

## “My life in a Cage” by “Tweak”

My name is “tweak” and I am being commanded by my Mistress Madam L. to write you this story. She has given me the name “tweak” because it stands for “tit-warming-eager-ass-kisser”. I asked, begged, Madam L. to take complete control of my life for many months and one evening she decided that my request would be granted. As she began that fateful night she whispered into my ear, “You should always be careful what you wish for. You may find that having is not so pleasing a thing, after all, as wanting!” It was an ominous warning and my life, or rather the life that was mine and is now hers, will never be the same. Here is my story.

Lori and I have been married for a year. For months I have been trying to get Lori to be the true Dominatrix. She has in the past tied me up and spanked me, but I knew her heart was never completely into it. She would hit me with a homemade whip I made from leather shoe laces, but the whipping always stopped well before I hit my threshold. One day I was so frustrated that I just said to her, “Lori, don’t you know that I have been longing my entire adult life to be someone’s slave, to be completely under their control? I want to be told when to stand, when to sit, when to speak, when to go to the bathroom, when to talk, when to look – I want to be made to do things I would never do on my own.”

“I have tried John to be dominant, but I don’t know if I have it in me to do what you really want,” Lori said.

“Why is it so hard for you,” I asked.

“Because I don’t want to hurt you. Whenever I start to hit you hard or try to be mean you give me those sad puppy dog eyes and I just have to stop,” she said.

“Don’t you know that is part of my fantasy?” I said. “I want to try to stop you with my witty remarks and sad eyes, but I want you to say to me, ‘That won’t work! I don’t care how much you cry, beg or scream I am going to make you do whatever I want!’”

“Do you really, truly want me to take control and not give you any say in what happens no matter what?” she asked.

“There is nothing better I would enjoy in the whole world,” I said with a joy that went to the depth of my soul. “I have been keeping a diary in my bottom drawer describing my perfect fantasy.”

Several weeks had gone by since we had that conversation and I was beginning to resign myself to the fact that Lori just didn’t have it in her to be the sort of Mistress I wanted and needed. I own my own business, and I am well off financially. I often must travel in my line of work. I had been gone on business for a week and I came home from the airport around 3:00 in the afternoon. I walked into the house and said, “Lori, I’m home”. I didn’t hear any response. I walked throughout the house looking for her and when I walked into the bedroom I saw a note on the bed that said,

“Welcome home ‘tweak’.

That will be your name from now on.

If you know what is good for you, and I am sure you don’t, you will follow my instructions: get undressed, take a shower, and come down into the basement naked.

Your Mistress Madam L.”

I could not believe my eyes. Lori had never done anything like this before. In the past I had to be the one to initiate any domination role playing. I was excited. I thought to myself that this was progress and I

wondered how far she was willing to take this game. I did as instructed and walked down into basement.

When I got to the bottom of the stairs I saw the door leading to the back room standing open with a light coming from it. As I walked through the door my heart almost stopped. What used to be a 16'x 20' bare room was now transformed into a dungeon beyond my wildest dreams. Lori was sitting on a chair, or should I say throne, that was against the back wall. She was dressed like the dominatrix I always dreamed about. In her leather outfit with whip in hand she looked like she meant business. She looked like she wasn't playing, but that this was for real.

As I began to collect my senses I looked around the room and saw devices I had only previously seen in bondage magazines. There was stockade, a bondage table, a cross, numerous whips, chains, hoods, gags and other instruments of the trade. And in the corner was something I thought I would never see – a metal cage! I had always dreamed about being locked in cage and hearing the 'click' of the lock as I stared out helplessly from behind the bars. The cage was about 4' long, 3' wide and 3' high. And the bars were about 1" thick and were spaced about 4" apart. A person put in there would stay in there until someone let them out.

After I recovered from all this I began to say, "What is all ..." "Whack!"

Lori had approached me and hit me hard with her whip across my thigh. "Silence!" she demanded. "From now on I will speak, and you will listen. Is that clear," she asked.

"Yes." I replied.

"Whack, Whack".

“Don’t you know how to properly address your Madam?” she said.  
“This is the fantasy you have been waiting for your whole life, isn’t it”

“It is” I said.

“Whack, Whack, Whack” Each blow was harder than the one before it.

“I see what you are trying to do.” she said. “You want me to ‘make’ you address me properly, don’t you? I don’t think that will be a problem. After today there will be no more problems. You will come to realize in a hurry, or at least for your sake I hope you do, that I am in charge. But then, again, why do I care if you are a quick learner or a slow learner? I am not the one who will be disciplined.”

“Turn around ‘tweak’,” she commanded. “Tweak will be your new name from now on for I think it fits you very well. It stand for ‘tit-warming-eager-ass-kisser’. Do you like it?”

“Yes, Madam L,” I said with a sense of smugness on my face for having addressed her properly.

She caught my sly look and said, “You don’t get it yet, but you will. You think you’re cute with your laid back attitude and smug posture but all that will change – in fact it is changing as we speak. Turn around and put your hands behind your back,” she said with an authority I had never heard before. I quickly did as I was told and I felt a pair of handcuffs securing my wrists tightly.

“Tweak, you are now mine,” she said. “There is no escape. Life as you once knew it is now over. I hope you really believed everything you told me several weeks ago for you are now going to live your fantasy.”

After saying that she quickly looped a leash around my balls and tugged until it was tight. I felt a chill go down my spine. She led me over to the stockade and put my head into the center hole and then locked the top

in place. She then wrapped a rope around my bound wrists and looped it through a ring secured to the ceiling. She tugged on the rope so my hands were raised a foot above my back. She then secured my ankles to the base of the stockade spreading them apart about 3'. I had never been so vulnerable in my life.

“You may have noticed, tweak,” she began “that this room is no longer the way you remembered it. I have made a few changes, or should I say 3 very wonderful gentlemen made changes for me. Oh, by the way are you comfortable?”

“Whack”

“When I ask you a question I expect an answer immediately. Are you comfortable?”

“Yes, Madam L.”

“Good,” she said “now back to what I was saying. The floor has been carpeted, the walls have been sound proofed and all the equipment you now see is real and of the highest quality. This little ‘project’ cost you \$20,000, I hope you did not mind.”

“I will now commence your training,” she said with a sinister smile upon her face. “In a little bit you will be put into your cage. I know you can’t wait for that to happen, can you, tweak?”

“No Madam L. I cannot. I very much look forward to a long time in my cage.”

“I was counting on you saying that,” she said. “To begin we are going to play a little game, the first of many. I am going to take a whip and beat your ass until you beg me to stop. For each hit you endure without begging me to stop I’ll let you spend an hour in your cage. If you last

ten hits you'll get 10 hours. If you only can endure 4 then you only get 4 hours. Is that clear, tweak?"

"Yes, Madam L.," I said. This was a dream come true. I couldn't wait to be confined in my cage. I steadied myself to accept her first blow.

"Tweak, count as we go along," she commanded. "And thank me for each one."

Whack. "One. Thank you, Madam L."

Whack. "Two. Thank you, Madam L."

Whack. "Three. Thank you, Madam L."

These were no love taps she was giving me. After I reached ten she told me that she was just beginning. All I could think about, however, was how many hours I would get locked in my cage.

"Tweak, we are now going to up the ante if you don't mind." From the corner of my eye I saw her pull out a small block of ice from a bucket and I quickly broke into a cold sweat. "Was it you tweak, who told me that if you iced someone's ass and then hit them that it would hurt a lot more?"

Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Did you forget my rule about answering my questions without hesitation?"

"Yes, Madam L. I did forgot. I am sorry. It was me who told you about the ice."

"Tweak I thought you would learn more quickly. But don't worry I won't give up on you – ever!" she said with that sinister smile. She began to rub the block of ice on my already red ass. She kept this up until I felt

numb. “We are now ready to begin again” she announced . “Let’s see, we were at 10. Those four you received for not answering my question obviously do not count.”

Whack!

“Ahhhh” I screamed. I was not at all prepared for such an intense sting.

“Poor tweak,” Madam L. cooed. “It’s a shame that that one did not count. You didn’t say ‘eleven’ and you forgot to thank me. We can’t start breaking the rules now, can we?”

“No, Madam L.” I hurriedly said.

“That’s good tweak. Remember this is no longer about what you want. You are now being controlled by me –and I decide everything for you. Now let’s begin again.”

Whack! “Eleven. Thank you, Madam L.”

Whack! “Twelve. Thank you, Madam L.”

On the 21st one I screamed, “Please Madam L. I can’t take it anymore. Please stop.”

“What’s wrong Tweak? Don’t you want to spend a whole 24 hours in your cage”

“I do Madam L., but I can’t take the pain anymore.”

“Tweak, Tweak. What am I going to do with you? You say you want to spend an entire day in your cage and yet you don’t want 4 more strokes. Well I am going to make it easy for you. You don’t have to decide ever again. Don’t you remember? I am now making all of your decisions for you. And Isay you will beg me for the last four, is that clear?”

