

PENITENCE

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My Life

After the divorce, I felt terrible. My ex wife had made it completely clear that she would never forgive me. And she was right. I had behaved very badly. I could hardly eat for the first few weeks. I lost about 20lbs. But gradually, I was able to eat again, and to think about my future life. I had to start all over again. But how?

I started going to a disco nightclub. I found I was older than the usual people there. I was in my early 30s then, and most people at this club were in their 20s. I did get some amused glances at first, but pretty soon they seemed to accept me. I loved the loud dance music. I danced sometimes, but everyone was too young for me, so I mainly sat at the bar and watched the dancers, trying to find common topics for conversation with the young people at the bar. After a few weeks, I had my usual seat established at the bar. I got to know the bar lady really well. Her name was Lori. She was pretty, about my age, and I could talk to her more easily than the young patrons. She was very kind, and politely served me, lingering when she saw I needed to talk, and leaving me alone when I needed to be left alone, which was most often.

One night, I was seated in my usual place at the bar, watching the dancers, when this unusually attractive woman came in, and sat at the other end of the bar. She was dark haired, older, maybe her early 40s, entirely dressed in black. She wore glasses, but took them off when she came to the bar. I pretended not to notice her. I hoped I would find a chance to speak to her.

When my bar lady came back to me, I asked her who the lady in black was.

“Don’t get involved with her, Peter” Lori said “You won’t like the outcome! Stay away from her! Just trust me on this”. She wouldn’t say any more.

I was slightly drunk, as usual by then. I stood, and walked up to the lady in black.

“Excuse me, Ma’am, may I buy you a drink?” I said, politely.

She looked at me coolly. "Yes, sir. You may. But please sit down and introduce yourself first" she said.

I sat on a stool next to her, and told her my name. She said her name was Kismet. She was a therapist, she said. We made small talk, as people do. I liked her.

"So why did you decide to talk to me, Peter?" she said.

"Beyond the obvious, which is that you are very attractive....because I thought you seemed someone that didn't fit in here, just like I don't" I said.

She smiled. "You are perceptive, Peter. I rarely come here. Only about every six months. Only when I wish to meet someone... special" she said.

"What sort of special person" I asked.

"Someone not too young or too old. Someone who looks interesting, and out of place in a bar like this. Someone who looks intelligent, but sad. Some who might be sorry for past misdeeds and is looking for a way to be free of his feelings of guilt." she said "Someone who looks like you".

I looked serious. "That's certainly me" I said. "I do feel bad about things I've done. But I can't change them now. So how can anyone help me? Are you a goddess, or something?"

"No, I'm not a goddess, Peter. But I can give some men, if they are suitable, a new life, free of guilt. I assure you that I can, Peter. I have already done that, for many other men. They were just like you are now, lost in guilt and misery. But I gave them a new life. Those men are now experiencing completely new lives, under my direction, paying penitence for their past deeds in a manner that completely eliminates their feelings of guilt! And I can do that for you, too, if you will let me, Peter!"

I was stunned by her words. It was obvious really, but the way she put it, it all hit me like a bolt of lightning! Penitence! That was what I needed! I suddenly saw, with perfect clarity, that I could never move forward with my life until I felt I had paid the proper penalty for my past sins. Only then could I move on with my life. It was suddenly so completely clear to me.

My bar lady tugged at my elbow. "Excuse me, Sir! Could I have a word with you....now!"

"Would you excuse me for a moment?" I asked Kismet.

She laughed, and waved me away. "Go your way, Peter, and good luck" she smiled.

"Well, what is it, Lori" I asked the bar lady, when I got to the other end of the bar.

"I warned you, Peter! Take my advice! Don't talk to her! I don't want to see you hurt! She's bad news! Stay away from her! You think you want something from her, but you don't really! You don't need what she offers! I've seen other men take her offer, and they haven't come back here. I know what she does to them! Please, don't talk to her any more! I can help you much better than she can! If you listen to her, you will end up somewhere... somewhere where I can't help you. I can't tell you any more."

I was annoyed. "They don't come back because she helps them move on with their lives, Lori!" I retorted. Lori obviously meant well, but she didn't understand me or what I needed. I turned back to Kismet. But she was gone!

