

The Dog Mask

Author's Note: Don't put on the dog mask!

Chapter 1

I met her in a bar on a Saturday night. I was new to the city and was starting a brand-new job in 8 days. I had spent the greater part of the evening in my new apartment, but the city seemed alive outside my windows, so I changed and took a walk. I actually went in the bar because I had seen her. She looked totally hot, and I thought I could be a voyeur while I had a drink. Her ass alone could have started a war...so perfect and round.

I was extremely shy and awkward around women since I was a late bloomer. I was skinny, ugly, and full of acne until my freshman year in college. I slowly went through a transformation to what I was now...a fairly good-looking guy with a fit body. Unfortunately, I still hadn't adjusted mentally, and I was still really bad with girls. I always managed to say the wrong thing.

So here I was stealing glances at her incredible ass. She was with a couple of friends, and they were playing pool. Whenever she bent over, I couldn't help myself and I looked. About the 30th time, she caught me. I was taking a long stare and when I looked up, I saw her eyes in the mirror in front of her staring at me. She came over immediately and leaned over the table.

"Are you enjoying yourself?" she sounded angry and I immediately got flustered.

"Well...I...well." I stammered.

She looked at me stern for a couple more second and then smiled. It's okay. I don't understand it when women wear tight skirts and then get mad when men stare at them. Isn't what they want in the first place?

I smiled not quite sure what to say.

"I'm Vanessa." She said with a beautiful, white smile.

"I'm Henry." I said smiling back.

We talked for hours, and she asked a lot of questions about me. So many that I barely could ask her anything. By the time the clock hit midnight she knew everything about me. The more I told her the more interested she became. I told her about how my mom left when I was 1 and I never saw her again. I told her about how I was an only child. I told her about how my father worked all the time and how my stepmother had raised me and had been really my only parent. I told her how she died of brain cancer 5 years ago. I told her how my father had started a new family and I hadn't seen him in 2 years. I even told her how I had lost track of my closest friends while I was in law school because I had to work my own way through school and had no time except for work and study. The more she heard the more interested she became.

"I haven't learned anything about you." I finally said.

"That's okay. I'm pretty boring. You know what?" she said grabbing my hand in hers affectionately. I will tell you more at my house. My erection couldn't have been bigger. I felt like the luckiest man in the world. I never been with a woman anywhere close to as good looking as her.

She drove and rubbed my thigh the whole trip. When she accidentally touched my erection, she gave me a cute, sly smile. I finally felt like my awkward stage was over. If I was getting someone like her to take me home, I must be better looking than I thought. When we arrived at her house, I was shocked. She lived in a large old mansion.

She shrugged her shoulders. "I inherited it from my uncle." There was a huge entryway with a giant chandelier and marble floors. The woodworking everywhere was exquisite.

She had me sit in a room with several couches and about 5 minutes later she brought me a drink. "Sorry, I had to find the Scotch. It's supposed to be one of the best in the world." I didn't have time to drink it though. Within seconds we were making out. After 15 minutes of heavy petting, she took me into her room and

said "Let me slip into something more comfortable" with a cute sexy look. Once she was in the bathroom, I went to sit on the bed and was surprised to find a dog head mask there. Laughing, I picked it up and looked at it. It was soft leather. I thought about putting it on as a joke and scaring her, but in the end I didn't. I wondered if it was left over from some costume party.

When she came out my mouth dropped to the floor. "She was wearing a push up bra, and a garter, stockings, thong combo with 6-inch heels. I almost came right at that moment.

"Oh my gawd." I said with genuine awe. She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen.

She saw the mask in my hands and laughed. "Oh, I totally forgot I had that out. I'm going to my friend's costume party this weekend and I dug that out of the attic. Pretty cool, huh?"

"Yes, it looks very realistic and expensive."

"It wasn't too expensive I don't think."

"Here, let me show you the rest of the costume." she said with a laugh. She had a box against the wall, and she pulled out mittens that looked exactly like big dog paws. "Let's see what my sexy man looks like with these on." She slid the mittens over my hands pulling each one shut with a yank on the string at the wrists and for some reason I just let her.

"And now the head." she said laughing. "You are going to be one big dog."

