

## Revenge of Age: Chapter 7

© 2024 Jack Doe. All characters belong to their creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

Carlos rested his cheek on his fist, nearly dozing off as the meeting droned into its third hour. His mind began to wander, not to anything in particular, picking topics seemingly at random and presenting them for consideration.

The sharp chirr of someone's phone startled Carlos so badly that he jumped. Looking around, he saw all eyes on him. He grinned sheepishly, then began looking around for the source of the noise. Glancing down, he reddened on realizing that 1) it was his phone that was making the noise, and 2) *that* was why everybody was looking at him, *not* because he'd jumped.

Fumbling in his pocket, he quickly muted the ringer, then glanced down to see who was calling him in the middle of the day on a weekday.

He jumped again.

"I—I'm t—terribly sorry," he stammered, rising hastily. "I—I have to take this."

Moving swiftly, he left the conference room and strode down the hall towards the door, answering just in time before the call went to voicemail.

"Ulises," he hissed as soon as he was outside, "Why are *you* calling *me*?"

"Very sorry, amigo. Is—is now a bad time?"

"I was in the middle of a meeting."

"Oh, my apologies. I can call back if you prefer—"

"Was. I *was* in a meeting. Now I'm not. What do you want?"

"I *am* sorry, but I have urgent news for you."

"Oh?"

Carlos's ears pricked up. Truth be told, he was glad for the distraction from the boring meeting, and whatever it was the old cop was about to impart to him, he was sure it was at least twice as interesting as the meeting had been. Maybe even thrice.

"One of my sources tells me that El Aatxe has become nefarious in the underground, so revered that criminals fear summoning him by uttering his name. When they *do* speak of him, it is only in hushed tones and accompanied by hand gestures to avoid having to say his name in full."

Carlos pursed his lips. "That's... good," he said haltingly.

"Aren't you excited, amigo?"

"I—I don't see why this was important enough to pull me out of a meeting," Carlos replied.

"Oh! Right. It seems that there are some members of the gang who are willing to make a deal with the devil."

Carlos's ears pricked up again. "With the devil? A deal? What kind of deal? What do they want? What could they *possibly* offer me?"

"How about revenge? True revenge on one of those who attacked you," Ulises said ominously.

There was a brief silence as Carlos digested that information. Suddenly, he gasped, his mind going into overdrive.

"H—how would they know which gang member to give up?" he asked, his mind suddenly racing fifteen steps ahead of his mouth.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, they have to give someone specific up, right? Specifically, someone who was involved in attacking me. But, the gang attacks lots of people, and not every member attacks every victim. So, they would have to know that *I* was the victim to be able to tell which members could be sacrificed."

"Oh. Well, not to—"

Carlos's pulse was rising, and so was the pitch of his voice.

"And, if they know I'm the victim and El Aatxe is seeking retribution for *my* assault, it doesn't take a rocket scientist to piece together that El Aatxe and I are the same person, or at least that there's a connection there!"

"Amigo! *Breathe!*" Ulises urged. "It's *okay*, amigo," the portly cat's voice said reassuringly once Carlos had taken a breath. "Don't forget that I'm on your side. The money you pay me isn't *just* for new, ah, 'clients'; I'm also doing a great deal of public relations on your behalf. The rumors I have spread are that El Aatxe happened to be passing by when you were attacked. Enraged by the cruel treatment of a frail, old cat, he has vowed to seek vengeance on any who would abuse someone that way."

"But why me?" Carlos pressed. "You said it yourself: crime is rampant; why was it *my* assault that brought him out?"

"Everybody has a first time they notice something," Ulises said, his tone such that Carlos could practically see him shrugging. "A spot on a rug, a smudge on a window, the hum of an air conditioner. By the time you finally notice it, how can you be certain how long it's been there unless you're actively paying attention?"

"But if the rug is nothing *but* spots or the air conditioner is deafening..."

"I believe you might be overthinking it just a bit, amigo. *You* know the truth and are therefore able to piece it all together. But consider it from the hooligans' perspective: there was nobody shadowing, abducting, and torturing them before, and now there is. They are thugs, yes, but they are also children, and they are scared. If they hear a rumor that El Aatxe will stop hunting them if they give up one of the assailants of some random victim, do you think they are going to stop to question why *that* cat? These are, as you said, *not* rocket scientists, after all."

Carlos felt a tinge better but said nothing.

"Besides," Ulises added, "They're not the ones you have to worry about. It's Diego who calls their shots, and ultimately, it will only be with *his* permission that one of *his* gangsters is given up freely. And," the cat continued, a purr rumbling up from the depths of his chest as he spoke, "Rumor has it that he himself *has* heard of you!"

Carlos's blood turned to ice. Any comfort he'd gotten vanished in an instant. His chest tightened; his pulse began to race, and he felt his throat pinching closed. Feeling faint, he leaned against a picnic table and slumped onto the bench.

"And, uh, what does Diego think of all this?" he croaked.

"It is only by Diego's tacit assent that the rumors continue to circulate at all, that any rumblings persist within the gang of sacrificing one of their own. When you have a flesh-and-blood monster standing over you and yelling, it tends to be scarier than some mythical bogeyman who might or might not exist."