I turned back to Lori. "Where did she go? She said she only came here every six months! Did you screw this up this chance for me, Lori! Why did you do that? Can't you see that I'm unhappy? She said she could help me!"

I was angry. But to my surprise, she was only sad. "Yes, Peter, I know that you are suffering. And that's why I'm saying this. You must learn not to believe everything people say, dear Peter, and to more carefully choose the people who you ask for help. But, if you really want to talk to her, I suppose you must! You are free, after all. Don't worry. I could see that she was interested in you! I have a hunch she'll be back!"

The next week, I spent every night at the Club. But Kismet didn't appear.

The next week, I was there again, as usual, slightly drunk again, waiting. At 10pm, Kismet came in!

I was so happy! I immediately went up to her. She looked at me, and smiled. "Dear Peter! Are you still looking for absolution from your guilt?" she laughed.

I tried to laugh, but I couldn't. "Yes, Ma'am, I am" I mumbled. I so hoped she could help me.

She became suddenly serious. "I know you are in pain, Peter. I have seen many men in your situation. But I can help you, I really can. I can make you forget your past sins, and I can move you on to a totally different life, if you will do as I ask."

"How can you help me". Suddenly I felt like crying, I don't know why.

She put her hand on mine. She could see I was close to tears.

"First, compose yourself! I don't like people to draw attention to me!"

I turned away.

"Sit down!"

She spoke so sharply, that I immediately turned back and sat down.

"There" she patted my hand. "That's good! I see that you can already do as you are told, if you are spoken to properly! That's good. It's not essential at this stage, but it's a good sign. We'll get to strict obedience rules, later".

She saw that I looked puzzled. She smiled.

She bought me a drink. Lori looked daggers at me, as she brought the drink.

I felt better after the drink. I had tended to be emotional after my divorce, and had thought I had got over it, but I realized I hadn't.

"Now Peter! Listen to me! I know exactly what you need! You need to feel absolved of your sins!"

I nodded.

"And I can give you that, Peter. I really can! I've done it for many men! Shall I tell you how?"

I just nodded.

“Penitence, Peter! Penitence! It’s the only way. You’ll never be able to move forward with your life until you have been properly penitent. It’s how men like you are made. You know that, and so do I. Have you done something bad? Did you hurt someone you loved? And do you feel terrible about it? And do you want to find a way to feel better? The only way, for you Peter, is my way. You know that, don’t you?”

I know that you do.”

I nodded. She was right. Penitence was the only way. I had tried forgiving myself. It was not possible. I had tried asking my ex wife for forgiveness. That had been refused too. Penitence was the only way to move forward.

“Yes. yes, you are right. There is no other way for me. I have to show penitence for what I’ve done” I mumbled.

“Very well. Now that you freely acknowledge that, I can accept you for corrective treatment! Full penitence has to include an element of suffering, Peter, of course. I promise you that I will provide you with an appropriate level of suffering, in a carefully controlled manner! There will be no permanent damage to you, of course. We would never wish to damage the men we take in. We want them to live long and healthy lives! I belong to a Womens’ Group who do this for suitable men, the ones who are intelligent enough to genuinely benefit from corrective punishment. Men we can change for the better! We have done this for many men, and we are always seeking suitable new candidates. I am happy to say that you are obviously a suitable person, exactly the type of man that we seek”.

“But you must make your commitment to this process now! Now, on this very spot! At this very time! If you don’t wish to agree, that is fine, we will part amicably. But I won’t extend this offer to you again. So decide now!”.

I needed to get rid of my feelings of guilt, to pay for them somehow. And this was the only way I had yet found that seemed to offer some hope. I would take a chance.

“Yes. I accept your offer” I said. “And thank you so much!”

She smiled. "You don't need to thank me, Peter. I will obtain great satisfaction by seeing you undergo the treatment I have in mind!"

She stood up. "Please follow me, Peter" she said.

I stood up, slightly drunk. I looked at Lori, behind the bar. She just shook her head.

I followed Ms Kismet out.