“Yes, Madam L. May I please have 4 more stokes”

Whack! “You call that begging? Tweak do you think I am only talking to hear myself talk? When I tell you to do something you better damn well do it? When I say beg, I mean beg. This is what I want, not what you want.”

“Pleeeeeease! Pleeeeee Madam L. Please whip me 4 more times”

Whack! “Twenty-one. Thank you, Madam L.,”

Whack! “Twenty-two. Thank you, Madam L.,” After this one I literally began to cry out loud.

“What are you doing Tweak?”

“I am crying Madam L. It hurts so bad.”

“Did I tell you Tweak that you could cry?”

“No. Madam L.,” I said as I fought back my tears.

“Tweak, let’s see – what is that phrase that you said your parents used to say when you were a child? I remember now; ‘If you don’t stop crying, I’ll give you something to cry about’. I don’t know if they meant it, but I sure as hell do! If you want to cry then you’ll have to ask my permission first. Is there anything you want to ask me tweak?”

“Madam L. may I pleeeeee cry? Please let me?”

“Only little children cry Tweak. If you want to cry then you better ask me like a child.”

“Mama, it hurts. I have a big boo boo and I have to cry. Pwease let your little tweaky cry.”

“Okay little tweaky I’ll let you cry.”



Whack! Whack! Whack! After Madam L. finished her 24th stroke I was truly wailing like a baby.

“Tweak, you now get to go to your cage.” At last I was going to get my reward, or so I thought. “Before I let you go, though, I am going to put these nipple clamps on you.” She applied the clamps quickly to each nipple, and I felt as though I were on fire. “Tweak, I won’t take these off until you are in your cage. These will give you incentive to move quickly. There is also one more thing I must do before I release you.” I could hardly think straight from the pain inflicted on my ass and nipples.

“Tweak, I can’t help but notice that your dick is hard. Ordinarily I would not be surprised by that except for the fact that you told me only moments ago that you were a little baby. Now babies don’t have hard dicks, do they tweak?”

I couldn’t believe my ears. I knew at once what Madam L. was thinking. She had every intention of draining him before I was placed in my cage. She knew perfectly well that my fantasies were exciting while I was hard, but that as soon as I came I wanted them to end. I couldn’t face the idea of being locked in a small cage for 24 hours without being horny

Whack! “Did you forget our rule? I asked you a question, Do babies have hard dicks?”

“No. Madam L.”

“Obviously my whipping you for not answering in a timely fashion is not working.” As she said this she removed the nipple clamps, and before I could fully register that pain, she put them back on in the opposite direction. Now I was fighting back the tears once again.

“Tweaky, I am going to help you out. I am going to take away that hard dick for you if you beg me to.” I could hardly hear her words for I was

engulfed in pain. “Tweaky, I want you to beg me to get rid of that hard dick.”

“Pleeease Madam L. Pleeease help tweaky to get rid of his hard dick.” I could not believe those words were coming from my mouth.

“Okay, Tweaky. Madam L. will help you.” As soon as she finished saying this she began to pump him furiously. It wasn’t long before I was ready to explode. I did not relish the thought of spending a day in that cage having just come, but I was also dying to explode.

“Tweaky, there is one more thing I want you to do. You weren’t very good tonight. You did not always obey me. I don’t think you deserve to come in a pleasurable way. I want you to beg me to make you tell me right before you come so I can take my hand away and deny you the pleasure of enjoying your orgasm. Is that clear Tweaky? If it is then do what I asked.

“Pleeease Madam L. Pleeease make me tell you right before I come so you can take your hand away. Tweaky doesn’t deserve to have a ‘good’ come tonight.”

“Okay Tweaky, you convinced me. You have my permission to tell me to stop right before you come. And God help you if you don’t”

With that she began to pump vigorously. After a few moments I was near the brink. Every ounce of my being wanted to explode but for the first time in our relationship I knew she was not kidding. After a few more moments I screamed, “Pleeeeee Madam L. stop! I can’t take it anymore.”

With that she removed her hand and placed an object I could not see under my pulsating dick. I began to shiver and all at once I exploded. She held that thing under my dick until every last drop drained. I

was now frustrated, humiliated, tired and still in pain. The clamps hurt more than ever now that I had come.

“Tweak, I know you want to get loose, but that won’t happen. Don’t even give me those sad eyes if you know what is good for you.” Madam L. undid the rope holding my wrists up and she opened the top of the stockade freeing my head. She then led me by my balls to my new home. This wasn’t really necessary for I wanted to move as quickly as I could to get those damned clamps off.

“Tweak, you may now go into your new home.” I got to my knees and crawled through the door of the cage. After I got through, and before I could turn around, I heard the steel clang of the door closing and then I heard the click of the lock. As I turned around and saw Madam L. through the bars of my new home I realized what she had said earlier when she reminded me that “you may find that wanting is not always so pleasing a thing as having.”

Madam L. removed the clamps and massaged blood back into my collapsed nipples. I thought I would die from the pain. She then removed the leash from my balls.

“Tweak, do you wonder where your come went?”

“Yes I do, Madam L.”

“Well here it is,” she said as she produced a baby bottle. “You had quite a load for a little baby. I hope you don’t have to come again. Every time you come while you are in your cage it will be into this bottle. And any come you have in this bottle at the end of your 24 hours will be your first meal. Let’s see if you have to come again.”

Madam L. began to stroke my cock again and it wasn’t long until it was rock hard. “Does baby tweaky have another hard on?”

“Yes. Madam L.”

“You know what you have to do, don’t you. Don’t make me tell you.”

I immediately knew what I had to do. “Madam L. please help tweaky to get rid of his hard dick. And please make me tell you right before I come.”

“Ok Tweaky, since you begged so nicely I’ll help you come and I’ll let you beg me to stop right before he explodes.”

After a couple of minutes I was begging Madam L. to please stop. I again came in the baby bottle. I thought I was drained before, but now I was completely spent. I did not want to be in this cage any longer and I wanted the ‘game’ to end. But Madam L. knows me too well.

“Tweak, I know what you are thinking. I know you want to get out, but don’t you see there is no ‘getting out’? You are mine. This is no longer a game. I control you. I control when you are punished, how you are punished, if you can cry and how you will come. Tweaky I am now going to go upstairs and lie down. I want you to stay in your cage and think about your new home and your new life. And don’t you dare come! I have a camera in the corner and will be taping your every action. I will be back every 4 hours to see if your dick needs to be drained. Is that clear?”

“Yes. Madam L.”

“Before I leave I want you to be able to see the man, the “baby” you have become.” She placed a large mirror on the wall opposite my cage. “As I leave to go to bed I want you to beg to kiss my ass hole good night.”

“Madam L. May I please kiss your ass hole. Please let me kiss it good night.”

"You may, Tweak." With that she backed her ass near to my cage and gently moved the leather panty covering her ass hole. I gave it a long kiss.

"Tweak I think I am going to like this new arrangement. I hope you do. I'll see you in four hours!" With that she left the room and slammed the door shut.

What have I gotten myself into I thought as I tried to get comfortable in my new home for the next 24 hours.

As I laid there, trying to get as comfortable as I could with my hands still bound behind my back and confined in such a tight space, I wondered how this all happened. Did I really do this to myself? Is Madam L. really going to control my life from now on? And I knew that the answer to both of those questions was a resounding "Yes". I had no idea what time it was for there were no clocks in the dungeon. There were also no windows so I would not even be able to tell when dawn arrived. Time passed very slowly. I had dreamed of being confined in a cage for years, but not like this. I was now very, very sore and worst of all I had no desire to continue with this fantasy. When Madam L. drained me that second time she also drained my fantasy. I was now forced to live out a fantasy I did not want.

After what seemed like days I heard the door to the dungeon open. Madam walked in looking refreshed after her nap. I watched her as she sauntered over to my cage. When she reached the cage she snapped her finger once. I looked at her quizzically.

"Tweak," she said, "this is the first command I want you to commit to memory. From now on whenever I snap my fingers once I want you to get down on your knees and bow before your Madam L. If I snap my fingers a second time I expect you to give my ass a long and loving kiss.

Is that understood?"

"Yes, Madam L."

"Let's try this again, shall we?" She again snapped her fingers and I quickly took my humble position. And as before, she backed her ass near to my cage and gently slid her leather panties to the side revealing her ass hole. This completed, she snapped her fingers again. I pushed my face as far through the bars as I could and gave her ass hole a long and tender kiss. When she was satisfied she pulled away and adjusted her panties.

"Tweaky is there anything you would like to ask me?"

I had dreaded this moment for the past 4 hours but I knew what I must do. "Yes, Madam L. Will you please drain my dick and make me tell you right before I come so that I won't experience any pleasure."

"Yes, tweak I will help you drain your dick and I expect you to tell me before you come."

