A Forced Descent

By

Marisette Hennessey

An FDC Publication

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Katya & Melanie

On the North East coast of Scotland on an isolated property accessed by inhospitable roads and tracks, a conversation was taking place between two women that was, unbeknownst to either of the women holding it – and especially for the husband of one of them who was not present - about to change the life of all of them in the most amazing, if sexually perverse and inhumane, way.

"What do you think?" Katya Lubanski asked her older friend in the fluent English that remained heavily accented despite having been in the country for over three years and counting; question posed after she had given the housewife from London a tour of her facilities.

Melanie Kennedy took a sip of her coffee and nodded approvingly, knowing the Polish expatriate valued the opinion of her closest friend in the UK and, in truth, she was impressed with the progress she had made in so short a time – and in so isolated a place.

"If I'm honest, I can't believe how much you've achieved - and so quickly," she confessed. "But…"

"Go on," Katya prompted her when she hesitated. "You are my closest friend in the whole world and I love you. There is nothing you cannot say to me."

This brought another smile from Melanie who, in contradiction of the younger woman's rather severe features, always felt relaxed and safe in her presence.

"It's not a criticism, Katya, but why choose so isolated a place for your business? I mean, I know it's beautiful in a kind of wild way but you surely could have found somewhere a bit more… *accessible* to breed and train your dogs?"

The Eastern European, originally christened *"Katya Lubanski"*, smiled:

"You know how I value my privacy after my experiences in Poland, Melanie. If you had been as used by people as I have you would understand my desire to have as few of them around me as possible."

"Living in London when Gerald was alive must have been hell for you then."

Katya nodded to herself at this truism.

"In that you would be correct. Though it had its compensations. Had I not accepted Gerald's offer of marriage I would not have met you."

Melanie smiled, grateful herself for the meeting with the sturdy Polish woman whose austere features masked a soft and nurturing nature.

When she felt a person had earned her revealing of it, that is – to others she could be as unforgiving and unbending as granite.

She knew Katya had only married the sixty-year-old Gerald to escape the affections of an equally as old Polish gang-boss who had been infatuated with the womanly curves that could sometimes be overlooked by the severe features overlooking them. The same gang-boss who had bullied her into ending her veterinary studies and had used her shamelessly when he tired of her; powerlessness that was, for the proud Katya, sickening and explained her delight a year or so ago when she heard her persecutor had met his end in her homeland both violently and humiliatingly at the hands of a man and his thugs even more ruthless and unforgiving.

Hence her own control issues that found sublimation via the dogs she bred and trained, farming the female element of any litter out to buyers immediately and training only the males; something she was completely open about with her friend:

"It pleases me to be in total control of the male – even if that male happens to be only a dog."

The wealthy Gerald, however, had been a different kind of man. Pimped by her Polish gang-boss, she had been ordered to escort the aging English businessman during his stay in Krakow and, by the time came for him to return to England, he had been smitten enough with her severe Polish charm to propose she accompany him back to England as his wife.

He had even paid the gang-boss a handsome fee for the privilege of being allowed to take one of his *" girls"* away with him.

It had not been Katya's course of choice, but she had not much in the way of family in Poland and Gerald at least appeared to have genuine feelings for her; also, it allowed her to complete her veterinary studies and become qualified in what had always been a passion for her.

That and the psychology degree she took afterwards.

Gerald's death had saddened her as much as the death of a member of the male sex could sadden a woman with her experience of men, but his financial legacy had freed her for the first time in her thirty-two years to do exactly as she pleased.

Hence, also, her presence on a remote coastline of the Scottish Highlands.

"It is busy enough for me," Katya went on as Melanie backtracked over the recent history that had led her friend to such an isolated spot. "Buyers come to me on a regular basis and I am even in something of a demand as a trainer of the more unruly canines. Though, as you know, I insist on training only males."

"I wonder why?" Melanie laughed, the older woman by some ten years and one of the only – possibly *the* only – person able to joke with the Polish woman on such a subject, and even then only after a limited fashion.

Katya smiled tightly, acknowledging the simple truth behind Melanie's irony but not willing to jest on the subject further – mastery of men, even if it was only that of human female over male canine, both a subject and a need closest to her heart.

“As I have told you before, Melanie, given the presence of even the most rudimentary form of human intelligence in a person, the training of a dog is probably more difficult to achieve than the training of a man. It would simply take more in the way of patience on behalf of the handler.”

As she had before when her friend had brought up the subject most dear to her, Melanie shook her head with a smile that was both indulgent and disbelieving.

“You really do believe that, don’t you?” she asked, the inflexibility of her friend’s features as she returned her gaze sending a shiver down her spine despite the warmth of the crackling wood-burner that allowed them both to relax bare-legged in only their nightshirts during Scotland’s late winter cold.

“It is more a case of *knowing* it,” the Polish woman with the forbidding face and powerful body stated, expression below the black and somewhat short and schoolboy haircut giving Melanie no cause to doubt the truth of her sincerity at least.

“So, you think you can take a man and make him obedient to you the way you make their dogs obedient to their owners? I mean, *really*?”

Katya nodded, eyes alive with excitement simply from discussing such a prospect.

“What, *any* man?”

Again, Katya nodded.

“Some would take longer than others to… break… But yes. Any man. And I do not simply mean training him to obey simple commands.

A puzzled Melanie’s eyes narrowed, as fond as she was of her younger Polish friend there were times when she could only put some of her wilder beliefs down to her experiences at the hands and other appendages of the men in her homeland.

“I don’t follow you,” she said.

“I am simply saying that if I were given unlimited access and time to a man – any man – I could not only make him obedient in the same way I would a dog but I would eventually have him in a position where he would actually behaved as one if it were my wish.”

Melanie’s mouth dropped open at Katya’s assertion, more so because she could see her friend was completely sincere.

“Trust me, Melanie, men are simple creatures whose control centres reside between the legs rather than between the eyes and it is relatively easy to use that knowledge to condition both their behaviour and mindset. Once the correct triggers have been put in place over a period of time the man in question would obey the requests of his female owner to behave in any fashion she chose.”

Katya paused, but when she continued the set line of her jaw and unblinking gaze of her cobalt blue eyes left no doubt she believed what she was saying:

"I promise you, even though he may despise himself for acting at her behest, he would find himself compelled to do so in ways that totally overrode his free will."

Shifting position on the sofa, Melanie realised she was wet at the prospect her friend described.

Being a woman of more intelligence than her own overbearing husband gave her credit for, she knew it was the lack of any real power or influence in her own life that induced such a powerful reaction to the outlandish, but sexy, prospect being outlined to her.

Sensing the effect her words had on the older woman, knowing her friend as a typical home-making housewife and sensing she was uncomfortable with the subject, though unable to divine the real reason for her discomfort, Katya returned to their earlier subject:

"Anyway, Stonehaven is but a seven mile drive south along the coast and I am not as *'isolated'* here as you would like to make out. We will visit town tomorrow to pick up provisions and you will see for yourself. It has a population of almost ten-thousand souls and that is more than ample in my opinion."

Her eyes narrowed now, her turn to be puzzled:

"Knowing how Tim likes to keep you on a tight leash and dislikes me I am surprised you went to all the effort I assume was required to persuade him to allow you to visit here - especially if it is not to your taste."

Melanie was immediately defensive, thinking she had unintentionally insulted her friend and her choice of location:

"I'm sorry, Katya," I wasn't saying I didn't like your home or the area – I think what you've done is marvellous and it certainly *is* to my taste."

"Then I hope your visit is enjoyable enough to make the effort it must have took to persuade your husband to allow you to come worthwhile," Katya told her.

"I'd visit a brick shithouse minus bog paper in Timbuktu right now if it meant escaping the bastard for a while."

Katya started. It was unlike her friend to use such language and with *such* venom. At least though, she told herself, it might indicate she was prepared to remove the pig from her life finally.

"Well, at least he allowed you to come and see me," she said, laughing at her fiend's outburst just the same. "I know he keeps a tight rein on you."

“Only because he wants me at home to clean and cook and do his laundry for him,” Melanie sneered, eyes tearing up a little and making Katya even more resentful of the husband who could make her feel such a way. “Besides, me being up here with you for a week means he can screw whoever he’s screwing at the moment without inventing excuses. Probably at it with the latest in our bed as we speak.”

The pause that followed and Katya was at a loss as to how to console her friend; especially as her inclination was to savage the faithless bastard herself.

Unusually, for her, being of a type who took confrontation head on, she chose a subject change by way of an ice-breaker:

“As well as Stonehaven,” she began, “there is a village not four miles inland should I feel the unlikely need to mix with others. Also, the area is rich in history, as well as being beautiful in an uncultivated and rugged way I find… *soothing*.”

The subject change went unnoticed as Melanie continued to visualise her husband and his latest *squeeze* in the marital bed.

“Did you know,” Katya persisted, “the first battle between the Covenanters and their opponents was fought not five miles distant from here?”

“Strangely enough… no,” Melanie replied, rolling her eyes, something of her spirit returning. “But I feel a more rounded individual for you having told me.”

Katya tutted at the forty-year-old housewife and friend who would have looked both younger and more sexy were she to be persuaded of her own buxom good looks and dress accordingly:

“Really, Melanie,” she began, referring to the first time they had met when walking their dogs upon London’s Primrose Hill, “I sometimes wonder what it is apart from our love of animals that makes us so fond of one another.”

She smiled:

“Apart, of course, from the fact you are one of the nicest people I know.”

The older woman actually blushed.

“I still remember your Boxer trying to mount my Beagle,” Katya continued, recalling the incident that brought them together.

“Yes,” Melanie mused with a wistful look; “it was something of a mismatch.”