Carlos swallowed. "So... Diego is *okay* with this?" he asked incredulously.

"Suffice to say, we can assume that Diego sees certain utility to having a specter he can use to terrify his worst-performing hoodlums. 'You'd better not slack off, or I'll let El Aatxe come have his way with you'. That kind of thing. It's quite the motivator, amigo, like Germans telling their children Krampus is going to beat them with a stick at Christmas if they misbehave."

"But... doesn't that have the exact *opposite* effect of what you wanted me to do?" Carlos asked. "You wanted me to reduce crime, but if Diego is using me as a way to motivate his goons, won't crime *increase*?"

"It is a double-edged sword in the short term, amigo," Ulises conceded. "On one hand, yes, Diego now has a weapon to use against his ranks without lifting a finger. On the other, those ranks are going to be looking over their shoulders as they commit crimes. Diego's orders will be followed much more strictly, but random crimes—like beating you up—will decrease because they are not backed by explicit orders from him. And of course, this is all the short term."

There was something about the way the crooked cop said it that both piqued Carlos's curiosity and also warned him not to ask. He did it anyway.

"Wh—what's the *long* term?"

Ulises's voice grew somber. "The long term, amigo, is when we start using Diego's trust to start picking off higher-level lieutenants, weakening his empire and rousing his ire until we come face-to-face with the man himself."

Carlos's jaw dropped. A heavy silence filled the air as the gut-wrenching implications of what Ulises had said settled in.

"You don't have to decide now, amigo," Ulises said quietly. "For now, take the offering the gang is giving you. Unleash your fury on the one who attacked you and reclaim your rightful place in the pecking order. After that, we can see how comfortable you are as you start to cross Diego."

"You yourself said I was a frail, old cat," Carlos murmured in a stunned monotone. "If Diego ever figures out who I am, I'll be a *dead* cat. You realize that, right?"

"Of course. You at least have the ability to leave the country, to go home to your safe lair across the ocean. I live here, amigo, and the risk of being caught weighs on me every hour of every day. Why do you think I keep my time at the warehouse short? Why do you think I refuse to watch as you work? This is a chess game, or, if you like, Battleship: we move in stealth, picking off thugs while trying to evade detection ourselves."

"And this 'offering' Diego is 'allowing'. Doesn't it seem like a trap to you? Diego knows which of them he's going to sacrifice. What's to stop him from having that person followed and watched, and the moment the sacrifice disappears, the goons follow you to the warehouse?"

The line was silent for a moment, and then Ulises's voice came back, beaming with pride.

"Yes, amigo. You're *finally* starting to think like Diego does, like I do. These are the types of questions I wish you'd asked the first day we met. Do you think that I abduct your clients and go straight to the warehouse? Of course not! Do you think that I myself do the abductions?"

Carlos did a double-take. "Wait, if you don't do them, who does? What am I paying *you* for?"

Ulises chuckled. "Your clients make it to you on time, do they not? *That* is why you pay me. Do not ask how the sausage is made, amigo. The less you know about my operations, the less I know about yours, the less likely Diego or any number of his goons can pick up on what we're doing. On that note," he said with an air of finality, "We have spoken as long as we safely can. Now, I *must* return our conversation to the reason for the call: will you accept the gang's offering, and if so, when? Do not worry about how the sacrifice will be acquired. Think only of what you will do once he is in your hands."

Despite a dull, nagging doubt, Carlos finally turned his attention to the matter at hand. Did he want revenge? Yes. When would he be free to mete it out?"

"This weekend," he said, his tone surprisingly firm. "I will deal with him this weekend. Which one is it?"

"I do not know, amigo. But, we will find out, won't we?"

"Hm."

"Goodbye, amigo. See you this weekend."

The call ended, and Carlos sat staring thoughtfully at his phone. The whole thing seemed so surreal that he wasn't quite sure how he made it back into his meeting, but by the time he came to again, the meeting was adjourning, and his colleagues were gathering their things to go home for the night.

\*\*\*\*\*

Carlos got off the plane and took a cab to his new hotel. The talk with Ulises and the accompanying shift in mindset had gotten him thinking that perhaps he shouldn't always be checking into the same hotel, shouldn't have such a consistent schedule. In fact, he had not even called the hotel in advance to arrange a stay; he had chosen a hotel at random, taken the cab there, and made the arrangements at the counter, paying in cash so as to leave as little paper trail as he could. All the while, he found himself constantly looking over his shoulder and peering at every person he saw under the age of 18, trying to decide whether he was

surrounded by Diego's spies or not. By the time he made it to the warehouse, his hand was trembling as he reached for the handle and pulled open the door.

But as he stepped inside, everything suddenly changed. The familiar layout, the memories of what he'd done in this room and the subtle physical reminders—the anchors in the floor, a blood stain, the particular arrangement of the tools of his trade—all washed over him, drowning out Carlos's fears and insecurities and replacing them with something entirely different.

In this place, he was El Aatxe. In this place, *he* was the one who inspired fear. Even Diego himself wasn't safe here. Heaven *help* him if he ever found himself in El Aatxe's clutches in *this* place!