I felt a little silly, but I smiled and played along. I was tired of making stupid awkward comments and turning girls off, so I thought the best thing to do was act like I was having fun and excited about the dog head. She would think I had a carefree personality.

"I'll put it on for you. Open your mouth wide and let the ring slide in it. This mask has a cool feature that I want to surprise you with. You are going to love it! It's hilarious!"

She pushed the mask on me from the front and sure enough there was a ring that felt really big. It slid in to my wide open mouth and trapped my tongue underneath it. As I felt around it felt like there was some sort of flat rubber piece attached to the bottom of the ring that held my tongue on the bottom of my mouth. I could move it slightly, but it was hopelessly trapped in place. Before I could complain though she had begun to lace the mask at the back and then shut it I could feel her close a leather piece over the strings onto what must have been Velcro. The mask extended to my Adam's Apple totally encompassing my neck with soft leather. I felt her adjust the mask and pull my ears through holes that were right under the floppy ears. Then she appeared in front of me smiling and made sure my eyes lined up with the in front.

The mask was tight making me feel a little panicky. I put my hands still in the mittens up to the head and realized that I had no chance to remove it with the mitten on and started to make noise to tell her to take it off. To my shock the sounds that came out of my mouth turned into barks on the way through the muzzle.

She appeared in front of me. "Isn't that hilarious, baby! It's much fun to wear at a costume party. I have to say you are the sexiest looking dog I have ever seen."

It didn't seem so hilarious to me because I really wanted the mask off, and I couldn't tell her that. She moved to my side and pulled the dog ear up and put her tongue in my ear and nibbled on my earlobe. "Please don't take it off, baby. I want you to fuck me like your bitch. Your bitch who is in heat." her hand was now my hard cock and she rubbed it from the outside of my pants.

It was really weird, but I really didn't want to do anything that would turn her off and make me not like her. I was really infatuated. I was with a nice girl who was better looking than a playboy model. I justified by telling myself...it's weird but a great story to tell someday.

She came back in front of me. "Just one thing, baby. Please don't tell anyone about this. I would be mortified if anyone knew about it. I just feel like I can tell you anything even though we just met. Ok?"

I nodded. She was convincing and I wanted to please her.

"Oh baby. you are making me so happy. Alright...get on all fours. I'm going to put my costume on and then I want you to pounce on me like an animal. First though I have a few more things to add to your costume." She gave me a devilish grin.

I got down on all fours like she asked feeling silly and a little bit on edge. "Close your eyes, baby. I want to surprise you." I heard her pulling something over to towards me and I was tempted to look but I told myself...play along you fool you don't want to lose her.

I her drag something underneath that sounded like it was on wheels. It sounded like she pulled a lever and it had dropped heavily to the floor. I felt like I really needed to look at what she was doing but this was my one chance to sleep with a hot girl and I didn't want to blow it. I almost opened my eyes but then I heard her sexy voice and it put me at ease. "Relax baby. There is a bench underneath you. Just lie on it and let me do the work. The bench was little and only extended from my chest to my stomach, but it allowed me to relax. She rubbed my back. "You have a really sexy body, baby." I felt her tongue on my ear again. "So sexy." she said in a whisper.

I felt really relaxed despite the tight mask. She might be weird, but she was turning me on. As I enjoyed her tongue and her massage my neck and wrists were suddenly trapped in tight holes and almost as quickly my ankles were trapped as well. A surge of adrenaline raced through me, and I tried to move but was tightly trapped. It took me a moment, but I soon realized she had locked me into some sort of stockade. My neck was tightly encompassed like some criminal in the Middle Ages right in front of the bench. My wrists in the mittens were tightly held at floor level. From the feel of it my ankles they must have been in the same state. I could hardly move at all. She must have positioned the neck hole perfectly while she nibbled on my ear and rubbed my back. I hadn't felt the bottom of the wrist holes because of the mittens and i hadn't felt her line up the ankle holes because she had slid them under with my propped feet providing a passageway.

I panicked and tried to get loose again, however the apparatus was extremely heavy and wouldn't budge an inch. All of stocks were securely latched shut with no room for any type of movement. What the hell was happening to me? I just

couldn't wrap my head around it.

She came around in front of me and sat down Indian style with a satisfied grin. "You should see your eyes right now puppy. They looked very frightened."

