

COCO

The plan involved cheating on my wife. I'm not proud of it, but the desires I had developed had overcome my fidelity. I tried to justify it and tell myself that it really wasn't cheating because it was a fetish that might not even involve sex and it was something that she (my wife) would never agree to. Although, I was too embarrassed to tell her anyway.

I started off by just looking. I set up an account on a few free sites and just was a voyeur looking at profiles. Meanwhile, I read story after story about female dominance. Each one more hardcore than the one before it. It became literally all I thought about. I wasn't sure if I would truly like it in person. I embarrassed easily and I was a very proud and in control person. Perhaps, that's why I craved it, but it still scared me to let go of my control. I just wanted to fulfill my desires once a month or so with a safe stranger.

Finally, it became too much to hold back, and I started to contact women on the BDSM dating sites. On about the third question, they would ask me if I was married and I always answered the same way - no. I wasn't going to marry these women, so it didn't seem like it was causing any harm. I refused to put my picture on the profile, and I always used the sites with a VPN to mask my IP address. I was very careful.

At first, I wouldn't even email the women a picture, but after a while I realized that nearly all of them would stop talking to me at that point, so I finally took a good one to send. I figured it was a necessary risk and a minor one. I lived in a heavy populated area and the chances that I

knew one of these women was slim. I had always kept in shape, but in anticipation of meeting a real dominant woman I had begun working out even more religiously. The picture I took had perfect lighting to show my cut body and chiseled face. Not to be cocky but I had been told I was attractive most of my life and I had a small amount of arrogance about it.

It took a while, but I finally found a woman who was decent looking. She wasn't perfect but among the other women who were rarely attractive she stood out. Most of the women I had met were BBW, old or strange. She made no comment on the picture I sent her, but she immediately reciprocated which was a good sign. She was a little older than I would have liked and maybe a little heavier. She wasn't bad. Her waist looked fairly thin, and she had large breasts and wide hips that gave her a very desirable hip/waist ratio. Her face was attractive, but she wouldn't cause heads to spin. Most men would find her desirable but not none would fight too hard to have her. I wouldn't have cheated on my wife with her in a vanilla way, but as a non-professional dominant her attractiveness to me was off the charts. The picture she sent had her lips in a half smile that looked cruel and mocking.

She asked me if I was married, and I immediately said "no." She asked me if I was available for 24/7 total power control. I said "yes" thinking that was what she wanted, and I could always disappear before she demanded that. She asked me a million questions about my life. There were so many that I had trouble lying about all of them. Then, she peppered me with BDSM questions. One after the other. I still had trouble answering these questions because they were embarrassing.

Finally, after asking me a hundred questions she asked me if I was into puppy play. "Would you like to be my doggie? It would be fun to put you on a leash and walk you around the room."

I felt like it would be hard enough to let a strange woman handcuff me or spank me but a dog on a leash...that was really degrading and humiliating. My cock was extremely hard, though. I thought about being completely naked, collared and leashed on all fours. I nearly came thinking about it. It was so embarrassing though. I wondered if I could really go through with it.

I typed, "yes, that would be fun." and hit enter.

Her response was "Friday night. 11:00 PM. Residence Inn. 1011 Main Street."

My heart was beating out of control as I typed, "I will be there."

That week I was jumpy and nervous. The meeting was all I could think about. I had a terrible week at work and made tons of mistakes. I told my wife that I was meeting friends from college Friday night, if she didn't mind. She said "Sure...maybe I'll have girl's night with Sue and Bridget." I was relieved that she had something to do to take her mind off of where I was. Everything was set.

That Friday, I came home from work just as my wife was leaving to have dinner with her friends before drinks. I gave her a kiss and wished her a fun night and had my own dinner. After dinner I shaved and spread Nair on every inch of my body from the neck down. Call me a "metrosexual" but I hated body hair and my wife didn't like it much either. I figured my

new dominant friend would like her submissive man to be hairless. It felt strange to think of myself as submissive, but I pushed away the weirdness...it was just an escape.

