane opened the door and stayed out of the way. The visitor walked right in. He smelled like Old Spice, a welcome change of pace from chemicals and the horrific stench that Shane kept trying to ignore.

"Well," the newcomer said, in a deep, deadpan voice, "I hope this isn't a trap. Are you a trap?" He said, shutting the door out of Shane's grip.

The dalmatian startled and almost started to cry, completely unsure of how to react and afraid of everything falling down around him. "No, no, I have a penis, look!" Shane jostled his latex-covered equipment.

The newcomer sighed. "You're lucky I used to be a cop. Anyone else would have thrown up when they walked in here. Show me where it is."

"Don't you want Rex?" Shane said. Rex. Rex. Rex. Something about Rex...

"This isn't a social call. Mess, now," the strange canine thing said, looking around the house like The Terminator.

Shane led him upstairs, to the master bedroom.

"How long?"

"How long what?" Shane said, blinking, both from confusion and from the burning putrescence that assaulted his eyes.

"How long has he been here?"

"Rex?"

The canine took his sunglasses off, exposing a pair of otherwise ordinary yellow lupine eyes. He had a short brush cut of actual head hair that was only slightly more brown than the dark chocolate of the rest of his body. "If you're responsible for this, I'm pretty amazed, because you sound like an idiot. How long has the body been here?"

"Oh, a few days."

The black canine walked around the room, then took out a pair of blue nitrile gloves and pulled one over his black hand, then picked up a wood spreader bar that was leaning in the corner. He walked back over and rolled Kyros over. There was a stain in the carpet underneath him. "Do you know if there's hardwood under the carpet?"

"I don't know," Shane shrugged.

"Let's find out," the canine said, and went to the corner of the room, then pulled it back.

"Jackpot. Not only is this nice hardwood, but whoever carpeted it did it wrong. See this? This is

vapor barrier. You put this down under laminate flooring when it's on concrete. It's plastic sheet."

"Are you a contractor or something? I mean like, for houses?"

"No, I'm just smart. Who are you?"

"Shane. I live here."

"Name's Laryan. That's my last name. You don't need my first name. Go open the garage."

At that moment, a loud cough reverberated from down the hallway, and then a loud HURRHHH! Laryan quirked an eyebrow and looked out of the room.

"Uh," Shane said, mouth turning into cotton.

"Rex called me, so I assume he's around here. Can I also assume he just screamed?"

"Sure, yeah," Shane said, and backed up against the wall. Laryan didn't try to strike him. Instead, the canine just walked out and down the hall. Shane scurried after.

Inside Shane's old room, Rex was sitting in the chair, bound, face wet, drool leaving a huge stream down his leather jacket and all over his sagging dick.

Laryan took out a pair of handheld bolt cutters and snipped the muzzle padlocks off. Rex immediately started talking.

"Whereamiwhereamiwherethefuckamiholyfuckingshiiiiiiiiiiiiit what fucking day is it," he said, then inhaled. He instantly vomited hard enough to hit the wall five feet away; both Shane and Laryan barely got out of the way. "What fucking happened, what fucking happened, what'd you do to me! What'd you fucking do to me!"

"Settle down, boxer, you're just tied to a chair. Unless there's more to the story?" Laryan said, turning his head to stare down his muzzle at Shane.

The dalmatian ignored the question. "What _are_ you anyway? You don't have any f-"

Laryan grabbed him in the face with his blue-gloved hand. "Did you do anything to Rex besides tie him up?"

"Uh he was on some kind of drug when he came over and then he shot himself up with this stuff, I don't know what it was, I thought it was heroin because it made his eyes get all pinpoint but then they went back to being huge and he got a hardon. And he was horny so I tied him up, and I, I kind of gassed him a bit because I was going to try to convince him to listen to me but then you showed up early."

"Sounds like Crystal, and maybe some ecstasy. That right, puppy?" Laryan gave Rex a pat to the shoulder.

"Uh-huh, man I had to do somethin', smells like death in here!"

"That's because someone killed a tiger in the next room. Which one of you was it?"