Carlos set his jaw, grim determination pulling his lips back into a demented smile as he flipped on the lights and strode over to Ulises.

"What have we got?" he asked, brushing Ulises's hand with a stack of bills.

"No need this time, amigo," Ulises said, pushing Carlos's hand back. "*This* one is on the house. They practically delivered him to my doorstep. *Practically*," he added hastily. "They do not know where I live or who I am."

Carlos raised an eyebrow, then shrugged and pocketed the money. "Let's see him."

Ulises pulled back the cover to reveal a black dog, probably around 13 or 14, lean and muscular, with prominent, brown eyebrows that gave him an austere, angry look, even when he was asleep. For an instant, Carlos's insecurities manifested beneath his alter ego. His eyes widened as he recognized the rottweiler.

*No need, Lucas; that guy's poor. But this guy...*

The words rang in Carlos's ears and flashbacks of being in the cab, trapped and hounded on all sides, flooded his mind. He faltered, gasping in spite of himself and taking a step back as his hand instinctively went to his chest.

"Amigo?" Ulises asked worriedly.

Carlos exhaled sharply.

*No.*

His eyes flashed. His lip curled back, and he pinned his ears.

"Not this time," he growled.

"Huh?" Ulises looked at him quizzically, then did a double-take and took a step back, his hand instinctively reaching for where his holster would be.

"Are you gonna watch?" Carlos growled over his shoulder.

Unnerved at his companion's sudden transformation, Ulises started to answer, then thought better of it, turned on heel, and left briskly. As the door closed, Carlos cracked his knuckles and his neck. He was about to flip the tarp completely off the rottweiler when a lump in his pants distracted him. Annoyed, he looked down, then plucked the mask he'd been carrying with him out of his pocket.

Carlos had meant to conceal his identity, to make it so that if his victim recognized him, he couldn't go back and tell the others that Carlos and El Aatxe were one and the same.

*But we're not one and the same*, Carlos thought with cold satisfaction. *I am El Aatxe, and by the time I am done with him, it will not matter if they think we are the same person; I will make such a grisly example of him that nobody will dare to cross me.*

The dog stirred, and Carlos raised an eyebrow. Glancing around, he grabbed two winches and wheeled them on their tracks over to where the rottweiler lay on the bench. Wasting no time, he wrapped a chain tightly around each of the dog's wrists and another around his ankles, then pulled the winches tight. One raised the dog's feet into the air over his head, then dragged him off the table entirely and sent him swinging like a pendulum. The other, with its chains looped through a pulley on the floor, pulled his arms down towards the ground, stretching him out upside-down as if on a vertical rack. With a few adjustments, Carlos

got the rottweiler right where he wanted him: with his brown-tipped, black sheath and mahogany-colored balls level with Carlos's mouth.

Hurriedly unfolding a tarp and moving it to cover the ground under the pulley, Carlos finished just in the nick of time. The dog stirred again, and this time, he opened his eyes.

"Ah. It's awake," Carlos purred. "Lucas, is it?"

Hearing his name, the pup started, then seeing the position he was in, yelped and began to struggle.

"Oh, shit, *shit!* You *assholes!*" he cried. "How could you *do* this to me?!"

"They are the least of your worries," Carlos barked.

For the first time, the dog looked down—well, up—at him, then did a double-take. Cocking his head to try to turn the upside-down cat right-side-up, the rottie looked at him quizzically.

"W—wait, *you?*" he asked. "Wh—where's El Aatxe?"

Carlos pursed his lips, considering his response while the strung-up dog squirmed. "I am El Aatxe," he replied at length. "Your gang handed you over to me in exchange for saving their own skins. Isn't that nice of them?"

The rottweiler struggled, annoyed at how thoroughly immobilized he was but no longer feeling the sense of dread he'd experienced on waking up.

"Didn't we, uh, beat the hell out of you?" he asked. "Like, didn't you piss yourself?" he added with a smirk.

Carlos, who had not yet decided *exactly* how he was going to make an example of the dog in front of him, suddenly smiled in a way that made the rottweiler rethink what he'd said.

"You know, fear and pain have a way of making that happen," he said, striding forward. "In fact, I intend to prove it on you." He stepped right up to his victim and ran his hand over the glossy fur on the dog's legs. "Tell me: right or left?"

Lucas started. "Huh?"

"Right or left?" Carlos reiterated, shrugging.

"What do you mean, old man?" Lucas demanded crossly.

"It's a *very* simple question," Carlos said. "Right. Or left."

"I'll tell you one thing that *ain't* right is you, old—"

"Right. Very good. 'Right', it is."

Carlos whirled and started to stride away into the gloom of the warehouse when he suddenly stopped, turned on heel, and strode back.

"Such a shame to waste such a nice body," he murmured, squeezing the dog's calf with his hand, then running it down over his knees, grazing his claws over the muscular, rippling thighs, and at last lightly stroking the rottie's ball-sac.

*One thing at a time*, he thought to himself. *He can't get off when he's writhing in pain.*

"My example will have to wait," he announced, more to himself than to his client. "First, I'm going to extract all the value out of you while I can still get it."

"Extract the value out of—what are you *talking* about?!"