I got to the hotel over an hour early and found a local bar to have a drink to relax myself. First, though, I parked my car at a giant superstore a mile down the road at the back of the lot. I didn't want anyone to recognize my car at the hotel or nearby it. It might have been overkill, but I put my wallet under the seat so she couldn't look up who I was when I was tied up. The hotel was completely on the other side of town...around 15-20 miles away from my home but the last thing I needed was someone recognizing my car and telling my wife.

At 10:30, I received a text through Kik. "Room 129. Don't be late." I texted back right away. "I won't."

The walk into the hotel and down the hall was scary. I was walking into the unknown, but it also was exhilarating. I realized that the feeling could become addicting. It was 10:59 when I reached the door, so I knocked immediately. The wait was only 5 seconds but before the door opened my pulse raced even faster and sweat formed on my forehead. The door swung open and there she was...

She was dressed in high heels and a tight black leather dress. Her breasts looked very large, and her ass was a touch larger than I expected. It was round and thick, but not unattractive. Despite its size, it was a very pleasing shape and with her relatively narrow waist, it was a very sexy combination. Her thighs were thick, but once again, not in an unattractive way. She was a lot taller than I expected. With heels she

was a hair taller than me, and I was over 6 feet. I guessed her flat-footed height to be at least 5'-10".

She looked me up and down as if I was a piece of meat. "Come in." she said crisply. She sat on the edge of the bed and beckoned me to stand in the open area between the bed and the window which was approximately 10 feet by 10 feet. I stood in the middle facing her.

"Take your clothes off...all of them." she ordered.

The lights were dim, but I was still nervous. I had never stood naked in front of someone to be appraised like property while they were clothed. It was more than a little mortifying. I followed her orders and dropped my clothes one by one in a pile a few feet away. I paused slightly at my underwear taking another deep breath, but I did it. I was naked and standing there as still as I could be. My cock was rock hard and straight up giving away my feelings. The humiliation was arousing to me and that into itself was humiliating.

She made no comment and gave nothing away about how she felt. "On your hands and knees." she said with the same crisp voice of someone who is used to being obeyed. I went down on all fours. My face felt bright red. She stood up and walked over to me and I stared at the floor trying not to shake. I was so aroused, but this was the first time for me and it was hard to grasp all my feelings. I was breathing very heavily.

Her fingers slid softly along my back causing me to shiver. "Yes," she said softly, "as I expected, you look much better this way. You weren't really meant to stand on two feet. Your place is on the floor beneath me."

I couldn't even speak. My cock was so hard that it almost hurt, and my mouth couldn't form words.

"I've decided to make you my doggie tonight. You look better on all fours so I will keep you on all fours."

I remembered her talking about it in our initial chat and the thought had lingered with me, but I didn't expect it in the first meeting. However, I wasn't mentally powerful enough to resist. My arousal was on another plane at that moment. I wasn't about to defy her anything and risk her leaving.

"Stay completely still and relax. You are not to move. I will move you as I put your doggie gear on." The word gear made me think it was more than the just a collar and leash and although that excited me it sent my heart beating even harder.

She started with a very wide metal collar with a soft rubber interior. The collar went on snug but felt surprisingly comfortable. It covered my entire neck which felt strange and restricting. Next, she picked up one hand and then the other threading a tight, thin, black rubber suit over my hands and then up my arms. It felt disconcerting but I didn't not resist. She pulled the suit up my arms and then over my head and neck like a shirt. She pulled it all the way down my chest, my waist and then stopped to slip my legs through holes in the rubber. It stretched mightily to get my legs through but once it was in place, it constricted and became skintight. My cock and balls were trapped underneath but with some maneuvering she pulled them through a little hole in the rubber. Her hand on my cock almost caused me to cum. Everything was

so heightened. The feeling of her hands on me was electric. She flicked something at my tail bone, and I felt it swing to and fro. It had to be a tail.

When she was through with the suit, I could feel that both my ass and my cock and balls were completely exposed which intensified the embarrassment even more. Next, she slipped some sort of rubber shoes on my feet and put paws on my hands. The paws forced my hands into fists. Inside the paw was a little rubber ball that my hands wrapped around. To my relief the paws weren't on too tight because they rendered my hands almost useless. The thought that I could still wiggle out of them calmed my nerves. The paws felt comfortable despite the position of my hands. The padding was very soft.