"Him! Him! He did it! He was gonna kill me, too! He's lying about playing with my dick and that stuff! He was gonna kill me just like he killed fucking Kyros!" Rex squeaked, then coughed. Both canines stepped out of the way again, but it was just a regular cough.

"Rule number one: No more killing while I'm over. You can wait until later. Rule number two: either one of you yells or screams again, and I'm going to punch your larynx out of your neck. Rule number three: do exactly what I tell you. You, spots, open the garage. You, Rex, just sit there and stay quiet."

"Man, I gotta take a leak," Rex groaned.

"Okay, get a bucket after you've gone in the garage."

Shane hurried downstairs and did as directed. Laryan disappeared, and Rex relieved himself into the bucket without even being asked, simply letting go as the dalmatian came into the room. Shane barely caught it all.

The next two hours were a fantastic blur. Laryan might have been a strange, furless unknown, but he was a seriously professional furless unknown. He had some kind of amazing body bag in his nondescript Toyota truck which completely encompassed Kyros in his pantherine bulk. His destination:
"An incinerator. A private one."

Thanks to the improperly done carpeting, none of the mess got down into the actual subfloor. They rolled the carpet up in sections and took it down to the garage, to go along with the former tiger.

"So, uh, why don't you have any fur?" Shane finally asked. "I-I know you said not to talk but I really can't-"

"I'm a Shenaus. Southwest Territories, Emerald arcology, former Security Force vice squad."

Shane looked at Laryan with his head cocked. "Shenaus?"

"We're genetically engineered police wolves. Okay, are you going to redo this room? That other one's all bare."

"I hung myself in there and I guess Kyros wanted to refinish it because I ruined the closet," Shane said. Laryan stared.

"I wasn't really going to ask what was going on, because I generally don't do that. I do whatever people pay me to do. If you have a good reason, you'll have my business. I just don't care what the reason is. But," Laryan said, holding a hand up when the dalmatian started to open his mouth again,
"I just have to ask. How do you know him?" He pointed upstairs. "And him, for that matter," he pointed to the garage.

"I've lived with Kyros for a few years. As kind of his sl-as his pet, I guess. Or boyfriend."

"And Rex?"

"That's a funny coincidence, he just happens to know Kyros I guess."

"And you killed Kyros."

"Uh-huh. I almost got carried away with Rex, too, but I'm really glad I didn't. I kinda like him. He's really hot. I just wanted to make sure he'd listen to me."

"Let me the fuck OUT!" Rex hollered, as if he suddenly heard his voice wafting down the hall. Then, a loud WHAM! from Shane's old room. Another lesser thud, and another, then a loud snap. Laryan flinched as if it were a bone snap, but no scream followed.

The door opened a little, then flung open, and Rex burst out into the hallway. His arms were done up still, but he had a key dangling from one gloved hand.

"Impressive," Laryan said, as if this whole situation was ordinary.

"You left a fucking key in a fucking padlock! No wonder that fucking tiger was always beating on you, you're a fucking idiot!" Rex snarled, cock still sticking out of his leather pants, still hard as a rock. Then he tried to unlock his arms and that used the entirety of his attention.

Laryan walked over and stood Rex up. "I'm going to explain something. I was never here. For that matter, neither was Kyros. Unless he has planned visitors tonight, by tomorrow, he won't exist. I don't mean his body, I mean Kyros Panagakos."

"Whoa, sweet, that kinda solves-" Rex started, but Laryan grabbed his muzzle shut.

"Your little rubber-pup here says that it was a coincidence that he met you. Well, it's a coincidence that you hired me to fix your problems. Someone else hired me to solve their problem, and that solution is now vacuum-sealed in a bag in the back of my truck, still wearing all that crazy shit this guy put on him," Laryan said, and thumbed over to Shane. "Wait a minute, you," the furless wolf said to Shane. "You worked for the company that Kyros's just bought, right?"

Shane looked back and forth. He suddenly wondered if trying to be buddy-buddy with Laryan was such a good idea, considering what the strange wolf seemed to know. "Uh. Uh. Well, yeah, but then I was fired-"

"I bet that sucked, right? What if you knew that Kyros owned the company you used to work for? What if you knew that Kyros had his current employer buy yours, just so he could get the windfall to pay off a few unsightly debts?"

