

Pina kept tapping his foot against the incessant hum of the green room's light. He expected a large, expensive venue with supposedly luxurious amenities to have at least somewhat decent infrastructure. This was supposed to be *his* night—a perfect show to remind the beasts of the back alley market that he and his family were running things around. Most people would be horrified to be in his position, but him? He was taking this new way of life in stride.

Power. Glory. Opulence; what else could a man want? *I never knew that you could give me such things, father...* It had been a few years since his father integrated him into the family business, and the lifestyle still hadn't lost its luster. If anything, the more doors he opened, the more he enjoyed his time. *I still can't believe that you hid this from me for so long...* Turning to the vanity mirror, Pina leaned in one last time to see if he was truly ready to come out on stage.

*My wool is brushed. Nails painted... Face looks good too. I suppose I should stop worrying. I don't want to grow wrinkles.*

"Pina, I-I think that I'm ready..."

That deep yet bumbling voice from the changing booth was like a panacea to his anxiety. "Are you sure, kitty? I don't want you chickening out and wanting to switch outfits again." Looking at Bill's outline from behind the pink curtains, Pina could see him fiddling with his hands. Even after all these years, he still had stage fright. It would've been infuriating if it wasn't adorable.

"Yeah, I... I think so. You sure that these people aren't dangerous, right?"

Pina pinched the bridge of his muzzle. The opulence that constantly surrounded him often took him away from the world of ordinary men. Bill wasn't like him. He had a strong physique, but he was sheltered and weak. Not out of his fault, of course. It was simply the divergent paths they found themselves on. Were it not for his own peckish rekindling of a high school crush, Pina probably would've never seen Bill ever venturing into his world.

"I promise."

"Well... Alright."

Bill slowly pushed the curtains to the side. Immediately, Pina whistled coyly at him, granting his cheeks a rosy tint. In rhythm with his slightly accelerated breathing, his tail kept turning and tossing like it had gained sentience, the appendage now aware of how deep into the rabbit hole he had ventured. The tiger had already accepted the sheep's offer, money and continuous showers of affection that were good enough bait for him. "How do I look?" He asked with the candor of an embarrassed bride.

Pina scanned him up and down. Even after so many years, he still had that tantalizing body that drew him in when he was still an innocent, sexually liberated young man. Muscled, defined limbs that looked *sculpted* from how toned they were—adorned with a stripe pattern so vivid and uniform that made him look like a walking nudist painting. His furry chest billowed out

forward, the result of countless exercises no doubt. He remembered someone joking about their size once in their locker room all the way when he was in Cherryton, calling them 'boobs' to embarrass him. Of course, Pina didn't see humor. He just saw fantasy in a jab like that. "Like a Greek God." He finally said, sensing Bill's discomfort in extended silence.

"Hope everyone thinks the same..."

Pina stared down at Bill's leather boxers. They hugged his thighs and groin tightly, bought at *just* the right size that it would be skintight. The zipper moved along the outline of his penis, ready to be moved down and free the tiger's barbed cock at any moment. Just being stared at was making him hard. The shiny material stretched forward against the push of the feline's penis, Bill barely saying anything from the intense brew of trepidation and excitement at doing something revealing.

"Oh, everyone will. No one has the gall to stand up to the Dallovis. Being the son of a mobster has its perks. One of those"—Pina reached behind him. A golden collar with the tiger's name carved onto it in refined, cursive letters, made by hand by the finest jewelers the BAM can offer—"is that you get to dress nicely. Much better than the rags I found you in during our first date."

"Come on..." Bill grumbled, yet the smile refused to leave his face. "You know that you caught me by surprise. I didn't even know that you were so... rich, really."

"Fanciness doesn't have a price, dear Billy." He said while reaching for the tiger's neck, opening up the collar to secure it around it. "Makes sense that you were dressed like that. A theater teacher's salary is mere pennies in my world."

"No need to flex."