As it happened before, she pumped my cock until I begged her to stop, at which time she emptied another, unsatisfying load of my cum, into the baby bottle.

When finished she put the top on the bottle and snapped her fingers. I assumed the position and waited for the second snap. I could not believe that I was bowing before my once timid wife waiting to hear her merely snap her fingers in command. I felt like "Pavlov's dog" being conditioned. When I heard that second snap I kissed her as I did before.

"Tweak, be sure to stay put and rest up. I will be back in 4 hours."

As I watched her walk out door and saw the door shut behind her I knew that this was going to be a long, long 24 hours.

When Madam L. returned the second time I was both dreading and longing for her return. I was dreading the inevitable "milking", but I needed her help to go to the bathroom. It had now been over 10 hours since I last went.

The door finally opened - "Snap". I assumed my position. "Snap". I kissed her ass. I again begged her to milk me and deny me any pleasure in the process.

"Tweak, is there anything you wish to ask me before I leave again?"

"Yes, Madam L. May I please go to the bathroom?"

"Tweak, that may prove to be a little difficult. You can't leave your cage for at least another 16 hours and you can't even touch him with your hands behind your back. But don't worry, I told you I would make your decisions for you."

After she said that she went to a set of drawers against the fall wall and came back with a Diaper! And not only was it a diaper, but it was hot pink with little yellow stars.

"Tweak, since you are a 'baby' I see no reason why you shouldn't be allowed to wear a diaper if you beg me for it."

I thought I was humiliated before, but now I was sinking to a new low, and yet I knew what I had to say and do.

"Madam L. will you please let your poor little baby wear a diaper?"

"Yes, tweaky I will grant you this privilege. I want you to be still as I put it on you. Lay on your back." I did this quickly. She then reached through the bars and once again attached the dreaded nipple clamps. This time there was a string connected to each. She pulled each string to the bars at the top of the cage and tied them off. I could not move

without inflicting much pain. "Tweaky, these will keep you still. And they will assure you will cooperate, for they won't come off until I have your diaper on."

I did not move an inch as Madam L. positioned the diaper in place. When she was finished she removed the clamps and stepped back to admire her handiwork.

"Tweaky, I want you to know that these are diapers just like babies wear. I hope you noticed the little yellow stars. These will stay bright yellow if you stay dry. If you wet in your diaper the little stars will fade away and tweaky will be sad. So try to be a 'big boy' for mama and keep your little diaper dry." "Snap" I assume the position. "Snap" I kiss her ass.

After Madam L left I looked into the mirror and could not believe the image I was seeing. Here I was, a grown man, and owner of a very successful business, sitting in a cage wearing a pink diaper trying not to lose my little yellow stars. I felt the urge to come for as long as I could, but eventually I had to pee. It is such a strange feeling to pee in your pants. After I relieved myself I looked down and saw that all my little yellow stars were gone. I knew Madam L. would be disappointed. And I also knew that I would have to sit in a wet diaper until she returned.

The door finally opened again. "Snap" I assumed the position. "Snap" I kissed her ass.

"Tweaky, what happened to all your pretty little stars? Did baby have a little accident? Were you a bad little boy? And talk like a baby to answer me?"

"Yes, mama. Tweaky went wee wee."

"That's ok, I'll make things better." And as before she had me lay on my back as she re-attached the nipple clamps and secured the strings to



the bars at top. She removed my diaper, powdered my ass, applied lotion and put on a new diaper. "There, tweaky. All done. Does that feel better?"

"Yes, Madam L. it does." And the strange thing about it was that it did feel a whole lot better. I could not believe that I was literally happy to be in a dry diaper - the wet one was driving me crazy.

"Tweaky, I hope you can do better this time. Madam wants to see those pretty little yellow stars when she returns. If you can't show me how big you can be you'll never get your 'big girl' panties. And you do want those, don't you."

"Yes, Madam L. I hope to one day wear my 'big girl' panties."

"Snap" I assumed the position. "Snap" I kissed her ass.

After she left I once again saw myself in the mirror. I cried once again when I realized that the brightest hope of my future was to one day wear "big girl" panties.

"Snap" I assume the position. "Snap" I kiss her ass.

"Tweaky, let Madam see your diaper. You are such a 'big girl'. I can see all your pretty yellow stars. Madam is so proud of you. I have a special surprise for you being so big today." Madam proceeded to pull a pink "binky" from behind her back. "Open your mouth like a big boy."

I opened my mouth and began to suck on my new toy. As I did so Madam L. just looked at me and smiled for she knew I was dying on the inside.

"Madam also has a couple of other surprises for you as well. I have some ribbons and bows for your hair and a pair of earrings. Lay on your back so I can put your nipple clamps on."

Before I even knew what I was doing I dropped the binky from my mouth and began to plead with Madam L. "Pleeeeeease don't put those clamps back on. I promise not to move."

"Snap" I assumed the position.

"Tweak, why are you talking? Did I give you permission to talk?"

"No, Madam L."

"Did I give you permission to take the binky out of your mouth?"

"No Madam L. I am sorry."

"I am sure you are sorry, but not as sorry as you are going to be. Don't you remember that I am the one in complete control? That is what you have been begging me to do for months and I intend to do it. I couldn't care less what you want. Of course, you wouldn't move if I didn't put those clamps on, but I want them on anyway. Do you have a problem giving me what I want?"

"No, Madam L."

"Tweak, raise your head and stick out your tongue." As I did this she presented me a very small bar of soap. "Suck on this until it dissolves."

I have never had my mouth washed out with soap before, but I assure you it is not a pleasant experience.

"Tweak, do you realize what you are doing? You are sucking on a piece of soap because I told you to. I am making you wash your mouth out with soap. Here I am 5'5" and 125 lbs; and there you are 6' 1" and 200 lbs. and I am making you live in a cage, wear a diaper, come in a bottle and suck on soap. And you thought by telling me 'no' that you would be some type of macho man. You aren't a macho man, you are not even a 'big girl, but a little baby that has to learn not to talk back to an adult."

When I finished the soap she ordered on my back and she placed the nipple clamps in place. She put yellow and pink bows in my hair and on my pubic hair. They also had pictures of "barney" on them. She placed the snap-on earrings in place. She released the clamps and stood to admire her work.

She did not forget to milk me as before.

"Snap" I assumed the position. "Snap" I kissed her ass.

She placed the binky back in my mouth. "I want you to keep it there until I take it out. You only seem to get in trouble when you talk. This way you can't talk. See you in four hours tweaky."

It seems hard to believe that my life has change so much in only a little over 12 hours.

I must have fallen asleep for I did not hear Madam L. open the door and "snap" her fingers. I awoke to a sharp tug on my balls. As I felt the pain I immediately dropped my binky and let out a scream - "owwww"!

"Tweaky, why are you talking if you are supposed to have a binky in your mouth and why haven't you assumed the position?"

I was still in a daze not quite realizing where I was or who was talking to me.

"Tweaky, have you also decided not to answer when spoken to? Have you forgotten everything I have tried to teach you?"

"No, Madam L. I have not forgotten."

"Then you are willfully disobeying me tweak?"

"No Madam L. I would never do that."

"Tweak, have you ever heard of the '3 strikes and you're out' rule when it comes to criminals?"

"Yes, Madam L"

"Well, tweak you are out on strikes. 1) You took your binky out; 2) You did not assume the position and 3) You did not answer my question immediately. And since I am the Judge and Jury in this case I sentence you to a severe flogging and an indefinite sentence in your cage."

"Madam L. I am sorry. Pleeease forgive me."

"Tweak, you stupid fool. You just added to your punishment. Now assume the position so I can put on your nipple clamps."

I quickly did as I was told and laid on my back while Madam L. attached the instruments of torture. When these were in place she opened the door to my cage and led me to stockade. Once again, my head was placed inside and my hands were raised high above my back exposing my ass.

"Tweaky, where are your little stars? Did you wet your pants again?"

"Yes, Madam L."

"Well, maybe it's my fault pushing you to be a little baby too soon. From now on until I say otherwise you will be a little puppy dog. This means you will not speak at all. If I ask you a question you will answer like a dog. One 'wuff' for no and two 'wuffs' for yes. Is that understood?"

"Wuff, wuff."

"Good boy. Now let's begin."

Madam took the first few minutes icing my ass to make it good and cold and then she began with the cat-o-nine tails. After the 10th hit I screamed - "Owww"

"Tweaky, what are you doing? Dogs don't say 'ow' only humans do that. If you want to make noise, then whine or whimper like a dog. Is that understood?"

"Wuff, wuff"

Madam then switched to a riding crop and after a few hits I began to whimper but when the pain became too great I started to say "ow" again.

"Tweaky, you are not a human and I will not let you pretend you are. If you can't sound like a dog, then don't sound like anything at all." With that Madam L. told me to open my mouth into which she inserted a ball gag. This was very effective and terrifying.

