

K9 Slave: Family Legacy

Crimson Rose

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Death. It has a way of bringing otherwise distant family together and not always for the best. My sister Nadia and I were young – I was seven and she five, when our parents were murdered by a mugger that thought they had more than two rubles to their names thanks to the new dress my mother was wearing at the time – a garment she saved for nearly eight months to afford. Until suitable arrangements could be made Nadia and I were placed in the foster care system and all but forgotten until more than a year later our long lost uncle Boris crawled out of the woodwork to claim us.

Nadia and I were too young to have a say in matters so we were sent to live with him in his mansion in Moscow which was a vast improvement from the dilapidated shack in the small town of Borovsk we called home since our parents were murdered. In a matter of hours we went from squalor to splendor. We wanted for nothing, had the best education money could buy and not once did we go to bed hungry. For two kids used to going without it was paradise. While it lasted anyways.

Fast-forward eleven years and good old Uncle Boris' true intentions for me and my sister came shining through. It was my eighteenth birthday and the last of my friends was walking out the door when Uncle Boris suggested Sasha make herself scarce for the rest of the weekend. At fifteen she needed no further incentive and a few minutes later she too was gone.

"I have one more gift for the birthday girl," Uncle Boris said as he held out a thin box.

Most people would have snatched it from his hands and torn it open without a second thought, but I knew what it meant to have nothing and even after more than a decade living the life of luxury I was still hesitant to overindulge and this very much felt like overindulging. "Thank you, but you've already given me and Sasha everything we could ever hope for. I know you're just trying to make us happy, but honestly, all these gifts you lavish us with every year aren't necessary. We don't say it often enough, but we're forever in your debt for taking us in and giving us a chance at a future we otherwise never would have had."

"If you don't want any more gifts then we'll make this the last one. Go on, take it and make an old man happy."

Smiling, I gave him a quick peck on each cheek and then took the gift. Tearing the paper off, I saw what appeared to be a necklace box, but once the lid was raised I stared down at a stunningly beautiful one inch wide silver choker with a floral pattern etched along the sides and a heart-shaped pendant hanging from the front. "It...it's beautiful," I said as I gently lifted it from the box which I sat on the coffee table. Placing it around my neck, I flinched in surprise as the ends snapped together. "What the..."

"No cause for alarm. It has a magnetic clasp which makes it nearly impossible to remove without a special tool," Uncle Boris explained. "And now that it's on you're going to do exactly as I command from now on or suffer the consequences for disobedience."

"Disobedience?" I said with stunned confusion. In all the years Sasha and I have lived with him we had never once disobeyed anything he asked of us no matter how strict the rules. "I don't understand. Sasha and I always do as you say Uncle Boris. How is this necklace supposed to make me follow any better?" And then I was on my knees trying to scream in agony as it felt like I had suddenly been struck by a bolt of lightning. When it stopped and I managed to look up I saw Uncle Boris grinning wickedly with the thumb of his right hand hovering over a small remote.

“I’ve been waiting for this day for a very long time and unless you want sold to some foreign brothel that’ll make sure you live a very miserable life you’ll do exactly as I command without question and you can start by taking off your clothes. You won’t be needing them for the rest of the weekend.”

“What? OH GOD! W-What are you...” the rest of my sentence was cut short by another jolt of electricity that had me on all fours. It lasted only a few seconds, but the pain lingered much longer.

“I will not repeat myself.”

Willing to do anything to avoid another shock, I slowly got to my feet and with my head bowed, eyes locked on the Persian rug on the floor that cost more than the college education I had a feeling I was never going to get, I started to undress. Whether out of some sadistic pleasure or not satisfied with how quickly I was stripping, he zapped me again – this time at a much lower setting that did not immediately drop me to the floor.

“When I give you a command you will follow it to the letter in as quickly a manner as humanly possible. And from this point forward you will call me Master. Is that understood, slave?”

“Yes Master.” Stepping out of my shoes, I practically tore the rest of my clothes off. “W-What do you mean by s-slave?” I asked, though I already knew the answer. I may have only been eighteen, but I did have access to the internet.”

“I mean you are now my sex slave, Nadia. Call it repayment for everything I’ve done for you and Sasha, or a perverted old man’s desire to fuck the hottest piece of ass this side of Siberia, but either way you now belong to me. And in a couple of years I’ll bring Sasha into the fold and you’ll help me do it.”

“You may do whatever you want with me, Master, but you will not lay a hand on...” My face met the floor in the most direct way possible and that expensive rug did little to dampen the pain.

“You forget your place, slave. I am in charge here and I’ll be the one issuing the decrees. No more talking. You will get on all fours and crawl to me. You will then kneel, take out my cock and get it nice and hard for that tight pussy of yours or I’ll turn the collar on high and leave it there for as long as it takes.”