Carlos ignored him and deftly reached forward to stroke the rottie's sheath, tugging it upward towards his balls a few times and exposing a light, pink prick. Carlos grimaced in distaste; he didn't really like for their penises to be light pink like that; he *much* preferred them engorged with blood and deep, dark red. But, he had to start somewhere.

"Hey, man, get *off* of me! What are you—ohh..."

The chains on the winches jingled, then fell silent as Lucas at first tried to resist Carlos's advances and then gave in, settling down as the cat's expert ministrations quickly turned that ugly, pink prick of his into a purple, throbbing, raging hard-on.

"Mm, yes!" Carlos exulted as the dog's hips began to buck in the air, spritzing the cat's face with a fine spray of precum. "Finally, a proper teat to nurse from."

Leaning forward and folding his ears back passionately, Carlos closed his eyes, took the twitching member into his mouth, and began to suckle and nurse it. He was quickly rewarded as the dog's humping intensified and thin, salty pre quickly turned into thick, bleached cum that coated his tongue with squirt after squirt.

Breathing hard with delight, Carlos impaled his mouth and throat on the purple, squirting member and ran his tongue all up and down its length. The chains clanked again as Lucas jerked and gritted his teeth.

"Ngh, g-gentle, old man," the dog whined. "It's really sensitive!"

Carlos's eyes snapped open, and an irritated look played across his features at the unwelcome interruption.

"Oh, is it?" he demanded, yanking his mouth off the dog's cock. "Is it sensitive?"

"Yes, it's sensitive!" Lucas retorted. "What, are you deaf, too?"

"Well, if it's sensitive, then I bet *this* must really hurt," Carlos said, putting the tip of the dog's cock in his mouth and biting down on it until his teeth met.

A blood-curdling shriek exploded against his eardrums as the chains jerked hard against the floor pulley and the winch overhead.

Carlos let go, then licked the metallic-tasting blood off his teeth.

"Did *that* hurt?" he spat, turning his head upside-down to look the rotti in the eye.

Lucas didn't reply, but the tears running up his face and gritted teeth told Carlos everything he needed to know.

"Unless you want me to do that again, I'd suggest you keep your trap shut and your cum flowing."

Carlos straightened out, then seized the dog's knot, which despite the pain, had not had enough time to deflate, yet, and stuffed the blood- and cum-dripping appendage back into his mouth. Squeezing hard on Lucas's knot and pulling downward, he quickly got the rotti back to full hardness, and the dog's waning cum-dribbles intensified again to full strength, stinging against his injured tip with each spurt.

Sighing, Carlos closed his eyes again and ignored the quiet sobbing of the dog in his hands. Folding his ears back, he immersed himself in the experience, focusing on the smooth rod spreading his tongue and palate apart and its weirdly sticky texture—not sticky like glue but in the way a finger sticks to, skids over, and squeaks off of the surface of a clean plastic container. The rhythmic twitching of the dog's malehood pushing his tongue down and the accompanying squirts of cum splashing against it made Carlos shiver in ecstasy.

Pressing his tongue against the back of his throat, he prevented the dog's seed from being swallowed, forcing it to accumulate in his mouth and bathe his tongue in its musky flavor and thick, gooey texture.

How Carlos *loved* the taste and feel of cum! Seconds turned to minutes as his mouth slowly filled. Sealing his lips against the side of the rotti's knot, he swirled and flicked his tongue through the mouthful of cum, feeling the light tug and tickle of the viscous fluid against it and tasting it like he had never done before: with all his taste buds at once. Complex flavors began to emerge: there was the bleachiness, yes, and a bit of saltiness, but also a faint note of sweetness, a hint of the metallic blood as the dog's wound rapidly healed, and the all-too-familiar tangy tingling feeling in his tongue that Carlos always imagined as the writhing flagella of a million sperm tickling his taste buds in unison.

Carlos could likely have continued basking in the taste of the young pup's cum for hours on end, but at that moment, Lucas's cock started to get oversensitized. Even though Carlos's tongue wasn't directly targeting his swollen, throbbing member, the occasional graze as the old cat's tongue played in his cum made the dog reflexively hiss and jerk, the sharp, irregular movements threatening to unseal Carlos's mouth and lose

the cat his prize. Carlos ignored it the first couple of times, but after the third, he reluctantly—but resolutely—determined that to spare himself a great loss, he would have to swallow what he had and reprimand his drinking fountain. Yet, knowing what he would be doing soon, Carlos was adamant with himself that he would *not* be rushed in this part, that he *would* have his sexual urges satisfied before moving on to the... *less sensual* part of the session.

Pulling the dog's knot tightly against his lips and bracing himself for the inevitable bucking of protest, Carlos shoved the rottie's cock out of the way with his tongue, then swallowed deeply, choking just a little bit at the sheer volume. As he did so, he experienced a new rush of flavors as the aftertastes began to take over. He was aware of a great deal more bleachiness, but also bits of juniper, oak, and... was that *cinnamon*?

Carlos would have loved to continue examining the flavor profile, but the overstimulation was getting to be too much for his captive. With an abrupt, sharp jerk, Lucas yanked his cock out of Carlos's mouth, flipping the cat's cheek open and flinging a few drops of cum across the room. Carlos scowled furiously and pinned his ears.