Madam L. continued to whip me for another 10 minutes. I was crying in the gag to have her stop, but she could not make out my pleas. I was really hurting but I was completely helpless.

Madam finally stopped her assault and released me from my restraints and led me back to my cage. I was happy to be back, for inside at least I was safe from her whip.

When I was safely locked away Madam L. told me that before she took off the nipple clamps she wanted to put some "paws" on my hands. I quickly stayed still while she did it for my nipples were killing me. With the paws in place she removed the handcuffs and took off the clamps.

"Tweaky, you now have your hands free, but you will find out that they aren't much good without fingers and thumbs." The "paws" kept me from using any of my fingers.

"Tweaky I will leave you now. I have to go out and get some things taken care of. Don't worry, I'll be back eventually. Here is the key to your cage. I'll put in the lock. I'll give you one last chance to back out of your offer of me taking complete control. If you want out just turn the key and open the door and life will go back to the way it was. If you are still here when I return, then I'll assume this is what you want from now on"

"Snap" I assume the position. "Snap" I kiss her ass.

As she leaves and closes the door I realize that my escape is only inches away but with my hands confined the keys are out of my grasp. I lay in my cage and begin to whine.

"Snap" I assume the position. "Snap" I kiss my Madam's ass.

"Tweaky, can I assume that you want the present situation to continue?"

"Wuff, Wuff" I had no choice but to answer "yes" for I was trapped. The paws were locked in place and there was no way that I could use them to turn the key in the lock.

"Tweaky, I thought after experiencing everything I have done to you these past 24 hours that you would have wanted to end this 'game', but what do I know? I suppose you are more stupid than I thought. Well, it's your life - or at least it was. Now it's mine! I own you tweak, do you know that?"

"Wuff, wuff"

"Do you realize that you are a dog and will be a dog for as long as I want you to be?"

"Wuff, wuff"

"I went to the store and bought you some gifts. Would you like Madam L. to give them to you now?"

"Wuff, wuff" I knew this wasn't going to be good but what could I do.

Madam produced a brown shopping bag and pulled out a dog collar that said "tweak" and it had an ID tag which listed Madam L. as my owner; "The Cage" as my address, and "Mutt" as my breed. Next she pulled out an electronic collar that also went around my neck and snapped it into place.

"This tweak, is my control collar. When I push this button on the remote the collar will give you an electric shock for up to 5 seconds. The settings are 1 to 8. They tell me that 8 is quite painful; although it won't leave any permanent damage. Would you like to see how it works?"

The thought of being "zapped" terrified me and before thinking I barked once - "wuff".

"Was that a 'no' tweak? That's not what Madam L. wanted to hear." As she said this I jumped off the ground for she had pushed the button.

"Tweak, that was only a 3. Are you going to be a good puppy?"

"Wuff, wuff"

"Ok. Now for your next present today." She pulled out a can of "Alpo" dog food. "Tweak you must be hungry. Do you realize that it is already Saturday afternoon and that you haven't eaten in nearly a day? No, I guess you wouldn't have any clue what time it is down in this windowless dungeon."

"Tweaky when I open this can I am going to put this into your brand new dog dish." She pulled out her final "present" which was a bowl

with the name "tweak" printed on it. I want you to eat this whole can like you really like it. She opened the can and put it in the bowl. As it "slopped" in I could hardly believe my eyes and nose. She placed it in the cage in front of me.

"Tweak, I bet you are thinking to yourself that this is gross and that it couldn't get much worse. Aren't you?"

"Wuff, wuff"

"Well, you're wrong again. Before you eat this I am going to milk you and place your cum over the top for gravy. Would you like that?"

"Wuff, wuff" I was forced to answer.

She grabbed my cock and began to pump furiously as she placed the bowl below me. "Remember tweak, you can't come in a pleasurable way. Before you come bark and let me know."

I tried to hold out as long as I could but after a few minutes I was ready to explode.

"Wuff, wuff, wuff, wufffff..." Right before I came she removed her hand and my cum landed on my dog food. Now I really didn't want to eat it. Madam L. picked up the bowl and placed it before me.

"Tweak since you are no longer a baby you won't need your bottle, so I will take the cum in the bottle and add it to your gravy. Would you like that."

I hesitated a little too long for I felt another shock. This one greater than the last.

"Would you like that tweak?"

"Wuff, wuff"



Madam L. opened the bottle and poured, what looked like a ton of cum, over the dog food.

"Tweak you better eat this food like you really enjoy it. I am going to give you five minutes to eat it all. If you aren't done by then I'll shock you every 15 seconds until you are. Tweak you may begin eating - bon appetit!"

I had no choice but to begin my meal. Without my hands I was forced to stick my face into the bowl. I quickly had dog food and cum all over me. The taste and texture were horrible but I knew I had to eat quickly. I must have finished before the five minutes for I was not shocked.

"Good boy tweak" Madam L. said as she patted me on the head. Let me wipe your face. "Here is a bowl of water to wash down your meal." I had to lap up the water with my tongue.

"Tweak, you sound just like a dog. Finally, you are acting and sounding like the puppy you are."

"Get a good night's sleep tweak. You won't need this light on anymore if you are a puppy." With that she turned off the light and closed the door leaving me in total darkness.

As I laid there in the darkness whimpering I knew I had a long time ahead of me. Madam L. told me it was only Saturday afternoon and that she would not see me again until tomorrow. What had I gotten myself into? I was still hungry and my body was beginning to cramp for it was hard to stretch out in such a small place, especially with my new "paws".

I don't know how long I slept or how long I was awake. Being in complete darkness is a very disorientating experience. I imagined constantly that I heard sounds and I expected the door to open at any

moment, but it never did. In the beginning I feared Madam L's return but after a while I would have been glad for anyone's company.

After what seemed like an eternity I began to hear the slightest rumbling above my head. Was Madam L. finally awake? Was she using the toilet or taking a shower? I could not take this any longer and I didn't know what to do so I began to bark- "Wuff,wuff,wuff,wuff..." I could not help but stare at the door.

After what seemed like an hour I began to see the first crack of light as the door slowly opened. I saw Madam L. enter through squinted eyes for the light hurt. "Is tweaky happy to see his master?"

"Wuff, wuff, wuff, wuff, wuff" I replied as I bounced around in my cage as best I could. I was so excited to see Madam L.

"My, my. Aren't you the frisky little puppy dog this morning?" she smiled as she patted my head through the bars of my cage.

"Wuff, wuff"

"Tweaky, you are so cute. I bet you are the best little puppy dog in the world. Aren't you?"

"Wuff, wuff, wuff, wuff"

Madam L. couldn't contain herself anymore as she broke out into laughter. "Snap" I assumed the position "Snap" I gladly kissed her as.

"Would tweaky like his breakfast?"

"Wuff, wuff"

"Since you seemed to enjoy your meal so much yesterday I got you the same today." "Slop" the Alpo dog food fell into my bowl.

"Before you eat tweak there is one thing I must do. I was on-line last night visiting some of your 'favorite' sites."

At this my joy at seeing Madam L. vanished all at once. I knew by 'sites' she meant the bdsm sites I often surfed. I had always fantasized about the different things that happened to the slaves at those places, but I was not sure I wanted them done to me - but it was too late for what I wanted.

"Tweak, you were such a busy boy- but I guess those days are over. Well, back to why I brought this up. I read at one site that you should 'never put electricity above the waist'. You see even Madam L. isn't perfect - yet. So to be safe I am going to take your collar off. Would you like that?"

"Wuff, wuff"

"And put this smaller one around your balls. Would you like that?"

I was in shock (no pun intended). I had always read about slaves wearing those but I always grimaced when I thought about it and now it was going to happen to me.

"Tweaky, you were doing so good until just now. I'll ask again. Do you want this on your balls and do you think I should punish you with it for not answering me?"

I was forced to bark a pathetic, "wuff, wuff."

Madam L. quickly removed the neck collar and replaced it with one around my scrotum.

"Tweaky, do you want your punishment now?"

"Wuff, wuff"

"Well too bad. I have one thing to do first. I have to milk you first. 1) you need juice for your breakfast and 2) it will hurt a hell of a lot more after you come. Are you going to let me do this to you tweak?"

"Wuff, wuff" I had no choice and literally no say in the matter.

Madam L. milked me as before and I whimpered and yipped right before I came so she could stop before I enjoyed my climax. After coming I lost all interest in breakfast and could not believe I wanted Madam L. to visit me so badly only moments ago.

"Owwwwwwww" I could not believe the pain.

"Tweak when will you learn? People say 'ow' and dog's whimper. Let's try again."

"Yiiipppppe!"

"Now show your master how much you like your breakfast or else.

I quickly began to devour my new-found cuisine.

