

McCallister Chronicles

*Based on J.M. Harrison's
Carthim's Cross*

AP Schreckenberger

*Night Suite
Book 2 - Episode 19*

Preface: For all intents and purposes, Episode 19 is meant to serve as pure and total fanservice. For those out there who do not immediately know what that entails, you can expect the following pages to contain explicit material in concentrations surpassing the rest of the MC series. Obviously, I care a great deal about all my works of writing, so you can certainly rest easy knowing that I nitpicked the crap out of this just as I did with previous episodes. However, I want to make it clear to readers who don't enjoy R to X rated material that these eight pages are probably not for you. To those who don't give a shit, enjoy.

The universe rushed into Wing's aural canals to prove to the teen that he was far from dead. Perturbed by muffled sounds, the groggy McCallister opened his eyes to the aphotic void that circumscribed his skull. Rapid, anxious breaths fled his nostrils as he tried to remember where he was, but infantile anamneses played hard to get and hid in the shadows amidst the mocking laughter.

"Mmmmf!" The noise surprised him, but it was the intended gift for those who yearned for speech before being given the right. His tongue struggled against the aggressor and transmitted data to a brain most unwilling to acknowledge the discovery. His jaw had been prodded open with a wooden ball, and it did a right-fine job keeping him gagged.

Feeling gradually returned to the paladin's tingling extremities. He was completely coated in laced leather that strictly adhered to the contours of his trembling frame. His arms had been tied behind his back with straps that lashed together every inch of his forearms, and his balled fists had been forced into belted mitts that offered no room for movement. Wing found his lower body to be in no better shape. While he could move each leg individually, his ankles had been pinned to his ass by strips that secured the limbs, and his feet had been sealed by padded paws that made wiggling a toe an ordeal.

"Mmmmf! Mmmmf! Mmmmf!" Drool gushed from any opening it could find and collected around the hero's chin. It was clear that something more than a simple blindfold was responsible for stealing his sight. It was a tight, clunky and cumbersome contraption that tickled the boy's blossoming curiosity. He tilted his head downward into the soft structure upon which he was sprawled and fingered the culprit. The discomfort hounding the bridge of his nose yielded all the evidence that Wing required. He had gained a snout. He had been hooded.

The imprisoned knight grunted and whimpered as a chilling sensation wrote Revelation's final parable. Through a hole in the hide encasement, a blunt copper pear probed the harnessed

slave. Wing's molars pushed into the moistened sphere as begging moans sent more spittle into the muzzle. The pressure was intolerable. He squirmed and fought to evict the cold intruder, but no motion or plea dislodged the metal invader. His insides squeezed and clenched the object while the servant spread his legs and jerked his hips, but the tied-down plug stayed unforgiving.

McCallister's mind dispatched order after order that commanded his flesh to fight. However, the cadet was quickly losing his will. Perspiration had transformed the leather penitentiary into a swamp, the saliva that pooled in the teen's headgear had become a source of humiliation, and his body had nearly stopped its rebellion. His thoughts, meanwhile, marinated in a silent fury that injected the imagination with a malignant mix of re-conjured pains.

"Mmmf!" He growled, refusing to become a passive observer of his own confinement. This second wind blew over the tops of unseen steeples and rushed through tangling canals to curled digits that yearned for Trigger's flame, but the assistance never arrived. Instead, Wing was left with his own devices to combat the blaring bands that accented each attempted kick and break. He snarled as the straps entrenched themselves atop his skin, and whines accompanied the lactic bane that manhandled stinging muscles.

Pathetically, the pawn endeavored to crawl. Clumsy caps stumbled, their search for usable friction faltering as the gained millimeters brought heated huffs as opposed to liberty. The unbecoming position began to take its toll on the hobbled hero, whose pleading cries dropped upon deaf ears. Insufferable aches multiplied beneath the hides, where pitiful tugs and wails teased the cadet with the hope of relief.

Plunging depth charges traumatized the tied teen. From the instant the riding crop hit his behind, McCallister blushed. He cringed at the thought that a silent observer had watched him the whole time, had taken pleasure from his weakened state, and had seen the failed runs for freedom. Looking for answers, he strung together sentences of shameful moans and directed them towards the unidentified assailant, but each response came solely from the mouth of the enemy whip.