I tried to yell (which was difficult with my trapped tongue) but what came out was a series of impotent barks.

"I'm sorry puppy. I don't understand dog talk. But don't worry. Mommy is going to take real good care of her puppy." She patted me on the head and then rubbed behind my ears. I was terrified and humiliated. How did I let this happen? I was scared to death she would take pictures and video and post them somewhere. I felt so stupid to have fallen for this.

She stood up. "First let's get that mask on right." I heard her pull the flap open. One by one she pulled each of the cords extremely tight. She sat on my back so she would have a better angle to yank on them. The mask became so tight that it felt like it was part of me as it molded to my head. Despite the soft leather it wasn't at all comfortable and it was extremely disconcerting.

"Next I have a special collar for my puppy." She released the neck stocks but there was very little I could do besides lift my head and shoulders slightly up with my wrists and ankles still trapped. She reappeared in front of me with a shiny silver collar that appeared to be made of all metal. It was as tall as my entire neck. I realized with terror that she intended to put that monstrosity around my neck and I shook my head side to side violently. I wanted to let her know that this game wasn't fun. She moved behind me again and sat on my back and immediately snapped the collar shut over the soft leather of the neck part of the mask. My head shaking hadn't made any difference. The metal was really tight and heavy, and my panic went up another notch. Instinctively I tried to shake it off.

"Relax boy." she said. "It's locked on tight and won't come loose. Don't worry you will get used to it...you will have to. It's on there permanently." Permanently? The word hung in the air. She had to be fucking with me I thought and tried to relax and not have a panic attack. Every second the collar was increasingly heavy, tight, and uncomfortable. It literally filled my entire neck.

She appeared in front of me again with a condescending smile. "Next I need to remove one of your wrist shackles. But I need to warn you, do not try anything." She held up a long metal stick with a handle. She pressed a button and a blue crackling flame of electricity danced at the end. "This is a cattle prod designed to move cattle along. Imagine how it feels when it touches human flesh. I've heard the pain is nearly unbearable and many people will pass out from it. If you try to get loose or grab me, I will use it on you. You will probably pass out after a few minutes and when you wake up still writhing in excruciating pain, I will continue, and your rebellion will cause you an enormous amount of pain for nothing. Do you understand?" she asked putting the flame inches from my eyes." I nodded cautiously so I wouldn't touch the prod. "Good boy." she said patting me on the head.

She cut all my clothes off me with a pair of shears leaving me naked except for the collar, mask, and mittens. I felt embarrassed and violated. She spanked my ass. "Cute butt. I'm going to enjoy watching it when you walk on all fours across the floor." She undid one of my wrists and rolled a very tight sleeve up my arm. It ended in a realist paw that I could only get into by balling my hand into a fist. Once the sleeve was most of the way up my arm, she locked my wrist back up and started on the other. She pulled the suit over my head through a hole in the leather. The bottom of the neck part of the mask then threaded into it and she pulled it tightly closed and hid it with another flap. Soon I realized that the black leather she had slid up my arms and over my head was a full suit. She continued to pull it over my chest and stomach until she reached my legs.

Coming back in front of me she showed me the cattle prod again. "I'm going to work on your legs now. The same warning applies. If you try anything at all you will be shocked with this prod and you will suffer terribly for nothing because I will still do what I want. Do you understand puppy?" I nodded. I was completely at her mercy, and I had to hope that she would get what she wanted and end this soon.

She undid one of my leg irons and pulled my foot up until my leg was completely folded with my heel just under my ass. "Keep it there!" she ordered, and I didn't dare move it. She pulled my heel out a bit and pulled a strap over it and down my leg, so it was up against the back of my knee then refolded my leg. The strap was heavy elastic and pulled on my leg with a lot of force. She yanked the leather suit

over my knee and up. The heavy leather forced my foot to point up like I was on my tip toes and to the side, so my heel moved to the side of my hamstring. Then she did the same on the other side. She pulled the leather up over my hips and I immediately felt a hole in the suit that left my ass completely bare and exposed. Once the suit was completely over my hips, she found my cock and balls and pulled them through a hole in the leather leaving them hanging unencumbered and uncovered.