"Tweaky, I am glad that you are enjoying your breakfast so much. I don't feel so badly now about the bacon, eggs, toast and juice I had this morning knowing that you are enjoying your breakfast as much as I enjoyed mine."

When I finished my "breakfast" Madam L. wiped the dog food and cum off my face and gave me a large bowl of water to lap up with my tongue.

"Does Tweaky have to use the bathroom? That's right dogs don't use bathrooms. Do you have to go tweak?"

"Wuff, wuff" I not only had to piss but I had to relieve my bowels as well.

"Ok, tweaky I'll let you relieve yourself, but first I have to get you ready. Lay on your back so I can put on the nipple clamps."

I immediately complied.

"Next I have some ankle cuffs for you and a ring for your scrotum. I am just too good to you."

As I laid there, Madam L. attached the ankle restraints and then attached a chain from them to the ring around my balls. I could crawl by taking small steps, but I could not stand up. Madam L. then attached a leash to my neck before she opened the cage.

"Let's go tweaky, you only have a few minutes, I have things I need to get done today."

She led me by the leash to the corner of room where she spread out some newspapers.

"Ok tweaky you may relieve yourself."

I was in shock. I thought she would let me use the toilet, but I was wrong - again. I started to pee until Madam L. said, "Tweak, what kind of dog are you? Lift your leg when you pee."

I lifted my leg as well as I could and began to pee. I had to squat to take a shit. Needless to say, this was a first. I tried to go but, the thought of going on newspapers and in front of Madam L. made it hard.

"Does tweak need some help? I can give you an enema if you like? Do you need that?"

"Wuff"

"Then you better damn well begin shitting now. Well tweak, is this what you thought it would be like? Did you ever think I would tell you where and when and how you would shit?"

"Wuff"

I began to go and after a minute I was finished.

"What are you looking at me for. Clean up your mess. I am not your maid."

I looked puzzled.

"Tweak, take your mouth and fold up the four corners of the newspapers toward the middle. When you get all four corners together pick it up and crawl over here to this little dumpster I have for you."

This sounded easy but it was very difficult with the restraints Madam L. had me in. After 5 minutes I completed my task.

"Good boy, tweak. It's not true what they say. An old dog can learn new tricks. Now crawl over to this corner."

In the other corner there was a little raised platform with a drain in the middle. A faucet with a little hose came out of the wall.

"Tweak get up on the platform and raise your ass so I can spray it clean."

The water was freezing. When Madam L. was satisfied I was clean she led me back to my cage and locked the door before removing the nipple clamps. I had almost forgotten how much they can hurt as I began to whimper and yipe.

"Tweak, I am impressed. I did not have to shock your balls at all. Maybe you can be house-broken after all."

"I'll see you later tweak"

I could not believe that she was not undoing my ankle restraints. I looked at her with a quizzical glance, but I dared not speak as a man.

"What's wrong tweak, is there something on your mind? Is there something I forgot?"

"Wuff, wuff"

"You are such a good puppy. I did forget something." "Snap" I assume the position. I was waiting for the second "snap" but it did not immediately follow.

"Tweak I have another gift for you and I almost forgot. Thank you for reminding me. I bought you a dog tail. So next time when you are happy to see me you can show me that by wagging your tail."

With that she pulled out a butt plug with a tail attached. I had never had one in me before and I dreaded what was about to happen.

"Now relax," she snickered. She slowly inserted the tail into my ass.

"Tweak you are so cute! Wag your tail for Madam."

I wagged the tail the best I could.

"Snap" I kissed her ass.

"I'll see you later tweak and you better have something up your ass when I return. I'll leave the light on this time so you can admire your new tail."

After Madam L. left and closed the door I stared at myself in the mirror and was in disbelief. I had eaten dog food twice, I pissed and crapped on newspapers, I had a tail stuck up my ass and I was forced to crawl

like a dog. All this was horrible, but it also made me think of how more worse things could get - and I was powerless to stop my descent into the world I longed and begged to enter a month ago.

I don't know how long I was left alone in my cage, but it had to be at least 5 or 6 hours before Madam L. returned. My entire body was sore and cramped from being confined in my cage with my hands and feet immobile. I was even, once again, at the point of hoping that Madam L. would soon return.

I faintly heard noise above my head and I began to get excited. I faced the front of my cage the best I could, and I faced the door anxiously awaiting its opening. It was about ten minutes before Madam L. entered.

Previously each time Madam L. entered she was dressed like a "Dominatrix Bitch" so I was surprised to see her in jeans, a pullover sweatshirt and white tennis shoes. I could not believe that this was the same person who has put me through "hell" these past two days. It was even more humiliating, in a way, seeing my wife like this. It made sense in my mind that a dominatrix could do this to me, but not my innocent looking wife. Madam L. , as always, read my mind.

"Tweak, don't for a second think that I am not your master and owner. Just because I am dressed like this it doesn't mean that you aren't mine to do with as I please. You may not have a 'normal' life to lead any longer, but it doesn't mean that I don't. I still have places to go and things to do. It is kind of funny, though, to see me like this and to see you naked in your cage with a collar around your neck and a 'zapper' around your balls. Don't you think so?"

"Wuff, wuff"



"And here I am freely coming and going as I please; while you are confined and cramped. You can't even speak. Tweak, you used to be so tough, but now you're my little puppy dog. Show me how much you missed me."

I began to bark and wag my tail.

"Good boy," she said as she patted my head.

"I have a new game for us to play. I am sure you will just love it. In this game you will have some control over your own fate and you will be able to say just one word like a real person. These are the rules. I have on a pair of panties under these jeans and all you have to do is pick the right color. If you are right you can have a break from your cage. If you are wrong you will have to spend another day in your cage. Do you understand?"

"Wuff, wuff" I was excited about the prospect of getting out but I didn't know what color I should pick.

"Ok tweak, what color panties is your Madam wearing?"

I hesitantly said, "black".

"Oh, I am so sorry. That is a wrong answer. I guess you don't want to get out of your cage today. You had a chance, but I suppose you like your cage too much. Would you like a second chance?"

"Wuff, wuff."

"Don't you want to know the rules first?"

"Wuff, wuff"

"Here is the rule. If you stop now I will remove the 'tail, the 'paws' and the ankle restraints and I will give you a 'real' meal and I'll let you speak

again, but you will have to stay in your cage at least until tomorrow when you will have another chance to guess the color of my panties. If you guess now and you are right I will do everything I just said and I'll give you a break from your cage. But if you are wrong then you will stay like you are until your next guess tomorrow. Bark once to stop now and bark twice to try again.

I didn't know what to do. I wanted to eat and have more mobility, but I wanted out of my cage. I said, "Wuff, wuff".

"Tweak you are stupid, but brave. What is your guess?"

"White"

"Tweak, you are still my puppy dog" Madam L. said as she pulled down her jeans to reveal her pink panties. You will stay like this until we try again tomorrow. I will bring you your 'food' later."

"Snap" I assumed the position. "Snap" I kissed her ass as she pulled back her pink panties.

"Tweak, you are the weakest link- good bye!" she said as she turned off the lights and left the room.

I sat in the darkness dreaming about what it could have been like if I had only said "pink" instead of "white". I was now trying to outguess Madam L. and think of what color she was going to wear tomorrow. I couldn't believe that my "freedom" depended on my wife's panties. What have I gotten myself into, I thought, as I dozed off?

I awoke as I heard the door open. I could see Madam L. carrying a bowl with my dinner in it.

"Tweak, are you hungry boy?"

"Wuff, Wuff"

"Well sit up so I can place your food under the 'gravy ladle'. You don't want your food dry do you?"

"Wuff"

Madam began to pump my cock and as I got close to Cumming I whined and yipped indicating that he was ready to explode. And as usual Madam stopped and my cum came out sprinkling my dinner with "gravy" as she calls it.

"Ok tweak, your dinner is ready. Eat up before it gets cold."

As I was eating I saw Madam L. out of the corner of my eye rummaging through her "war chest" of equipment. When I finished she patted my head and told me that I was her good little puppy dog and she wiped my face clean and gave me a bowl of water to lap up.

"Tweak, I have another surprise for you. I know how much you hate cumming right before I punish you or feed you your food. Do you want me to stop milking you?"

"Wuff, wuff" I could not believe my ears. I hated my cage and everything I was forced to do, but maybe if I was allowed to be horny it would at least be tolerable.

"Tweak you will get your wish, but I hope you know what you are doing. I thought you would have learned by now what I said to you before - 'You may find that having is not always so pleasing a thing after all as wanting' - Tweak you will not cum again for quite some time." As Madam L. said this she pulled a device from behind her back.

"Tweak, this is a 'chastity tube' and I am told that they are quite effective. It should be for the amount of money you paid for it. By the way, keeping you in such comfort is not cheap. The food alone is breaking me. You will be expected to pay for your own keep with the

allowance I give you, but I'll explain all that later. Back to the 'chastity tube', I am going to put this on you and it will not only prevent you from cumming but it will also 'discourage' any prolonged erections through discomfort. You'll see how it works."

