

Man-Beast 右 Male-Pet



Vera Carlisle

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Man Beast to Male Pet

From Proud Man to Servile Canine

By

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Maurice

He had once been a man amongst men.

The past tense, however, was no longer anywhere near the consolation it had first been since *she*...

The pain of his descent as fresh now as it had been from the start, beaten eyes watered as the memory of what he had once been and was no longer stabbed him to the heart of where his manhood once resided yet again.

Just the same, as he waited in subdued silence, knees tender against the cool ceramic patio floor tiles, it was to this ever-diminishing consolation of "*what had once been*" that he returned in order to take his mind from the living nightmare to which he had been consigned and from which deliverance was no longer an option.

Right now, the young and decidedly unlovely German girl, the same girl upon whom he had used his superior age and charm to woo as his ticket to the wealth he had been singularly incapable of providing for himself, would be indulging herself in the luxury and calm of *her* secluded villa. *One* of them, anyway. A villa high upon the rocks overlooking the Mediterranean and the small fishing village of Cassis. The same village once made famous by the art of Signac and now no longer a village or, apart from its delicious blackcurrant syrup, particularly famous.

And, while she did that, he waited for her arrival a few days hence in yet another of her isolated villas - this one overlooking the Atlantic some fifty miles south of Dakar, the capital and largest city of Senegal in West Africa.

Being located on the Cap Vert peninsula makes Dakar the westernmost city on the African mainland and its position has made it an advantageous departure point for trans-Atlantic and European trade throughout its history.

An advantageous departure point Maurice Baxter would have liked to take advantage of now.

The utilising of it one he knew to be impossible.
For him.

To travel, after all, one needed money.

Not to mention clothes.

The functioning voice and other physical attributes he had once taken as no more than a matter of course would have made matters easier also.

So, instead, while his young wife was free to make full use of her money and the opportunities it provided; despite her unprepossessing features with their equine cheeks and large teeth, he, a handsome man in his forties, used to the attention beautiful women, was on his knees on a rarely visited African patio; overlooking the ocean in the company of the fearsome and devoted Anobi.

The nineteen-year-old hate-figure in question having being his wife's Senegalese housekeeper from the tender age of twelve and a brute of a girl who had hated him with a passion from the very first moment she had laid eyes upon him. A housekeeper and brute of a girl, moreover, who was now in a position to vent her disapproval, safe in the knowledge her power was total and became secondary only when his *owner* was in residence.

And yet it was as his wife and not *owner* - or "*Master*", as Anobi loved to so describe Ilse - that he thought of her.

Despite everything.

To do otherwise, after all, was to acknowledge what she had done to him and the depths to which he had sank.

"Master Ilse arrive in a few days, Chien-Blanc," reminded the monstrous young woman from the former French colony of Senegal; her copious if obviously feminine bulk a constant form of threat to him now he was so deep within the power ceded to her by "*Ms Ilse*", as she liked to refer to her mistress when not describing her to him as "*Master*".

The excitement in big Anobi's less than cultured or articulate tone was not shared by the white man attached to her by a lead which ran from a heavy steel collar to the