Shane tried to scrounge up the emotion. It was certainly unfortunate, what had happened. It made his losing the job less of an issue. "I always figured he was too much of a nerd to do anything actually wrong. I mean, to anyone else."

"You'd be surprised. Anyway, you're pretty messed up. So is Rex here, so you two seem like a good combination. So I was asking if you were going to redo this room? If you are, you better do it fast. I'm going to put down this deodorizing stuff. Then, you'll need to paint the floor with the Kilz primer I left downstairs, and then you can do whatever you want."

"Hey, I kind of barfed over there, maybe you should clean that up, too," Rex said, and finally got himself un-padlocked. He jabbed one of the gauntlets at Laryan. The wolf ignored it.

"I don't do housekeeping. Money, now."

Rex sighed and took his wallet out, then counted out an alarming amount of cash. "Here."

"You're pretty lucky. You're lucky you're alive, and you're also lucky you have this dog around, even if he's the one who almost killed you," Laryan said, pocketing the money. "I think he's good news for a fuckup like you."

"Thanks," Rex said, and sounded as if he hadn't just been insulted.

"Nice outfit, by the way," Laryan said, and then left the house. Rex and Shane stared into the master bedroom. It smelled like disgusting disinfectant, but no longer like putrescence. There was no sign of anything, save for the furniture all being shoved into the walk-in closet and the floor stripped bare and wet. Certainly no direct indication of a struggle.

Shane felt suddenly calm. The room seemed inviting, empty, devoid of problems.

"I gotta fuckin' sleep," Rex grunted, then wobbled downstairs. "Clean my fucking barf up, because you're a fucking _asshole_," he snarled at Shane, sounding as threatening as a drunk who would pass out before punching.

Shane smiled after the wolfdog.

The dalmatian enjoyed two straight weeks of near platitude. He spent some time thinking about what sort of work-at-home job he could take, played video games, masturbated, and then Rex would come over. The wolfdog showed up without warning at random hours of the day, sometimes clearly on another planet, and always looking to pound a load into poor Shane.

Poor Shane, indeed. He was one for one with Rex in terms of ejaculations.

The two weeks ended when someone woke him up in the middle of the night.

"Mmm, Rex, what's going on?" Shane groaned, opening his eyes to see Rex hovering over him. He wasn't alone. There was a huge Tsavo lion, maneless but also a Mr. Universe-level bodybuilder. He had a black leather blazer, black jeans, dress shoes, and a lot of jewelry.

Rex answered by flipping Shane over onto his front.

The dog scrambled around against the sheets, and immediately tried to roll back over. Rex smacked him down again.

"What's happening? What're you doing? Who's the lion guy?" Shane mumbled, jaw clenching up, heart starting to race.

The lion guy didn't say anything, and just opened his fly. Just like Kyros, his species' puny genitals were not present, replaced instead by an uncut, beer-bottle-fat human job. The lion then pointed to the nightstand.

Rex picked up a bottle of lube and handed it to the lion.

"Hey, hey, hey seriously what the hell's going on? Come on, tell me? Is this just like, you picked

some guy up at the bar?"

Rex looked over at the lion, then down at the feline's cock as its owner polished it up with silicone lube. Then he turned back and backhanded Shane in the face. "Shut up for once, you talk about all kinds of shit and I don't care right the fuck now."

While Shane rang with the stun of being smacked, Rex dragged him to the edge of the bed.

This was not Rex bringing someone home from whatever he did at night. This was not just fun. The lion flipped Shane's whiptail out of the way, then stuffed his cock right in. Shane didn't even have time to hunch up doggy-style.

It didn't matter how much Shane got fucked; he wasn't expecting it, did not want it, and so it hurt. He screamed out and Rex just cuffed him in the jaw again. He flailed his arms and the wolfdog sprang onto the bed, then tried to sit on them. "Quit fucking moving!"