"You ungrateful wimp!" he snapped, seizing the dog's penis again. "You and your friend *beat and kicked* me, but all I'm doing is *sucking* you, and you can't even hold still to let me do that?"

The claws on his dominant hand flashed. The chains jerked sharply, accompanied by a piteous yelp, and four crimson streaks appeared on the side of the dog's knot.

"Be *still*!" Carlos roared, clawing him again. "I said, *BE STILL*!"

Streak after streak of blood appeared on the dog's cock as Carlos clawed him again and again, mercilessly scratching Lucas until the dog was too exhausted to flinch anymore.

"Now," Carlos growled, taking the dog's cock into his mouth again, "The *next* time you go to deprive me of my meal, maybe you'll think twice."

He started to lap at the dog's cock, but there was so much blood that he couldn't even taste the precum. Huffing in annoyance and disappointment, he resorted to jacking the dog off, getting his bleeding cock hard and throbbing again. As soon as he did so, he licking over the surface, deliberately making his tongue as rough and sandpapery as he could and eliciting a new series of twitches and jingles of the chains. As the dog whimpered, whined, and writhed in front of him, the corners of Carlos's lips turned up in a cruel grin.

*He won't be able to get hard once I start, he thought, but if I can stop him from getting soft, maybe I can keep playing with him afterwards.*

Abruptly tearing himself away from the dog's swollen, aching cock, Carlos grabbed himself a piece of rawhide, then returned and tied it tightly around the base of the dog's knot.

"There," Carlos declared, at last letting the rottie catch a breath. "Now, I believe I've milked as much out of you as I can. It's time to make an example of you."

"P—please, just leave me alone," Lucas whined. "My dick hurts; isn't that good enough?"

"Oh, no," Carlos purred. "No, I have *such* terrible plans for you. You see, you've seen my face, and if I were to let you go right now, you would run back to your little gang members and say that the old cat with the geezer dick you guys beat up a few months ago abducted you and sucked your dick. The fear around El Aatxe would vanish, and your friends would all try to hunt me down. Don't lie; you *know* it's true."

He squatted near the rottie's head and continued, his voice soft but crystal clear.

"So, what I am going to do is to beat you so badly, to mangle your body so grotesquely, that people will look on you with horror, will think to themselves, 'who could have *done* such a thing? Who could be *this* heartless?' And then, though you will beg for them to avenge you—because by the time *I'm* done with you, you will be incapable of avenging yourself—ever—they will be so filled with fear of me that they will refuse. They will tuck their tails, and from now on, *any* mention of my name will fill them with such existential dread that *they* will piss themselves. Do I make myself clear?"

The rottweiler looked up at him, his face alternately clouding and brightening as his mind tried to work out if the old cat in front of him was serious or merely bluffing, and if he *were* serious, whether he'd have the guts to go through with what he was claiming.

At last, Lucas grinned. "Whatever you say, old man," he chuckled.

Carlos couldn't tell whether the rottweiler was putting on a brave face or if he truly hadn't grasped the seriousness of his situation. Nevertheless, it didn't matter, and Carlos took it in stride.

"Yes," he said calmly. "Whatever I say."

With that, he rose, turned, and disappeared into the darkness. When he returned, he was carrying a wooden baseball bat.

"'Right or left', I had asked," he said as he firmly struck his palm with the bat, "And you said, 'right'. So, here we are. The right will be the first to go."

"No, wait! Please!" Lucas shrieked as Carlos cocked back.

**CRACK!**

The sharp sound of wood shattering kneecap reverberated off the walls of the warehouse, followed immediately by a deafening wail from the dog who would never walk again. Sharp, gut-wrenching pains wracked the rottweiler's body, making him involuntarily jerk and yank against his destroyed joint, eliciting such indescribable pain that he threw up on the floor below him, the partially digested contents of his stomach spilling out the sides of his mouth and splattering on the ground.

"Aww," Carlos mocked, "Did that hurt?"

He leaned forward and roughly thudded the bat against the mangled kneecap, eliciting frantic shrieks of abject agony.

"If you think *that* hurts, just wait to see how it feels when all your weight is hanging from *two* shattered knees."

"**PLEASE!**" Lucas shrieked, "DON'T—"

**CRACK!**

The rottweiler's other knee cap exploded into twenty or more pieces as the bat came down on top of it. Lucas swooned, then blacked out, the pain too much for the youth to comprehend.

"Oh, no, you don't," Carlos said, whacking the dog's knees several times. "You need to be awake for this next part!"

When hammering the unconscious rottie's legs didn't work, he slapped the dog across the face a few times, then hastily resorted to smelling salts. The rottie's eyes bulged as he came to, and then an unintelligible stream of wailing, crying, and sobbing blubbered from his mouth as his body weight put tremendous strain on his already-swelling knees.

"Wait for it," Carlos said, grinning cruelly. "Any second now."

A few seconds later, a yellow stream began to dribble, then stream from the rottweiler's sheath, streaking his coat with pungent urine and hitting him in the face both on its way down and on bouncing back up from the floor.