Kismet's Place

We went together in a taxi, down to the warehouse district. I was not really paying attention where we were exactly, because I was feeling sleepy from the drinks. The warehouse district was getting very expensive, with the large stone buildings being rapidly bought up and converted to trendy living areas. We got out in front of one of the old stone warehouse buildings. There were heavy steel industrial doors at the front, suitable for a truck to pass. They were shut fast, but she unlocked a smaller steel door in one of the large doors, and beckoned me inside.

We went up in an elevator. When I swayed, she supported me with her arms. "For God's sake, Peter, keep on your feet!" she snapped "I'm not going to carry you!"

We got out on an upper level. She guided me along a corridor, then pulled me into a room that reminded me of the changing room in my sports club.

"Strip off, Peter, and take a shower. I'll be back in 10 minutes. Be showered and dried off when I get back! Don't dress after, just wrap up in a towel."

The hot water made me feel better. There was expensive soap, and the towels were the best Egyptian cotton. I wrapped myself in one of the thick towels, and sat and waited. What was I doing here? I had been slightly drunk back at the bar. What had I promised? I could not quite remember what I had agreed to.

The door opened, and she walked in.

"On your feet, Peter, please" she said "Its time to get you started."

I got to my feet.

“Hands behind your back, please. If you want to back out, now is the last time! Otherwise there’s no turning back. If you wish to proceed, then put your hands behind your back!”

I put my hands behind my back, and waited.

I felt handcuffs snapped on my wrists. She took a set of ankle shackles, and snapped them snugly around my ankles.

I felt my towel suddenly snatched away. I was left completely naked, my wrists handcuffed behind my back.

She looked me up and down, and walked around me. I blushed bright red. She pulled on a rubber glove. I have to search you, Peter! This won’t take a second!

She made sure I had nothing hidden, then pointed to the door.

“Go through that door, boy!” she said.

I didn’t move. I needed to think! I tugged at the handcuffs.

She had a short leather braided whip at her belt, about 18” long. She unclipped it from her belt, walked forward, and gave me a hard stroke across my naked buttocks.

“Owwwww!” It hurt like hell! I had never felt such pain before! I had never felt a whip before. It was much more painful than I had imagined. It was agony!

“I said....that way!” she said again, and pointed at the door with the whip “I told you there was no turning back! Now you must obey, Peter, or get the whip! It’s your choice, boy! It’s obedience, or the whip! It will be better for you, if you are obedient!”

She lifted the whip again. I got the message! I immediately shuffled towards the door.

The door led into a small bare stone-walled corridor. In the wall, I saw a series of small barred doors, set close to the floor. I was marched down the corridor. I saw that naked men were in some of the kennels, small stone cells with

barred doors. The kennels were about 4ft high and wide, and just deep enough to hold one man, on his knees.

We came to an empty kennel. "This one will do for you! Get down on your knees! Get inside! That's your home now! Be quick!" she snapped, and lifted the whip again.

I shuffled to the barred door, got onto my knees, and crawled into the kennel, on my knees. I heard the barred door close behind me. I looked back, and saw her fitting a padlock to the door. The door was locked with two heavy padlocks, one near the top and the other near the bottom. When they were both fitted, and locked, she walked back, turned and stared down at me. I smiled up at her through the bars, trying to see if she was serious or joking about this. She did not smile back. I could see that she was serious.

"Put your wrists out through the bars, please. Then your ankles"

I obeyed, and my handcuffs were unlocked. Then my ankle shackles.

She threw the shackles to the corner of the room. I knelt in the kennel, naked.

"From now on, you will never leave your kennel without first being tightly shackled, both wrists and ankles. So don't hope for escape! There is no escape possible! Your only hope now is that we will decide to let you out! You have made your choice, and you don't have any say in what happens now! The main rule you should know, is that no talking is allowed in the kennels. If you are asked a direct question, or given permission to speak by a Lady, you may speak. Only then. Any other talking will be severely punished. There are microphones in the corridor that will detect any talking!"

I will begin your questioning tomorrow! Your answers will determine my recommendation for your sentence. The sentence that you agreed to accept, and which I have promised you will have! I will require a full and complete confession, of all your sins! All your dirty thoughts too! If you hold anything back, anything at all, I will know, and I will make you suffer until you confess everything! Don't test me on this! I've questioned many men before you, men just like you, and I made them confess everything! And so will you! Your videotaped confession will be provided to the Committee, along with my personal recommendation for your sentence. The Committee majority vote will then consider what your sentence should be. That takes a few months,

usually, depending on exactly what your offences are. You'll of course remain locked in your kennel until your sentence is determined!"