"Not doing that. I'm pitying you." With a click, the collar snapped onto Bill's neck. It perfectly curved around his neck, open enough to not hurt him but still tight enough that he wouldn't be able to pry it open no matter how much he tried. He wouldn't actually attempt it, but that little reminder only served to reinforce their bond. "Plus, you should be happy. You look much better like this." His hands greedily wandered toward Bill's backside, feeling that muscled back up before directly going for the tiger's butt. Immediately, Pina basked in the sound of the needy chuff that signaled the feline was turning into putty. "Sooooo easy..." He said in a sultry whisper.

"N-not my fault that you know how to push my buttons..."

"I suppose. Men like me can't resist such easy prey." Pina explained, continuing to run his hands through Bill's behind. His butt felt firm, even more through the latex. It squeaked slightly with every second of his fingers trailing across the mounds of muscle. "And I can't resist showing the spoils of my conquest either."

Bill tugged on the chain attached to his collar, making it jingle slightly. "We shouldn't keep your friends waiting then."

"I suppose... Though I wouldn't call them my friends. Think of them as nothing more than an audience. They know what happens if they decide to be hecklers anyway."

"Alright..." Bill's shoulders stiffened. "Ready to go out?"

"As ready as I could ever be in my life, William." Pina softly said. "Now, it's showtime!"

Guiding Bill by the chain, the sound of their step echoed across the hall that led to the main stage. Even after so many years, the two of them still hungered for the spotlight. The audience was different—opulent yakuza members, illegal weapon dealers, and even murderers—yet Pina knew that no matter who sat in front of the stage, a dazzling performance would be enough to placate any skepticism, no matter how intense.

Pressing the switch on the back wall of the stage, the beige curtain slowly began to rise, revealing the restaurant's opulent dining area. Drove of animals were all seated expectantly—all clad in opulent suits, dresses, and designer outfits—across the dinner tables. They stopped eating their juicy steaks and gigantic plates of pasta, all looking at the stage with judging gazes. The only ones that weren't directly gawking at them were the musicians on the corner, too focused on waiting for their queue to care about what he was actually saying.

The thundering sound of the spotlights turning on echoed across the restaurant. There wasn't any time for second thoughts. Pina gripped the microphone in one hand and gently nudged Bill towards him with the other. "Welcome, welcome, you beasts of the back alley market! I do hope that you're having a wonderful night! The Dallovis family humbly welcomes you to our monthly event." Murmurs immediately spurred on, but their tone was impossible to discern from the stage. "I'm sure that as you can see, I've already acquired a great possession lately..."

Bill awkwardly waved at the audience. He could feel the cold air conditioning gusts brush against his almost naked skin. At least a hundred pairs of eyes were gazing at him, sizing him up as if he were a giant, succulent piece of meat. Some carnivores in the audience were already drooling or licking their lips, tongues made for scraping meat off bones craving the base instincts of any animal. Their pupils dilated, pulsing with vigor as the perversion slowly dawned on their sexually stimulated minds.

"Twenty-seven years old. This *beautiful* kitty was a drama teacher. He wanted to be an actor, but the woes of the world snatched that away from him." Pina began pacing across the stage, taking the mic out of the stand so he could swivel around the platform. "Too much competition! All acting gigs either underpaying or requiring experience! Excuses, excuses, excuses! Those directors just prattle on and on. They're not like the BAM. Freaks of nature rejoice here! I'm sure that the audience knows!" The room burst into a chaotic symphony of chides, cheers, and laughter. So many voices layered on top of each other that Pina knew he had to continue, keep them engaged to drive the point home. "And as you *also* know... The Dallovis love the BAM. It's our home, after all... and I treat the people in my home with love and care."

He yanked Bill closer to his face. Pina could see his amber pupils shaking at the teetering, chaotic performance they were putting on. His penis throbbed harshly against the leather, rubbing against his leg and attracting wandering eyes across the dinner table. His clawed fingers were twitching without any form of poise. *Wholly undignified...* which is exactly what

he sought. “Even this dejected kitten has earned my affinity.” The constant barrage of the pet name—that wonderful word, *kitten*—never failed to make Bill squirm.

“T-thank you...” He whispered into the microphone, shyly looking at the public.