She reached down to me around my knee area and adjusted some straps on the outside of the suit. As she pulled, the band on the back of my knee became tighter and a smooth and flexible piece of rubber was gradually pulled up and over my bent knee. She did the same on the other side and as I tested them it felt like I had been given some sort of prosthetic paws beneath my knees. They flexed a bit like they had an artificial Achilles tendon. Whatever was there was very firmly attached to my knee. She smoothed the leather flap over the straps.

Finally, she shut the top of the suit with a series of straps along my back that she tightened from the inside out. The suit became tighter with every pull and when she was done it was completely molded to my body like the mask. She folded a long piece of leather over the straps hiding them and closed them up. None of the buckles and straps were now visible. The suit just looked like sleek and black.

I was now a black leather dog with my ass, cock and balls completely exposed. She came around to the front of me with a wide grin on her face. "You look adorable! Let me tell you about your new suit. You won't be able to lift your front arms higher than parallel and you won't be able to bring your front paws within a foot of each other. If you were to put your front legs around me, it would do no more than hug me. You wouldn't be able to apply enough pressure to hurt me. These safety precautions won't do anything to stop you from walking on all fours. You back legs have a paw which is state of the art. It's flexible and will allow you to walk quickly and comfortably.

Your collar as an interesting feature too. I have set it to shock you on the highest level if I say "s-t-o-p." She spelled out the letters and didn't say the word. My voice and the word s-t-o-p are programmed in and as soon as I say it you will be given a shock that will incapacitate you. Any attempt to hurt me will result in a log of pain and punishment for you."

I resigned myself to the fact that this nightmare would just have to play itself out. I would put it behind me and be much more careful when I met new people.

"Let's get you out of that stockade now that we no longer need it. She hit a button that released all the arms and said, "Come forward."

I walked forward feeling ridiculous. I felt so stupid. I had just walked right into a trap. I allowed this to be done to me. I could kill this girl in 30 seconds flat with my bare hands but now I was the powerless one. I couldn't do anything to stop her... I just had to hope she would have her fun quickly and let me go.

When I got to her, she picked up a heavy chain leash and snapped it to the ring on the back of my collar. I was leashed. I would love to play with my new puppy more but it's late and I have a big day tomorrow at work. So, it's bedtime for both of us. Let's go see your new home. I had no choice but to follow her, so I walked at her side wondering where the hell she was taking me.

She opened a door and led me down a flight of stairs into the basement. The house was old, so it was spooky. She led me across the room and down a little hall that curiously ended with a brick wall. She reached up and pushed a brick which opened and revealed a lock. She turned the key and the brick wall moved on some sort of rail opening to reveal a heavy steel door with two deadbolts. One by one she disengaged the locks with completely different keys.

Inside was a little cement room and, in the wall, straight ahead there was heavy duty steel cage. The cage was literally in the wall as if it had been placed there and the cement wall made around it. It couldn't have been more than 3 feet high, 3 feet wide and 4 feet deep. the bottom was flat metal and there were thick steel bars everywhere else including the front of the cage which was flush to the wall. The fact that the cage was surrounded by cement except for the door made it even more horrifying. the captive's only view was into a small drab cement room through heavy duty steel bars.

I stopped short. There was no way I was going in that tiny cage.

She looked down at my sternly. "You are going in that cage whether you like it or

not! This is your home now. I intend for you to be cage trained. I don't believe that puppies should ever be on furniture or beds, and I believe they need their own secure place to sleep and stay when their owners are at work or away. This is your place. You are going to spend a lot of time here. I don't want you running around the house breaking things when I'm away."

I still balked. I couldn't believe this was happening to me. She grabbed something off the wall and struck me on the ass before I knew what was happening. The sound reverberated off the walls and the pain made me scream. It sounded like dog whining through the mask.

"Do I need to spank you again or are you going to be a good boy and get in your cage?"

I was crying now. She held a heavy leather belt in her hand, and I was helpless to stop her from using it. She raised it and struck me again on the other cheek. I wailed again in agony and stepped forward and walked into the open cage. It was terrifying just how helpless I was and just how horrible things had become.

"Turn around." she commanded.

I struggled to turn around in the little cage but with some twisting I made it and faced her. She knelt in the opening and unhooked my leash, but immediately snapped an even heavier but very short one on my collar. I wouldn't be able to turn around again. I could only face one direction with the short chain attached to an upper bar on the front side of the cage.

