

As promised, Mario let me go three days later. As soon as he did, I went home, took a shower and had the biggest meal I've had in years. After emptying my fridge and cubboards, I took another shower before leaving for a drink.

I went back to the smoking dog and ordered Roger, the 40-ish gorilla bartender, to hand me my personnal bottle and the biggest glass he had. After drinking a good quarter of it, I caught a glimpse of another Spiked bracelet wearer going to the bathroom. I followed him there, grabbed him by his nosering and pulled him down to his kness, assuring me of his full attention and submission. He was massive and strong enough to crush me with one hand or one blow of his fiery breath but he did nothing. He had his reputation but I didn't know it was THAT true. He said nothing while I was telling him what happened this last week between Mario and me.

-... Now that you know what your pal has done to me, you realize what's going to happen Bowser? I said, on the verge of smashing his head through the bathroom sink.

-Yes sir... He said meekly

I slowly let him go. He bent over and opened his cheeks wide. His hole was glistening with lube and he was already getting hard. He was already prepared. I grabbed his tail harshly, pulled it as hard as I could and entered him in one thrust, he howled of pleasure.

-Oh sir! It hurts so good sir!

-You're gonna pay for what he did bitch!

-Yes sir! Punish me sir! Slap me, hit me sir!

I smirked. He really was into that kind of stuff. I gave a couple of slaps on his butt and was about to give him a heavy one when an awful idea suddenly dawned on me.

-... he kidnaped me on purpose, did he? So that I would get angry and take it on you... I said slowly.

-Yes sir... he said shyly. Because you see sir, it's my birthday today and...

-I can't believe it... the bastard...

-Yes sir! He's a bastard, he used you! Break me, break his toy to get at him!

I pulled my cock out, tucked it in my pants and grabbed the handle of the door. Bowser turned and grabbed my arm, about to beg me to stay and finish him. I don't even give him the pleasure of getting hit, I pulled out my gun and set it against his forehead. He backed up without a word and went to sit on the toilet, disapointed.

-Happy Birthday!

I tucked away my gun and left.