Wing thrashed his muzzle from side to side as the beating intensified, but the cords did not give. He rocked his hips and let out a series of short, loud snorts when a disturbing discovery bore itself before the sentinels of awareness. He finally felt the crisscrossing strings that had stimulated his swollen shaft. *No!* He emphatically denied the obvious and thrust a last-ditch appeal through the subjugating wood. "-et -e -o!"

Shallow depressions walked up the paladin's back. The touches, which toyed with McCallister's senses, behaved like raindrops that had just pierced the surface of a puddle; and the subsequent ripples, which claimed ownership of the adolescent's nerves, hurled the hostage to the shoreline of embarrassment. His captor's free hand descended upon entrapped balls to mine for the humbling humphs that accompanied each unimpeded squeeze and rub.

Staccato quarters spilled into the mask to mark off each second for the soldier's increasingly aggressive master, and it became more and more difficult for Wing to deny his arousal. His predicament went beyond the bourns of vulnerability and confinement. This was about servitude and possession, and the knight was starting to enjoy it. Even the jeering tides that glued the hood to the captive's cheeks were gradually transformed into beloved symbols of submission.

Wing twitched to the parade of taps and prayed that his loyalties remained untainted. He knew that only one person could pull off such a stunt, but still, the worry that perhaps someone else had managed a miracle lingered in McCallister's conscience. Eventually, the weights settled atop his cherished scar to absolve the slave from the chains of his apprehension.

From the fossilized wound, a river meandered towards its bound brothers. It fell off the cliff that was his shoulder blade, gently rolled into the valley that was his small, and flowed to the roots of his oppressor. A pair of sharp clicks preceded a wall of screams that burst from the hero's lungs. Having been nurtured, the sadistic cupric seed unfurled its leaves to feast upon the agony of the helpless.

One more snap shoved the pleased boy over the edge. Wing's body bowed to the unbreakable binds. He battled furiously as more wails and cries flirted with the carved lumber, and he recklessly ignored the searing ache that permeated his strained muscles. "Relax." Sterling halves calmed the bagged beast before Lukainy straddled her unruly pet. "No amount of struggling is going to set you free. There is only one path you can take."

She giggled, poured her weight over McCallister's back and forearms, and slipped a palm under his chin. The crackling of leather upon leather supplied another harsh truth for the teen to decipher, but the princess left no room for guessing games. "I'm feeling very possessive today," she purred confidently, "and you know how I get when I'm feeling possessive." She lifted his muzzle from the mattress and growled seductively, "I am going to break you. I am going to make you submit. All you have to do is play the part and follow my rules.

"In case you have not figured it out by now," she explained while fiddling with his hood, "I've dressed you up like a filthy mutt." Luka's jaw slid over her cadet's shoulder blade, and she listened to the diffident pants that defined his melodic wind. "Until I announce your release, you will serve as my dog; until you earn them, your rights as a human are stripped. You will thoughtlessly obey the orders I give, even if they destroy the very essence of your dignity. And most importantly, Pup! You may not attempt to speak. Only barks, whimpers, howls and grunts are permitted to pass your gag.

"If you break these conditions, then I won't regret letting Ashton see you wearing those adorable Cartheim husky ears or turning the knob on the anchor of your fluffy, curving tail." The royal gladly allowed details of the degrading costume access to Wing's subdued image of reality. "I am also stealing your name.

"Now, what should I call an energetic, muzzled puppy just learning about the power his master holds? I think Sparky fits quite nicely. All you have to do to accept my terms is surrender your pride with a bark. If you're a good boy, I promise the rewards will make this day unforgettable."

Instinctively, McCallister battled the binds one last time. He knew he could not escape from the damp, hot dungeon that clung to his skin. The streams of cold air that dripped through the nostrils of his mask provided little relief from the sticky brew. Lukainy had beaten him. She had taken control and command of everything but his manhood, and now she wanted him to give it up.