She left me for a moment and came back with a dog's head. The head was so realistic that I would have thought she was holding a real severed Labrador head. It was black like the rubber that I was encased in. At the sight of it I almost balked, but she bent down and put her hand on my cock again and slowly rubbed its length, pulling off and starting again at the bottom.

That little caress kept me silent, and I braced for the head. This may have been way too much for my newbie self, but the intensity was so heightened that it overcame any inhibitions. The head was tight, and it took some maneuvering for her to get it in place. As she pushed it in, my teeth came up against something firm and as she pushed it further in, the firmness popped around my teeth encasing them. I could open and close my jaw and by opening it the dog head mouth would also open. Inside the mask there were indentations for my ears and when

they were positioned correctly, I could hear like the mask wasn't even on. My eyes were the only visible part of my face.

When she stood up and looked at me with a smile, I was quivering with both arousal and fear. This suit was humiliating and amazing.

"Almost done." She said and produced some sort of remote control. Her thumb pressed down and instantly the suit went into action. The paws at the wrists tightened and attached with a click to the arm portion of the suit. The rubber shoe type things did the same thing at my ankles. The suit at the edge of the collar and the collar at the edge of the mask attached with a click and then tightened at the same time. The collar constricted and became uncomfortably snug. Suddenly, my ankles were pulled back by a force that attached them to the suit with a click at my hips. The upper and lower half of my legs were pressed against each other forming stubby hind legs. I felt another whirl and movement in my shoulders and hips as the suit seemed to reshape and restrict movement. Lastly, there was a hiss and all of the air was expelled from the suit almost instantly. The thin rubber was now a second skin with no creases or air pockets at all.

This terrifying chain of events occurred in under 3 seconds. I started to speak in panic "I don't..." but an electric shock erupted in my neck that lasted a full 5 seconds and caused me to convulse and shake in agony on the floor.

"Oh sweetie." she said condescendingly. "Don't you know doggies aren't supposed to talk? Your collar was designed to remind you in case you forget. You can bark and whimper and make other doggie sounds, but you can't talk."

I felt pure terror. I tried to reach to my collar to take it off, but my arms wouldn't go much more than 45 degrees up. I tried to pull off the paws, but they were hopelessly locked on. I heard her laughing as I wiggled around. I was engulfed by a panic that made rational thought impossible. The magnets on the suit are amazing, aren't they? One click on the controller activates them and all of the connection points are pulled together. The magnets even turn the latches and lock everything into position. Then, when I turn off the magnets, my doggie is securely locked in. Not even Houdini could break out of this suit I'm afraid."

Still, I tried desperately to find a way out. I was on my side trying to rub the head off on the floor and rubbing one paw on the other when I heard a click. She had snapped a leash on the ring on the back of my collar. I felt the big wide collar close even tighter around my neck and I struggled awkwardly to my feet to avoid the terrifying constriction. The collar seemed to design to constrict when pressure was applied to the rings.

"It's time for you to go to your new home."

It didn't compute. My new home? I was totally confused and terrified. She pulled me across the floor, and I crawled quickly to avoid the feeling of strangulation. When she led me to a crate in the corner that I hadn't noticed, alarms went off in my brain. What the hell was the crate for?

She pulled the side of the crate open, and I realized that it was covering an actual over-sized dog cage with heavy duty steel bars. Maybe she was just going to humiliate me by putting me in a cage? Something just

wasn't right though. Was she trying to take me somewhere? I balked immediately sensing that this was much more than an intense game.

"Come on now. Don't make this more difficult than it needs to be."

I refused to move and tried to move away from the crate, but I was hit with another shock that knocked me to the floor in agony. Tears were streaming out of my eyes and rolling down the mask. I wanted to resist but the shocks were agonizing and there is only so much pain a human being can take. I struggled to my feet and crawled into the cage. She immediately latched it shut with a metallic click. Crouching down she dangled the remote. "I've set your collar to silent and turned up the shock level. Any noise and your collar will give you double the shock you just received." She smiled widely. "Try to relax. We have a long trip ahead."