“Do you still miss Ollie?” Katya asked, mentally kicking herself for opening an old wound, knowing how distraught her friend had been when, Tim, her control-freak – not to mention, cheating pig - of a husband, had decided the dog was taking too much of her attention and demanded she farm it out. The loss displayed by her friend’s expression did nothing to lessen the severity of Katya’s self-rebuke for the insensitivity of her question.

“I am sorry to ask such a risible question,” she apologised. “Of course you miss him. I only wish I had been here at the time and could have taken him for you. At least then you would have got to see him at decent intervals.”

Though both women were unaware of it at the time, the next words to fall from Melanie’s lips were about to change the lives of them both.

And, in particular, one *man*.

The housewife from London snorted, about to utter the sentence that would change her life and that of her young Polish friend forever:

“Would have been better for me if you had taken Tim and left me with Ollie.”

Melanie & Tim

Melanie felt him enter her and allowed it to happen.

It was two months or so after her visit to Katya and she felt nothing at her husband's entry apart from the discomfort supplied by the habitually selfish and clumsy arrival of his average and faithless prick in her disinterested pussy.

At first she had been amazed at the tales she had heard from the wives of the men he worked with, only too pleased to speak of the number of different women he was tomcatting around with on her. But then she realised, if the self-involved performances on the mattress she had experienced were any guide, there would not be too many coming back for more and would make a high turnover inevitable. For instance, Tim loved blowjobs, but not once had he placed lips and tongue at the service of his wife's pussy and had even had the nerve to berate her for wanting him to act in an unmanly way when she had grown frustrated enough to ask.

The only positive thing about his lovemaking was that it was not of any great duration and, sure enough, this occasion proved to be no different as, within a minute or two of having entered her, his abbreviated gasps told her he was about to gush.

How had it descended to this, she asked herself. Memory functioning normally, to her knowledge, she truly could hardly recall a time when she had felt attracted to him. Despite his undoubted good looks and the head of thick black hair of which he was so proud.

Had she ever really loved the man? Was there really a time when she dreamed of having his children and their children in turn giving them both grand-children? Had she truly wanted to grow old with such a self-serving user?

And yet she must have – even if such thoughts, especially children, now repulsed her.

Why else would she have married him?

Certainly not for his money.

Her own family were hardly poor and she had been in demand by suitors in possession of more wealth than him. Fair enough, they were comfortable, but they were not rich. Even the London house belonged to a childless aunt who had no time for Tim but doted on Melanie – with a strong hint it was to be left to her niece.

Despite her husband.

She was aware, of course, that he – they - had more money than he let on. He was an accountant at a broking firm in the City and earned a good salary. A salary he managed to double each year by tracking the investments of his company's more successful clients and investing in a small way himself – *'small'* because he was too timid to gamble the amounts gambled by the clients he was attempting to ape.

Not that Melanie saw any of the money accruing from these investments, they went straight into an offshore account he thought she was unaware of and was used to fund his wining, dining and shagging of the various bimbos he had a passion for - her unsuspected knowledge of all his banking details and passwords giving her a small sense of power; even if she had yet to use it.

No.

There was something from their initial courting that had led to her allowing her life to take second place to his she was missing.

But what was it?

Perhaps it was his confidence, she told herself as she felt his emissions coat the walls of the pussy he had penetrated but had, thus far, been unable to impregnate – another lack, having wanted children at one time, that made her tolerance of both his control of her and his faithlessness a mystery to her and – especially – Katya.

Having married her slightly older husband early, she had long been at the point of wanting to scream. But then nothing she said or did had ever impacted upon him in their twenty-one years of marriage and nothing had changed. Even the most basic of domestic irritancies, such as leaving the lavatory seat up seemed beyond his capacity to correct and she had reached the conclusion that he persisted with them because he took pleasure from seeing her irritation.

Of course, his more animal desires had remained consistent: self-serving, demanding, and rough; believing, it seemed, the only reason she did not enjoy sex was her habitual frigidness.

That it could be distaste for her insensitive and selfish husband not occurring to him.

"If you'd just let go, you could be a great fuck," he had told her on more than one occasion, as if his own idea of lovemaking and the way he went about it had no impact.

"We're supposed to fuck. We're married," he had told her once. *"If you can't enjoy it just lay there and take it"*, she remembered him sneering at her as his dick again made its way into her.

He had, she realised with no small bitterness, polluted her relationship with not just him but all males she who might just want a sexual encounter or encounters with her when he was out of his life. In truth, she was feeling less and less guilty for the sexual daydreams that substituted women or girls for the men who previously occupied her erotic fantasies. These *"fantasies"* taking on more and more the quality of an event waiting to happen with the appearance in her life of Alina, an elfin and delightful teenage friend of Katya's.

It was an *"event"* Melanie yearned for with a passion that intensified with each encounter she had with the girl.

Coming back to the present and the sensation of her unfeeling husband moving within her as he attempted to get his jollies with no thought to her own, Melanie resigned herself to his attentions. She had learned from years of experience that the best course of action was to let him get his rocks off and hope it was over and done with as soon as possible. In fact, she had almost come to feel grateful to the sluts who were keeping him occupied enough to leave her alone.

"That was awesome," he said, rolling off her onto his side of the mattress. "I so love pussy."

"And it doesn't matter who it belongs to," she snarled to herself as she slipped from bed to en-suite bidet to flush him from her system, the small matter of him using the word *"pussy"* as a generality not going unmissed by her.

The truth was that the cheating and controlling bastard loved any pussy, on anyone, she told herself, and there was certainly enough fresh meat passing through the City broking company that employed him. From almost the outset of their married life together she had been relegated to a domestic position and expected to stay at home, dependent upon *his* income. Having ran a Temp Agency herself and having been on the verge of opening her own business she was disappointed when he insisted she was insulting his ability as a man to take care of the woman he loved by continuing to work and, loving him back at the time, she acquiesced to his demand.

Being denied an occupation of her own yet another thing she resented him for, even as she scolded herself for her own inability to stand up to him.

Something Katya also reprimanded her for – if with affection.

Men in their fifties, she had heard, were supposed to lose their sex drive along with their hair. Unfortunately for her, Tim's ability to gain an erection – if not how to use it – seemed as intact as the full head of grey streaked hair he took such pride in owning. Despite his dalliances, he still wanted sex three or four times a week and this was three or four times a week too much for her.

Remaining on the bidet after she had cleaned away the evidence of him, she realised she was putting off what she knew had to be done. If she dallied any longer he would be asleep and the opportunity would have passed. This time, though, it would not be just herself she was letting down.

Now, there was another with a stake in the reclaiming of Melanie's life.

Prevarication or not though, her anger at the way he had used her down the years made what she knew she had to do easier. The weeks of planning and plotting with Katya helped also. In a ridiculously short space of time – much as Katya seemed to achieve everything in a ridiculously short space of time – all she needed had been put in place to give her a huge measure of revenge against the man who had professed to love her.

It was this anger that motivated her up and away from reflection to action.

Flushing the bidet, she stood before a full length mirror and studied her reflection. Katya, she decided with no false modesty was right. Even in her early

forties she remained an attractive woman, body firm where necessary but fleshy enough not to be mistaken for those poor misguided women who made the chain-smoking, cocaine snorting twiglets of the catwalk their role-models of choice. Her generous breasts remained firm below a pleasing if not beautiful face and there was still life in her striking green eyes, despite her husband's best attempts to still it.

Thoughts dwelling on him and his treatment of her, she made for the bedroom and prayed she hadn't hesitated long enough for him to fall asleep and prevent him pestering her to take him in her mouth for a second round of pleasure.

Pleasure for him, that is.

He was on his side as she entered and Melanie thought she might have missed her chance, but then, taking her courage in her hands, just as Katya had encouraged her, Melanie changed her routine by making the first move and speaking.

Duplicitously.

"That was wonderful, sweetheart," she told him, pleased at the way his head came up at the baseless and heretofore not experienced words of praise.

At least from his wife.

It had not been long into their marriage that she had come to look upon her passive acceptance of his lovemaking as a duty, much in the way she saw doing laundry and shopping; not to mention vacuuming and cleaning. The only difference being she could at least take a minimal and low-grade satisfaction from the more everyday housewifely chores and take pride in accomplishing them to the best of her abilities.

When he fucked her she just wanted the deed over and done with.

A lack of enthusiasm explaining Tim Kennedy's reaction.

"Really?" he asked, cocking a frankly disbelieving eye in her direction.

Melanie noted, with glee it must be said, something hopeful in his expression and took it as a sign she was doing something right.

That she might become a more enthusiastic participant in his one-way pleasuring enough of a carrot on its own to prevent him questioning her sudden change of attitude. It being, she knew, yet more evidence of Katya's assertion that a man's intelligence lay between legs rather than ears. An assertion of which her pompous, supercilious and sexually self-centred partner was living proof.

Emboldened further, she nodded and reassured him still more:

"For the first time in ages," she continued, I really enjoyed having you inside me. You just seemed so… so… *masterful*."

Hearing the words leave her lips, Melanie couldn't be sure if she found them more sickening than risible and prayed neither response revealed itself in her expression when there was so much at stake.

He had risen up to lean on an elbow now and from the excited look on his face she knew a request for oral could not be far behind. The thought brought a smile he took as anticipation to her face as she told herself he was going to be getting more oral than he could handle from now on.

And *not* from her.

"I'm going to get us both a nice glass of Rioja – to build my master's strength up," she told him in a coquettish voice he had not to that point heard her use. "Then I'm going to suck his love-stick as if my life depended upon it."

To a look that mixed desire with astonishment, a naked Melanie left him to ponder her buxom but shapely rear view as she made her way downstairs to the kitchen and the Rioja.

Not to mention the vial of industrial strength animal sedative supplied to her by Katya.

Tim

Tim Kennedy woke up cold.