“See? In exchange for my love, he’s perfectly acclimated himself to a lifestyle of obedience.” Pina explained matter-of-factly. “A simple process... Nothing more to it than that, really. I say that it’s an equivalent exchange. One should cherish prized possessions. Of course, at the same time, one should know that defective goods should be fixed or thrown out.”

Shocked gasps filled the gallery. The Dallovis were not interested in petty conflicts. Turf wars were just an ascended form of playful, childhood games like jaw wars; meaningless squabbles meant to establish a fake sense of superiority. They were only swayed by cash and the market. All four gangs eagerly threw themselves to grovel at their feet in an attempt to obtain the best firearm money could buy. Pina’s family never got involved in conflict willingly, but that didn’t mean that they weren’t capable of biting back.

“My little Billy is willing to show what happens when someone misbehaves. He never has and never will, but he knows what could happen, right?”

“Yeah~” Bill purred. “I know what would happen if I ever stepped out of line... I would never want to when you’re so wonderful to me. I have the perfect life, so I don’t mind playing the part of a naughty kitten...”

“See?” Pina said, turning to the audience. “Obedience and poise. That’s all I ask, and he delivers.”

Clapping his hands, the musicians sprung to life. The piano gently started to set the base of the melody as Pina and Bill got into position. While the tiger stood in the middle of the stage—legs pressed together and arms extended to the side—Pina crept up behind him, moving his hands down his waist, then feeling up Bill’s cream-furred stomach. “Now, I’m sure that you’ll all enjoy this *wonderful* sight.” He clutched the zipper, trailing it downwards. Bill’s cock sprung forward, earning the shocked ovation of the public. The constant assault of attention was already making him leak, drops of pre-splashing on the stage floor. “Devotion to the point of arousal... That is what I expect from all of you. Billy is just the first one that has been able to live up to my expectations.”

“T-Thank you, Pina...”

“Nuh-uh, William. What did I tell you to call me?”

“M-master...” He whimpered, a quivering smile on his flushed face. “Thank you, master.” He said firmly, not a hint of doubt in his voice.

“Good boy.” Pina continued moving the zipper downwards, pushing Bill’s balls out from the rubber. They were hefty and large, sweat dripping from them to join the drops of pre underneath. Pina had done this plenty of times before, but in this particular instance—this incandescent moment of unmeasurable exhibitionism and voyeurism—he could barely contain

himself. It was like exploring Bill's body for the first time ever. He held the tiger's testicles, feeling the sudor drip onto his palms.

Every inch of Bill's body was steaming, boiling with arousal. His legs squirmed a little, Bill barely able to hold the pose.

"As you can see, he's completely obedient. I won every inch of his body, including his cock." He moved his hands up, giving Bill's cock a single stroke. Bill's legs wriggled, constantly shifting ever so slightly from the tiny drops of stimulation. "Isn't that right, William?"

"Y-yes, Master..."

"It's very important that you can control it. The last thing I want is *disobedience*, even if it's not intentional." Pina suddenly retreated his hands away from his groin, a disgruntled whine from Bill in return. Still, he couldn't falter—no matter how much his precious kitty whimpered.

"Sometimes, more... *extensive* tests to evaluate good behavior are necessary. Fortunately, William over here will eagerly show how to perform in one, right?"

"I-If that's what you wish, Master..." Referring to Pina with such a title was shameful yet invigorating. That usually deep, gruff voice that he had even before he graduated now sounded like a squeaky toy being mercilessly squeezed. His stone carried no dignity or strength—only *weak*, shameful servitude to offer in return. "You can do what you want to me..."

"That was the correct answer." Pina congratulated, running his hand down the right side of Bill's face before whispering in a far harsher, insidious tone. "I would've punished any resistance on your end if you replied with anything else."

"I know how to be a good pet. You trained me—"

"To perfection." Pina finished for him. Walking away from the tiger for a second, he clapped yet again. The violinists added themselves to the melody, both them and the pianist increasing their tempo to something more active, some patrons tapping their feet along the rhythm. "And now, it's time to check if you've maintained that..."

From the sides of the stage, one of the Davollis' butlers came in. Pina never bothered learning their names, remembering the bare minimum about them. An elephant—the one that made the most *delicious* flan ever—carried a silver tray with a lid on it. Without fanfare, not even a word, he revealed what was inside; atop the metallic surface, two lone clothespins with the receipt resting underneath.