The cage was shut but she left the front of the crate open and collected her things and mine. My clothes, shoes, and all, went to a trash bag. I watched from the cage still desperately trying to find a way to remove the suit. The feeling was surreal...looking through the little eye holes from a metal dog cage

When she was finished, she crouched down again to the cage. "Right now, my partner is picking up your car from the superstore where you left it. She found your wallet under the seat."

I couldn't believe what she was saying. How did she know?

"You've been a bad boy. You told me you weren't married." she said with a smile. "None of that matters now. By the time, we get to the

farm your car will be destroyed never to be found again. Your clothes, wallet, phone, and keys will be incinerated. All your social media profiles will say that you have gone off the grid to find yourself. Your wife will receive a sweet text before your phone is destroyed. You will say that you accept the fact that she is a lesbian, and you are leaving to find yourself and give her freedom."

She saw the confused look on my face and laughed at me.

"That's right sweetie your wife has been carrying on a lesbian affair behind your back. Isn't it wonderful how easy that makes it for you to disappear? No one will question your disappearance in light of this discovery." Her face looked downright evil. "You were pretty good with the security, but I'm better. I knew exactly who you were within 20 minutes of chatting with you. Most people...even the police won't be able to trace your internet records, but it doesn't matter much anyway. There is very little chance that they will investigate it. Even if they did there is absolutely no chance, they will trace your history to me."

Everything was happening so quickly, and it was hard to fully comprehend all of it, but with each revelation I became more terrified. I was trapped in a humiliating dog suit with my cock and ass exposed and I was in the process of being kidnapped. I suddenly realized I was shaking like a leaf.

"Poor baby." she cooed. "Don't worry, mommy is going to take really good care of her puppy. In time you will realize that becoming my pet was the best thing for you. It's going to be a hard adjustment...I won't deny that, but in time you will except your fate. After all, you don't

have much of a choice. Now, I want you to relax. You have a long trip ahead of you."

She shut the wood front of the crate and I was in total darkness. In a few seconds the crate was rolling like a big luggage bag. I heard the snap of the hotel door shutting and the opening of the metal back door of the hotel. I heard the wheels rolling on concrete and the sound of her trunk opening, then the sound of some sort of lift. I felt her push the crate onto the lift and then the feeling of the lift rising. Finally, I was pushed into her vehicle and the back door shut. It was stop and go for a while and then we were on the freeway.

I finally dropped to the floor of the cage. What the fuck, had just happened to me? This was not what I wanted! Over and over again, I tried to break out of the suit. I tried everything, but nothing gave even slightly. The frustration and desperation were sending me into hysterics. After what had to have been several hours, I finally gave in and rested. I even came close to sleeping a few times.

After what seemed like many hours, the slowing of the vehicle jolted me awake. I heard gravel under the tires and after about ten minutes the road became even more bumpy. After another 10-15 minutes, I heard a garage door opening and then closing behind us. I heard her open her car door and then open the back of the vehicle. My heart was racing so fast that I thought I might pass out. She rolled me onto the lift and then let the lift down and rolled me off. The crate rolled for a while and then I could feel the distinct feeling of an altitude change, like an elevator going down, then more rolling across what felt like concrete underneath the wheels.

Suddenly, bright light flooded into the cage as she opened the crate. She looked at me with a cruel smile. "Good morning, puppy. We are home." She unlatched the cage door. "Come on out, sweetie and see your new home." I walked slowly out with my cock and balls dangling and my ass exposed feeling degraded and humiliated along with the fear of the unknown. "Are you embarrassed?" she said mockingly. "Doggies don't get to hide their little penises or their asses. Your cute little parts will be exposed for anyone to see for the rest of your life, so you better get used to it."

I instantly felt even more self-conscious if that was possible and her words cut through me deeply and I tried to not to have a panic attack. The room was subterranean with cement walls and a hard cement floor, but the area of the basement that I was in had padded squares like you would see at a health club.