Used to the reassuring warmth of a comfortable bed, his whole body had been numbed by sleeping in a lowered temperature and it had been the repetition of dreams where he had been freezing, no matter how he tried to warm himself, that had brought him awake.

That and a thumping head.

Reaching for the heavily togged duvet that normally covered him he found nothing and, opening his eyes with an effort, realized he was naked.

The sight greeting him beyond the outlines of his own body soon, if temporarily, made his concerns for the cold and the thumping at his temple redundant.

He appeared to be…

Outside!

Not only was he outside but, from first glances, he appeared to be in a cage of some sort.

With a part of his mind insisting he was still dreaming and would wake at any second, he gingerly maneuvered himself into a sitting position.

He was outside in some sort of enclosed compound that was open to the elements but located at the interior of a property whose walls he could see rising above him on four sides.

It was dark.

And he was in a cage.

To be specific:

A kennel.

In an understandable state of disbelief, he turned to his left to find a none too enthused Bull terrier regarding him in predatory fashion and, turning to the right, a powerful brute, of a breed unknown to him, scrutinised him in much the same way.

Both were growling at him.

“Where the fuck am I?” he asked himself as it dawned this was no dream and he was actually naked and in a cage in what appeared to be a dog kennel.

Moving to the centre of his cage to put distance between himself and his canine neighbours, he attempted to work out what in fuck’s name was happening. The last thing he remembered was Melanie returning with the wine and then…

This.

Caged.

As if he were an animal.

From being in a secure warm bedroom in his own house, about to receive what he considered a long overdue blowjob from his frigid wife, he was now in a place he did not recognise and in a cage, flanked either side by dogs. In fact, so dismissive did he remain of the long-suffering Melanie that it did not occur to him to question her sudden enthusiasm for an act she insisted repulsed her.

The suddenness of the development did not even occur to him.

Somehow, and for some reason, he had been abducted and brought to this place in… God knows where. At no time during these very early stages of his confinement did the possibility his docile and downtrodden wife could be the cause of it suggest itself.

Though it would not take long for the prospect to be suggested to him.

In an attempt to rouse himself from what he still assured himself could only be a nightmare, he dashed the top of his head against the mesh of his cage in an attempt to rouse himself from this most uncomfortable of dreams.

The action resulted in no more than pain he had no wish to repeat.

Convinced now that he was awake, he marvelled at his surroundings and the condition in which he had been placed amidst them. *"What the fuck was going on?"*. He was a mid-range accountant for a City broking firm, not a politician or multi, multi mover and shaker in the business world. What value would there be in anyone kidnapping him?

It was at this point in his reasoning that fear kicked in for the first time. *"Value"*, he knew, did not always have to be of a monetary or material nature. There were a lot of sick perverts in this world and despite his forty or so years he was still a handsome man.

Had he fallen into the hands of sickos?

He was still pondering the mindset of the people who had abducted him and dumped him in his cage as the dogs either side of him stood up in their cages and began to bark.

Eyes following the same direction he waited in the dark, fearfully, for what he sensed was the approach of his captors.

When a single spot illuminated the kennels and a door opened on the far side of the compound, however, only one person stepped into the compound.

A person whose form and confident walk he recognised.

Even if he did find her presence there as unbelievable as it was reassuring.

Reassuring because she was, after all, a familiar face.

For a moment the sight of her stunned him to silence.

But not for long.

“Katya!”

As the Eastern European woman and friend of his wife – the same woman he could not stand and had attempted to prevent his wife from seeing – ignored him completely and busied herself checking the dogs in the cages adjacent to him, he lost it.

“What the fuck’s going on here?

Despite his understandable preoccupation and the early hour, the first hint of winter sun beginning to dilute the canopy of black above, he noticed his wife’s friend was fully dressed, her powerful body clad in tight jeans and pointed shoes with low heels, body warmth maintained by a quilted waterproof he could only envy as he shivered naked in his cage. She had always been too self-possessed and dismissive of him for the man to find her attractive and nothing in his current situation changed that.

Diverted by the whimpering of the dogs as they rose on their hind legs to greet their mistress and win themselves some affection, he fell silent for a few moments; completely ignored by the object of his neighbours’ devotion and becoming more and more baffled by the second.

He did not remain silent for long however.

“Speak to me, Katya,” he told her in a tone of voice promising reprisals of the most drastic kind were it not to be obeyed. “This joke’s in poor taste.”

Nothing.

Tim Kennedy felt bile rise in his throat and his earlier relief at finding his situation witnessed by a person with whom he was familiar – even if it was a person he knew loathed him – turned to anger.

“I mean it Katya,” he warned, forgetting the vulnerability of his position and the power, should she choose to use it, his nakedness and inability to set himself free gave her.

It was as if he was not there.

“What have you done to me, you sick Polish cunt!” he raged.

Had he taken a moment to think, and before he embarked upon a litany of invective more suitable to a nineteenth-century stevedore than an accountant for a respectable City brokerage firm, he would have realised that nobody determined enough to go to the trouble of having him drugged and transported to a cage in god knows where was about to be deflected from their aims by bad language.

Bellowed at the top of the lungs or not.

Katya

Aware that the barking of the dogs as they made their need of a morning feed known to her would have woken her new guest up, after he had, no doubt, succumbed to his somewhat chilly and disturbed slumbers again, Katya kept to her usual routine and entered the secure compound she maintained at the heart of her property for the more troublesome canine wards requiring a little more than the usual firm hand.

Knowing something of the man she had caged along with the dogs she was training for various clients, the nature of his thoughts were easy enough to read:

"It's some kind of tasteless practical joke"…

"Melanie had discovered his affairs and persuaded her kooky immigrant friend to teach him a lesson"…

Men such as Tim, most men in fact, were an open book to the Polish émigré whose own sexual tastes had been corrupted by a man and set on an unnatural course. Even though she had tolerated Gerald and been grateful for his having contrived her rescue from the horror she had been forced to live in her homeland, her distaste for the older man whose death had made the life she currently lived possible had never left her. In fact, only the fact he had a penchant for the more assertive woman and wished her to take such a stance toward him had compelled her to stay when her inclination once naturalised had been to seek the freedom she had known only fleetingly as a teenager before the gang-boss had taken it from her.

Knowing of the old saw of two wrongs not making a right as she did, and knowing just how miserable a life of nil personal autonomy had been for her, she was still able to disregard the axiom and hanker to be in a position to mentally and physically control and chastise a man.

A man, unlike Gerald, who was not allowing her to do so simply to gratify his own sexual eccentricities and a form of usage only relatively more acceptable than that imposed upon her by the gang-boss and his cronies.

Now, thanks to her genuine affection for Melanie – not to mention her facility to influence her friend – she was in a position to unleash all her pent-up issues against the male sex.

Though he was not to know it at that time – deluding himself exactly as Katya knew he would - this was the worst possible news for the man formally known as "Tim Kennedy" and about to be forced to adopt an identity substantially less……. *manly.*

Of course, not being a stupid woman, Katya knew she was putting her new found freedom in another country at risk should what she intended for the man somehow be discovered; but she was also confident the failsafe's she had agreed and put in place with Melanie would be more than enough to offset any successful prosecution should her actions be discovered.

Besides that, and even had it been even more of a risk than she considered it to be, she would have gone ahead with the scheme that had seemed so outrageous to both her and Melanie when she had suggested it during her friend's visit and became more achievable the more they spoke of it.

To have a man and not a dog at her disposal, to be trained in any way she chose, was simply too much of a temptation for a woman with her history and the needs it had instilled within her to pass up.

Her biggest surprise was that the normally timid Melanie had gone along with it.

And enthusiastically.

Not once had the downtrodden housewife even come close to ending the forward motion they had set in place that would end with the husband who had been responsible for the treading in a cage on Katya's isolated Scottish property.

Entering the compound with their feed, dressed in tight-fitting jeans that showed her form to best effect and low-heeled shoes, Katya filled the dogs dishes either side of her human captive with food and water.

Having had the time before he fell back to sleep and the time that had elapsed between the barking of his new neighbours and her arrival – and realising her refusal to acknowledge his incandescent abuse of her the night before – to assess his situation, the husband of her friend she now had caged in a secure compound in an isolated property on a less than accessible Scottish coastline would, she knew, decide to try a different tack.

Much good it would do him.

"Alright, Katya. I know what's happening here. Perhaps I haven't been the best husband to Melanie. I hold my hands up. But it's a two-way street. "

She didn't even glance in his direction.

"Come on! I know you're her friend but you must see how she is. I'm a man, for shit's sakes! I have needs."

Not giving one iota for his needs but considering how well he was going to suit hers, Katya continued to ignore him.

"For fuck's sakes, Katya, I'm not an idiot. I've acted like a dog with Melanie so you're treating me like one. Point made. Now let me the fuck out and I won't press charges."

Katya smiled as the grateful Bull Terrier slipped a tongue through the sturdy meshing of his cage and licked the back of her hand.

“You’ve no idea of the trouble you’re in if I report this, have you?” he snarled, anger again becoming white in its heat. “I don’t know what the penalty for abduction is in that shithole of a country you come from is but over here it amounts to serious jail time you deranged bitch.”

The fact she was oblivious to his threats – the fact she had him there at all – was beginning to unnerve him despite the bravado supplied by anger.

His tone became more reasonable:

“Consider it a lesson learned, Katya. I promise to treat Melanie better and we’ll act as if this never happened. All you have to do is let me out of this cage.”

For the first time since he had been there, Katya’s eyes acknowledged his presence if not his face.

Rather, they acknowledged his exposed and shrivelled genitals as they retreated from the cold to which they were unaccustomed.

Realising what she was staring at, Tim’s hands formed a barrier to cover his penis and testicles.

The intrusion incensed him.

“You fucking bitch! You want to play this game? Fine! But I promise you, the moment I’m out of here your life becomes a living fucking hell that’ll have you pining for that prick of a Pollack gang-boss.”