The lion wasn't violent about fucking, just inconsiderate. He thrusted like Shane's asshole was a fleshlight, hard and fast, big hands clutching the dog's hips.

"Stop! Fucking stop! Fucking stop it burns it's fucking hurting me stop STOP STOP STOP!" Shane screamed, and Rex punched him again. The dog shriek-yelped and Rex clutched onto his muzzle with both hands, crouched unevenly as he tried to stomp on the dog's shoulder blade to immobilize him. Tears streamed out of Shane's eyes and over Rex's gloved hands. Then, due to how Rex was trying to restrain him, the dalmatian tried to breathe deep and couldn't. He struggled harder.

The lion never said a word, only pistoning in and out like a machine. He sometimes pulled back enough that every single thrust powered his slippery cock in and out of Shane's asshole, filling the room with a wet squelch and the rank musk of anal sex.

Rex finally grew tired of holding Shane and let go, grunting and flexing his own hands, then adjusting himself as he crouched next to the dalmatian. Shane gasped for air and grew woozy, then came back down into his wet sobs.

The dog covered his face, both hands clutching over top of his muzzle, then over his eyes, face buried in the salty-wet sheets. As the lion plowed him, a consistent burn lit up one side of his asshole, but at the same time, the rough violation spurred him on.

The lion ground to a halt deep inside and let out a single clenched-jaw roar, then pulled back. Shane's tortured hole spasmed and squirted out a quarter-cup of spunk onto the sheets.

"You said he gets fucked all the time," the lion said, voice sweltering with a New York Italian accent. "Look at that. Looks like I broke him."

Shane felt like he was about to ejaculate helplessly, guts spasming from the pain of being raped and squeezing on his prostate.

"Haha, what a mess. He's fine, that's just a little bit," Rex said, and then both left the room.

They didn't go far, apparently talking out in the hallway. Shane tried to keep himself silent, unable to stop the gasping shudder that came from truly sobbing for a few moments.

"So, you still in? You didn't fucking break him, he's just kind of weird. Like messed up. But the good kind," Rex said, and there was a click of some kind of lighter, a faint huff, and then a massive cough. "You?"

"No thanks, I just came," the lion said. "I see how he's a fuck-toy, mutt. I don't see how he's... useful."

"You know Kyros?"

"Panagakos? That shithead still around? I thought I took care of that."

"Haha! Fuck that, you paid this guy to do it, right? Well, I paid him to clean up another mess. My little spotty pup took care of Kyros. It was nasty, too. Real nasty. He probably fucking drowned. In himself."

The lion grunted. "You're shitting me. That little cock sock? He fucking cried when I stuck him."

Shane listened to the conversation. The impulse to sob was now completely gone, leaving only the gasps in its place. He reached back and fingered himself. There was only a little trace of blood, probably just a tiny fissure. He'd had them many times before.

"Trust me, fucking trust me."

"How can I trust you, Rex? You're fucking blasted. You're stoned off your ass now, and who knows what you did before I came over. Do you even know what you did?"

"I dunno, there was some coke, and then I dunno, I kinda blacked out a bit."

"Fucking coke doesn't make you black out."

"It was fucking powder, and I snorted it, and I was like fucking God and then I was hunkered on the floor sweating. So what was it? Who fucking cares."

"I fucking care. I don't need another little bitch to fuck when I get horny. I need someone who can take care of business for me, and that's not some ex-con who does snuff porn and his little sobbing bitch!"

"Come on, give me a fucking chance, I'll fucking prove it. I swear."

"You'll prove it?" The lion growled. "I'll be back tomorrow night. If you fuck up, you're gonna be paying real, real hard."

"Fine, whatever," Rex said, and then two pairs of heels clomped downstairs. Then, a door slam. Boots came back up.

Rex came into the bedroom and leaned in the doorway. Shane reached over and switched on the night stand lamp. Rex's eyes were bloodshot and drooping, and the wolfdog stank of skunky marijuana. "Did you have to fucking cry?"

Shane shrugged. "It seemed like the right thing to do."