"The padded area is where you are allowed to roam. Venture outside of the squares and you will receive a nasty shock in your collar from the invisible fence. This shock will continue until you are back on the squares."

I saw her reach to the ceiling and then pull something down. I heard a click on the back of my collar and then my collar constricted a bit making my already uncomfortable neck even more uncomfortable. "When you are down here you will always be leashed. The leash extends to the end of the squares but there are some areas where you still might be shocked when the leash ends. It's very close. This leash keeps constant pressure on your collar. As you move about the area, the leash will pull out or in always staying taut so you will never trip on it or get tangled in it. It will always be above your head and out of

reach...at least for you. It will follow you everywhere you go keeping your collar nice and snug."

Being leashed was more humiliating than I expected, and the constriction was a constant reminder.

She pulled the travel cage and crate out of the area and into a big closet outside of my restricted area and then pointed out an even larger cage in the corner.

She made me follow her to the cage and go inside. It was really large for a dog cage, but it still felt small, as I turned around, she was closing the door. It made a loud snap sound when it shut. As soon as it closed the leash popped off my collar releasing the constriction. It moved outside the cage on its own. At the same time my ankles were released from their spot on my hips, and I felt intense relief stretching out my legs.

"As you can see when the door closes it releases the leash snap. When the door opens the leash will reattach itself to your collar. You will spend at least 60% of your life leashed and the other 40% in that cage." I looked at her through the cage bars feeling utterly humiliated. "You look so cute in there. My pathetic little puppy." she said with that horrible voice people reserved for dogs. "This is the only time your ankles will not be attached to your hips, so enjoy it while you can."

The thought of spending 60% of my life on a leash and 40% in a dog cage was still bouncing around my brain. She couldn't be that cruel?

"As you can see." she said, pointing out the latch on the cage. This thing is simple to open for a human but impossible for a dog. Once you are placed in your cage, you don't be leaving until I let you." She opened the latch and the leash found the ring on my collar which immediately constricted from the pressure and my ankles shot up and attached themselves to my hips. "Come on out sweetie. I want to get some of your training done before Lindy gets home."

Lindy must have been her partner. The thought of another person seeing me like this was horrifying. I crawled slowly out of the cage and stood before her. My head was a little above her kneecap. Suddenly my collar erupted into a shock, and I writhed on the floor for a full 5 seconds.

"Stand up." she ordered firmly.

I struggled to my paws and stood before her still wincing in pain.

"When I tell you to come, you are to move quickly and obediently." She is a monster I thought and there is nothing I can do about it because of this stupid fucking suit that I just let her put on me like an idiot. "I also want you to be wagging your tail whenever you see me or Lindy. When you are called you will come quickly wagging your tail and eager to please."

Another electric shock ripped through me, and I forgot about the "talk collar" and started to say "Plea...." before getting zapped again.

"Stand up." she ordered again firmly.

I struggled to my feet, desperate to not get shocked again. The feeling was so unpleasant that I would do almost anything to avoid it. I immediately moved my butt side to side to get the tail wagging. I could feel it swinging to and fro.

"That's better. Now let's try that again. Go back in your cage."

I hustled back into the cage and this time when she called me, I moved as quickly as I could and got the tail wagging immediately. I was so humiliated moving my naked butt back and forth.

"Good boy!" she said rubbing behind my ears. "Now, let's try some basic ones"

She ran me through sit, shake, down and rollover. The rollover was awkward, and I felt more exposed doing it but what came next was even worse.

"The next one is **beg**. It's a little different than you think. When I say 'beg' you are to immediately stick your chest on the floor, arch your back and push your butt in the air as high as it will go wiggling it back and forth. Now...beg."

I hesitated for a moment too long think about how horrible that command was, and I paid for it. The shock once again sent me to the floor and from the floor I fought through the pain and got into position pushing butt as high in the air as I could. She walked behind me giggling and put her hand on my ass.