Not responding, but managing to suppress a smile at what she knew were empty threats and he didn’t – yet – Katya realised she had never felt so alive as she did now, standing before a grown man as he stood in a cage into which she and his own wife had manhandled him after a drive through the night from London with him drugged and unconscious in the back of her Land Rover. This was not a dog she had at her mercy awaiting a training regime of her own devising but an intelligent adult male with a life and a responsible job she had taken him from and to which she intended him never to return.

Allowing her eyes to run over her captive’s body in a proprietorial way she knew would incense him, she was pleased to see that though there was an absence of any muscle tone, much as she had suspected for one of his sedentary occupation, he was at least not laden with body fat and the skin of the body itself was pale and unblemished.

He was also, she noticed, and as Melanie had indicated, hairy. Like many men of his age with dark scalp hair a second phase of body hair growth had kicked in when he had reached his forties and had begun to populate those patches it had previously ignored. Forearms and shoulders, back and, yes, even arse, were sporting foliage.

This was ideal for her purposes and something she, unlike lots of women, was not averse to.

Men who reminded her of women did not fit with the fantasies she constructed on their behalf. Thankfully, such was not the case with Melanie's husband and, for the first time since she had been a carefree teenager in her homeland, Katya actually felt attraction for a man.

Much pleasure would he receive from it, she thought to herself with a an inner snort of derision him.

"I mean it, you deranged fuck," her captive continued to harangue her, becoming more apoplectic by the second as her studied dismissal of him while allowing her eyes to roam over his body acted upon his ego in the way she knew it would.

"When I get out this fucking cage, you cunt, I'll take hold of you and…"

He broke off as she again hid a small smile and turned to leave, still without once meeting his eyes.

"Where are you g…? For fuck's sake, Katya. You can't just leave me like this."

She was already at the compound door.

"Are you totally fucking insane?"

Katya opened the door that led inside to warmth, comfort, and *normality*.

"Let me out, you cunt!" Tim cried, taking the mesh of the cage and trying to rip it from its moorings..

It barely moved as the compound door shut behind her with a solid thud and he heard a lock turned and bolts slid across.

The small trickle of blood running from a finger was as nothing against his anger, hunger, and a growing feeling of foreboding that chilled him almost as much as the crisp morning air on his naked body.

Having been relieved to have seen a familiar face was behind his incarceration and having told himself it was some kind of elaborate practical joke on her part, he was now not so sure.

Not so sure at all, in fact.

Tim & Melanie

He was asleep on his blanket when he heard the electrics operating the garage door begin to raise it and heard her car pull inside.

With a start, knowing he should be waiting on all fours by the door that led from the garage to the kitchen when she returned, he crawled towards the door until his lead prevented any further progress.

The woman he had previously known as his wife, Melanie, had returned from the office and would be mightily displeased if she did not find him in the correct position to greet her.

"Good doggie," she said, as she stepped through the door and closed it behind her before setting her briefcase on the floor and smiling down at him as he waited for the signal that would kick in yet another of his ingrained responses.

Half-crouching, she slapped her thighs encouragingly:

“Here boy! Say hello to mummy!

Without thinking of disobeying, he crawled on hands and knees to her and placed what she had told him to think of as his paws on her thighs in imitation of a dog welcoming its master.

“Good boy,” she cooed, ruffling his hair and gently stroking an ear before he slid down from her thighs and placed his lips on nylon clad feet in their expensive heels, the smell of her feet through the pantyhose, sweaty from a day spent upon them, repulsing him as always but not deflecting him from showing her the respect she insisted upon whenever she returned home – whether it be office, shops, or the home of her lover.

Unclipping his leash from the ring she had set into the kitchen wall, she gave his hair another ruffle before moving off.

“Heel,” she commanded.

With dread, and hungry as he was from not having been fed since she had left for the office that morning, his spirits sank as he watched her open a can of the stewing-steak in gravy she knew he hated and spoon it into one of the bowls that serviced as his dog dishes.

As she slid it towards him with the pointed toe of her shoe he forced himself to lower his head and begin the task of finishing it, remembering as he did so to shake his butt and make the tail affixed to his arse wag in imitation of an excited pet.

Her threat to serve him authentic dog food underpinning his conditioning and ensuring he obeyed completely.

Next to him was placed his water-bowl and as he ate he was aware of the former wife who was now his owner stepping from kitchen to living room to pour herself a drink.

When he had finished both meal and water, he crawled on all fours – the vinyl suit covering him preventing the standing on two feet anyway – to join her in the living-room.

He found her sipping a G&T and reading a business report of some kind and the sight made him feel desolate – especially when set against what nature and his conditioning insisted he do now.

Her serving *him* a drink as *he* relaxed after a day at the office had once been a prerogative *he* had taken for granted.

"This was me," he told himself. *"I had it all and I blew it."*

The pressure at his groin as his piss-proud cock strained against the restrainer *she* insisted he wear and for which she kept the only key ensured he did not wallow in the injustice of the situation in which he found himself long, however.

As the strong but shapely calf muscles of her crossed legs met his eyes he raised himself on his haunches and, denied the right to speak, began to whimper.

She did not react at first but then, as his whining continued, she tutted and lowered the business report with a patient but put-upon look.

"Is doggy trying to tell mummy something?" she asked, the delight she took in having him in so unmanly and ludicrous a position all too evident in her manner, despite the mock stern tone she was taking with him.

"Wruff, wruff!" he answered.

"Does doggy want more of the lovely stewing-steak?"

"Wruff!"

"What is it then, doggy? Tell mummy what you want like a good boy."

Looking up at the woman who now ruled his life, the man she had reduced to the level of a dog felt his encased and already uncomfortable penis attempt to harden in its cage as he took in the sheer nylon of her pantyhose as it rose over her calves and made its way to her matronly but attractive thighs and beyond. He knew she had forbidden him unauthorised erections but found it impossible to comply and had wondered what she meant when she had hinted at doing something to ensure he wouldn't disobey her in the future. Was locking his manhood away in a cage not enough for her?

"Little doggy erections," she had told him, were for her pleasure not his and she would inform him when she was in the mood to see one.

“Is doggy looking up mummy’s skirt again,” he heard her say as he attempted to will his hard-on down.

“Wruff!” he lied and began to whine again, genuinely, his need becoming worse than urgent.

“Does doggy need toilet?” she asked finally and to his great relief, knowing how long she could prolong these games if she of a mood and recalling the time she had deliberately feigned ignorance of his need until he had been unable to prevent his piss gushing out onto the rug upon which he knelt.

“Wruff, wruff!” he yelped instantly and with unfeigned desperation, grateful when her legs uncrossed and she moved to the French-windows to allow him onto their enclosed lawn where he could do his business unobserved.

It was as he cocked his leg against a bush at the side, sniffing at it first as his conditioning and training compelled him to do, that she spoke.

In mid-stream, and despite his need to evacuate, he almost stopped when what she said penetrated.

“And don’t think I didn’t notice that your little cock was trying to get hard as you stared at my legs,” she told him.

Still in mid-piss, he felt he might lose it at the other end as he visualised what she had done to him and the bamboo cane with which she had done it on the last occasion he had defied her and tried to become erect.

“That’s why I spoke to Katya.”

If he was worried before he was now in a state of terror. A mere mention of the Polish girl’s name enough to set him trembling. So great was his dread of her.

“She advised me to have your cock and balls removed,” Melanie continued as the stream of urine became a trickle and he raised horrified and imploring eyes to hers.

Too terrified to disobey her and speak, so great was both his conditioning and his fear, the man formally known as Tim Kennedy crawled as fast as he could to the feet of his former wife and now owner and began to lave at the smelly nylon of her hosed instep, whining as he went about it.

“Don’t worry, Tim,” she told him, the use of his first-name that should have reassured him only serving to make his situation seem both more real and more humiliating. “I told her I quite like playing with my little doggy’s cock from time to time.”

The relief he felt served only to intensify the fervour of his servile tongue as it laved at her instep.

A fervour that would not survive her next words.

“However, we both feel you would be a much better behaved doggy without those nasty and useless balls you used to be so proud of.”

It was few seconds after she had finished speaking that he heard a human voice scream and knew it was his.

“Noooooooooooooooo!”

Tim Kennedy awoke to the curious stares of two dogs and a sense of cold, both physical and metaphysical, that was not alleviated much by the feel of his own intact testicles in his relieved hands.

Tim

Desperately thirsty, hungry goes without saying, Tim watched as his neighbours buried their faces in their dog dishes, hating his canine fellow captives almost as much as the insane Polish bitch who had locked him naked in a cage.

It had been the rattling of the metal bowls against the concrete floor of the cage as his neighbours attempted to lick every last morsel from them that had woken him from the fitful sleep to which he had managed to return after having dreamt of his wife and her threat to castrate him.

Fitful or not though, it was at least an escape from the reality the Polish bitch seemed intent on subjecting him to and he was not best pleased to have been woken; though it did strike him that perhaps his sleep had not been as fitful as he thought, given that the bitch herself must have entered the compound with the food and the barking of the dogs at her arrival had not woke him.

That he hadn't had to face the lunatic but small compensation for his continued presence in what he assumed was her home.

He knew it wasn't a dream now and that what was happening to him was real.

It was inconceivable, but a friend of his wife, someone he had not liked but who at least had seemed in full command of her senses, had managed to drug him without his wife's knowledge and transport him to… God knows where! – though it was obviously somewhere relatively isolated as she did not seem at all concerned that his shouting would attract the attentions of neighbours... and lock him in a dog cage.

But why?

Melanie was bound to have reported him missing by now and the sentence Katya would receive when what she had done was discovered would ensure she was an elderly lady when she stepped from darkened prison to the sunlight of freedom. Why would she risk so much simply to…

What?...

Teach him a lesson?