"Look at that, you made a fucking mess. Lick it up or something," Rex said, motioning to the pink-tinged pearly mess on the sheets.

Shane turned around, nuzzled at it, frowned, and then licked. "I'll.. I'll do whatever that lion guy wants. Right? Like you're getting work from him?"

"Fuck yeah, you're getting work. I gotta do something with you. I don't.. want that shit you pulled on me, a while ago."

Shane smiled, as he licked up coppery, ass-musky lion spunk. "Good dog."

"Fuck that, calling me a good dog."

"But you are," Shane whined. "You're the best dog."

Rex was half dog, and so half-wagged his tail at the fawning compliment.

Tomorrow became today, and Shane spent the day with a terrible case of anxiety. He started whining so much that Rex punched him in the balls, and when that didn't quit it, the wolfdog grunted and just left the house.

Alone, Shane didn't know what to do. He went into the bathtub and pissed all over himself, then rolled around in it. The humiliation left him a little thrilled, but soon the heart-pounding dread came back. The lion. The lion had looked terribly mean before he'd started fucking Shane; his voice sounded almost comical, but there was still the impending 'test' that Shane was going to have to pass. And he knew what it was for, but he didn't know for sure. They hadn't actually said. But what else could it be?

Shane started going through his gear. Rubber? No, that was kind of delicate. The spandex suit? He slid into the musky, black material. He hadn't washed it since Kyros, and it smelled like dog piss and semen and body odor. He slid on the leather shorts, then his flashy boots, then jacket and gloves.

He went down to the basement, and slinked up against one of the floor jacks that helped keep the first floor from curving down and ruining the hardwood. He wrapped around it, putting on the dejected look he'd mastered years and years earlier. He stroked up the pole as if he were nestled against an enormous cock.

I'm never gonna dance again, he mumbled, and it was so true.

The lyrics to the song floated through his head. Shane looked up; the electrical cord was back up on the shelf, coiled and orange.

These guilty feet have got no rhythm...

Shane imagined how he felt standing in the closet, hands shackled behind his back, neck already constricted with the noose.

The noose hung over the edge of the storage shelf. Kyros hadn't un-done it.

Kyros. Shane thought about the tiger, and remembered all the nights of confusion and terror, when the tiger would almost act like he cared about Shane, and then hurt him. Shane had only gotten upset because he was confused, unable to tell what Kyros really meant. Now, of course, he would never know what the tiger really meant.

There's no comfort in the truth, pain is all you'll find -

Shane looked back to the noose. His heart pounded again. The test.

He was going to pass.

The evening happened just as fast as the sudden rape the previous night. One minute, Shane was alone in the house, sniffing at slightly disinfected air and the leftover leathery smells of Rex's earlier visit to get a blowjob.

The next minute, there were five people over. Rex, the maneless lion, two other generic black dogs

in what looked like mechanic uniforms, and a positively terrified cheetah.

"I don't, what's, Huh?" Shane said, as the group burst in through the garage entryway.

"Shut up and get out of the way," one of the black dogs said. The cheetah chirped like a bird, mewled, and stuttered an endless series of near complaints. He looked ill, shaking and muzzle-sweating, and smelled faintly of vomit. "Oh no you don't," one of the dogs said, and punched the cat in the face. "Don't you fuckin' throw up again."

"Everyone throws up so much," Shane quipped, and then the other dog went after him. He wasn't as fast as Shane, and punched a hole into the drywall. The other one quickly restrained him.

"Where the fuck you want him?" The first dog asked.

Rex shrugged. "I dunno. The basement, I guess."

Both dogs and the terrified cat disappeared down the stairs.

"Who's.. who's that guy?" Shane asked, to both the wolfdog and lion.

"None of your fucking business," the lion said.

"He looks sick..." Shane said, cowering.

"What the fuck kind of outfit is that? You look like a gay stripper. And yeah, he's sick. He's got the shakes. Kept him off the junk to see if I could get anything outta him. Naw, not so much. So, he's worthless now, and I gotta make him disappear. You know anything about that, puppy? You know how that works?"