"Oh, that must be so humiliating? It looks like it would be." she said as her fingers moved around my ass. With the dog suit on there was literally nothing I could do to stop her. I was completely, utterly fucked. I had to follow every humiliating command.

"The next one is **submit**" she instructed. "When I say submit you are to get on your back, roll your hips up and spread your legs as wide as they will go. Whomever you are submitting to should be able to see your little privates and have a full view of your asshole.

I couldn't believe my ears, but when she said "submit" I flipped onto my back and assumed the position. If my face had been visible it would have been bright red. Nothing I could dream of would be more humiliating than this.

"Good boy. " She said, rubbing my stomach. To my consternation, my cock was hard as a rock. "You must really like submitting, sweetie." she said laughing at me and put her hand around my cock. "Your little pee-pee is really rigid. That must be really embarrassing." She smiled at me and said, "That's enough for now. Your place to relieve yourself is in the corner. You have two minutes to take care of that and then it's back in your cage. There was a small spot in the corner about a foot lower than the regular floor with a drain. It was a struggle, but I managed to do both. When I got back, she wiped me clean with wet wipes and ordered me back in the cage. I couldn't even wipe my own ass.

I watched her walk up the stairs from my little prison, trying to comprehend my new hell.

The next couple of hours were an emotional roller coaster. Everything had happened so quickly. I wanted to fool around with a dominant woman, not be locked in a terrifying dog suit for life in the most humiliating circumstances imaginable. The frustration just kept building. The suit seemed impregnable. Everything was locked together into one full body suit with the exception of my most intimate areas. Any attempt I made to rub against something or to futilely use the paws to pull was fruitless. The paws were such a small part of the suit but the most devious. All I needed to do was remove the paws and I would find a way to remove the rest of the suit, but that seemed to be impossible. The stubby paws were useless except for crawling. Knowing that just a few pounds of metal and rubber were in the way of my freedom kept eating at me. I was so close to just walking away, but because I was trapped, freedom was impossibly far away.

I was mad at myself too. I tried to put it out of my mind, but I kept reliving the training session the humiliating positions she had me get in. The shocks were awful, I hated the fact that I gave in and just submitted. I felt pathetic. Laying on my back in submit position with my legs wide was a cruel humiliation compounded by her laughter and she expected me to do it again for her friend when she got here.

I looked at the latch to the cage which I had no chance to open but would have taken me 2 seconds with use of my human hands. I could be upstairs and getting revenge but instead I was as helpless as an actual dog. I went from anger to cry to anger again every 30 minutes.

When the lights came on and I heard giggling and the creaking of the stairs, my heart jumped. She was bringing her friend down. I had been defiant sitting in the cage, but now that they were coming, the thought

of being shocked was repulsive. The shocks were not only painful but the extreme discomfort they caused was almost as bad.

She had left one small light on in the basement but as they got to the bottom of the stairs, all the lights were flipped on. Lindy looked to be a few years younger than my captor and a little bit chubbier. She was very pretty but had a cruelty in her eyes that was disconcerting. Especially in my position.

"I have a friend for you to meet!" she said excitedly. The cage door popped open, and my ankles attached to my hips and the leash snapped to my collar constricting its width. I hated the feeling.

I moved as fast as I could to greet them feeling humiliated and ridiculous. Lindy knelt and waiting for me. "Well, aren't you a good boy!" she said condescendingly. She looked up at her friend. "My goodness, Ellie, he is already so obedient." I was moving my butt to keep the tail wagging.

So that was her name, Ellie. "Sit!" she commanded.

I immediately sat staying as still as possible. Sitting exposed my cock and despite my best efforts it grew big and hard.

"Now that you see him, what do you think for a name?"

"Hmmm. I like Sammie or Bailey."

"I like both of those! Cocoa would be cute because he is black." responded Ellie.

Lindy laughed. "Cocoa is perfect!"

I hated the name instantly. It was girl's name, but more than anything it was humiliating to be named at all."

"Cocoa it is!" said Ellie and looked at me. "Do you like your name? Wasn't it nice of us to give you such a pretty name?" They both laughed.

Lindy looked at my hard cock. "You really like your name don't you, Cocoa?"