It struck him that this might have started as a joke on her part that had gotten out of hand and now she was in a position where she couldn't just end it without being certain there would be no repercussions for her actions.

The more he thought about it this seemed to explain what was happening.

The woman, he told himself, was probably more anxious than him. She had never liked him and had even had the temerity to take him aside and criticise him for his treatment of Melanie before he made it plain that if she ever did it again he would not only prevent her visiting their home – when he wasn't present that is – but would stop Melanie from seeing her completely.

What had probably started as an attempt on her part to teach him some kind of lesson in the treatment of others had degenerated into something more serious and she just didn't know how to call it to a halt.

Even now, he told himself, convinced he had hit on an explanation, she was trying to figure some way out of the situation in which she had landed herself.

She knew he had no time for her, and she wasn't entirely senseless, so she had no doubt guessed he would assure her he would forgive and forget and then press charges anyway.

"Who wouldn't do that?" he asked himself, the stench of urine as the Bull Terrier to his left defecated in his cage cementing him in the conviction – the constant smell of dog-shit setting that cement.

Whether he was triggered by the action of his neighbour and the surrounding smells he couldn't say, but Tim suddenly felt the need to urinate himself and when his neighbour to the right copied the Terrier he couldn't stand it anymore.

Going to the back of the cage and the windowless section of wall staring down upon it, he faced away from the entrance to the compound, unwilling to let the woman who was either a deranged and misguided practical joker, or simply deranged, see him perform in so bestial a manner. Placing his cock between the mesh, despite it being a tight fit, he allowed himself to let go and felt a surge of relief as his put upon bladder released itself.

For one wild moment, and having read somewhere that it was sterile, he considered slaking the burning thirst that drove his every conscious thought with his own urine, but knew, even if he did sink that low, he had no container in which to catch it.

The bitch, he promised himself, was going to pay.

Big time.

Making sure to shake as well as he could, given his cock was surrounded by wire meshing, he flicked away what he hoped was the last dribble and stepped backwards into the cage. There was no water in which to either drink or rinse his hands and there wasn't space enough to avail himself of the bowls placed in his neighbour's cages – even if he had been willing to risk his hands being savaged in the process.

Sitting down, he remained thankful that at least he had no need to shit – that would have been intolerable. But then, why would he have to? She hadn't fed him since his arrival and he had no way of knowing just how long he had been drugged.

Just the same, and despite the cold and his humiliation and anger, Tim felt a little more upbeat and had convinced himself he had a handle on Katya's motives now and that gave him the opportunity to start working on her.

That opportunity being to convince her he would forget, if not forgive – she wasn't, as said, totally stupid, after all – her actions and not press charges so long as she promised never to speak or contact either Melanie or him again.

By the time she came to collect the dog-bowls from his neighbours, Tim had decided his course of action and was schooling himself not to lose his temper with the woman.

To do that, he told himself, was self-defeating. What she needed, he knew, was reassurance, not bile and threats of recrimination.

They, he assured himself with much anticipation, could come later.

As she took the bowls from the cages then returned to clip a lead to the occupant of the cages either side of him she, as she had done from the start, ignored him completely and instead of trying to appeal to her or spew invective her way he simply looked on as she clipped the dogs' leads to some hooks cemented into the compound walls and set about hosing out the vacated cages.

Dressed for once in a short skirt that showed off tanned and powerful legs he hadn't seen before and couldn't help but admire, shapely feet and vermillion painted toenails shod in strappy sandals, Katya didn't take particular notice of him, as she walked over to the first cage and hosed it clean.

Practical joke gone wrong or not, he wondered how long she was planning to keep him in the cage? What possible aim could she have? None of it made any sense except in the terms he had outlined for himself earlier.

Katya cleaned the cages then, without making eye-contact with him, turned to his.

He felt a rush of adrenalin at the prospect of her letting him out while she cleaned his cage but remembered his thoughts of a few minutes before:

"She was not totally stupid, after all."

Then it struck him.

She was going to hose his cage down.

With him in it!

They were coming to the end of winter and the compound was protected from the elements by the walls of the house surrounding it on all sides. But he was still cold to the marrow. Surely she wasn't going to hose his cage, and him, down with cold water?

As it turned out, she didn't, but only because he had the sense to dance aside from the spray she directed onto the floor and the mesh of his prison.

Unable to help himself, despite his promise to take a new and more conciliatory and reassuring tack, he glared at her as she went about her business, bile rising as he was, again, completely ignored.

She finished by filling the dog's bowls with water – again he was excluded - and replacing both dogs and bowls back in their cages.

Despite the cold and having tried to lick moisture from the wire mesh of his cage, Tim's tongue was swollen from liquid deficit and he knew that the piss he had just jettisoned would need replacing.

"Katya," he began, keeping his tone reasonable as he had promised himself, "can I have some water, please."

She didn't answer.

"Katya," he said, tone still reasonable, "You know Melanie will report me missing to the authorities – that's if she hasn't already. They're bound to check this place out eventually – wherever it is – and what do think will happen to you once they find me?"

Nothing – not even a shrug of the shoulders responded to his assertion.

"What will you tell the police when they get here, Katya?" he persisted. "Practical jokes are all well and good but I think you know this one has gone too far."

Still there was no response and nothing he said seemed to be having an impact.

It was as if he didn't exist or was speaking in a language she either didn't understand or didn't care to.

He watched as she retrieved what looked like a doggy treat and moved to the cage of the Bull Terrier to unlatch a small opening at the very bottom of the cage large enough to slide a small bowl or, as it turned out, a foot inside.

Sensing the goody immediately the dog's IQ levels trebled and he placed himself on his haunches with one paw held out.

It was not good enough and Tim observed as she placed her sandaled foot next to the opening and about an inch or so inside the Terrier's cage.

"Heel," he heard her say in an eerie re-enactment of the dream that had so disturbed him during the night, one of the few words he had heard her utter to either man or dog since he had woken in his cage.

The Terrier hunkered down and placed his nose on the red-painted nails of the toes she had inserted into the opening at the lowest part of the wire mesh.

He began to lick.

“Good boy,” she said, crouching down to place the treat through the mesh and into the Terrier’s slathering mouth.

By now, Tim’s head had begun to thump from having had no liquids for so long and his tongue felt like a large pumice stone in his mouth.

“Does this psycho bitch intend to malnourish me to death?” he wondered.

After she had repeated the process with his other neighbour, Katya turned on her heel and made for the door, obviously having decided to ignore his request completely.

“Katya!” he cried in a voice becoming thicker and raspier by the moment. “Please! I need water.”

Encouraged that she had not continued walking and had come to a halt rather than simply returning inside without any acknowledgement, Tim Kennedy kept his tone reasonable and tried again:

“Please, Katya, I really do need some water.”

For a few moments she seemed to be considering this, the back of the strong and shapely tanned legs he had not known she possessed until a few minutes before of no interest to him as his need for liquid occupied his every thought.

Then, slowly, as if reaching a decision with reluctance, he saw her take a bowl from a work table and fill it with water from the outside tap.

His spirits revived.

She was going to give him water at last.

It wasn’t much, he knew, but at least it was a start from which to open a dialogue with her.

Only it wasn’t.

Features expressionless save for their habitual severity, she moved to his cage with the bowl and stopped as he waited anxiously for the sustenance that would soothe his distended tongue and burning throat.

And waited.

Not wishing to say anything that would make her change her mind, he said nothing, hoping she would undo the latch to the small opening at the bottom of his own cage and slide the bowl through so he could slake his thirst.

What she said next indicated she was not about to do this…

Yet.

Unable to prevent the excitement she took from having him in the position he was in, Katya's cobalt blue eyes stared into his for the first time since he had arrived and, despite his hatred of her, he felt himself intimidated by their intensity.

Then she uttered the word:

"Heel!"

Melanie had turned them inside out and was about to bring the fabric to her face when she realised what she was doing and lowered her hand. Prior to meeting Katya's young friend, Alina, she had yet to have a lesbian thought in her life, let alone experience the physical reality. Yet here she was, imagining her first female-to-female interlude with the underwear of the girl she had in mind clutched in one, somewhat shaky, hand.

Before she knew it and even as she castigated herself for behaviour previously unthinkable to her, actions seemingly beyond local control, she had again raised the girl's panties to her face; the same flimsy garment in pastel green that smelled so delicious she had taken from the laundry basket in the bathroom she had shared with Tim not a few minutes after the girl herself had retired to her room.

For a few moments she marvelled at her actions, eyes fixated upon the garment that so excited her –excited her and made her nervous at one and the same time; then, unable to resist, resistance crumbling, she lifted the panties to her face and inhaled the fabric so recently vacated by the girl's warm crotch before, seemingly without conscious volition, the fingers of her free hand slipped inside her own panties and found a pussy almost shrieking for attention.

Again Melanie stopped herself.

Everything was happening so fast.

Not five days ago she had barely been aware of herself as a sexual person and had viewed the one-sided advances of Tim as no more than an unenviable chore that went with the role of housewife; such as ironing and disinfecting the loos. Now, not only had she allowed Katya to abduct her husband – and help her do it – but she had taken the steps that would, unforeseen circumstances excepted, ensure he stayed abducted and, into the bargain, was about to indulge herself sexually with thoughts of a girl half her age. Hardly surprising, she told herself, that she found her current actions unrecognisable as her own.

Then again, she offered by way of self-justification, the girl Alina was a vision of female sensuality that went beyond simple sexual gender preference and, as Katya had assured her, she should feel no guilt for the feelings she harboured for the young beauty in her late-teens who was, like Katya, another expat Pole.

Placing the girl's panties on the floor and intending to return them to bathroom and basket later, Melanie lowered herself to the mattress and thought about the day as she continued to massage her ever more moist pussy.