Madam L. commanded me to lay on my back and she placed the nipple clamps on. She fitted my now very placid cock into the sheath and placed a ring around my scrotum which she padlocked into place. She removed the nipple clamps and stepped back to admire her work.

"Tweak, you may not fully appreciate now what I have just done to you since you have been milked constantly these past two days, but in due time you will. I call this device your 'pussy collar'. Would you like to know why I call it that?"

"Wuff, wuff"

"Tweak I heard a joke a number of years ago. God was talking to Adam and He said, 'I have some good and bad news for you. The good news is I created a pussy, but the bad news is I put a woman in charge of it.' Well, not only am I in charge of the pussy, I am also in charge of your pathetic little cock. I am going to let you in on a little secret - I am going to tell you what 'PUSSY' stands for. It stands for 'Privation Until She Says Yes'. So you see Tweak, God gave me control of the pussy and my Pussy just took control of your dick.

Enjoy this moment while you can tweak. I'll see you tomorrow morning. Good night, puppy dog."

With that she turned off the light and left the room. For the moment I was relieved and happy that I was going to be allowed to get horny, but I was also scared. I had never gone very long without either having sex or masturbating. And what really worried me was that Madam L. knew me better than I knew myself, and if she was anticipating discomfort

then maybe I should have thought more before asking not to be milked anymore.

It was a very long night as I waited for Madam L's return. I was constantly re-positioning myself the best I could trying in vain to get comfortable. I finally heard faint noises above my head as I did the day before. Was Madam L. awake and moving about?

I was anxious for Madam L. to return for the darkness was driving me crazy. At last she opened the door and entered wearing a robe.

"Good morning, tweak. I hope you slept well. I spent a lot of time and money on making your accommodations the best I could. It is now time for our little game. What color panties is your Madam wearing this morning?"

I had thought long and hard about my answer. Was she going to trick me and wear pink again? Was she going to wear a color I already picked thinking I would not pick that again? I had decided sometime during that long night to stick with "Black".

"Oh, I am so sorry tweak. You are wrong again. Would you like to go for the double or nothing?"

I was tempted to say "no" but I thought for sure that I knew the way she thought, and I couldn't stand another day in this cage so I said, "Wuff, wuff"

"OK tweak, what is your second choice?"

"White"

"I'm so sorry my little puppy dog" she smiled as she opened her robe and showed me yellow panties. You see tweak, I thought you might try the same colors as yesterday but I wasn't sure, so I decided instead of trying to second guess you I would leave it up to chance. I just turned

my head this morning, pulled out a pair without looking and they happened to be yellow. It seemed to work, don't you think?"

"THAT'S NOT FAIR" I shouted in frustration and anger before I even knew what I was doing.

"What did you say?" Madam L. snapped with an intensity and look I had never before seen. "You dare talk without me giving you permission? And you think you can question my judgment and use that tone of voice with me?" She began to pace around the room shaking her fist in the air. The more she paced the madder she got.

"Who the hell do you think you are? You are a fucking puppy dog! You begged me for months to dominate you and now you think you can run the show?!? You have another fucking thought coming! You said before that you wanted me to 'make' you do things. To 'force' you to do something you didn't want to do. Ok tough guy, watch little ol' me force you to drink your own piss. And I'll also make you beg me for it. Will that prove to you that I am serious? I hope to God that you really, really don't want to do this for it will make it that much more fun. And you know what tweak, you haven't pissed for quite a while and I bet there is a whole lot there for you to drink. And that first piss in the morning will be especially potent and yellow! OK big shot let see how tough and defiant you are now!"

I had never seen Madam L. like this and for the first time I was really, really scared. I didn't want to drink my own urine and I wondered how long I could hold out.

"Tweak, I'll let you know exactly what I am going to do. First, I am going to drag you out of your cage and put you in the stockade. Secondly, I am going to ice and whip your ass like never before. Thirdly, I am going to tie your balls to the ring on the floor and stretch them as far as they will go - and then I will whip them as well. Fourthly, I am going to re-

arrange your nipple clamps every minute. I will then make you piss into a baby bottle. And Finally, I will give you that bottle only after you really, really beg me for it. And I won't stop until you convince me you want it like nothing you have ever wanted before. And by the way, you are going to be gagged the first half-hour so I don't think you will be able to beg for it until after that. Ok tweak let's see how tough you are. If you don't want all that to happen then just stop me you fucking sissy."

"Tweak, I don't want there to be any doubt in your mind that I am going to 'MAKE' you do all those things. Lil' ol' me is going to drag your fat ass out of that cage and whip you like you've never been whipped before. I am warning you now that it is going to hurt like hell so if you don't want to be in serious pain then you better stop me. I think that I can get you from cage to stockade in under 5 minutes. If I can't then I'll let you go, but for every minute under 5 I am going to add another five minutes to your whipping."

I knew that I was in dire straits restrained as I was but I thought I had a chance. I outweighed Madam L. by 75 pounds and I was much stronger.

"The clock starts now" she said as she set the timer.

As soon as I heard the click on the timer I felt an immense pain in my balls. Madam L. had shocked me with the collar.

"That was only a 4, tweak, I am surprised you even felt that."

As I was beginning to recover from that jolt a much stronger one hit me. As I doubled over in agony I heard the cage open and I felt something slip over my head.

"That was a 6, tweak. Now let's go puppy dog. You have a date with the stockade."

I was now angry from the shocks and I shouted back, "You fucking bitch!"

"Tweak, are you actually fighting back? Don't you want to have your ass whipped and drink your own piss from a baby bottle?"

"There's no way I am going to let you do that to me. I am through with this game."

"You are cute, albeit, disrespectful, when you are mad. We'll work on your temper and manners later. But you sure as hell aren't finished with the 'game' for there is no game. This is your life tweak - welcome to it."

As she said this I felt a noose tighten around me and I was pulled forward. If I didn't go further, I wouldn't be able to breathe.

"Tweak, don't you just love this device? It is what dog catchers use. I can tighten or loosen the strap around your neck just by twisting, and the pole I am holding is sturdy, so you can't charge me. But then again, I don't know how quickly a man with shackled balls could charge anyway."

Madam L. pulled me to the base of the stockade. I tried to hold my ground but each time I stopped she tightened the noose and pulled harder. When I was on the platform of the stockade she put the pole through the legs of the stockade and secured it to a ring on the wall. I now could not move forward or backwards. She then moved around me and secured each ankle to a ring in the platform. I tried to kick her away, but it was a feeble endeavor with my balls yanked at each attempt.

She then shocked me again. As I was dazed and tried to grab my balls with my paws she quickly looped a rope around my right paw and yanked hard so it tightened and she secured the other end to a ring.



She shocked me a fourth time and did the same with the left paw. I was now immobile but I didn't know how she was going to get me in the stockade.

"You got me this far, but you won't get me into the stockade, so you'll have to let me go."

At this she just laughed and said, "You fool, you'll never learn, will you?"

She then pulled out her "ace in the hole" as she lowered the top of the stockade. It was on a track that allowed it to go up and down. She lowered it to the height of my head and opened the top. She detached the noose from around my head and put it back on above the top of the stockade. She must have smiled to herself as I tried to move my head away. She then maneuvered my head to the bottom half of the whole and secured it there with a clamp that went from my collar to the wood of the stockade. She then shocked me again to throw me off balance and did the same with my right hand. This was more of a struggle but with her whole body she overcame my right arm. She then did the same with the left. When my head and arms were in place she lowered the top half of the stockade in place and snapped on the lock. She then undid the chain that connected my ankles to my balls and she cranked the stockade back to the top.

"Time! Let's see, that took 3 minutes and 45 seconds. Not bad for a 'fucking bitch', wouldn't you say?"

"Smack - Smack -Smack - Smack -Smack" "Don't you answer my questions anymore? Not bad for a 'fucking bitch', wouldn't you say?"

"Wuff, Wuff" I was now in serious shit!

"Tweak, what happened? I thought you didn't want to play this 'game' anymore? Why are you in that stockade? Oh, that's right - I MADE you

get in it! You didn't have a choice in the matter, did you? You little sissy, you let a 125lb 'fucking bitch' kick your ass? I'll let you talk to answer my questions."

"Yes, Madam L."

"Yes, what tweak?"

"Yes, Madam L. you made me get in this stockade even though I did not want to."

"Smack - Smack - Smack - Smack - Smack" "I think you can be a little more humbled than that if you try."

"Yes, Madam L. You made tweak, a little sissy, get into the stockade. You are the Master and I am the pathetic slave. I am sorry for calling you that name."

"What name was that?"

"That bad name, Madam L."

"I forgot tweak, what did you call your Madam?"

"A name I should never call you."

"Smack" "I'll ask you one more damn time and your memory better improve. What did you call me?"