Squirming against his emotions, Wing grunted and lifted his head. He was pinned and trapped, unable to shrug off the tantalizing advances that made resistance futile. They manipulated his shell and radiated shockwaves that agitated the prisoner's vanishing honor. If he wanted to satisfy his mistress, then he would have to abandon his concerns, aspirations, and the very roots of his nature.

His ego flirted with the edge of the id's abyss. Beyond that border, a gluttonous pit waited to indulge upon the rejected scraps of the soldier's humanity. The urge to leap grew more tempting as an invisible leash dragged one sin into the nihilistic clutches of another. McCallister did not contest his fate. He let his desires devour his dignity, and he willingly plummeted into the

realm of forgone identities. “Ruff! Ruff!” he yapped, admitting his defeat to Lukainy. He was no longer the boy from Carthem; he was a character that was hers to mold.

“Only two? I have no desire to own frail, scrawny mutts. I had wanted everyone to hear my Sparky, but I guess if a great knight is too great to give himself to me, then I’ll just have to drop this doggy off at the kennel.” The royal coaxed torrents of blood to Wing’s tender regions and moaned teasingly in his ear, “I’ve always wanted an obedient pet.”

Begging for any form of relief, he shook as her palm beset his bulge. There was no defense against the attacks, and without his snatched senses, there was no chance to prepare for the tangible strikes that infiltrated the hides. The pressure pushed compliant barks and grunts from the cadet’s lungs until the captured mutt acquired enough courage to fulfill his owner’s wish. Purring with delight, Luka slid her thumbs along the underside of his thickening shaft as her Sparky howled, “Awwrrrooooo!”

Marrok joyously conducted the abstract melodies that spun from the core of this carnal temptation. He was back to squirming now, trying to regain a little self-respect from the clutches of this altered self. Lukainy refused to return it. She would not let him anywhere near that vault until he learned his lesson. For the time being, it was *her* baton to hold, and she relished the opportunity. “I love it when you struggle. It means I’ll have something to do while training you.”

Wing tilted his head to the side while his hips repeatedly drove his crotch into Luka’s waiting hands. “Brow?” he woofed, curious as to what she meant by training. Moments after, she withdrew and stood over her toy. He started to whimper for her touch as playful tugs usurped his folded limbs. It was apparent to the princess that her pup was putting on a show.

“Oh, do you want to be trained, Sparky?” the princess asked. “Do you already miss me?” She took hold of his tail and pulled firmly until he squealed in response to the metal beast. “Training will be a lot harder than merely surviving my hogtie. Punishments here become things that I expect you to endure willingly. For example, you have to be ready to let someone other than me see you. After all, good dogs behave in public. Are you really prepared for that?”

Whining from the tension, McCallister shivered from her words. Mentally, the hero feared the demeaning consequences that would follow such exposure, but physically, he was aroused by the situation. Luky had never been this aggressive with him. She had never pushed his submissive limits past the bourns of frisky banter. This was different. It went well beyond anything he had ever experienced. She had swept over him decisively – to the point that he remained unaware of his own nods until he felt the pull of a leash upon his collar.

“Prove it,” Marrok commanded. “I order you to crawl into the hallway. Each sign of regret that I spot will equal a day in Hunter’s charge. Do I make myself clear?” Sparky moaned as icy tingles traversed the lower halves of his legs. He was on his knees in the blink of an eye – pushed upright by the compassionate mistress who had given his limbs a little more room to maneuver. His arms, however, were not afforded the same courtesy. His wrists, moved from their marriage upon his back, were retied to his choker with the same unforgiving sinews.

The additional freedoms did not make Wing feel any less vulnerable. In fact, his new position, with its spread caps and curling paws, made him feel like a begging dog that was preparing to squirm its way out of trouble. He had been posed by his mistress – cast to play the incarnation of helplessness in her developing tale. She had obviously scripted it all. Sparky could only imagine her grin when she turned the imaginary page, brushed his inner thigh, and pressed her palm against his aching gifts. He wriggled inside of his suit as each belt, strap, and unyielding piece of hide announced the strength of its own bite.