Today, for some reason, Alina had looked even more incredibly sexy in her naïve but knowing way. With her short blond hair, angelic face and body that was elfin and somehow powerful at one and the same time, she seemed irresistible Melanie and the older woman had not been able to steal enough looks at her. Just the same, she was still unsure of Katya's insistence that the girl was as attracted to her as she was to the girl and would welcome her advances.

Fingers beginning to bring her to a peak, the long frustrated housewife could do no more than admit to herself that she was praying for what Katya said to be true as she brought herself to a crescendo of such force the ceiling above her eyes coalesced into an unrecognisable form her overloaded senses could not compute.

Had they, of course, been of a mind to try.

Coming down from her high - and acknowledging that her self-abuse to the image of the young Eastern European had given her pleasure the attentions of her husband had *never* come close to approaching – Melanie decided she wanted to see the teenage goddess once more before she went to sleep herself.

When she entered the guest bedroom Alina had occupied since Katya had suggested she keep her company while she did… whatever it was she was going to do to her husband, Alina appeared to be sound asleep, chest covered by the duvet and her left foot and part of the calf above hanging outside and off the mattress.

The desire to slide between the sheets next to the girl was overwhelming and at that moment Melanie wanted nothing more than to worship every square inch of Alina's body. She had taken to the girl from the first moment Katya had introduced them a few months prior to the decision she had made in regard of her husband and had met with her for coffee and sightseeing tours of London after Katya's departure to the highlands. It had, however, had taken until now for her to acknowledge the strength of her sexual response to the teenager from Lublin.

Rooted to the spot and looking down at the sleeping goddess, Melanie felt a different frustration that she had experienced throughout her marriage to Tim as her own social and sexual timorousness prevented her, as Katya had said she should, acting upon her desires.

All she could do was stand and stare, eyes, for some reason, riveted to the smooth skin of the shapely calf muscle that protruded from the duvet and then, still more fixedly, on the fine boned and delicate foot below it with the high-arch and flawless skin.

The girl's long and shapely toes, she could not help but notice, were enhanced by perfectly shaped toenails painted a deep shade of pink.

"You may kiss it if you wish, Melanie," she heard.

The housewife jolted as if prodded with a Taser. She had thought the girl was asleep. Her embarrassment knew no bounds.

"I… hmm… I'm sorry, Alina. I was just checking that you were comfortable."

Even the tiny giggle that greeted Melanie's lie was inflected with the accent of the distant homeland that somehow made the girl even more adorable in the eyes of her hostess.

"I would be even more comfortable if someone could massage my foot."

Melanie realised her throat was dry and had to clear it before she was able to respond in a way that could be understood.

“Is, hmm… Is that what you’d like, Alina.”

“Only if you would like to do it for me,” the girl answered, the sound of her voice suggesting such a thing almost enough on its own to bring Melanie to another orgasm to follow on the heels of the one she had just experienced at her own hand.

Incredible!

Over twenty years with Tim and in the space of just over three days the girl already had the jump on him in respect of orgasms.

And without even having had to touch her hostess.

Barely aware she was doing it, Melanie took a step towards the bed and before she even realised she had done it was kneeling before the foot Alina had lifted slightly and pointed towards her.

As if on autopilot, aware of nothing except the urgency of her own breathing and the foot now dangled beneath her eyes, the housewife lowered her head until it was no more than an inch from the alabaster skin and the shiny pink toenails.

For a moment that seemed an eternity, Melanie gazed at the foot before her eyes and realised it signified a gateway to a new reality.

For her.

Then, with a sigh of resignation, willpower and social conditioning collapsing in upon itself, she inhaled deeply and took in the scent of the foot itself.

“Oh, I am so pleased,” the girl cooed. “I was hoping you would like my feet, Melanie. It is such a nice thing for one friend to worship the feet of another.

Melanie lost control, spurred on by Alina’s words she was unable to recognise herself in the madwoman who began running her tongue along the girl’s slightly salty tasting instep to savor the taste.

From the instep she went for the toes and began to suck on them, losing herself in the moment and feeling the shackles of years dropping away as she did so.

“Oh, Melanie!” Alina sighed, with feigned shock. “I thought you were going to massage my foot but…”

Jettisoned shackles or not, Melanie was jolted from her somewhat slavish devotions at the prospect she may have, somehow, overstepped the mark.

"Alina, I'm so sorry. "I… I didn’t mean to… I mean… I don't know what came over me."

"There is no need to apologise, Melanie," Alina said. "I am enjoying what you do very much and would like for you to continue."

Melanie was held fast to her spot at the girl's feet with a mixture of lust and relief.

Hope should be taken as read.

"Katya said you were attracted to me but was unsure if you would be able to… show it," the girl told her, tone leaving the older woman undecided as to whether the youngster were stating an attraction of her own or simply making mocking of a besotted older woman.

Mouth opening but no words issuing forth, Melanie resigned herself to silence as the young goddess raised herself upon an elbow and gazed down at her with what the housewife's befuddled and confused mind could only take as an imperious look.

"It would seem our great friend is right," the goddess smiled. "as she is in most things."

Melanie found it hard to disagree upon the woman who, equi-distant in age from them both, was doted upon by the younger fellow countrywoman she had befriended after her arrival in the country not a year before. Katya had not only taken the girl under her wing after meeting her at a local Polish club that had been set up for emigres but had gone on to find her work and lodgings in a respectable hotel in the Bloomsbury Square area of London.

She also knew Alina had sexual feelings for Katya but had been told by her friend there would be no relationship between them of that kind.

Despite her experiences of a sexual nature at the hands of me – and unlike Melanie herself it would now appear – Katya had no lesbian inclinations and her preference was still for the male sex.

If not – decidedly *not* - romantically.

"But tell me, Melanie," the girl continued, interrupting the thoughts of her smitten hostess with that accented and sexy voice, "Is it just my feet alone you are attracted to?

"That is nice on its own," she went on, "but I would be very disappointed to discover they were the only thing about me you found… pleasing."

"No, Alina!" Melanie cried in spite of herself, and in direct contradiction of her whole background and what she knew of herself as a person, knowing the young girl was leading her and not caring. "I crave your whole body. You're a goddess. I want to worship you."

There!

It was out.

She had said it.

Her immediate future, she knew, had just been placed into the hands of a teenager.

A teenager who, worryingly, was not saying anything but simply staring down at her thoughtfully.

The girl continued to gaze down at her in silence for a long time, the imperious added to the thoughtful, then:

"Very well, Melanie," she began, already taking a superior tone as she sensed the older woman cave in to her own needs in her regard, "if you are serious about me being a goddess and wishing to worship me, then I must take it that you will do as I say when I say it."

Melanie stared at the girl, hoping she had not comprehended correctly: *"was I just told by a girl young enough to be my daughter that I needed to do as she said?"*

Aware of the older woman's confusion, Alina supplied a succinct explanation:

"Katya has taught me there can only be but one master in a relationship and if I you insist *I* am to be the goddess then *you* must be my servant. There can be *no* other way."

The girl, Melanie realised was becoming more dominant with her by the second and, for reasons she did not understand, it was inflaming her even more.

Before the baffled housewife could question her reaction further, Alina continued:

"I am very attracted to you also, Melanie," she said, smoothing back her short blond hair and allowing the duvet to slip from her chest to reveal a pair of breasts that were as firm as they were young and incredible; nipples jutting out bullet-like to underpin the message she was attempting to convey. "As Katya may or may not have told you, I have something of a weak spot for older women such as yourself."

Still unable to speak, eyes riveted to the girl's chest, Melanie could only nod.

"If we are to become an… *item*, as they say, and I am to consent to being your goddess, you would have to agree to do what I say."

Melanie's sense of propriety was as appalled as her senses were inflamed: *"do what I say"*?, she asked herself again, stunned at the self-possession required to tell her this by a girl who was barely nineteen and over twenty years her junior.

Yet, she felt compelled to ask herself also, if she found being led by a teenage girl so appalling why did she also feel more alive than she could ever recall feeling?

Including the night she had drugged Tim and helped Katya drive him to Scotland.

“I am quite serious, Melanie,” the girl continued, face stern in the light that lit the room from the hallway beyond. “I am aware of the difference in our respective ages, but age will have no bearing if we are to be together. I will order and you will obey. There will, I hope, be love and I will discuss things through with you, but there will be only one of us who makes decisions. And it will *not* be you."

Unable to breathe, so fast did everything appear to be happening and so overwhelming was her response to the girl, Melanie could only look on as a teenager who was a guest in her own home insisted she become her…

What?

Lover?... Certainly.

Servant?... Perhaps.

Slave?...

“Do you understand, Melanie? You must either tell me that you do or I will leave here this instant and return to my position at the hotel. If you are not lying to me and you truly see me as a goddess then you must serve me as such a deity should be served.”

Melanie stared back at Alina hopelessly, amazed not only at her articulacy in a second tongue she had been speaking for only a year but at her advanced self-possession.

The older woman knew already that there was no way she could let the girl go.

"Answer me now, or I leave this instant,” the goddess persisted, tone calm and reasonable but, just the same, leaving Melanie no room to doubt her intent.

Kneeling there in her nightshirt, the taste of the teenager’s foot still in her mouth, the former town-mouse known as Mrs Timothy Kennedy thought about what was being asked of her for a few seconds and then, still with a certain degree of amazement:

“Yes, Alina,” she said, voice firm now that the decision was made and uncertainty was no more, knowing that if the way she felt now was a foretaste of how she would feel as older submissive to young girl’s dominant then that decision was the correct one. “You are my goddess and I wish to serve you.”

The teenager’s face broke into an excited and delighted smile and she swivelled both legs over the side of the bed, breasts so full and firm they barely rippled with the movement.

Breath halting in her throat as the young girl who was mastering her gazed down at the older woman who had just committed herself to becoming her servant, Melanie took in Alina’s wondrous curves from the position she was in on her haunches.