For as long as it takes, I thought. *Did he mean for as long as it took to kill me, or for me to get the idea I was in way over my head with little recourse but to do as he commands?* Either way, once the electricity stopped paralyzing me I got on all fours and crawled to him. Kneeling, I unbuttoned his pants, pulled them down and looked at his cock. Thanks to his very strict rules on dating – something that now made perfect sense as I’m sure he wanted to be the one to take my virginity, it was the first one I had seen in real life and the thought of putting it in my mouth, let alone my other two holes disgusted me to the point of wanting to vomit, but pain was a powerful motivator and I was a quick learner. Parting my lips, I took the head into my mouth and as I had seen in a thousand pornos, I bobbed my head back and forth taking as much as I could without choking. It was by far the most disgusting thing I had ever done in my life, but knew deep down it was only the beginning of my nightmare.

“That’s it little slave, do what comes natural. If you make a serious attempt to take more I will let you go at your own pace until you’re able to take it all, but if you keep taking just the tip I’ll be forced to shove it all the way down your throat.”

Not wanting to experience either scenario I never the less opted on the side of caution and took him a little deeper, but Uncle Boris was a very big man and it was going to take a long time

before I was able to take him fully. I hoped to make him cum before he choked me to death on it, but as he grew longer and thicker I knew my first blowjob was coming to an end and failed miserably to mentally prepare myself for what came next.

After maybe ten minutes of sucking him off, I managed to take about five of his nine inches without gagging when he suddenly grabbed a handful of my hair and yanked my head back. "Two things slave. First, from now on you will look me in the eyes while pleasuring your Master. And second, head down and ass up so I can take your virginity. You are still a virgin, right?"

"Y-Yes Master." It was true. Even after all the porn I had watched the most I had ever done was rub my clit for fear if he ever discovered I was no longer virgin he would think I snuck out with a boy and go on a manhunt for him. Turning, I lowered my head to the floor while keeping my ass raised. His strong right hand slapped my ass hard causing me to jerk forward and yelp. Another landed even harder. Then my pussy was filled with his huge cock and I realized he used the pain of the swats to take my mind off of him tearing through my maidenhood. His cock fully inside of me, he grabbed my hips and started thrusting in and out. Not wanting to give him the satisfaction of hearing me moan (not that that was about to happen), or even grunt, I bit my lip and remained silent as he fucked me.

"Don't just kneel there like a dead log slave, rock those hips. Fuck yourself on my cock. And make some noise. I want to hear you moan and tell me how much you love it."

"I HATE IT, MASTER, and nothing you ever say or no matter how much you electrocute me will ever change that!" I blurted out. "I don't understand why you're doing this to me, but you won't get away with it."

"I'm doing it, Nadia, because you're a beautiful young woman and this is your family legacy." Holding my hips even tighter he continued talking while fucking. "I'm not your uncle."

"What? You're my mother's brother. That makes you my uncle."

"Half true. I *am* your mother's brother, but I am also your father's brother." After a long silence of him just slamming in and out of me while I tried wrapping my brain around his words, he explained further. "Surprise! You and Sasha are the products of incest and before you call bullshit I have all the proof you'll ever need and if that still isn't enough then we can always exhume the bodies and run genetic tests. But we can discuss it later. Right now I want to hear your moans as I fuck my load into you."

"But I'm not on birth control, Master!"

"That's the point, slave. You're now my sexy little breeding cow and in a couple years I'll add Sasha to the stable and the two of you will bear me many, many children. This is your life from now on so get used to it. Or you can try your hand as some overseas brothel where you'll be fucked by dozens of men every day and risk god only knows how many diseases. What'll it be, slave? Sex with me, or the brothel?"

"You Master," I replied.

"Then I don't want to hear another complaint out of you or you'll be severely disciplined. Is that understood?"

"Yes Master."

"Then tell me how much you love being my sex slave breeding cow."

"You raised me to never lie, Master."

"Fair enough. But you will come to enjoy it in time and when you do you'll tell me."

“I don’t think that will ever happen, Master, but if it does you’ll be the first to know,” I said in the hopes it was enough to appease him and since he did not use the collar to shock me again I assumed it had.

A few minutes later he pulled out and I naïvely thought he had a change of mind and was going to shoot on my back instead, but he had another idea. “Get on your back. I want to see the look in your eyes as I breed you.”

“Y-Yes Master.” No sooner was I on my back then he was pushing my legs up and open. He shoved his cock in hard causing me to grunt and him to sadistically grin but my humiliation did not stop there. Leaning down, he took my left nipple between his teeth and bit hard enough to make me yelp and gasp. I so wanted to say more, to tell him what a horrible monster he was for doing this to his own niece or whatever I was to him, but as long as the damn collar was around my neck I was his to do with as he pleased so I just took it like the good little sex slave he took me to be.

His thrusts rapidly increased. His lips pressed to mine in my first real kiss. I wanted to vomit, but my mind was taken from that disgust by his semen shooting deep in my pussy and I started to cry.

“I hope those are tears of joy because you’ve certainly made me a very happy man. Go get cleaned up and we’ll talk about who your family really is and the part you and Sasha will play in its continuation.”

“Yes Master.”