“Don’t make me wait.” The stifled sounds dripped into the pup’s ears as he dropped his torso back upon the mattress. The erratic nature of his descent triggered tightening that set his spurred erection against the padded springs and forced his inner fortitude to, once again, explore its intrusive metal accessory. Thick pants rapidly filled the muzzle as the hobbled cadet overcame his discomfort and worked his knees towards the edge of the bed.

Gravity mercilessly dragged him over the event horizon at an agonizingly sluggish pace. The interaction transmuted Sparky’s heated breaths into anxious cries as he resisted the looming plunge. Eventually, his nemesis claimed its victory and nailed his lower extremities to the hard stone below. A pained bark escaped the snout as it – along with the lashed paws – found a brief reprieve atop the soft bedding. “I didn’t say take a nap!” Luka shouted while the tip of her crop drove him to attention. “Get on all fours and fucking prove it to me!”

The layers of leather cackled as Wing cautiously lowered his elbows. He could not take another set of aches like the ones that currently plagued his abused joints, but the pup also knew that his owner’s patience was wearing thin. He had hunched over as far as he possibly could, yet his limbs still dangled inches from the ground. Anxiety laced each heartbeat as physics wrapped its chains around the teen’s barely balanced body to draw him closer to the tipping point. He panted nervously and leaned forward a little more. The fall had him now – perhaps even more so than his sweat-filled reformatory.

Even amidst events that surreal, the forces inked by Newton’s quill pulled Sparky about his personal darkness. His forearms spilled across the tiles that assailed his bones, and grunts poured like liquid light whenever one of Wing’s limbs traversed a jagged, unseen crack. Quick tugs of the leash guided the pet towards the door as he crawled. The hides scored his thighs at the start of each advance, yet Luky’s mutt did not halt his march.

Marrok savored her Sparky’s submissive behaviors. She was still somewhat stunned that he had embraced the role willingly, but she was thankful that he had. No longer was her mind tormented by the terror of becoming someone’s dog. That was Wing’s job now. He was the one on all fours, and she was the one with the whip.

She did not hesitate to use it either. She took great pride in composing measure after measure of his vigorous whimpers and coaxed barks. “Keep going straight. You are almost there.”

With heavy, confident steps, the princess moved to the backside of her brave adventurer before strategically placing the point of her weapon. The slick maneuver shaped the desired effect, for the brief pause it brought gave Lukainy the excuse she needed to launch her next assault. Each slash cut the blinding void as Sparky scurried to avoid the following strikes, but he could not change his fate. Those searing jabs illuminated his personal darkness with pleading grunts that excited Marrok’s senses, and the manner in which his body slithered about the copper flower produced provoking moans that only made the situation worse.

Greed incarnate clutched Wing’s collar as the quickening cadence of the fallen rod penetrated the knight’s suppressive wears. The digits, each possessed by divine sin, firmly gripped the cherished prize and pulled Sparky towards the heavens. His back arched in response, and his knees shifted to handle the torque produced by his protruding chest.

The princess was kneeling behind him now. Her perked breasts pressed into his manhandled frame, and her hips toyed with the strained muscles around his waist. Through the great gift of her seductive empathy, Luka could practically feel the dull burn that mercilessly drowned his nerves. She shoved his muzzle into the door and proudly set her chin upon his shoulder.

“Open it,” she demanded nonchalantly. Like water pouring off the edge of a cliff, Marrok's hands spilled from his shoulders, sprayed his chest, and pooled around his thighs. Her grip gradually tightened until even the slight give granted by the leather attire eroded, exposing the lean contours that outlined the worked limbs. “When you’re caught, I want you to know that you brought it upon yourself.”

McCallister murmured as he fumbled about the unseen world. Complying with his lady’s order, he pawed the knob clumsily and shuddered in self-disgust each time his mitts slid from the smooth metal surface. The pressure added by her fingertips did little to help the situation either, for the stretched hide pressed – *rubbed* – against his skin in a manner that dumped fuel upon his throbbing fire.

He could feel Lukainy’s growing excitement each time he made an attempt, and that devil in the details only complicated things even more. She would lean forward ever so slightly at the behest of stealthy subconscious signals that saw what was to come, and her hold on him would rapidly tighten. To the queue of rising lust, he lost the given task. Distractions infected almost every thought, and coherence dissolved amongst the acquired harmony of pleading moans and determined gasps.