"I will start your questioning at 6am prompt! Now, try to get some sleep, if you can".

She left the corridor, turning off the light as she closed and locked the steel door at the end of the corridor. There was complete silence in the corridor. None of the men in the other kennels dared speak a word. I realized that discipline must be very strict here!

Interrogation

Approaching morning, I finally fell asleep. But then Kismet came back. She walked up to my kennel, ignoring the other men in their kennels. They were all completely silent.

"On your knees, boy!" she ordered. "Put your hands behind your back, and out through the bars". I obeyed immediately. I could see that she had a leather strap clipped to her belt.

She cuffed my hands, and I pulled them back through the bars. Then I had to put my ankles out through the bars, to be shackled. Only when I was cuffed and shackled did she unlock the two heavy padlocks and swing the heavily barred door open.

"Come on out" she called. I crawled out, and tried to get to my feet. "No! stay on your knees until you're given permission to stand!"

I knelt on the concrete floor. It felt so good to be out of the kennel! The cramped kennel really was a punishment in itself!

She inspected me. "You may stand now" she said.

"Go that way" she pointed with her whip to the door at the other end of the corridor. I shuffled down the corridor, the ankle shackles jangling, with Kismet following close behind. Most of the kennels we passed further down the corridor were empty, with the barred doors hanging open. But some kennels were locked. I saw a man's pale face staring silently out through the bars of the locked kennels as we passed by.

I was directed to a small stone room. A barred window high in one wall let in sunlight. The room was empty except for a heavy wooden frame and a table and chair. There was a notepad and pen on the table, and a tape recorder. I was pushed over the wooden frame, and strapped face down onto it, with leather straps around my neck, waist, thighs and ankles. I lay docile as she strapped me down, and then retightened the straps as hard as she could pull them. There was no use in resisting, since I was still cuffed and shackled. A strap was passed around my handcuff chain and my neck strap, then pulled tight and buckled, so my cuffed wrists were pulled up painfully high behind my back.

I felt her hand caress my buttocks. She laughed. My hands were pulled up so I could not cover my buttocks.

“Completely exposed!” she said. “Are you comfortable like that, Peter?”

“Perhaps you could let my hands down slightly?” I was strapped tightly down, but was comfortable except for my hands pulled up behind my back.

“Sorry Peter” she said. I can’t do that. I want you to be comfortable, because I don’t want you to suffer, except exactly in the manner I choose. But your hands must be kept pulled up so you can’t protect your bottom. You will find out why, in a few minutes.”

She laughed.

“I’m going to have my breakfast now, Peter. But you will remain secured here, just as you are.”

“When I get back from my breakfast, I will begin your interrogation. I will ask you a series of questions, which you must answer truthfully. The questions will cover your past actions, and will be designed to reveal all your inadequacies and bad deeds. I will carefully crosscheck each of your answers with other related questions. If any of your answers don’t match, I will apply the tawse to your bare buttocks until I am satisfied I have resolved the discrepancy. This process will be repeated until I’m sure all your answers are completely accurate, to the last intimate detail. When I am satisfied you have held nothing back, I will type out a confession statement for you, which you will read into a video camera. If you don’t read it, the camera will be turned off whilst I correct your attitude with the tawse!”

"After your confession is properly videotaped, I will send my recommendation for your sentence will go to the Committee, along with the videotape of your confession. You will be returned to your kennel, where you will remain locked up until the committee has reviewed the material and has determined your sentence. That usually takes a few months. You will be informed of your sentence when it is decided. You will then serve that sentence. There is no appeal process for you."

"Any questions?"

I gulped. "Can I appeal the sentence if I don't like it, please, Ma'am?"

You definitely won't like the sentence, Peter, I can assure you of that even now. But to answer your question: No, there is no appeal process!"

"Any other questions?"

"No, Ma'am"

"That's good, Peter. I will be better for you if you accept how we do things without questions. I will correct any reluctance with the tawse! The sooner you realize this, the easier it will be for you. To be kinder to inmates, I've found that it's best that I use the tawse early and hard!"