"You see?" Carlos said quietly, "A little pain is all it takes, and then you lose control of your bladder. How many of you ganged up on me, kicking me, punching me, mocking me? And here I am, just one *old* man—as you have pointed out my age multiple times—and yet you, a young, tough stud are no different, are you? ARE YOU?"

"N-no..." Lucas sobbed.

"That's right. How do *you* like the feeling of being covered in your own urine? Do you like it?"

Lucas just continued crying.

"You'd better answer me," Carlos warned, unzipping his fly, "Or I might think you *like* wearing piss!"

"No!" Lucas yelped. "I don't like it!"



Carlos's demented smile returned.

"I thought you would say that," he said. "Don't worry; I have just the thing to make sure you don't piss on yourself ever again."

He turned and started walking away.

"Please!" Lucas cried after him, "Just leave me alone! Wh—what do you want from me? I—I'll give you anything! Just stop hurting me, PLEASE!"

"What do I want?"

Carlos's voice echoed ominously from beyond the rottie's field of vision.

"What I want—" Carlos's voice materialized right behind Lucas.

The rottweiler jumped in fear, then shrieked as the sharp movement jerked on his broken knees.

"—is for you to *suffer*, to be an example of how cruel I can be, to show your whole *gang* what happens when you cross El Aatxe."

Lucas felt hot breath against his ear. He jerked his head to look, but then he felt the same breath on his other ear.

"What I want," Carlos hissed behind him, "Is for Diego *himself* to piss himself when my name is uttered."

"BOO!" Carlos leapt out in front of him, brandishing a blow torch.

Lucas shrieked and wailed as his torso's weight started to pull it away from his mangled kneecaps.

"Now, let's make sure you can't piss yourself again!" Carlos crowed, squeezing a striker and turning on the gas on the torch.

**WHOOSH!**

The torch flame erupted into existence, and Carlos quickly adjusted it, turning it blue with impossible heat.

"Now," he said grimly as he waved the torch in the rottweiler's general direction, "You might disagree with the way I've chosen to keep you from pissing yourself. But, frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn."

Lucas's eyes bulged. Even from feet away, the heat of the torch when pointed at him was so hot that it made his skin itch and felt like being bitten by fire ants. He began to writhe, to try to sway away as much as the chains—and his busted kneecaps—would allow, but it was all in vain. Only then did he see where Carlos was looking.

"N—no, please—*please!* Not my junk! Please! Man, I'm *begging* you!"

"It's too late for that," Carlos said. "I will *not* have you pissing yourself like a little baby."

He turned the torch towards the rottie's cock, still held out of its sheath by the rawhide. Lucas yelped and shrieked as the flame pointed towards it from a foot away. Despite the swollen ache in his legs, he jerked himself for all he was worth, frantically trying to escape the advancing hellfire. With the flame six inches away, he began flailing, the chains jerking as the ligaments in his broken knees gave further, lowering his torso closer to the ground and stretching his legs grotesquely.

But still, Carlos advanced. The flame was three inches away, so close that even the hair on the rottweiler's belly was beginning to catch on fire from the indirect heat. The stench of burning flesh and hair assaulted Carlos's nostrils, but it only spurred him on, driving him to close the torch in on its target.

A prolonged, blood-curdling shriek exploded from the rottweiler's lungs as the tip of his penis glowed like a lit candle, the mass of flesh deflecting the flames and glowing white-hot as the tissues charred, fused, and melted together, sealing the end of the dog's cock closed.

*Poof.*

The flame extinguished abruptly as Carlos put down the torch and examined his handiwork.

"Ooh, why, *yes*, that looks *quite* sealed," he said to himself as he cocked his head this way and that, gingerly turning the burning-hot flesh over with the tips of his claws to examine it from different angles. "I think you'll find yourself *quite* unable to piss yourself now, Lucas!"

But Lucas, unable to bear the pain, had passed out again.

Carlos rolled his eyes and huffed dramatically, then passed the smelling salts under the dog's nose again. After several seconds, Lucas came to and immediately began moaning inconsolably, alternately trying to double over to protect his ruined malehood and straightening out to take the tension off his ruined knees.

"Tell me," Carlos said, "Does your dick hurt worse now than it did before?"

"You mother-fucking *bastard!*" Lucas shrieked.

"It's just a question," Carlos replied innocently. "And, it's a simple answer: yes or no."

"Yes! It hurts!"

"Splendid!" Carlos said, clapping his hands. "Now, let's see how well melting your dick did for keeping you from peeing."

He went to the winches, attached some additional chains here and removed some chains there, then hauled up on them, pulling the rottweiler into a 'u' shape, then lowering his legs, straightening him out and turning him upright, and letting his now nearly-severed legs dangle limply from his thighs.

"Time for you to get a great big drink," Carlos said.

He grabbed Lucas's cheeks and pinched hard, forcing his mouth open. Then, with a deft movement, he shoved a feeding tube down the rottie's throat. Lucas lurched, but it did him no good. With the tube plenty far enough down his gullet, nothing short of grabbing it and pulling would have removed it.

Attaching a bag full of water to the tube, Carlos used the now-free hoist to lift it high above the rottweiler's head, the difference in height increasing the pressure of the water and forcing it down into the dog's stomach.