His padded knuckles scraped the imposing lumber while tensions enveloped the tattered shreds of his humanity. He had already surrendered that last piece of pride to the character known as Sparky. Like the acidic brew that wreaked havoc upon his might, the idea ate him up inside. What would he have to do to earn it back? Why was she doing this to him? And what...

The pop of the latch and the trailing squeal derailed his internal ramblings. The cool air from the hallway drifted through the nostrils of the beast and teased Wing’s nose with a false – and quickly departing – sense of relief. He was back on the edge of that cliff – *waiting to take another plunge into the unknown*. “I’ll spare you the humiliation,” Luka spoke as the mutt’s knee began to cross the threshold, “if you answer a few questions for me.” She paused and let the weight of the proposition establish itself. “And I mean truthfully.”

He nodded as best he could and prepared himself for the worst. “Why are you blowing off your parents?” The princess cut right to the chase, and the tone of her voice sent a chill straight through the cadet’s spine. Sitting in the deafening momentary silence that followed, he gulped. “Are you doing it for my sake?” She slammed the door in his face and observed the consequential flinch. “And if you nod again, the deal is off. Dogs don’t nod. They bark... twice for yes, once for no.”

His responses, filled with the lingering traces of dejection, were weak at best, but they would do for now. She tugged on his puppy ears and stared at his helpless form. “I want you to give them a chance. I don’t want you to lose them all over again. Even if my parents were dead, I wouldn’t want to be that wall. And I’m not going to be. That’s not a burden that I intend to bear.”

A commanding pull on the leash stopped his wriggling to her words. “Quit moping in guilt! I’m done with it! My parents are alive and well. They were saved! So don’t you dare throw your mom and dad aside because you think I’m sad or depressed! I have better things to do with my time. Do I make myself crystal clear?”

“Mmmf! Mrrf!” His senses spiraled to a numbing halt, and he wondered if that was the end. It certainly fit Luka’s *modus operandi*. She had always been particularly good when it came to weaving messages into coy gestures. Yet, the auras of seriousness and intensity which plagued this iteration continued to surpass any moment in his past. She had never gone to such lengths to keep him quiet or still.

“I’m not even close to being done with you,” Marrok whispered. She grinned as she began to pluck the laces that covered his crotch. His appeasing, mezzo-piano moans dripped through the darkened canvas. Each note of playful begging raised her mischievous confidence to unattained heights, and the royal quickly found herself giving Sparky well-deserved snippets of freedom.

She allowed the wind to lick his shaft with a delicate breeze that enticed his mind with the thrill of liberty. It was a crescendo to a false climax, where the thoughts of escape would wither to the reality of what had happened and the dream of what was just over the horizon. “Did you give up the throne?” The question bolted from her mouth before avaricious tendrils seized the key to his manhood.

The texture of moistened wood grazed his hard palate as his lungs pushed another affirmative to Luka’s waiting ears. He shivered wildly to her commanding strokes and the accompanying chill that evaporated his sweat. He knew now that there was more, *much more*, to come. Her nails pressed into his pulsing flesh, and his imagination concocted an impish expression that projected itself upon her countenance. “Did you give up the throne for me?”

“Rrrrf! Ruff!” Marrok’s magic extracted a string of pleasure-induced wails through which her mutt’s yelps had to battle. She pushed her prisoner onto his back, sunk her canines into his tip, and sucked the salted treat. She could feel the jolting quakes ravage his frame’s numerous fault lines, and she found bliss within the melody of howls that burst from his swaying muzzle.

“Such a good boy,” she teased with a tone of satisfaction. “I’ve always known the extent of your loyalty. It’s the reason why my father trusted you with my future. It’s why he made you a prince.” Lukainy stretched over him and ran her fingers across the rear of his hood. His body had seized up, and she could tell that he had been shocked by the announcement.

She loosened the straps that held his blindfold in place and cradled his head in her palms. “You deserve it,” she continued. “It’s a good thing that you’ve been out for a few days, or else it would have been hard finding a servant for you in time.” She slowly removed the fabric and gazed into his amber-brushed eyes. He was still adjusting to the light, and his brows and lashes fought against the onslaught of beads that rolled over his skin.