"Why don't we show Lindy the tricks that you have learned, Cocoa?" said Ellie.

I was so frustrated and desperate to get out of the suit but Ellie and Lindy both had their finely manicured fingers on a remote.

Ellie went through the progression, and I followed her commands obediently. When she got to beg I fought back tears and put my ass high in the air and my chest on the floor. I moved the tail to and fro shaking my butt. Lindy walked behind to watch while she giggled.

"Now, submit for Lindy!" said Ellie proudly.

I flipped over and exposed everything with my legs wide apart for Lindy. She had a huge smile, but she zapped me with a shock.

"I can't see your asshole, Cocoa. I need to be able to see all of your privates at the same time to truly know you are submitting."

Crying in pain and humiliation, I stretched my legs as wide as I could apart and put my knees back further.

"Much better," she said crouching down in front of me. Her index finger moved along between my butt cheeks and across my hole. There couldn't be anything more humiliating than this I thought as she continued up and to my balls. "Your little asshole is so small, Cocoa. You must be a virgin. And your little balls and cock are so cute. They are just adorable." She lightly traced her index finger up my testicles to the base of my cock.

Her hips were up against me now and she was starring down at me. "So pathetic." she mocked. "Already a submissive little puppy willing to do anything for me aren't you, Cocoa?"

I stared up at her trying my best not to cum and give her the satisfaction of making fun of me.

"I can't even imagine how you feel right now. After all, you just let Ellie do this to you. You let a complete stranger trick you into a lifetime of humiliation and bondage. You walked right into it. I wish I could have been there to see your reaction when the suit was activated. So priceless." she said with joy. "Ellie told me you wiggled around in such a panic."

Her finger was on the head of my cock now. Despite my hatred for her, I couldn't have been harder.

"Because of that one mistake you will never again know the feeling of not being leashed or caged. You will never talk again, and you will never walk on two legs. You will crawl around on the floor looking up at your superiors...your owners...hoping they feed you and they won't punish you or humiliate you. You will live in a dark basement hoping that we will take the time to come see you. Every time we introduce someone to you, you will be required to take the submissive position for them showing them your adorable, little penis and asshole."

She was lightly moving her soft hands up and down my cock now with a knowing look on her face. "I think maybe we should have called you Bitch instead of Cocoa." They both laughed at that. "What kind of man lets two girls do this to him? So, frustrating for you. A big strong man and there is nothing you can do about this...absolutely nothing you can do to stop us. You will just have to spend the rest of your life lamenting that one little mistake that brought you here."

Ellie was at my side now watching Lindy humiliate me.

"I can't imagine assuming a position like you are now. So pathetic on your back with your legs spread like that. We spend all our lives hiding our private parts from the world, but you don't have that luxury. You will spend your life exposing them for whomever is in the room. Did you know that your suit isn't even locked on? All you need are fingers to release yourself. The suit was designed to only open to human hands. You see dogs can't push a 1/4-inch-wide knob exactly halfway down and then turn the knob 120 degrees against a tension spring and align the dot on the knob exactly with a dot on the base then pull straight up to remove, but humans can. Humans can do it quite easily. I

want you to think of that tonight when you are lying in your little cage and staring at your useless little paws. Your freedom is so close, but there isn't a thing you can do about it."

Ellie had cruel grin on her face. She was enjoying her friend's words immensely.

"No matter how long you look at the paws they won't help you, you will just have to wake up in the morning and follow commands with absolutely no control of your life when freedom is just a twist and pull away."

I could feel the orgasm building deep inside. It was red hot and rising quickly desperate to find a way out. When I imagined being dominated, it wasn't this severely and it ended with me going home afterwards. Sure, it aroused me, but this is not what I wanted. Until you experience what it feels like to be aroused and desperate, panicked and humiliated all at the same time, there is no way to understand. I was staring at an awful life of bondage and yet about to explode into orgasm.

"Look at you." she said mockingly. "Are you really going to cum in that humiliating position showing us your privates? You must like being a dog."

I exploded into an orgasm that sent cum everywhere. I didn't think it was possible to orgasm as hard as I did. The women broke into laughter.

