

## Payback is a Dog

Have you ever met a man-child?

Men who never fully grew out of their adolescent immaturity. You know the ones I'm talking about. The middle-aged men who think they're still 'cool' and 'hip' and 'rad' - never fully realising that those words were as out-dated as they themselves were. The type who want to avoid growing up at all costs, who act like they're deathly allergic to responsibility.

Anyone and everyone who has encountered at least one man-child in their life knows exactly what I'm talking about. They know exactly how embarrassing it is to be around someone who refuses to act their damned age. Who pretends to be 'in the know' about what's 'in with the kids' these days - and who have absolutely no idea what they're talking about.

Utterly clueless idiots who are trapped in their 'high-school glory days'.

And me? I didn't just know one, I was dumb enough to marry one.

To be fair, I didn't know that at the time of the wedding. We were high-school sweethearts that got married way too young - at what I thought was going to be the beginning of a bright, happy future. White-picket fence, sunny days, a barking dog, two and a half kids, lovely neighbours, high-paying job. The whole shebang.

Suffice to say, things didn't exactly go to plan.

Over a decade of a marriage and no white-picket fence to be seen. No children - because, of course, the thought of being a parent was way too much for my dear husband to handle. Not even a dog - the apartment complex we lived in didn't allow pets.

I did have a decent paying job. Enough to support both me and Jerry, and have a little left over for savings. But it wasn't my dream. Not by a long shot.

Jerry, though he did have a job, didn't contribute anything to our living expenses or savings. He said it was 'his' money and told me to stop worrying. Funny, isn't it? When I make money, it's 'our' money. When he makes money it's 'his' money.

I should have kicked his ass out years ago, I know. But I was being naive and hopeful, thinking maybe he'd grow up if I gave him enough time.

That all changed recently.

It all happened after, my younger sister, June, revealed to me something that shook me to my core, something that made my blood boil. Text messages, from Jerry. Sexual texts. Texts in which my husband was propositioning my sister for sex. Pictures of his dick. Messages about how 'boring' I was, and that they could 'keep it a secret'. My husband wanted to have an affair on me. With my own sister.

As I said, it shook me to my core. And it woke me up.

Jerry was a an asshole. A man-child waste of space. We might be married, but there was nothing there any more. Any real love I had for him, I realised, died years ago. He was never going to grow up. Ever. He wasn't going to drop his frat-bro bullshit and he wasn't going to change.

Him trying to seduce my sister was the final straw in a long line of shit I'd had to put up with from him.

How dare he make a fool out of me? To disrespect me this much, to this degree. A line had been crossed and there was no coming back from it. I'd given so many years of my life to him, I'd done everything I could to support him and this was how he repaid me? No. Hell no.

Jerry had to pay.

Glancing around the dark alleyway, I was suddenly very unsure about all of this. The man stood there, a bright gleam in his eyes, his hand outstretched.

It was expensive. And probably illegal. And it might not even work. But if it did...

I gave the man an envelope full of money - almost my entire life savings.

To hell with it. If I didn't spend it, Jerry would. One day he'd have his 'mid-life crisis' - as if his whole life hadn't been exactly that - and spend all of my hard earned money on something stupid like a car or a trip to Vegas. It was money down the drain either way.

And I sure as hell wasn't about to divorce him and give the bastard half of my money in a settlement. I'd rather see it burn.

"Do not return home tonight," the man said, pocketing the envelope. "It will be done by breakfast tomorrow."

I nodded, unsure what to say. It was a good thing I didn't work tomorrow.

The man turned away, walking into the shadows and out of sight. As he faded from vision, my memories of him seemed to vanish too. I couldn't recall what he looked like. Only those strange, gleaming eyes.

It was early evening of the next day when I finally got home. As quietly as I could manage, I opened the door to my apartment and slipped inside. Not easy to do while holding a plastic bag full of goods.

The apartment's main room was connected to the entrance. A fairly spacious room with sofa, oversized TV, short table, a little bookshelf. And a whole lot of garbage scattered over the floor. Garbage that hadn't been there when I left for work yesterday.

Two pizza boxes - with half-eaten slices dotted around the floor, beer cans, random snack packets, Chinese take-away boxes, clothes. The place was a dump.

I'd been gone for one day! One! And this was what I had to come back to?

And sitting there, wearing only his boxers and a freshly stained t-shirt, was the asshole himself. Jerry.

His face looked surprised for an instant. Then turned beet-red with anger.

If I'm being truly honest with myself, I was hoping he'd be out or asleep. As much as I wanted my payback, I still couldn't help but feel trepidation and worry. The last thing I needed was a confrontation, arguing and shouting and nonsense. It would get us nowhere. Hoping and preying that the strange man had done exactly what he'd said, I closed the door behind me and straightened my back.

Jerry rushed to his feet, stormed over to me.

"And where," he spat, grabbing my shoulder and pushing my back against the door, "the fuck have you been?"