"Disappear..." I look like a stripper? Shane felt tickled that someone noticed. Even if it was the tsavo lion. "Oh, yeah, like Kyros."

"Heeey, good boy, want a fucking biscuit for that?" Rex said. Shane put his gloved hands up and dropped his fingers, then opened his muzzle. Rex looked confused, then cleared his throat and spit in Shane's mouth. The dalmatian swallowed.

The lion seemed a bit put off. "Whatever. He's downstairs now. Take care of him."

Shane went downstairs and found the two dogs trying to muscle the cheetah into a chair. The chair's counterpart had been shattered by Rex two weeks earlier.

"No, no, don't do that. Duct tape his arms behind his back. And his feet together. Stand him up," Shane said.

"Huh? What? What the fuck are you gonna do to me? Come on, man, I didn't do anything. I'm just a fucking junkie, okay? And you guys push that shit, so what am I gonna do?" The cheetah tried to explain his predicament. Shane had no idea what he was talking about.

"Where's the tape?" One of the dogs asked, literally standing next to it. The other one punched him and grabbed it. The two started to muscle the cheetah around again, to his feet, and then taped the cheetah up. Duct tape around the wrists, duct tape around the ankles. The feline seemed unable to fight back enough.

"Don't worry," Shane said. "I think I can find you another hit."

"Are you fucking kidding? Are you fucking kidding? Oh man, oh man..."

Shane then went upstairs. "Rex, lion guy, I need something. He's a heroin junkie, right? Well, I want to shoot him up."

"What the fuck's the point of that?"

Shane cocked his head. "Well, he'll feel good, and then... he won't. Right now, he's just upset."

"Is this necessary?" The lion grunted.

Rex, on the other hand, opened his jacket and took out a big metal cigar case. Inside, he had a vial of heroin powder, a few syringes. He went over and started getting it ready. "You're a nasty fuckin' pup. You know that? But you're fucking _creative_."

Shane looked around the room. The cassette boom box he'd used when he was strangling himself one night, was sitting innocently on a chair in the dining room. Rex had been using it while cleaning up after an attempt at cooking, which nearly burnt the kitchen down. Shane looked in one of the double cassette slots, and found the tape he was looking for. He mashed play and fast-forward, and squirrel talk blasted out. Then, he backed it up, and hit play again. A saxophone blasted out.

"Hey, hey, this is that song that band fucking covered, uh, I dunno, that rock band," Rex said, as he cooked up a syringe-ful.

"Don't use too much. I don't want to kill him with it."

"What's the point, then?" The lion said. He seemed slightly dopey.

"I already told you, it's... nevermind, obviously there's a reason you're all using me for this, right? Because you're a bunch of chickenshits or something?" Shane put his hand on his hip and cocked it out. Instead of attacking him, the lion simply stood and gave him a strange sneer. Shane stopped the tape and took the player downstairs. Rex came soon after.

The dogs had done a good job tying the cheetah up, one of them holding him standing while the other just checked his phone.

Shane set the player down, then whispered something in the dog's ear. The cheetah was facing him, and facing away from the storage cabinet, unable to see the dangling noose. The dog went over and took the coiled electrical cord down, then stood on an old end table and knotted it around up to the rafters.

"Oh man, oh man, oh FUCK YEAH," the cheetah hissed, as Rex stepped up and handed the syringe to Shane.

"I figured you could use a little help," Shane said, and petted the cheetah's chest. He grabbed at the cat's stained teeshirt cuff and twisted it hard on his upper bicep. Then, not having ever injected anyone with anything, stabbed the needle into the most obvious vein under the fur, right in the middle of a rosette.

"Oww FUCK!" the cat hissed, and Shane pushed the plunger down. "Oww oww fucking shit you don't fucking know anything you son of a-" The cheetah kept hissing and spitting, and then his pupils shrank.

Shane pulled the needle out and stepped back. The cheetah's head nodded forward, then he lifted it, then nodded, lifted, nodded, lifted. He groaned and a stupid smile plastered over his face.

"Isn't that better?" The dalmatian said, and gently went over to kiss the cheetah.