"Thank you, dear." Pina cooed, fetching the two clothespins before immediately shooing away the butler with his palm. The elephant barely reacted, wordlessly bowing down before retiring backstage once more. "Now, I'm sure that everyone understands how *dangerous* the BAM is. It's as filled with trepidation as it is with culture..." Pressing down on the two prongs and opening the tool, Pina eyed Bill's chest. He had bitten down on the tiger's nipples before when teasing, but his weak herbivore jaw always left too much to be desired. Puckering his lips probably would feel like a slight tickle compared to the pressure of the device. "And we have to learn

how to *deal* with danger. A dumb brute would jump at the chance to fight, and then get killed. Obedient, intelligent animals, on the other hand, know when to stay quiet. To lie in wait when it's appropriate, to know when it's good to keep one's mouth shut."

Bill stared back nervously. He knew what was going on. His about-to-be-tortured chest rose up and down rapidly, rigor crawling up his entire body. His nipples protruded forward along with his round, puffed-out chest—stiff and hard from the already built-up arousal.

"I'm sure that my little kitty can keep his mouth shut." Pina held the open clothespin with Bill's right nipple between them, wanting to savor the anticipation as much as he could. The sound of Bill's panicked breathing was a gentle, soothing melody that reminded him of the magnitude of his power. "Can't he?"

"I-I can!" Bill squeaked. "I can, I promise... I promise!"

"We'll see about that."

The clothespin *snapped* into place, squeezing Bill's nipple and flattening it under the crushing plastic ends. Bill immediately bit down on his lip, cheeks puffing up as he tried his damnest to keep a scream down. His face went red as the intense pain kept building up. The guests were gawking at him with sadistic anticipation, all of them in a frenzy to see him squeal out in pain. The sound of his heartbeat kept echoing in his head, the pounding growing stronger and stronger. It felt like a jackhammer was being drilled into his head, but Pina... Pina was looking at him with a sultry, expectant gaze. He wasn't outwardly craving for his downfall, but instead simply *observing*—silently awaiting his reaction just as an insect trainer would Pavlov their way into gaining obedience from their pet. Failure or success; it was all that seemingly mattered to the ram.

"M-mgh..."

Pina grabbed the other clothesline and snapped it. Bill writhed in place, his outstretched arms breaking the previously stalwart posture. His arms jittered all over, nostrils flared as he could just *barely* keep his wail held down. His cock flopped up and down while he clumsily waddled, pain spreading across his body. He felt so weak—so helpless. The audience cackled at his inept wandering, the push and pull of him having to constantly pull away his hands from his nipples—his body *begging* to take control to make the stinging stop.

"What do you think, folks?" Pina asked the audience. "Do you think he'll be a good kitty, or if he'll be a naughty cat?" Leaning in his ear towards the raring pack, most of them screaming the latter option. "Woah, it seems that we have a very intense audience today! So,"—Pina turned at Bill, whose face had become crimson from the compounding impact built more and more—"are you going to give them what they want... or what *I told you* to do?" The pain was addicting to the tiger. Pina knew it very well from countless nights in the mansion's red room.

"M-MMGH! Mgh..." He closed his eyes shut, tears beginning to well up. "Mmmgh... MGH!"

“What’s the matter? I thought that I had trained you to be stronger. Unless you want to end up being a disappointment...” Pina cocked his head sideways, his manic gaze focusing hard on the struggling tiger. “...What are you going to do, William?”

Bill shook his head as if his life depended on it, sweat flying away from his matted fur.

“No? Let’s do another test.” Pina raised his arm, an open palm ready to strike. He waited for a second to see if Bill would open his eyes, but *nothing* happened. He kept squirming, slouched back arched forward. *The perfect shot.* He *slammed* his hand against the tiger’s behind. The slap was deafening, but it was nothing compared to the scream that erupted from Bill’s mouth, the ear-piercing sound marred with a mix of pain and pleasure. His cock shot upward, more pre-sputtering out of the tip as his wail crescendoed into a shrill, discordant end as Bill took off the clothespins as fast he could.