Fear. I dropped the plastic bag without thinking. We'd had our arguments, but he'd never gotten physical like this before. Fear clogged my throat. "Out," I managed, trying to keep myself from panicking.

"No shit dumbass," Jerry snarled, "Out where? You were fucking that Kade bastard, weren't you?"

Kade was my boss. My handsome, rich boss. Ever since Jerry had met Kade, he'd been paranoid about me cheating on him. Demanding to see my phone, questioning me any time I had to work overtime. I've never actually cheated on Jerry, but a part of me wished that I had now. God knows I've had many chances over the years.

"Stupid fucking whore," Jerry added, his grip on my shoulder tightening painfully.

In that one instant, all my fear vanished. Replaced with a rage of my own. One that had been years in the building.

"Let go of me," I said, voice sounding cold and hard even to myself.

And he did.

Shock and confusion marred the anger on Jerry's face and, just like that, everything changed.

"Sit down," I pointed at the floor, "and shut up."

For a moment, nothing happened. I was afraid that it hadn't worked, that Jerry was about to snap at me and grab me again. And then he sat down cross-legged on the floor in front of me, his eyes open wide.

He didn't say a word.

Powerful. That's how I felt. Exhilarated and excited and angry and happy all at once. It was like being a child on Christmas, opening the present they'd wanted more than anything else in the world.

It felt amazing. Intoxicating.

I grabbed up the bag I'd dropped and scooted around my husband's still form. I put a little distance between us, told him to face me, then squatted down in front of him. There was a smile on my face, a smile of anger and disdain.

"How dare *you* accuse *me* of cheating," I stared into his terrified eyes. "I've seen the texts you sent June. And you call me a whore? How *dare* you."

Jerry started shaking his head, denying it. He couldn't talk.

"I'm going to ask you some questions. You're going to give me the truth. Nod your head for yes, shake for no."

He was still shaking his head, eyes pleading.

"Did you send those texts to June?"

Instantly, the shaking head stopped. In a series of stiff movements - Jerry trying his best to resist - he nodded his head.

I already knew it was true. But having it confirmed was something else. A new wave of cold rage swept over me.

"If she had said yes, would you have fucked her?"

There was no hesitation. No resistance. Jerry nodded.

The sharp pain in the palms of my hands, my fingernails digging into them, was when I realised how angry I truly was. My fists were balled so tight, I might well have been drawing blood.

"Have you ever cheated on me?"

Nod.

The bastard. And he had the gall to accuse *me* of cheating?

"Recently?"

Nod.

If I'd been having any doubts about my plans for Jerry, they were all gone now. Everything he got, he deserved.

"You piece of shit. After everything I've done, after everything I've put up with from you. This is how you repay me? Stand up," I stood up with him. Turned and walked. "Follow."

I avoided all the shit Jerry had left on the floor, dancing over stains and discarded food. I'd be sure to make Jerry clean the place later. I even toyed with the idea of making him lick the whole apartment clean. That would be entertaining.

I sat down on the sofa, on the cleanest part I could see, and set my bag of goodies down next to me.

As Jerry moved to sit down on the sofa too, I held out a hand.

"No, no, no. You don't sit on the sofa, Jerry. Not any more. You sit on the floor from now on." I pointed at a particularly dirty part of the floor. "Sit."

Jerry obeyed, staring fire at me now. Evidently, he'd gotten over the shock and had settled into anger again. That's my husband for you, too stupid to be afraid when he really should be.

"You may speak, but no shouting and no raising your voice."

It was worth letting him talk once more, even if all that would come from his mouth was bullshit.

"Psycho bitch," he snarled. "What have you done to me you stupid cunt? I'm going to-"

"Shut up Jerry," I waved a hand dismissively. "You're going to listen to every word of what I have to say, do you understand?"

Nod. And more glaring. We'd see how long that lasted.

"You're not a man," I said, feeling more free now than I had in years. "You pretend to be. You act like how you think men are supposed to be - tough and macho and assertive. But you're not a man. You're a child playing pretend. And you've made me waste so many years on my life on you, waiting for you to grow up. And now it's time for you to pay all those years back. From now on, you're going to do everything I tell you to. No matter what it is. You're going to obey. Don't like it? Too bad.

"You called me a bitch? If anyone here is a dog, it's you. And that's exactly what you're going to be from now on, Jerry. A dog. From this moment onwards, you will never speak again. You can bark or whine or make any sounds that a dog makes, but you will never speak actual words again."

The look in Jerry's eyes was priceless. He opened his mouth to argue. And he barked. Stunned silence. Then more barking. Mad and incessant.

I ignored it, fished into my bag and pulled out a doggy food bowl, set it aside. Next was the collar. A cheap little black thing, but it would do the job.

Jerry saw it. And started growling.

He was actually growling at me. I fought down the urge to laugh - Jerry needed to be reminded of his new place. Pets need to know who's boss.

So I leaned forward and slapped him. Hard.

Jerry's face jerked to the side, stunned. My hand hurt. It stung painfully, but I couldn't allow myself to show any weakness. Not any more. Not to him.