Lucas moaned as the water flooded into his guts, making him nauseous even as he tried to cope with the triple pains of two broken knees and a melted dick. His moaning started intermittent but quickly grew continuous. His breathing grew labored, and he started to look like he was going to throw up.

With as much pressure as Carlos had put on the bag, it didn't take long for it to drain, and as the rottie's stomach distended from so much liquid, it began to look like maybe the cat had overestimated the amount that would fit, that having nowhere else to go, it might back up into the rottweiler's throat and drown him. But, just as Lucas's stomach stretched to the limit and excess water started to back up into his esophagus, the bag emptied, and he was spared such an ugly death by about two inches' worth of water.

"And now, we wait," Carlos said, smirking as he put his hands on his hips and surveyed his handiwork. "My, those knees sure look swollen! Why, they're as big as watermelons and as black as your soul!"

Lucas ignored him, not out of defiance or even ill manners. The fact was that the huge amount of water he'd been forced to drink was extremely uncomfortable, and the fear of what would happen when his body decided to get rid of it and couldn't weighed heavily on his mind. Like a person trapped with a scorpion on his chest anticipating the painful sting, the rottweiler's attention was fixated on every change in his bladder pressure, every faint hint that he might need to piss. All of that was to say nothing of the blinding pain in his legs, which had gotten so inflamed that they were hot to the touch and as hard as baseballs, or of the aching, stinging, itching burn to his penis.

It wasn't as if Carlos minded the rottweiler ignoring his taunts, either. Frankly, he was much more interested in watching the rottie squirm than any pathetic attempt at engaging in verbal tug-of-war. And squirm, the rottie did.

It began as tension in the face as Lucas began to recognize the inevitability of his situation. Within mere minutes of being force-fed the water, the rottweiler already felt his bladder beginning to expand and grimaced. As the seconds and minutes marched on, the faint sensation grew into a pronounced feeling, and then one too strong to ignore. It was then that mere grimacing gave way to full-body movements, pained

squeezing of the legs here or contorting against the chains there, all in a vain attempt to alleviate the building pressure in his undersized bladder.

"You can feel it; I can tell," Carlos remarked presently, breaking the relative silence.

"Mm," Lucas whined.

"You'd better hold it back," the cat said pointedly. "Who can say how much it will hurt if you let it go?"

The whining intensified, as did the rattling of the chains as Lucas struggled against the mounting pressure in his bladder and the associated, increasing pain. After about twenty minutes, he was panting hard, his whole body tense, sweat pouring out of him.

"Is it time, yet?" Carlos asked, rising from the doctor's stool he'd been sitting on while he waited and going to his victim.

The rottweiler tried to flinch away, but it was no use. Carlos brought his paws to the canine's mangled penis and began to stroke it.

"Can you feel that?" Carlos asked, "Or did I burn away the nerves, too?"

A sudden, sinking feeling gripped the rottweiler as he realized that no, he couldn't feel the cat's claws on his malehood. Tears began to roll down his cheeks.

"Oh, there, there," Carlos said, reaching up and wiping one of them away, "I know this seems hopeless, like your whole world is crashing down on you. But, cheer up," he said, bringing the tear to his tongue and tasting of its saltiness, "I have more things to inflict on you before we're done."

Lucas began to sob, but he only managed one and a half sobs before his eyes suddenly popped open, filled with terror. A split-second later, terror turned to anguish as the little bit of urine that escaped his bladder when he started crying abruptly reached the tip of his sealed-shut, badly injured penis.

"Awoo!" he howled, his body wrenching against the chains as liquid fire stung the tip of his penis, this time from the inside out.

A second later, his pitch rose an octave, then two as his bladder, no longer able to contain the pressure, involuntarily relaxed. His body jerked and a string of high-pitched yelps accompanied frantic scrambling in an attempt to open up a hole in his penis, to let the pressure off.

"Ooh, I bet that hurts something *awful*," Carlos jeered. "But you'd better hold it in," he added, scowling. "Grown pups don't piss themselves, and the only reason you could have for pissing yourself now is that you're an *old man* like I am. I can't get a hard-on to save my life, and if I can't do it, then I don't see why *you* should be able to, either!" he snapped. "So, if you want *any* chance of using that toasted marshmallow you call a dick ever again, you'd better hold back like your life depends on—"

At that moment, Lucas shrieked in pain as the built-up pressure finally achieved its goal. A jagged tear appeared in the tip of his penis, the fused skin ripping apart again as urine began to stream out of it and shoot across the room. As the liquid began to flow, it wore away at the weakened flesh, enlarging the jagged tear and letting even more piss flow.

Carlos, caught off guard by the sudden (though fully expected) stream of almost-clear urine, pinned his ears, his eyes flashing with rage.

"What did I *just* say?" he demanded. "So, you wanna piss yourself? Fine! How about you do it on the ground, then?"

He yanked on the chain to make the hoist lower the writhing dog to the floor. Lucas's weight came down on his knees, eliciting a litany of expletives and incoherent yowling, but then overbalanced and flopped off to the side, wrenching his legs under him. As the winch continued to lower him, his hips contacted the ground, then his torso. His weight flopped him onto his back, and his shoulders and head hit next, followed at last by his wrists, which were still bound together, with deep ligature marks from the chain that had been holding him up.