"I will be back after breakfast, and we will begin then. When we begin, please answer my questions fully and truthfully, without any evasion, or it will be the worse for you."

Confession

I waited on the bench. The straps held me absolutely secure. I could not move at all. The time passed slowly. I was hungry. I thought of Kismet. I started to get an erection. But then I thought of her tawse, and the erection went away.

At last, she came back. She walked up behind me, and ran her hand over my bare ass.

"A blank canvas for me to work on" she said. "Let's get started"

She walked to the table and started the tape recorder. Then she came and stood directly in front of me. I saw she was holding a heavy leather strap. She

held it in front of my face, flexing it. It had a split cut in the last six inches. It was a tawse. I had heard that this was the most severe type of punishment strap!

“This is a tawse, Peter. It won’t cause any permanent damage, but you will find that it’s very painful! It’s designed to correct and improve behaviour! So it’s my duty to use it, nice and hard, whenever you give me reason to! Its for your own good that I do this!”.

I gulped.

“First question....Peter, do you ever masturbate?”

I didn’t answer. I thought that a very rude question!

She walked behind me.

Crack! The tawse seared like fire across my ass! The pain was indescribable. It was agony! I gritted my teeth. I would not make a sound! I would not show her how much it hurt!

Crack!!!!!! Another stroke!!! This time I yelled out loud. I could not help myself! It was so painful! I sobbed in agony.

“I see that second stroke made you yelp, boy” she said coldly. “So, do you want a third stoke? Or would you prefer to answer my question now?”

She moved the tawse back for another stroke. I could not bear another! I had to answer her question!

“Yes Ma’am, I’ll tell you” I babbled “Please don’t give me another stroke! Yes, I have masturbated. I do, I confess....”

“Very well. And where exactly do you usually wank? And at what times? And what do you think of when you wank?”

I gulped. She wanted to know everything! This was too embarrassing! I could not tell her that!

Crack!!

I screamed in agony! “Pleeeeeaaaassee....I’ll tell you.....pleeeeeaaasssss!!” I yelled out loud. I could not bear the tawse! I did not realize a tawse hurt so much! My ass was on fire!!!!

I babbled out my secrets. I had no choice. The tawse made me speak. Whenever I hesitated, she gave me another stroke, a stroke with that awful tawse! The tawse was unbearable! The tawse made me confess everything, about all my secret fantasies,. Every dirty and embarrassing detail. Things I had never told anyone!

She sat down at the table at intervals and made careful notes of my answers. After I had confessed everything, Kismet started asking me the same questions, all over again. She crosschecked my answers against my first answers. She caught me in some small inconsistencies. She gave me ten of the strap, for each, then made me explain the inconsistencies in my answers, in detail. She smiled as I babbled out the truth, and made her careful notes, the strap lying ready across her lap. She caught me in a few outright lies. She strapped me hard and long for those! She made sure that I would never lie to her again!

At last, she was satisfied that she had extracted the full and complete truth of all my secret thoughts and desires. Every one.

I was crying, by then, sore from the tawse. I had confessed everything. She had made sure that I did.

She held the tawse in front of me. She pressed it to my lips, and made me kiss it. She made me kiss it sincerely, and well.

She took the tawse, and held it out. “This is your last chance to confess your dirty little thoughts, Peter. If I find you have held anything back, I will be very hard on you! Anything else you want to tell me?”.

But I had already confessed everything. From my sobbing, and my frantic begging when she lifted the tawse, she knew that she had extracted the complete truth from me.

“Good boy” she said. I was sobbing. I could not bear to have the strap any more! “Calm down, Peter. It’s all going well. We have heard enough to justify a nice, long sentence for you! More than enough! It was interesting, hearing all

those hot secrets! You certainly have a good imagination! I can see that why you didn't want to admit to all that dirty stuff! We already have heard enough to justify keeping you locked up! We can't have men like you roaming free! Now we know what fantasies are in your head, we are completely justified in locking you up! I know you feel better, now you have confessed. Don't you? Or do I need to interrogate you further about your fantasies?"

No, Ma'am! Please! I've confessed everything!" I babbled. I did not want the tawse again!