I didn't know what to say, if I didn't answer I was in trouble but if I called her that again would that make things worse. I meekly said, "fucking bitch".

"Louder tweak, that's not how you said it before.

"Fucking bitch"

"I want you to scream it until I say stop."

"FUCKING BITCH! FUCKING BITCH! FUCKING BITCH! FUCKING BITCH!  
FUCKING BITCH! FUCKING BITCH! FUCKING BITCH!"

"That's enough. I hope you really enjoyed saying that for it's going to cost you dearly! Let's see, there are 7 letters in 'fucking' and 5 letters in 'bitch' that means you are going to spend 12 days in your cage and you won't cum for at least that long. I'll ask you every day you are in your cage if it was really worth it. We'll talk more about that later. Let me fulfill my other promises to you."

After Madam said that she placed clothes pins on each of my nipples and said, "Every time this timer 'dings' I'll switch these the other way.

Next, she put a chain through my cock ring and stretched my balls toward a hook in the floor. "This will be good for every time I whip your ass you won't be able to move much. Or at least I wouldn't if I were you."

"Ding" she changed the nipple clamps.

Next, she MADE me open my mouth so she could put in a ball gag. She strapped it very tight.

"Ding" she changed the clamps

"Now that you are gagged, and I have you how I want you let's proceed."

Madam L. went over to the corner of the basement where there was a covered object. When she removed the sheet, I saw a large television. She wheeled the TV over to where I was, and it was at the exact height of my head. She turned on the TV and the VCR. She then hit "Play" and

in a moment the entire screen was filled with a close-up of a pussy. I then heard Madam L's voice coming from the TV.

"Tweak, welcome to the 'Vagina Monologues'. If you are watching this tape it means that you are now in your stockade and you are helpless. The Pussy you see before you is mine! It is so soft and beautiful, and yet so powerful. Everything that is happening to you is because of the power of my Pussy! Tweak you will come to adore, respect and obey this Pussy. Tweak, you will show humility when in the presence of my Pussy. As I punish you now I command you to stare and gaze at She who is your master. When I whip your ass I want you to see the Pussy who has power over you. Tweak, my Pussy is going to control all your actions and thoughts. Take a good look at your master. This Pussy is going to control you forever!"

Madam L. then paused the tape and said, "Tweak, look at the TV and behold your new Master in all Her glory. You aren't worthy to see Her in person yet, but you will be seeing a lot of Her on tape. As I whip you I want you to stay focused on my Pussy and realize that it is Her who gives me power over you. Watch and listen to your new Master as I whip you into total submission."

"Ding" she changed the clamps.

"Let's see tweak, you have your original 30 minutes plus five minutes for each minute under 5 you couldn't stop me. That makes another 10."

As she said "10 minutes" I mumbled through the gag.

"What's wrong tweak? You don't think 10 minutes is fair since you lasted almost 4 minutes? Well, let's just make it 15 then - if I were you I would learn to keep quiet. So that brings your grand total to 45

minutes. You are going to owe me big for giving you so much time and attention."

"Ding" she changed the clamps.

My nipples were already beginning to catch on fire and yet I had nearly an hour to go. I knew, however, that in a few moments my nipples would not be my main problem as Madam L. had already begun icing down my ass.

Madam L. finally announced, "It's time to begin. Enjoy the 'show' as I start your punishment." She then hit "play" on the VCR.

"Smack - Smack - Smack - Smack" Ding" "Smack - Smack - Smack - Smack - Smack" "Ding" This went on for what seemed like an eternity. After a while it sounded like an old typewriter when it would "ding" signaling the person to hit the "return" lever.

I tried not to move since my balls were attached to the platform but sometimes it hurt so much I jumped without realizing it, that is until the pain in my crotch surpassed the pain in my ass.

"Tweak, are you enjoying the 'show'. I hope so. I put a lot of time into making that for you. Do you think I'll get an Academy Award Nomination?"

Madam L. was true to her word and kept up the "ass-ault" without hesitation, except for the few seconds it took to change the clamps.

"OK tweak, your ass is sufficiently red. Let's move to your dick."

These words brought terror into my heart. I had never had my dick whipped.

Madam L. quickly removed the "chastity tube" and announced, "Enjoy this freedom as much as you can, your dick won't be this free for a couple of more weeks."

As she began to whip she commanded me to watch the TV, "Watch the Pussy as I whip your prick. It only seems right that you should see the power of the Pussy as your little dick gets put in his place."

The pain was unbearable, and although I cried out as loudly as I could through my gag, Madam L. did not stop except for the "ding" when she changed the clamps.

The "buzzer" on the timer mercifully signaled that the "session" was over. Madam L. then stopped the tape.

"Tweak, where did the time go? Didn't it just seem to fly by? I am going to remove your gag in a minute and you better convincingly ask for something or I'll reset the timer for an hour. Do you understand?"

I nodded my head the best I could. When she removed the gag I began the best I could through my tears, "Madam L. (sob, sob) would you pleeeasse let my drink (sob, sob) my own pee? May I pleeeeaasse dr..in..k my own piss. Pleeeeeeaaasse let me drink my own pee from a baby bottle. Pleeeeaase! Pleeeease!"

"Not bad, tweak. Maybe we can nominate you for an Academy Award also," she sarcastically said.

She made me piss into a bottle. My piss nearly filled it to the top.

"Good boy, tweak. It is nice and yellow and warm. I am sorry that you won't be able to drink it quite yet, though. I have another surprise for you before you get to drink your own nectar. I'll be gone for a few hours and when I get back I'll let you have your bottle. While I am gone I'll put in another tape for your viewing pleasure. This one is

educational. I made several for you. Aren't I so nice? This one has instructions throughout that I assume you will be smart enough to obey. Remember, even though I am not here, I am taping you with that camera in the corner. When I review the tape you damn well better have followed the instructions on the tape. See you later, tweak. I am sure you'll 'love' your next surprise. It's the best one yet!"

Madam L. hit the "Play" button, and then closed the door behind her as she left.

The close-up of the Pussy returned with Madam L's voice saying, "Tweak, let's begin your first lesson. Repeat this phrase until I tell you to stop - I will worship Madam L's Pussy"

I did as I was instructed as I said, "I will worship Madam L's pussy. I will worship Madam L's Pussy "

I then heard Madam L's voice coming from a speaker and not the TV, "Tweak, I can hardly hear you. You'll have to talk louder. I am watching you on our, or rather, my bedroom TV."

I began again and this time louder, "I will worship Madam L's Pussy. I will worship Madam L's Pussy..."

"That's much better" Madam L's voice echoed. Now be a good boy and finish your lesson. When you get done I have a big surprise for you."

I said this mantra until the tape instructed me further, "Tweak, you will now say 'I will always obey Madam L's Pussy'"

"I will always obey Madam L's Pussy. I will always obey Madam L's Pussy..." I couldn't believe that Madam L. was controlling my actions even when she wasn't here, but I could not risk the fact that she was watching or that she really would review the tape later.

I was in "class" for what seemed like hours and I was getting very stiff. The door finally opened heralding Madam L's return.

"Tweak, do you want your surprise now?"

"Yes, Madam L."

"Well, let's make you presentable" and with that she stuck my 'tail' back in and paused the tape.

She then whispered in my ear, "Tweak, this is going to be your greatest test yet. I know it will be hard, but you better obey me to the letter or I swear that the punishment you received before will be nothing compared to what I will give you. Do you believe me?"

"Yes, Madam L." I said in complete sincerity. I was quickly learning the depth of her resolve and sternness.

"From now on don't say a word unless instructed by me or the video. Each letter you utter will be another day in your cage. I am fucking serious. Tweak, I may be strict and stern, but I am not cruel. Everything I have done thus far is to make you into the slave you always wanted to be. I told you that you will be spending the next 12 days in your cage, but I don't think that you would survive in such a small cage. So I just went to the 'store' and got you a larger one. Would you like to see it?"

"Yes, Madam L."

"Bring it in, gentlemen."

My heart may have literally stopped when all at once I realized that other people were going to see me like this and I was powerless to stop it.

I caught out of the corner of my eye two large men carrying in equipment and tools.



"Gentlemen, this is tweak. This is my little puppy dog whom you built this room for. Say hello tweak."

I was stunned, and didn't know what to do.

"Oh, he must be shy around stingers. You are his first guests." Madam L. walked close to me and said in a soft but stern voice, "Tweak you better damn well bark hello or else."

"Wuff, wuff" I barely mumbled.

"May we pet him," one of the men asked.

"Sure, I think he'll like that. Wag your tail if you want these nice men to pet you tweak."

I wagged my tail the best I could, and I thought I was going to die from embarrassment.

Both men came over and patted me on the head.

"Where do you want us to assemble this cage, Mam?"

"Over there, next to tweak's other cage."

This new cage was much larger. It was 4 feet wide, 4 feet high and 6 feet long.