It was the first time he had seen her tight corset, the black feline ears that sat amongst her golden locks, and the fresh markings that accented the back of her hand. He stared at those familiar lines – *the ones which defined retainer and master* – and wondered how shocked and dumbfounded he must have looked.

She shoved her cheek against his and released a playful meow before continuing. “This is what happens when you challenge a cat, Sparky,” she cooed, “even if she happens to belong to you. I have one last question. Do you want to know why I put you through this whole ordeal?” Luky bit her lower lip while he grunted, struggled and murred in response. His bound heels slid over the floor in a futile search for traction, and his chained paws lightly batted her shoulders as begging whimpers entered the fray.

The princess clenched his collar and wrapped her legs under his bent knees. “I’m going to fucking use you to scrape that dirty filth out of me,” she snapped. “I’m going to show exactly what happens when I’m in charge – and when the helpless mutt is actually someone worthy of love.” She pushed off the ground and resettled her weight directly upon his hips. “It’s called foreplay. Now, let’s see if you can earn back your humanity.”

Beneath the mask, Wing’s cheeks reddened. Luka’s words – *bittersweet spears* – pierced his emotions and seeded the remnants with determination. He dug his molars into the splintering

gag as the makings of a coaxing growl rumbled deep in his throat. The acceptance of the invitation came swiftly, for the royal peeled her pet's disguising shell from his chest and exposed his skin to all the surrounding ailments.

She clawed him roughly and traced the red lines that emerged from her strike. Defiant huffs partnered with each of his breaths. Scintillating passion manifested upon the outskirts of his irides. It was as if the image she had perfected in her mind was coming into focus. The heat in her gut was rising to match his warmth. It was alluring and, dare she think, intoxicating.

Entranced, she shed her intimate garments for the absolute purity that would bring him ever closer. She straddled his frame and allowed her breasts to fall upon his bare torso. The spark of conviction had reignited a hunger that engulfed them both. Her fingers skated beneath his chained wrists and cupped his snout; she had to make sure that he would watch every second of that lit blaze. He just had to – *open his soul to her healing touch*. It was the only way that she could affirm her vows.

Lukainy quivered. Her body had opened to his tip and the sweltering penetration that followed. History's endless refrains fell to their duet, a growing piece of steady notes that bridged the clefs of two vastly different worlds. Through long strides and articulated wails, a former thief and a lady composed hearts into one. Dominance coursed through her veins and set into motion a commanding fanfare that pulled her base to awe-inspiring highs.

There, legato blossoms bloomed amidst the saccharine thrill of staccato sweat drops. Empowered pants, having lasted the grind assault upon Wing's hips, found the brink of liberation. Sparky huffed and squirmed as they dashed towards unbridled air, and he prayed that the gestures would trigger the same touch that had already scorched his senses. She needed it, deserved it, and he needed it too.

Luky bit her lower lip and pressed on. Deep within her flesh, the parasite was dying. The control was slaughtering the loss; the pleasure was coasting over the pain; and her mutt was killing the filth. The corners of her lips curled around the concept. Jabbing dissidents yielded to the crisp harmony that intensified each time she brought herself down upon his shaft – *upon him*.

His moans grew into tantalizing screams – *ones that he gave to no one else* – and his essence coalesced into a tangible fragrance. Marrok would have it all. Her nose brushed against his neck to absorb his scent, and her frame bowed into his waist to acquire as much of him as she could. Seductive sighs threw a coup d'état upon the score as the two neared their climactic finish. She pushed harder, drawing – *demanding* – lust-flavored gasps from Wing's core.

He obliged, clinging to his Sparky persona as a string of barks and yelps pulled blood to his master's cheeks. He thrashed fiercely, howling beneath her as he fought to scrub her clean. His jaw tightened its hold upon the invasive wood as the tempo shifted. His cries flew too fast for his mind to register, but the vision of untainted bliss upon his love's face was something he would never forget. Together, as the dusk of spent exhaustion began to claim their worn bodies, they reached that eternal fermata – *that beautiful chord which would remain forever etched upon their memories*.