She smiled. "Good, Peter. However, your interrogation was only the first stage of the interrogation! That was just to get insight into your personal secrets, to help us tailor your sentence to suit you best. We need more information now, about your deeds in the world, to determine the length of sentence you deserve! You will now be returned to your kennel for the night. Tomorrow, I will question you about your more serious sins. We will begin with questions about your divorce. Those answers will be harder for you to reveal, I know. But now you know that I am serious about my questioning methods! I promise you that you will answer me. You know now that I require complete truth. If you are evasive, or tell lies, I will know it, and I will be very harsh with you! You know I can be now! You know what to expect!"

The next morning, I was returned to the bench. She questioned me again. I could not bear the pain of the tawse, and the next morning a few strokes was all it took to get me talking. I held nothing back. I dared not. Her cross questioning under the tawse made sure I told the truth! By noon, I was sobbing on the bench, and Kismet had a full and complete answers to all her questions.

I felt her hand on my shoulder.

"Relax, Peter. Your questioning is going well, just like the other men I've questioned here. Men behave very much alike, under the tawse. You are all the same. You all talk, when you feel the sting!"

"This afternoon I will run through the questions once again! Make sure that your answers match your previous ones! In every detail! Any discrepancies will need to be resolved, with the tawse! Only when I am satisfied you have told me everything, and held nothing back, will your interrogation be complete. Then you will be returned to your kennel while we decide what

sentence is appropriate. I have to tell you, that I plan to recommend that you get a long, hard sentence! But I will consider it very carefully before deciding. I will allow myself a few weeks to make my decision. Then the Committee will make the final decision on a fitting sentence for you. They typically take a few months to review my recommendations and listen to the audio tapes of your questioning. You will hear your sentence as soon as it is decided. Until then, you will remain locked in your kennel on bread and water. Please drink all the water, because it contains the vitamins needed to keep you healthy. We want to keep you healthy, so you can serve a nice long, hard sentence! Don't be concerned about the time you will spend locked in your kennel....all your time in your kennel awaiting your sentence will be credited towards the sentence you eventually receive".

I was returned to my kennel and ordered inside. Once the door was locked, my shackles and cuffs were unlocked. I was left alone to wait.

My burning ass gradually felt better, and the weals had almost disappeared after about ten days. The days passed very slowly. I was never allowed out of the kennel. The boredom of being in the kennel gradually became unendurable. I was given water and a piece of bread each day. The days passed so slowly. Then weeks. Finally months had passed! I was by then completely desperate to get out of my kennel! I would do anything to get out! But the kennel was kept padlocked, and I was never allowed out! Escape was impossible!

I had suffered enough here! Even with all the things I had done wrong in life, I didn't deserve this! I didn't deserve to be locked up here! I suddenly realized that I didn't feel guilty any more. I had more than paid for my bad deeds! Now I could move on to a new life! And Ms Kismet had promised to give me a new life! She had done what she had promised! I was a changed man now. Now I just needed her to come back and tell me my sentence. A short, light sentence would be enough! I had suffered too much already! I had already paid in full. I didn't need to be kept here any longer!

What was taking her so long?

Sentence

I had been locked in the kennel for months! It was incredibly boring, being locked up, like an animal. I was kept naked. I was given only water and dry

bread. I was given a single blanket at night, but that was taken away each morning, so I was kept naked in the kennel during the long, boring days. There was no way to get out.

One day, about mid afternoon I think, I heard the door to the corridor unbolted. I looked out through the bars. I could only see about ten feet up the corridor, so I could not see who had come in. I was really desperate to get out! I would do anything to get out! A lady came into my view. It was Lori! The lady from the nightclub. I remembered that she had warned me not to put my trust in Ms Kismet! She was obviously here to help me!

I knelt and put my hands together. Maybe Lori could get me out! I decided I had to speak. It was against the rules, but this was my chance to get out of here! I had to persuade her to help me get out of here!

“Ms Lori!!! I’m so pleased to see you! Please help me! They have got me locked up here! I can’t get out! I’ve been here for months!!! You were right! I should not have got into this.....please get me out! Please! Please get me out of here.....Ms Kismet is planning a sentence for me! I want to get out! Please get me out of here!!!! Please! They won’t let me out! Please, get me out! Please!”