She reached up on the wall and came back with scary looking leg irons that seemed hard for her to carry and attached them to my front legs just above the paw. They closed very tightly and uncomfortably around my wrists. They were made of thick, heavy iron and the chain between them was made of heavy steel links. In the middle of the links was another chain that she snapped to the ring in the front of my collar. Smiling she closed the cage door. It shut loudly and I hear the pins engage shutting it from my ability to open, but that wasn't enough for her. She locked a deadbolt on it too and crouched down in front of me.

"I've been waiting for this moment for a long time. I had this room built and this

cage placed inside the wall, so that I would be ready when I found the right one and that right one is you. It's like you were made for me. No one knows you are here, and no one will be looking for you. I'll send an email to your employer telling them you had second thoughts about your job, and I'll post on Facebook that you are taking a long trip across Europe. In a few years some people might wonder what happened to you, but no one will really look. They'll never know that you have been permanently locked up as a helpless little dog.

She gave me a bright smile. "You look so cute in that little cage with your sad puppy dog eyes. Don't go pee pee in the cage or mommy will be very angry tomorrow. Good night sweetie."

She stood up and walked out shutting the heavy steel door behind her. I heard the two deadbolts engage, then the sliding brick wall shut and lock. After that I heard nothing. My life had cruelly been stolen from me in a matter of 1 hour. That's all it took. I looked out the cage door into the drab cement room with one dim light bulb. A stark view with which I would become very familiar.

Chapter 2

As my eyes adjusted, I saw a stationary tub with a hose in one corner and scary old looking leg irons, collars, belts, whips and crops on the walls. The welts on my ass were still burning and throbbing and I saw the nasty belt still swaying a bit where she had hung it.

I tested the irons she had put around my wrists and they must have weighed 25lbs. They were over-sized and solid, heavy metal. They snapped so tight around my wrists that they wouldn't even slid...not even a millimeter. The links in the chain between them were huge and the chain that attached my collar to the middle the leg iron chain couldn't have been more than 18 inches long. It forced me to lay on my belly or lift the irons in the air, the leash that she attached to the back of my collar was short and when I put my head down it couldn't quite reach the floor. I couldn't rest my head on anything except for the cold hard leg irons.

To compound my discomfort, I had begun to itch everywhere but I had no ability to scratch. And, if that wasn't enough, my bent back legs had begun to cramp, and my jaw had begun to ache.

I couldn't help but reflect on how it all had happened. I was so stupid. I had just walked right into a trap led by my cock. She had me completely helpless and powerless. I had less ability to defend myself than even a dog because the mask hid my teeth. She had thought of everything. The frustration of knowing that just a few pounds of leather and metal had completely enslaved me was hard to take. She was right. No one would be looking for me and no one would ever look for me. I was looking forward to rekindling friendships and forging new ones now that I was out of law school but there hadn't been time. It was too late for that. As I thought back, my long, honest discussion with her had made me perfect prey.

Everything was against me. I was in impossible to escape bondage in a house hidden behind a tall fence and a forest of trees. Whenever she had company or needed to go to work, she could leave me down in this nearly impossible to find dungeon. No one could just show up unexpectedly because the place had a big fence and visitors needed to be buzzed in. My chances of escape were bleak. The more I thought of the possibility that she would set me free, the more I knew that would never happen. If she released me, she was going to prison for a variety of things. She would never allow that to happen.

The hours went by slowly and painfully. My bent legs had almost become unbearable and at times I thought they may drive me into madness. To top it all off, I had to pee badly. I had had many beers that night and my bladder was full...really full. As the minutes ticked by it became obvious that it would be physically possible to hold it until she got back from work, yet I tried. When I finally peed it was involuntary, but it still felt good. That is it felt good until the tray-like steel bottom of the cage filled up with warm piss and I was forced to lie in my own urine.

As the hours ticked by the urine became cold and so did I. In addition to everything I was shivering. When I heard the deadbolts opening in the morning my head was in a fog. It took me a good 10-15 seconds to realize where I was and what had happened.

She found me laying a puddle of my own urine in absolute agony. The cramping in my legs was worse than ever and I itched so bad that I twitched from side to side

trying to find some sort of relief that wouldn't come.