A moment of silence from the crowd passed before they were engulfed by a seemingly unending laughing fit. Even the musicians seemed to be a little caught off guard by how loud Bill screamed, their music turning discordant for a split second before turning back on track.

“S-sorry!” He whined, covering his exposed penis as people continued to laugh. Their cackling both plunged deeply into his self-esteem, but that mental pain was as electrifyingly arousal as the stinging around his nipples. He was being put in his place in front of so many people, his status being chipped at every second that Pina paraded him around as a pet. “I-I was a naughty kitty...”

“Already acknowledging your fault? It seems that you at least learned *something* from your training.” Pina tugged on Bill’s cheek, still looking at the audience. “I think that I can repair our relationship easily enough. You just need to show off for my friends over here. Let them know that you’re a wonderful little kitten.”

“Is... is that all?”

“That scream was just a little slip-up. I’m sure that you’ll perform to perfection after that.”

“Y-yes!” Bill nodded. “I can put on a show! I can be a good boy!”

“Then we move onto the third movement...”

Pina clapped again. A bass was added to the symphony. The pianist began to press more keys simultaneously, creating a small bit of chaos in the melody with the help of the increasingly speeding violins. As the music escalated, a mechanism began to whirr from the ceiling. From the catwalk above, a device was slowly lowered onto the stage. Spotlights focused on the machine as the whirr of the chains creaked uncomfortably.

“What is that, Pi-Master?”

“A sex swing, kitty,” Pina said matter-of-factly as the swing slowly lowered to a little above ground level. “And you’re going to go in.”

Bill wordlessly climbed on top. Seating himself with his legs in the air by the swing's supports, the tiger had his cheeks spread. Still, Pina didn't look satisfied. The tiger thought for a second that he had done something wrong, but he quickly realized what was wrong when the same butler from earlier arrived with yet another contraption. He wordlessly stared at Pina fetch a spreader bar from the tray. The cold metal of the device against his ankles made him writhe slightly, but he had absorbed so much succulent pain through the night that the feeling barely felt like anything.

"Alright, folks. I urge you all to watch..."

Pina grabbed the waistband of Bill's latex shorts and began pulling them down. While the carnivore's dick and testicles had been exposed long enough that the image was burned into the audience's brain, the dall sheep knew that there was more to see. The way the stripes curved around his ass, highlighting the patch of fur that went around his ass cheeks, colored just the same as his stomach... was a beautiful sight. The rest of the BAM deserved to see it!

"Look how adorable my kitty looks. Even his body is carved to perfection... this is the best version of himself." Pina tenderly cooed, cupping Bill's chin in between his fingers. "Isn't he the best?"

"Thank you, master..." He bashfully whispered. "Can you please use me? Let everyone know how well you treat me..."

"No need to tell me twice."

Pina unbuckled his belt, throwing it behind him. His pants and underwear quickly went too, leaving his plump white rump exposed to everyone else. He had heard every possible way of phrasing his body over the years—sporting assets in the front and the back that would satiate anyone regardless of sex or position preference. Of course, while he was always up for any kind of passionate lovemaking, being in control was always his favorite place to take in bed. To hear the desperate, pathetic whines of his mate as they begged for more was like the purest form of nirvana.

"Flan boy," Pina called out. "Lube?"

The elephant placed the bottle on Pina's hand. He thanked the man with a wordless nod before popping the cap off. He began slathering the slick liquid around his shaft, pumping it to get himself hard. Shuddering as his length began to grow, Pina arched his horned head back. He couldn't help but feel a giant wave of release wash over him as the arousal began to crawl all over his body. Feeling hot and sensing the sweat dripping down his sides, Pina pushed his cock in.

Bill's ass *used* to be tight. It was quite the ordeal popping his cherry during their very first date. He remembered him whining loudly and tearing the pillow apart as he dug his fangs into it. Now, the tiger was simply exhaling as he felt himself being stretched in a matter of seconds.

"That's it. Wonderful, is it not?"