"You, gentlemen don't mind if tweak continues his lessons while you work, do you?"

"No, Mam. Tweak won't bother us at all."

"Ok tweak, finish you lessons while these men build your new home. I am going to go upstairs and watch TV. Remember to talk loudly enough for me to hear." Madam L. pushed the play button and left.

As luck, or misfortune, would have it, depending on one's point of view, as the tape began the voice instructed me to say, "I am a little sissy who likes to wear diapers with little yellow stars."

When the tape said that, the men looked over to me in the stockade and the TV and just chuckled to themselves.

"I am a little sissy who likes to wear diapers with little yellow stars. I am a little sissy..."

As I was repeating this phrase over and over I could hear the men laughing and saying, "Why would any guy want to say and do that. He really, really must be pussy whipped."

After about an hour the men finished and Madam L. returned. She told them it looked wonderful and they assured her that it was inescapable. There was a slot to put my head through the front and a "door" on the bottom where food could be inserted.

"Tweak, why don't you thank the men for all their hard work. After all, they just built you a new house."

"Thank you," I said.

"Tweak, is that anyway to talk to adults?"

"Thank you, Sirs, for all your hard work."

Madam L. then said, "You guys have been working hard, would you like a beer."

"Sure, Miss, that would be great."

"Wait here while I go grab a few."

When Madam L. returned she gave them each a beer and opened one for herself as well. She told them to have a seat on the carpet while she gave me something to drink. She then came over to me, whispered something in my ear and pulled the baby bottle from behind her back. She then stood, leaning against the stockade, holding the bottle up next to my mouth with one hand and holding her beer in the other. I began to suck on the bottle as instructed.

"That's a novel idea giving him his beer in a bottle," one of the men said.

"What makes you think its beer. You think he deserves a beer? He's drinking his own piss?"

"No way!" the other man exclaimed.

"Of course, he is, he begged me to let him drink his own piss. Isn't that right, tweak?"

I could do nothing but shake my head "yes" as I continued to suck on my bottle.

"Is he going to drink the whole bottle?"

"Most certainly, he did beg so nicely for it."

"Why doesn't he just refuse to drink it?"

"That would be quite foolish indeed. I whispered in his ear before he began that if he didn't drink it all like a good baby that I was going to double his time in the cage and that I would really, really embarrass him in front of our guests. I think he wants to finish it. Don't you tweak?"

Again, I could only shake my head "yes".

"I still don't believe that he really begged for it."

"Why don't you show them tweak," Madam L. said as she removed my bottle.

I had no choice but to beg again if I didn't want to experience Madam L's wrath. "Pleeeeeease let me have my bottle back. Pleeeeaasse give tweaky his bottle."

She put the bottle back to my lips and said, "You see, if it was up to me I would probably let him have a beer, but as you can tell he really wants that bottle. I wonder how long it will take to wean him off?"

Madam L. and the men chatted casually as I concentrated hard on finishing every last drop of my urine.

When I finished Madam L. said, "All gone tweaky. You were such a good little boy."

"Are you going to keep him in the stockade all day?" one of the men asked.

"Oh no. I am going to move him to his new home in a little bit."

"How do you make sure that he doesn't escape while you are moving him."

Madam L. just laughed and said, "Would you like to stay and watch as I transfer the prisoner? I bet I can move him in less than 4 minutes."

"There's no way you can move that big guy in that short of time. I bet you \$10 that you can't."

"You're on. But first tweak has to do something first. Today is Monday and he has to call in to work and tell them that he won't be in for a

while. You see my husband, or rather my slave, owns a rather large company and he can take off whenever he likes."

Madam L. went to get a portable phone and I dreaded the conversation about to take place.

"Hello, Joe, this is Laurie. I was just calling to let you know that John won't be in work today. I don't know what's wrong with him. He's really PISSED off about something. I don't know what he has up his ASS this morning?" She was smiling and winking as she said "pissed" and "up his ass". "Here, I'll let you talk to John."

Madam L. then held the phone next to me. "Joe this is John, I won't be able to make it in for a week or so. No, there's nothing wrong. I just have some things I need to take care of. I'll call you later. Bye."

Madam L. held up the phone and said, "You think it's only going to be a week or so? Huh? We'll talk about that later. OK guys, before I begin the transferal let me re-attach his chastity tube. We can't have him cumming without my approval and permission, can we?" With that in place she told the men to start their watches.

I could sense, through all my pain and discomfort, that they were impressed with Madam L's speed and thoroughness. She pretty much just reversed the steps she used in getting me out of my cage, and with myself being more exhausted than ever, she was even more effective than before. I hardly knew how I got into my cage when I heard the door "clang" shut and I heard Madam L. say, "Time".

"Three minutes and 10 seconds. We are impressed."

"Keep your money, it was fun. Both tweak and I enjoyed the spectators. I'll see you guys later. I am sure that there will be other things we will need in the future. Thanks for everything."

Madam L. walked them to the front door. When I was alone and looked around from the confines of my new "home" I was amazed at how quickly one's life can really change.

After about 15 minutes Madam L. returned with a plate in one hand and a glass in the other.

"Here you go tweak, I brought you a real treat. You were such a good boy for our first guests that I think you really deserve this. You see I can be quite kind and generous if you obey my commands."

Madam L. slid a plate of food through the opening in the front of the cage. It was a roast beef sandwich with mashed potatoes. And next to the cage she placed a large glass of water where I could reach through the bars and pick it up. I was famished and quickly devoured my first "real" meal in two days.

Madam L. just stood there and laughed to herself as I ate my dinner, "My, aren't we hungry today? Enjoy your food tweak, I have to go out and get some things done so just stay here and rest. Or would you rather watch another video tape? You can answer honestly."

"No Madam L. I rather just rest."

"You know I could make you if I wanted to don't you?"

"Yes Madam L., you could make me if you wanted to."

"That's okay tweak. Get your rest, you'll need it in the weeks to come. I'll see you later."

After Madam L. left and closed the door, I stretched out in my much larger cage, and with a full stomach, I had my first good sleep.

It seemed like no time had passed when I heard my Madam's voice say, "Wake up tweak." She pulled down her jeans and panties and snapped

her fingers. I assumed the position and on the second snap I kissed her royal ass. She then pulled up her panties and jeans and pulled a chair over next to the door of my cage. She sat backwards on the chair as she faced my cage.

"Tweak, let's have a talk. Let me recap the state of affairs. The President gives a 'State of the Union' address, well this is Madam's 'State of tweak' address. You are in a cage under my absolute control because you begged me to take complete control of you and I have obliged. My Pussy now dominates every aspect of your life. I have taken your freedom. You are no longer free to move about. I say if and when you can talk. I control what and when you eat. I say if, when and how you cum. There is nothing you are able to do without my permission. As I told you before I am not cruel, but I am strict and stern. You think that you have experienced a lot of what it means to be someone's sex slave but I assure you that you have barely scotched the surface. As soon as you asked me to take control of your life I began to plot and arrange everything that would happen. I have been working on all of this for months. Tweak, you will get what most men never achieve. You will obtain your dream of being totally dominated and 'MADE' to do things you never would have done on your own. You see tweak, I have been studying your 'diary' and I know the deepest darkest secrets of your soul. And even though you may have never imagined or even wanted some of those fantasies to come true, I assure you that they all will, and even ones you never imagined. I do not want you to ever be able to say that a fantasy of yours or mine was left unfulfilled. Tweak, you are going to go where 'no man has gone before'. Tweak, I PROMISE you that I will not let you down. Even when you don't feel like 'playing the game' any longer I won't let you quit. You have my ABSOLUTE WORD that I will be your Madam forever. I hope that I have proven that to you so far and I hope you believe that - if you don't I am sure you soon will. Tweak I also hope you have figured out that escape is impossible. I have carefully planned out how I will handle you when I move you, thus

making escape impossible. And I hope these next 12 days in your cage, and you will spend all of them in your cage, will demonstrate how serious I am and how silly it was for you to offend me. If you offend me again I promise I won't show so much mercy. You weren't bad with our guests but you did hesitate. I suppose that was because of the shock of seeing other people. My only advice is 'get over it' for they were the first but they won't be the last. If you ever embarrass me again by not obeying my command instantly there will be hell to pay! I don't want your bad behavior being a bad reflection upon me. Tweak, I hope you are enjoying your new life, but if you aren't I suppose that is okay too, for in a warped sense you probably derive some perverted pleasure from that. But regardless, this is your life from now on so get used to it. Do you understand everything I just said?"

"Yes, Madam L."

"I hope so, for your sake that you did. Tweak, just remember this may be a 'game' to you but it sure as hell isn't to me. I am going to get you some more food and drink and then I am going to leave you until tomorrow when we will begin your next lesson."

Madam L. returned with food and drink and a jar for me to piss in during the night, and then left me alone in the dark to ponder.