Ms Lori stood in front of my kennel, well back from the bars, and looked down at me. She was dressed in a dark business suit. She looked incredibly sexy, but of course I had been in a kennel for months, and any female would have looked good to me now. But she really was very attractive. I immediately had a raging erection. She looked so erotic that I could not help it. I pressed my tear-stained face to the thick steel bars.

She walked up closer to the bars, and looked down at me, carefully inspecting me. She obviously saw my erection! I pressed myself to the bars as hard as I could. I wanted her to see my erection! I wanted her to see how I was kept here! They treated me like an animal here! I wanted her to see that I had suffered! I had to make her feel sorry for me, so she would get me out of this fucking kennel! She was my only chance! Nobody else knew they had me locked up here! I just had to get out! I would do anything to get out!!! I had been reduced to being an animal, and who would blame me, after three months locked in this cramped kennel! I hadn’t been allowed out in three months! I was crazy to get out! I had to get out of the kennel! I would do anything! I gripped the bars and stared up at her.

“Hello Peter” she finally said “You do realize that you will have to be punished for speaking without permission, don’t you? I will have to report that!”

She laughed. “But that can wait. I see that you are pleased to see me”. She stared at my erection. My cock was hard and erect. I thought she would be flattered! But she didn’t smile. I dared not speak again. I hoped she would not have me punished if I was silent now.

She stared at my erection. “You really are a cock animal, aren’t you! Do you honestly think I’m going to be impressed by your cock?! I see that in the kennels every time I come down here!”

“I’m sorry, Lori! I can’t help it! I want to get out of this kennel. Please can you

“That will be “Ms Lori” she snapped. “Your status is one of a prisoner awaiting sentence! You are just another cock behind bars! Cocks behind bars are no use to anyone! I will certainly have you punished, for talking twice without permission!”

“You used to be free, Peter, but what did you do with your freedom? You went your own headstrong way, and went with Ms Kismet, against my explicit advice, didn’t you! I think it’s best that you now be confined, Peter, for your own good, since you can’t follow my advice. Do you realise now that you should have listened to me? You may answer, Peter!”

“Yes, Ms Lori, I beg your pardon. I’m so sorry. I was weak. I should have taken your advice. I wish I had never agreed to come here! I’m sorry! Please, help me now....I can see you aren’t like the women here! Please help me get out of here!!!

“It’s too late, Peter. You’ve made your choice, and it’s got you locked up! I’m not here to help you, Peter, I think you should be locked up, for your own good. I’m a member of the Society that operates this facility, Peter. I am on the Committee that will decide your sentence! We have reviewed your video taped confession and read all the transcripts carefully. I have to tell you, that your confession is very revealing, and we all agree that you have frequently behaved in your life in a completely despicable manner that richly deserves a severe sentence! The only question is, exactly what sentence is appropriate for you. If we decide you can be changed, we will recommend you for

corrective training. That will mean you get to be let out of your kennel, and will undergo a long course of obedience training. But several members of the committee are thinking that a life sentence locked in the permanent kennels would be a more suitable sentence for you! We have rows of kennels out in the courtyard, where we keep the lifers locked up. There are plenty of empty kennels!"

I shuddered.

"But because I knew you personally, I felt I should visit you before the final vote, to try to find some reason to vote for something less than a life sentence in the kennels, or at least something that would allow you to eventually be let out. But to be frank, now I see you here in your kennel, showing yourself to me, erect like an animal, I'm inclined to think a locked kennel is the best place for you. Now I've seen you here, I'm more inclined now to support a sentence of life in the kennels!

So, Peter, I must get back to the Committee for the vote. You will probably hear your sentence tomorrow. Then you will finally have your wish, which was to be punished appropriately for your sins. I tried to warn you that Kismet would give you what you wanted! She promised you a new life, didn't she! But she didn't tell you that it might be a life in the kennels! But, just like all the others, you wouldn't listen to me. Now, I must go back to the Committee, for the final vote. After the vote is taken, Ms Kismet will come down here and officially inform you of your sentence.

Goodbye Peter. You will be informed of your sentence soon. I think you know what it's going to be! I hope you enjoy your new life!

The End