Bill felt so *warm*. He could feel the walls of his insides being pushed as Pina slowly inserted himself inside him. While the herbivore certainly didn't look the part, he was a grower—a fierce one too. Bill could feel him getting more aroused, his length growing inside him and pushing even further. When their bodies began to rub, Pina's cock was well on its way inside. The tiger could do nothing but bask in the awe of being tamed so forcefully. That gentle, demure tone of voice morphed into stalwart silence. The only sound that Bill could pick up from him was quiet, composed grunts.

*Fuck... I can feel his balls rubbing against my ass...* Pina's were somehow even heavier than his. Drool poured out of his mouth as the intoxicating thought of Pina unloading it all inside of him made him beg for more. *Mgh, and he's going faster...* Lube and pre smeared across their wool and fur respectively. The constant pounding only smeared the gooey, thick mixture even more, further matting their fur.

"Good kitten... taking it all... without complaint..." Pina dug his nails into Bill's thigh as he continued thrusting. He sank his fingers into the thick, well-built muscle. There was so much *meat* to grab. If the tiger was up for a cuddling session after the show, Pina would definitely cover his legs in hickeys. He already had to bite his lip to contain his excitement. "So sensitive... I wonder how many years you spent without being touched like this..."

"Pina..." Bill gasped. "Pina, I-I..." His barbed shaft bounced back and forth like a metronome, the constant push from Pina's hips against sending his dick back and forth. Some pre had sprayed over Pina's blazer, but neither of them could really bring themselves to care. "...I love you..."

"That's it, kitten. That's what I love to hear."

He slammed harder and harder. Even if it hurt Bill a little, he was sure that the tiger wouldn't care. As long as that safeword wasn't sung out, he was free to continue his conquest. Bill's moans made it a little harder to hear, but he could tell that the audience was *captivated*. Amidst worried gasps and shocked murmurs, he could hear people chattering about how much they enjoyed it. He could even sense the scent of rut growing within the audience. Dumb, impulsive meatheads tenting their pants as they *wished* they could be the person fucking the daylights out of Bill.

A cacophony of moans and music chimed across the room. Bill's lovesick rambles devolving into moans were *divine*. Pina couldn't think of anything more erotic. The tiger that he had been chasing ever since his teens was completely wrapped around his white fingers, enthralled by the addicting mix of agony and love.

Standing on the tip of his toes, the pressure continued building up. Bill's ass took his cock as he continued slamming his waist against it. More and more pre leaked out of his cock, filling up the tiger with his dripping seed. More and more splurged out of the tip of his dick like a leaky faucet, Pina shuddering nonstop—some of it splattered on the ground amidst his constant back and forth.

“Pp-pheena... Pina!” Bill clenched his ass, wanting nothing more than to keep Pina inside him. It clamped down like a predator clenching his jaw against the neck of his prey. “Inside!” He begged, the tears finally rolling down his face.

“W-will do, kitten!”

Pina could barely mutter out before the impending explosion of pleasure burst. His balls twitched as a giant eruption of pure white filled Bill’s insides. The blowout was like a hydrant blowing up, a violent torrent coming from his shaft. The sheep let out a dry sigh of relief, all the pent-up stress from work shooting out alongside his orgasm.

Bill let out a bellowing moan as the warmth increased to a boiling point. The thick, white seed pushed deep inside him, filling him up and brushing against his walls. He didn’t manage to shoot out as much as Pina, a pathetic single spurt that barely managed to splash the sheep’s suit in spite of the girth of his cock. His tongue lolled out of his mouth, drool dripping down from his chest. “Hah... Thank you...” He moaned, cheeks flushed and voice low.

“You did... very good.” Pina inched closer, planting a kiss on Bill’s cheek. “You’re an amazing actor, William.”

Straightening his tie, Pina turned to the audience, cock still leaking and throbbing. He bowed gracefully as the music died down, only the pianist left to perform the song as it reached near the end. “Hah... and that, folks, is how I treat the members of my community. Do as I say, and I’ll reward you handsomely...”

The audience cheered, almost all of them inebriated and aroused. Some were even in the middle of touching themselves, but most importantly, they were all entranced by the show he had just put on. He waved at them, and all the while the curtain was lowered to let him and the tiger rest easy after such an exhilarating performance.