"Fuck man, I ain't no faggot," the cat murmured, but nuzzled back anyway.

"That's okay. I'm not actually nice," Shane said. "Stand him up on the chair."

The two thug dogs picked the slender cat up and stood him on the same chair he'd been sitting on. He wobbled a little, then suddenly realized his arms were restrained. "Hey, hey why am I fucking taped up, what the fuck, what's going on? What the fuck, I told you, I don't know shit, I don't have shit, I don't, I don't even know what I'm doing here, I don't, what's happening? What's..." His eyes went wide, pupils still narrow.

Shane went over to the tape player and started it. The mournful saxophone melody from, "Careless Whisper", filled the room. One of the thug dogs opened his mouth to say something, but the other smacked him quiet.

"What the hell is this? C'mon, come, come on, I didn't do anything. I just... I just can't kick it, you know? I can't stop. I can't stop and I just kind of... I needed money. And I, and I'm sorry, I didn't wanna cause family trouble, I didn't want to fuck with the mob, it's not my fault they run all the fucking drugs around here! Jesus christ!"

The song moved to the verse, the breezy sadness of a jilted relationship, profoundly foppish and mired in a forgotten time of British synth-pop. Shane huffed and stood with his hips cocked. The two hench-dogs stared at him. "You're complaining to the wrong person. I'm guessing that lion up there is pretty important, because he seems to run everything around here. Well, he didn't like whatever

you had to say. So now, you're my business. And I don't care about what you have to say, either,"

Shane said, squeezing his brain for something that sounded suitably tough. It was hard; he wasn't used to being tough. But this was now organized crime, and organized crime was tough.

The cat looked increasingly nervous, tail curling around his leg like a very lazy snake as his sense of fear fought with the chemical sandblast provided by strong opiates. He wobbled almost like he was going to fall off the chair, and swung his face right into the dangling noose. "What the hell's this! You're gonna fucking hang me! You're gonna fucking hang me!" He stiffened up like a board. The thugs looked towards Shane, and the dalmatian nodded back. One of the dogs held onto the increasingly flailing cheetah, while the other helped get the noose situated properly under his neck, electrical cord dangling just loose enough. "That wasn't fucking heroin. What the fuck was it? What the fuck is happening?" Among other things, the cheetah's eyes were now returning to their normal pupilar size, and there was a sturdy lump in his jeans.

"Fucking Rex," Shane hissed. "You like it? You like being all stone hard like that?"

"Fuck it's not the right shit, I'm..." the cheetah said, and then started to look ill.

The song shifted into the chorus, and Shane stepped forward.

"I'm never gonna dance again, these guilty feet have got no rhythm.." George Michael crooned on the recording, voice as high as the cheetah probably was.

That's perfect, Shane thought. That's so perfect. He kicked the chair out from underneath the cheetah. The hapless feline lurched as the cord snapped tight, feet still almost a foot off the floor. He gagged and gurgled, face strained up, eyes nearly bugging out as he wrenched and jerked. Shane had a slight, vivid flash of a worm descending from a tree on its little thread, squirming, undulating.

Instead of simply expiring, and perhaps spurred on by the unexpectedly laced load of drugs, the cheetah wrestled harder and harder, until his wrists finally stretched the duct tape enough that he could free them. He immediately started grappling for the hanging cord, then at the noose around his

neck, fingers prying enough that he scraped fur free from his throat.

It didn't matter. Soon, the cheetah's grasping turned into aimless movements, and then his arms slumped down to his sides, tongue stuffed out one side of his jaw, eyes still wide open. A few seconds later, a wet stain spread through the cheetah's jeans and down the leg, a full bladder's worth of urine, enough fluid that the surface shined for a moment.

Shane came, without touching himself, hot jets firing into his spandex bodysuit, smearing up against the leather-lined shorts as he stood and flexed his hips forward. He groaned and shivered and then let out a hasty breath. The dogs were looking uneasily around the room, avoiding eye contact.

The dalmatian turned and boot-clopped over to the basement stairs. Then, he leaned in and yelled up.

"Rex, lion guy, you need to call that fixer again."