For a moment, the rottweiler was, at least in theory, able to get free. The chains around his legs had loosened when they hit the ground, and as his aching arms came to rest on his chest, the chains there loosened up, too. For a precious, fleeting moment, the rottweiler could have gotten free enough to fight the cat off, at least, to incapacitate him so that Lucas could drag himself to safety.

But that window was plagued by incomprehensible pain, and it closed before the rottweiler even came enough to his senses to recognize it. In an instant, Carlos was standing over him, yelling and kicking him in the ribs. All the while, the dog's bladder continued to empty itself all over his waist and chest.

"You just can't hold it back, can you?" Carlos yelled, kicking him hard. "You're a worthless dog, and you *deserve* a worthless dick!"

He shoved, heaved, and yanked on the dog's arm, forcing him onto his side. The dog yelped as his cooked cock, still tied by the rawhide, flopped onto the ground and struck it hard.

"Worthless dog, worthless dick," Carlos growled again.

Moving in front of Lucas and kicking the dog's hands out of the way, he raised his foot, then stomped down hard.

*CR-CR-CRUNCH!*

Lucas shrieked and doubled over, howling and holding his mangled penis in his hands. Through Lucas's yelping, Carlos pried the dog's hands away and did a double-take.

The dog's baculum was broken, and a fractured, serrated end of it had pushed through the wall of his penis.

A wave of nausea welled up in Carlos's chest. He *had* meant to break the dog's dick, but he hadn't realized how grisly it would look, how bloody and jagged the bone was. What's more, the cat had *felt* the moment the bone broke, and there was no doubt in his mind that it had broken more than once. That meant that there were little bits of bone now floating around in the rottweiler's body, jagged, painful lumps that would continue to pain him for as long as they remained inside. The merciful thing at that point would have been to cut the dog's dick off as quickly and cleanly as he could. It would have hurt, but at least it would have interrupted the continuous streams of pain signals caused by burned and broken appendage.

Feeling unpleasant numbness in his hands, Carlos went to the table and fumbled around until he found a scalpel. Shaking, he returned to his victim and stood over him, trying to get up the nerve to do the deed.

But as Carlos looked down at the writhing, crying, wailing dog on the ground, he felt his resolve return. Gritting his teeth, clenching his fists, and pinning his ears, he forced down his squeamishness and hid it beneath a mask of rage.

He managed to convince himself and knelt beside the writhing rottweiler.

"That is... quite a mangled mess," he said, reaching down and squeezing the bloody thing, feeling the bone fragments under the surface. "I'm afraid there's just no saving it."

He brought the scalpel down and held it, hovering, beneath the dog's knot.

"There's really only one thing I can do for you, now, if I want to be merciful. I can relieve you of this terrible pain."

The scalpel came down.

"But I'm not feeling merciful."

The dog bucked, but the sharp knife was surprisingly painless as it cut through his scrotum, severed both spermatic cords, and came out the other side in one quick, clean swipe.

"You see this?" Carlos asked just as cold air flooded up into the dog's abdomen through what used to be his ball-sack. "This used to be yours, but it is mine now. Let's see if *your* 'scared little turtle' has a head with *these* gone."

He knelt next to the rottweiler, basking in the ultimate power he felt, the abject humiliation he imagined the mutt in front of him must be feeling.

## Revenge of Age: Chapter 7

© 2024 Jack Doe. All characters belong to their creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

"Now you deliver this message to your gang," he growled. "Unless they want to follow in your footsteps, they had better be *model* citizens. Every one of them I catch"—he dangled Lucas's nut-pouch in front of the dog's nose—"I'm taking these. How many will I have in my collection before all is said and done?"

Lucas closed his eyes and wept. Carlos watched him a moment, ruminating.

"They set you up, you know. They sacrificed you to me, gave you up as a peace offering."

Lucas opened his eyes but averted them. He was dizzy, his mind spinning.

"I bet that makes you so angry. You weren't even the worst of my attackers; why should *you* have to pay such a terrible price?"

The dog's eyes flashed, but behind them, things were beginning to go dark.

"I bet you want revenge on them, don't you? They deserve to suffer *far* worse than you have, don't they?"

Carlos leaned down, his lips less than an inch from the dog's ear.

"Bring them to me," Carlos hissed. "I will make them pay."

Lucas heard it, and then everything went black. He passed out, his tense, mangled body abruptly going limp.

Carlos rose slowly, scowling contemptuously at the destroyed youth. His eyes began to wander, surveying his handiwork.

The tarp, he noted with satisfaction, had caught most of the mess.

He turned, zipped his fly, and went outside, dialing as he went.

"Ulises," he said into his phone, "He will need a hospital. As for the mess, roll up the tarp and burn it." He frowned, listening. "*You* wanted this," he said coldly. "Don't forget that *you* called *me*, at work, no less. Oh, and don't go looking for the... missing pieces." He held up the furry pouch in his hand. "I have them with me, and I'm not giving them back."