"Bad boy." she said squatting to my level. She had already been up, done her makeup, and dressed in her work suit. She was stunningly beautiful and looked rested and comfortable. "What was the last thing I told you? You obviously need a lot of work to be housebroken."

She opened the combination lock and unlocked my chains. "Come." she commanded.

At that moment, I didn't want to hurt her or kill her I just wanted to get out of the fucking suit. I was in agony...cold, cramping and in pain. I desperately hoped she would set me free although I knew deep down it wouldn't happen. The fact that she looked perfect and rested while I was in agony covered with my own urine, didn't even cross my mind. I just wanted out of the suit.

I struggled to an upright position...at least what was an upright position for a dog and started to walk out. It wasn't easy. I was extremely stiff in addition to the pain. When I made it out of the cage, she grabbed the snout and the ring on the back of my collar and yanked me back toward the cage. Before I knew what was happening, she shoved my face back into the cage and into the urine. I closed my eyes just in time.

"Bay boy!" she said in a angry, condescending voice. In my exhausted state it was easy for her to pull me down. My legs just collapsed.

She snapped a chain collar on me and pulled me up and across the room. I tried to keep up, but she was too quick and I felt the unpleasant and horrifying choking sensation that made me feel even more helpless. When I was in the stationary tub, she tied the leash to a metal ring protruding from the wall.

"You are going to make me late for work, Blackie!" She scolded.

'Blackie?' I thought perplexed.

She smiled down at me. "That's right. Last night I decided to name you Blackie. I think it's appropriate with your dark black coat. I hope you like it...I think it's cute."

I hated the name, but more than anything I hated the fact that she named me. It was humiliating.

"Of course, it doesn't matter a lick whether you like it or not, Blackie. It's your name now. As your owner, I can name you whatever I please."

Her satisfied smile told me everything. She was enjoying this immensely. She got off on humiliating me and enslaving me and she knew how embarrassing it was to hear that I was owned and that I had been named by her. She also got off on my fear. That was for sure.

She turned the water on and let it run for a bit before beginning to spray me down. I expected it to be cold, but to my surprise it was pleasingly warm. She doused me for a few minutes making sure that all of the urine was washed down the drain then she took off her jacket and laid it carefully to the side, then knelt beside the tub. She filled her hand with soap and began to lather me up. She started with my back but soon was at my lower back and then began to lather my ass. There was not a fucking thing I could do about it.

"Poor baby." she cooed. "Your cute little ass has some welts on it. Mommy is so sorry she had to do that to you, but doggies sleep in cages and you are a doggie. Mommy can't let her cute little puppy disobey her or he will never respect her commands."

She softly rubbed the welts and then continued to rub the soap on every inch of my ass, and I mean every inch. After lathering every other part, her fingers began to massage the soap into the crack of my ass. She stopped and put more soap in her hands and then continued soft rubbing up and down and then began to push her middle finger into me. Her finger began to move in and out each time going deeper. I tried hard to not let it affect me but despite everything I became rock hard. It was humiliating, but she wasn't done by a long shot. Her other hand

found my embarrassingly hard cock.

"Oh I see Blackie likes mommy to rub that spot. Mommy's finger feels good doesn't it Blackie? You see Mommy can stick her finger or anything else she wants there because mommy owns you and there isn't anything you can do about it."

Her other hand carefully rubbed soap on my balls and then began to move along my cock extremely slowly. Although I hated what she was doing to me, there was nothing I could do about the arousal. She began to speed up with her finger and with her hand and I felt an orgasm brewing deep inside. I tried to will it to stop but it was impossible and when I erupted it was explosive. My entire groin spasmed as her hand continue to rub. She waited for me to finish cumming and rubbed me clean.

"I think you like being my dog, Blackie." she said looking in my eyes as she soaped my head. "Does it turn you on to be mommy's dog?" she laughed. "I think it does, but it doesn't matter either way. You are going to be my dog for the rest of your life whether you enjoy it or not."

She sprayed me down and towel dried me then led me up the stairs. It was difficult but I made it. She opened her back patio door and led me onto the grass.

"Go poopy and potty, boy. Mommy has to go to work, and I don't want any more accidents in your cage."

Did she actually want me to take a crap in front of her? It turned out she did, but I just couldn't do it and I looked at her hoping for sympathy.