"Then to celebrate our first act as a couple,” she heard from above her, “I want you to kiss me.”

Melanie began to rise to her feet toward the girl’s beaming features, but Alina shook her head and, placing her hands on the kneeling woman’s shoulders, pushed her back into a squatting position.

“The lips I wish you to kiss are lower down.”

Tim

The cold was only marginally less debilitating for the blanket she had folded and pushed into his cage through the tiny opening at its bottom.

It was old, had seen better days and, worse, smelt of the dog she had allowed to rest upon it before giving it to him. But it was large, at least, and provided him with some respite from the cold of the small inner courtyard. A courtyard that was at least, and thankfully, protected from the late winter winds by the walls that rose to three storeys upon the four sides of his cage.

Also, it provided his naked body some protection from the woman's eyes that roamed over him as if he were indeed no more than a canine for whom privacy was unnecessary.

Not counting the time he had been drugged before regaining consciousness, Tim Kennedy knew he had been in the cage where he had been placed by the Polish lunatic for three days. Three days in which he had not eaten. Though the younger woman had consented to give him water after he had been forced to beg for it after the fashion of the mutts in the cages to his left and right.

The memory of having had to place his lips on her toes and then to *"lick"* – one of the single-word commands she used with him as a substitute for her refusal to allow him to engage her in conversation – utterly enraged him when her returned to it and triggered the usual internal promises of retribution when he was free.

Not being entirely stupid though, and realising the woman he had come to consider as deranged – fear levels increasing with the belief – did not respond to him in any way other than monosyllabic commands intended for animals and ignored him completely if he exhibited anything that resembled human behaviour; Tim was aware she was trying to humiliate him.

What he had yet to figure out was what she could possibly hope to achieve by putting her own liberty at risk to do so.

Had he thought about it with any logicality; despite the abnormal nature of the situation and finding himself a part of it; he might have looked upon those monosyllabic commands – and especially the word used when she wished him to beg for water - as something of a giveaway.

"Heel!"

He was aware of the young woman's distaste for his *"disrespectful treatment of Melanie,"*, as she had had the nerve to describe it to him on the first and last occasion she had taken dinner at his house and while Melanie herself was busy preparing it in the kitchen.

Also, he knew from his wife how angry the girl had been when Melanie had informed her she had been instructed by her husband not to have anything more to do with that *"stupid Pollack"*, as he had described her.

The last being an order Melanie had, for once, not taken on board from her lord and master.

None of the above though, he had told himself, could possibly be of enough magnitude to induce her to go to the lengths to which she was now going in regard of him.

Unless, and chillingly, she was truly deranged.

Because if that were the case, he had told himself, he truly was in trouble.

Deep in his memory, having seldom paid what passed for the conversation of his wife much attention, he vaguely recalled something about her Polish friend relocating to an isolated spot in Scotland after the death of her husband had left her pretty decently off. It was a snippet of recalled triviality that chimed and was triggered with and by the purity in the air he had been breathing these past days. A purity of air that indicated less congested Northern climes, though for the life of him he could not work out how she had managed to have him brought to this place. Without question she would have needed help and he could only imagine she had paid some dubious Eastern European acquaintance to assist in his transportation.

He also realised by now that Melanie would have reported him missing. But how long would it be before they made the connection to Katya and this place? Between his abduction and the young Polish friend of his wife it was the hell of a leap anyway.

More sobering was the thought of what might happen to him in the meantime.

So dismissive of his wife did he remain it still did not occur to him that she might have had a hand in his abduction, though the fact the Polish girl had obviously gone to such trouble to arrange it all was further evidence - if such were needed by him - that she was not only mentally unstable but, perish the thought… *psychopathic.*

His fear levels, along with his hunger, discomfort, humiliation and anger rose by the day.

As mentioned, he was not entirely stupid and, blessed as he was with an ability to think quite beyond his caged neighbours who were becoming more trained and obedient by the day, he realised the woman was attempting to dehumanise him in some way.

Even if her reasons for doing so were beyond him.

His rising fear levels took some comfort from the fact that she would not be going to such trouble if she intended to do away with him.

At least not right away.

More worryingly, however, he also realised that as his condition weakened he became more receptive to her subliminal, sometimes spoken and conversational, demands.

That these *"spoken and conversational"* demands were never addressed to him and were usually directed as doggy-talk to his neighbours in the way of a master speaking to a pet when no human company was available, began for him a period of adjustment as he began to divine the *"Pollack bitch's"* intent.

It taking even longer before he began to see life became marginally better for him when he acted upon the requests implicit in the conversation with the mutts that was, he now knew, intended for him.

Genius was not required to work out that he had only received water after he had copied the fawning example of his neighbours and licked her foot when she placed it at the small aperture at the bottom of his own cage. An action, as much as it appalled him, he knew he had no choice but to perform. If it were a question of refusing the demeaning demand to go without water and dehydrate, or bending his neck in order to survive and fight another day, he would take the latter option.

He also knew, however, and despite his understandable need for self-preservation, that the slope she had placed him upon was a slippery one and led in only one direction if he were not to find some kind of purchase along the way.

Purchase *not* being found, he knew, meant that any other outcome could only be brought about by someone else who not only knew of his presence there but, also, would have to inform the authorities.

This he considered unlikely - and especially if that other person had been involved with the transporting of him to the place and had as much to lose by discovery as the woman herself.

None of the above being forthcoming, as he did not expect for a moment it would be, he would need to go along with what the woman intended until she was confident enough to make a mistake that would enable him to free himself.

It was not, you may be sure, his course of choice but, and as hateful as such pandering to the Polish bitch was, together with the humiliation he would feel from doing it, Tim Kennedy knew it was the only immediate course of action open to him and he needed to set it in motion.

Immediately.

Never the most hardy or courageous of individuals – despite the macho front he adopted for both wife and lovers – he was aware of something stirring within him that he could only describe as…

"Giving way".

He was not an unread man and was aware of the atrocities perpetrated upon men by their fellow men.

From Burma to the old Soviet Union to Guantanamo.

What he was not aware of was just how much in the way of endurance and fortitude it took to survive in even such relatively less exacting situations as those of his own.

Having thought of escaping from the moment he had regained consciousness in it, nothing had changed; except the realisation the mesh of the cage itself was utterly impervious to his attempts upon it. Attempts he knew were becoming more feeble with each day that passed with no sustenance; save, that is, from the water she insisted he lap from a bowl after the fashion of his canine neighbours to keep him from dehydrating – the same bowl she slid away from his lips if he made any move to take it in his hands.

The frame of the cage was solid metal, as was the meshed door, and he had soon given up hope of effecting a release without tools and only his bare hands.

His anger towards the woman for having disrupted his life in such a fashion was, and quite understandably, running at molten levels and only a corresponding fear for the kind of person who, man or woman, unbalanced enough to do such a thing prevented him from abusing her whenever she entered the courtyard. Given that any hope he had of sustenance, along with the dogs in the cages either side of him, came from the woman's largesse, was another factor in keeping his abuse of her in check. Though, and again understandably, the same could not be said of his thoughts which, when not cursing her, were picturing himself on the front page of one of the more lurid Sunday publications as it detailed his treatment at her hands.

That was a humiliation, simply thinking about it, *almost* as hard to bear as those she was forcing him to undergo in actuality.

Of course, during the first few days of his captivity, and after he had stopped bad mouthing her with threats and assurances of the retribution he would bring down upon her when he was free, he had attempted to reason with her, to assure her that were she to just let him go he would call it quits between them and they could go their separate ways.

Reasoning, though, could only be effective if there was someone willing to listen to it.

Let alone be persuaded enough to respond.

For all the attention the Polish bitch paid him he may just as well have been one of the dogs to his side who were also in receipt of the woman's own particular brand of hospitality. In fact, and had he been one, it occurred to him, he would have registered more with her and received better treatment. As a man and a human-being, however, she seemed intent upon not acknowledging him on any level.

No matter how much thought he gave the subject; and he had given it a lot during the long and intensely boring periods between her appearances in the courtyard for feeding – the dogs at least – and watering the three occupants as well as taking the two-thirds of the equation for the walks that constituted their daily exercise; he could not understand how any person who was not unbalanced could possibly put another human being through such an experience.

And as for actually getting away with it…?

That really was – in the absence of the real thing – *food* for thought.

That he had convinced himself no sane person would do such a thing on the occasions, which were frequent, when he gave the subject and her motivations thought, led again to an acknowledgment of just how precarious his situation was and just how much power she had over him while he was in that cage.

If she was as deranged as he assured himself she must be to have already carried out what she had thus far carried out, then there could be no second-guessing as to what else she was capable of seeing through.

Not for the first time over the past few days; he felt an internal and metaphysical shiver to match the more physical cousin constantly discomfiting his exterior.

What this obviously unbalanced woman was in a position to do to him - and gave the impression of being cold and uncaring enough to carry out – was adding mental distress to the physical that was ever present.

Or, more correctly:

Yet *more* mental distress.

Distress that was not eased any when the sudden movement of his neighbours in their own cages, senses pricking at the approach, told him *she* was coming.

Katya

Hefting from the Land Rover the large box she had made the drive along the coast to the Stonehaven Post Depot to collect, Katya could feel her excitement build.

The drive itself had been reassuring and the fact she had not seen one car on the road, from leaving the compound and grounds of her home into Stonehaven itself, lent her a feeling of security in respect of anybody finding the secret at the heart of the homestead and the land surrounding it that had once been a small feudal fortification.