"Such a poor, pathetic, little doggie. Maybe we should fuck his little hole next time to see if he really is a bitch?" said Ellie.

"But if he ends up being a bitch, we would need to give him an operation to make him look correct." said Lindy with mock sadness and they both broke into laughter.

"Can you imagine how humiliating it would be for him to have to get into submit position and show us a pussy and breasts?" said Ellie giggling.

After what they had already done to me it was hard to know if they were joking. But I was so terrified that I almost peed on the floor.

"The point is," Lindy said looking right at me. "We can do whatever we want to you anytime we want to do it and there isn't a thing you can do about it. You are just a pathetic little pet who exists for our pleasure...no matter what that pleasure is."

I was in hell.

"Up boy!" said Ellie. "Let's get you cleaned up."

I jumped to my feet and Ellie grabbed the leash over my head and directed me to a large stationary tub in the corner. The stationary tub was built into the floor. "Don't worry, the shock collar automatically turns off when the water is running." said Lindy sitting on the edge while she watched Ellie lather me up. "I like to keep my puppies clean." said Ellie as she thoroughly cleaned my cock and balls and then moved to my ass. She lingered there quite a while, sticking her finger into my asshole.

"I think the little bitch likes that, Lindy."

"I think so too." said Ellie giggling. "You know he is black, and Cocoa is brown, but I still like it."

"I think we keep it. It just fits him. However, I think we should spell it Coco."

"Perfect!"

Ellie dried me off and yanked on my leash, chocking me as I jumped out of the tub. I hated that feeling.

"I bet that leash is annoying." said Ellie as if she was reading my mind. "I think it's necessary so you are constantly reminded of what you are now...a pet who can't even wash himself or wipe his own ass. The constant pressure constricting on your neck can be increased if you aren't a good boy. It's on pressure level 1 right now and it goes all the way up to 10. In you go." she said when we reached the cage. "It has been a long night and I need a nap. I can't wait to stretch out in my nice comfy bed. I will be thinking of you in your little cage."

Ellie went up but Lindy lingered. "Why such sad puppy dog eyes, Coco? Don't you like your new owners? Remember this is what you wanted, you just let Ellie put the suit on you and lock you in. I bet you wish you could go back in time and play that one differently." she said laughing. "I know puppies get sad when their owners leave, so don't cry when I'm gone. It might get a little boring just laying your tiny cage. Here's a chew toy to keep you busy. She put a little dog squeak toy through the

bars. Remember, Coco, no matter how bad you think things are they can always be worse."

With that she sauntered out of the room and shut the lights out. Just a dim light in the middle of the room remained. I cried for at least an hour...wracked with sorrow for everything I had lost.

I woke up the next morning disoriented until I realized with horror where I was, and yesterday's nightmare came back to me. When Ellie arrived in the basement, I was extremely mad and ready to rebel, but all it took was one shock when I didn't come to her quick enough and I was back to following direction quickly and as well as possible.

After she put me through the different commands, she had me sit in front of her. "I have a surprise, Coco!" She showed me a 2 by 2-inch name plate that said "Coco" in cursive. The lettering was pink and had silver sparkles blinging it out. She used a screwdriver to take a blank plate off the front of my collar and replace it with the "Coco". "Such a cute name! It just fits you, Coco." she said joyfully.

I was thankful I couldn't see it. It was girly and humiliating, but compared to the rest of my situation, it was just one of many humiliations I had to endure.

She fed me water and actual dog food. I nearly gagged on it at first, but I was so hungry that I ate every bite. She watched me relieve myself and then cleaned my ass with a wet wipe. Finally, she put me back in the cage. She couldn't have been downstairs for more than 20 minutes.

As the days went by, I spent a lot of time in that cage. It was big for a dog cage but still an extremely small space. There was nothing to do but look at the simple clasps that held me in bondage. Clasps that could be opened with human hands in a matter of seconds, but that I had no chance to manipulate with the paws locked over my real hands. I could see the clasps in the wrist areas of my paws, but I could only look at them.