"Take your clothes off, Jerry. Dogs don't wear clothes."

This was fun. Having this much power, it's indescribable. Addictive. I'd never really had a desire to control someone else before, but this, here and now, was making me giddy with excitement. I could feel my sweet revenge drawing ever closer. I'd always wanted a pet growing up, and now I had one.

Jerry stripped naked obediently.

My eyes were instantly drawn to his crotch, and the shrivelled little willy there. Jerry, it seemed, was not enjoying his emasculation. That would not do at all.

"Get yourself hard. Touch yourself until you're erect. Think of whatever or whoever you want. After all, I'm too 'boring' for you." I wanted him hard for what came next. I wanted to mess with him.

As we went about obeying my command, I spun the collar in my hand. "I'm going to make you wear three items. You will not remove any of these items from your body. If any one the three items are removed from your body at all, you will put them back immediately. These three items will be a part of you from now on, and it will feel wrong for you to be without any one of them."

As Jerry pumped his cock, I unlatched the collar. "Item number one, your collar." I attached it around his throat snugly. He didn't even try to resist.

"Item number two," I said as I pulled the doggy-ears headband out from my bag. "Your ears. Nice and floppy. Be careful with these, they might come off easily."

I slipped them onto his head, smirking at his now fully erect penis. Excellent. But first, a test. I swatted the headband off Jerry's head and sent it clattering to the floor.

Almost instantaneously, Jerry leapt for it. In the space of about two seconds it went from being on his head, to on the floor, to back on his head.

I clapped my hands together. "Good doggy!"

The hate in Jerry's eyes made me smile. Now he was beginning to get it. Now he was learning exactly how I felt about him.

"Last, but not least, item number three." I watched Jerry as I pulled it out of the bag. Hate turned to horror. He began shaking his head, whimpering. "Your tail."

It was a tail, attached to a rather sizeable butt-plug. Didn't want it falling out easily, after all.

"Don't worry, Jerry. I'm not going to put it in," I said, smiling at Jerry's whimpering. "I'm going to lube it up first. Nothing to worry about."

And so I did, using lube I'd bought along with the tail. Watching Jerry panic all the while.

"On your hands and knees. You know there's no avoiding this," I said, getting off the sofa and circling around him. "Face away and stick your ass out for me. That's right."

I could listen to Jerry's whimpering all day, and maybe someday soon I would. But for now, I'd satisfy myself with completing his new look.

"If it helps," I whispered to him and I pressed the toy to his buttohole, "think about how you tried to fuck my little sister. This is kind of like that, only in reverse."

I pushed. And Jerry tensed. And I pushed some more, not stopping until all that was left visible of the toy was a big, bushy dog's tail.

"There," I smiled, enjoying my new pet's soft mewling. "That wasn't so bad now, was it?"

I sat back down on the sofa and stretched.

"Since you're a fully-fledged dog now, I guess that means I'm officially single. After all, a human can't be married to a dog, can they? I haven't been single in so long. I wonder what I should do. Go out and get the shit screwed out of me, I suppose."

Jerry snarled. Me with another man was not something he was very happy about. Especially if it's...

"Kade!" I grinned. The look in my pet's eyes was murderous. "I think that sounds like a lovely idea. I bet his dick is positively huge! I'll have to find out for myself soon."

My husband-turned-pet was shaking. More, I expected, from anger than from being cold. That was fine with me.

"And I bet you're thinking that, if Kade shows up here, you'll attack him like the dumb animal you are. But you won't. No, when I decide to invite Kade over, you're going to be there. And when he's on his way, you're going to be licking my pussy. Getting it nice and wet and ready for his cock. And I'll make sure you're watching as he fucks me every which way. Since you couldn't grown into a real man yourself, I'll have to show you one instead. And of course, I'll need you to clean up the mess when he cums inside me, lick it all nice and dry."

This was it. My payback. The start of it, at least. From here on out, it was all fun and revenge. I'd said all that simply to hurt Jerry, and yet, even as I said it, I knew I wanted it. If only to make Jerry whimper and shake more.

"You know what? Thinking about Kade has gotten me all hot and bothered. I think I'll get off to thinking about him right now. Only I don't feel like touching myself," I started stripping my lower half, and as much of a dumbass as Jerry was, he caught on. I could tell from the pained look in his eyes. "Lick me. Make me feel as good as you can. And no teeth. Oh, and be sure to jerk yourself off while you lick me."

The next several minutes lead to the most intense orgasm I'd ever had. All the while moaning Kade's name, begging for him. Stopping only to taunt and toy with Jerry. It was sweet, euphoric, mind-blowing.

And when it was done, I patted Jerry on the head softly, smiling down at him. "Good boy. Very good boy."

"See, Jerry? You're already making up for all those years of you being a man-child and grade-A douchebag. Another decade of this and we might just be about even."

A defeated look came over him as I spoke. He'd thought this would be over soon. After all he'd done, after everything he's had me do for him over the years? No, we weren't even close to being done. This is only the beginning.