"Blackie, you better take care of business or when we go back downstairs, and I will give you more welts on your ass and believe me they won't be as soft as I did last time."

She had my attention and I struggled into position. With all of my cramping it was nearly impossible but after a minute or so I was able to assume a position and actually do it. I couldn't look at her. I was so mortified.

"Good boy!" She said with glee. "Blackie, is a good boy!"

Tears formed in my eyes, and I looked at the ground.

"Now be a good boy and go pee pee too."

I followed the command and then when I walked back at her she grabbed my snout and made me look up at her. "Look at me you good boy. I knew you could do it! You are such a good boy. " She proceeded to clean my ass with a wet wipe and rubbed my cock with another one. "There we go. Your cute little ass and cute little penis are nice and clean. Let's get you something to eat and drink."

I hadn't even thought about eating and drinking, but the minute she said it I realized that my mouth was parched and my stomach completely empty. She was going to have to take off the dog mask, I realized with excitement. I had to say something to her no matter what the cost. I had to talk her out of this somehow. At the very least I had to talk her into freeing my legs. Having them bent like they were was awful and I was starting to worry about long term damage to them.

Unfortunately, the mask didn't need to come off. She began with water. A bottle with a long, narrow spout was pushed into my snout and I felt it lock onto the ring in my mouth. "Relax your throat so you don't choke." she warned. She pushed a button on the bottle and water went cascading into my mouth and down my throat. Terrified of choking, I did my best to relax and to my relief the water went right down without mishap. Next was breakfast. It was a disgusting thick liquid soup that was really difficult not to choke on. She finished off by pouring three more large bottles of water down my throat. At the end of the third one it almost came back up. I was totally full and thanked God there wasn't another bottle coming.

"Good boy, Blackie!" she said patting me on the head. "Now let's get you back in your cage. Mommy needs to go to work." She pulled on my leash and started to walk to the basement door. I felt a surge of panic. I hated that little cage, and I was helpless to stop her. My eyes teared up as I walked carefully behind her.

Once again, she went through all the security steps and I was back in that horrible little cement room with the little cage in the wall looking like some miniature prison cell in the basement of a castle from the 1600s.

I slowed down as I was led to it, despite of myself. She stopped and crouched down to my level. "It must be frustrating to be imprisoned by just 7lbs of leather. This leather suit is all that is between you and freedom most of the time, but you have absolutely no ability to break free. You are helpless just like anyone would be big or small in it. Its design makes it impregnable. Trust me on that one I've made sure. The simple fact is that you are going to get in that cage there is nothing you can do about it. You can resist and experience extreme pain, but you will still get in and have endured the pain for nothing. You will get in the cage every time I decide to put you there because there is not a thing you can do to stop me from putting you there. You are completely helpless because of that 7lbs of leather, and you will get in the cage and stay in the cage any amount of time I see fit."

I was crying now. She was right. I put my head down and walked into the tiny cage, then turned around and faced her. Once again, she locked the heavy iron shackles to my wrists and the bottom of the tee to my collar, then she snapped the larger heavier leash to the ring on the back of my collar and then snapped it to the bar at the top of the front of the cage. The shackles were so tight. I guess I should be thankful that the leather of the dog suit was between iron and the skin of my wrists. Wasn't the little cage enough? Why the hell did she have to add the shackles? I was uncomfortable and humiliated enough already.

She shut the cage and locked the combination lock on the handle once again. Then got low to the floor and looked me in the eyes. "Are you nice and comfy, Blackie?" she mocked smiling. "I'm sorry I have to lock you up so tight but it's for your own protection. I don't want you to hurt yourself while I'm gone." If I could have talked, I would have told her to go fuck herself.

"When I'm upstairs sleeping in my warm comfortable bed or today when I eat my tasty lunch in the park or when I work out at the club and then get a massage I will think of you in your little cage with nothing to do but look out through the

bars at gray cement room. It makes me wet."

She stood up and started to walk away but stopped and turned around. "Don't worry my little pet. I won't be longer than 9 or 10 hours...maybe 12 if I get a drink with the girls after work. Don't pee in your cage or mommy will be really angry."

With that she left locking the heavy metal door and closing the wall of brick leaving me staring through metal bars and low light at a drab cement room.