In no more than just over a month since her fortuitous – for her and Melanie, anyway – discussion during her friend's visit and the revealing of the depth of that friend's dissatisfaction with both her husband and her life, Katya had felt herself reborn. From their initial conversation that had swiftly progressed from: *"what if?"*, to *"could we?"*, to *"when?"*; through the subsequent planning and the eventual arrival of Tim Kennedy in a cage in the courtyard of her home, the young Polish woman had felt herself come alive. A coming alive that was in no way impaired by the stone cold fact of being brought about at the pride, comfort and autonomy of a fellow human being.

The above rebirth made despite – perhaps, because – her experience of having pretty much the same visited on her own person before the intervention of her unlikely English saviour with the, thankfully, masochistic tendencies.

After so many years of having felt dead sexually – even during the relatively kind years of life with Gerald and his less harsh attentions of a carnal nature – where his own needs had at least allowed her to exercise a degree of control over him, the return of such feelings left no room for her to extend empathy towards the man she had caged and intended to dehumanise.

In fact, such was the power of coming alive again in such a way, it took an effort of willpower not to just rush upstairs and christen her large vibrator.

The same sex-aid she had purchased in London to scratch such an itch if it occurred and had yet to use.

Realising, though, that her release would be so much more spectacular were she to show patience and wait, she contented herself instead with the custom made contents of the box she had required be made for her from the company specialising in such apparel in Russia.

The same box that had been freighted to Stonehaven, contents made to the specific measurements the company had asked for and she had supplied.

What was revealed to her after a feverish opening of the securely bound parcel threatened to make her forget patience and rush for the vibrator instead.

Katya, though, was nothing if not a disciplined young woman and – albeit with hands shaky with anticipation – she re-packaged the goods in the box after careful scrutiny and strolled through to the kitchen to make a coffee.

Contenting herself with the hot beverage and thoughts that were wildly anticipatory, she proceeded to sip while looking from the window of her living-room out at the main kennels separate from the house itself that housed the canines supplying her livelihood. Some twenty dogs of various breeds and pedigrees were in her care and the litters of the females were becoming much sought as her reputation grew in breeding circles from Scotland to England and the rest of the Union to Scandinavia – with buyers as far away as California. She maintained an office and a reception with parking space by the kennels and some distance from the house - together with a small surgery that allowed her to use her veterinary skill on her charges should they need it – and knew that even were her guest in the inner compound of the house to sense a buyer's presence and scream at the top of his voice there was absolutely no possibility of his being heard.

That the livelihood provided was lucrative but really no more than pin-money when compared to the legacy left her by Gerald, did not prevent the enjoyment she took from it.

And it had, of course, made the cage, and the man imprisoned within it who was so instrumental to the process of igniting her dormant sexuality, possible.

Beyond the main kennels she could take in the surrounds of her isolated property and, on this day, the slate-grey sea that took its colour from a sky of the same hue. It was, she knew, anticipation that supplied achievement its pleasure and she enjoyed nothing more than taking her thoughts over what she intended for the man held captive in her inner courtyard.

There was so much yet to be done, she knew, but time was on her side and, now that Melanie had followed through on her part of their agreement in regard of her husband, the likelihood of discovery was becoming less and less of a problem while limiting the man's options in the process.

"Limiting" them, that is, should they ever decided to grant him *any*.

Humming away to herself, her one small regret being Tim Kennedy was not the brutalised and murdered Polish gang boss by whom she herself had been brutalised, she smiled and pondered other problems in regard of her captive that she found more intriguing than insurmountable.

Even as a young girl, in the happier times before her parents passed and her life became less… secure, she had always enjoyed problem solving; the lure of what others said was difficult, even impossible, to achieve drew her as a moth to a flame.

Hardly surprising then, that taking a conceited and arrogant man and re-wiring him into an obedient animal – even as she allowed him enough volition and independent thought to be as useful as a servant as he was as a pet – was a challenge she could not pass up.

Especially as it was a problem that had her responding in a sexual way she had almost given up hope of experiencing ever again.

As she sipped her coffee, her thoughts settled upon Melanie and Alina in the comfort of what had once been the caged man's home and tried to second-guess how their relationship was progressing.

She was genuinely fond of both and had sensed their attraction to each other from the beginning, so their new and closer proximity made the second-guessing less onerous on her part. Alina, she had acknowledged, was much like her in that she was determined and driven, and was different – apart from the usual variances of personal taste and opinion - only in her sexual alignment. Katya felt sure the more latent and submissive, if not out an out and out lesbian, Melanie, would find her time together with the gorgeous teenager led to some exciting and personally revealing interactions that would, she felt equally as sure, lead to something more… *permanent*.

Of course, she had not told Melanie her thoughts and intentions in regard of her husband entirely - her friend, after all, had taken much persuading to follow through with what they had agreed as it was. Melanie, she knew, might have wanted the man who had made her life a misery taught a lesson and removed from her existence, but she did not want any permanent harm done to him. Even if she had acknowledged Katya's avowal that the removal of him from her life might eventually require a custodial sentence of some kind.

The thought brought a smile to the somewhat severe features of the thirty-something.

In this she had *not* been economical with the truth to her friend.

A *"custodial"* sentence, after all, did not have to mean one of Her Majesty's Prisons.

Thoughts flicking back to the man she had caged, Katya congratulated herself on the progress she had made with him in such a short space of time.

Already he was beginning to show signs of responding to the lessons addressed to him via his canine neighbours and was certain that – even though she knew his reasons for doing so were simply to be fed and watered before gaining a foothold that could lead to normal interaction and then freedom – with perseverance on her part those responses would soon become embedded in his psyche. That an old dog could not be taught new tricks, she accepted, was a generalised truth. However, when the dog in question was actually a man, anything was possible.

The first thing she had to do, and had already set in motion as we have seen, was to force – however unwillingly – the man in question to acknowledge his changed status.

In short, she needed to deny him all hope of a return to his former life.

That way, she knew from her studies into the mindsets of people – and men in particular – he would be more likely to accept, rather than embrace, the new reality she had forced upon him and, from acceptance, obedience was sure to follow and grow even more slavish.

Even as he himself hated his growing subservience.

For the above to happen, however, she also knew it was incumbent upon her to view him in a different light.

No longer a man but, at best, a servant and, when it suited his owner, an animal.

It was a mindset on her part – and one she was utterly confident of achieving – that would make her task easier as she went about re-wiring him.

Her first priority though was to humble him, and in this she had made a fine start.

Did she not, already, have him coming to heel, simply in order to receive water? Was he not already – and as she had indicated without the use of words – drinking that water from a position crouching at her feet on all fours without the use of his hands? Was he not already refraining from speech and attempts to engage her in conversation as she schooled him to take his own direction from the direction she gave his canine neighbours and their subsequent behaviour towards her?

Everything she did, Katya schooled herself, must enforce both her dominance and the nature of the power she wielded over him. Though she could not prevent independent power of thought – not without reducing him to a vegetable, at least, which was not her intent or in her interests – she could condition and slant it in her favour by the enforcement of repetitious behaviour. All of it servile. There could be, she knew, no better way to humble and break the spirit than to have a man repeat a simple and demeaning task, day after day, after day, while she professed to be unsatisfied with his efforts and used his fear of her dissatisfaction and the consequences ensuing from it to insist upon even greater attention to detail when performing his humble task and even to add others where she could find his efforts equally as unimpressive.

Under such circumstances, she assured herself, it would not be long before the creature became so demoralised and eager to please his owner that the introduction of physical correction would not only be accepted – there would be no choice offered anyway – but be seen, so far would his mindset have been altered, as *just* and necessary.

Assuring herself that such had to be the case she frowned, as she always frowned when reaching this point in her deliberations.

The real problem, she knew, was that though she might want all the above she wanted something more along with it; something that was utterly necessary if owning the man were to have value for her.

Despite what would be the reduced status of her creation and what she intended as the irrevocable nature of his fate, she did not want an automaton, either as an underling or an animal. For there to be any point to the exercise then Tim Kennedy needed to be cognitive of what was happening and who was doing it and why. If she

reduced his capacity to think and act freely to such an extent he could not recall his past life and pine for that of which she had stripped him, that would an opportunity missed and never to return.

It was unfair, she knew.

Sadistic.

Inhuman.

Any impact the realisation of the three injustices might have once made upon her reduced, almost in its entirety, by her experiences at the hands of the gender to whom the man belonged and she had long since compartmentalised as something to be distrusted and, where possible, domesticated and punished.

To accomplish all she had in mind for the man, she told herself, would be to know true power. To lower his status so far he could see no other life for himself other than service to his female owner. And, as he went about providing that service, hating her for having thrust such a life upon him.

As she rinsed her empty cup and made her way towards the compound where her would be creature waited, spirits bouyed even more by the contents of the box she had just received from mother Russia – her grandparents on her own mother's side had been from Minsk – she was more determined than ever to see through what she had started.

For the first time she could remember since the gang-boss had ensured the ending of her veterinary studies in her homeland – the same studies she had resumed in London – Katya Lubanski could not only see a future for the first time, but actively welcomed it.

As she neared the door leading to the inner courtyard comprising her *"compound"* the smile creasing her severe face was both wry and evil as she considered that future from the opposite end of the spectrum.

It was a future, after all, that would change Tim Kennedy's life in ways unimaginable to the pompous and conceited accountant.

As well as one he would hate with every fibre of his being.

So alive and excited was she, that Katya could almost thank the Polish gang-boss and his confederates whose inhumane treatment of her had placed her upon the road leading to this point.

Almost.

Melanie & Alina

"I am different to Katya," Alina told Melanie as they sipped at a delicious and sensibly priced Errazuriz from Chile, the sauvignon blanc complementing the halibut in a lobster and shrimp sauce they had both ordered.

The bistro in which they were lunching was as new as their relationship if not quite as… surprising, and Melanie was enjoying the company of her young lover and mistress as they talked over the premises they had just viewed from where it was intended Melanie would pick up her former career and open the Temping Agency that would fund their partnership.

The *"surprise"* having come shortly after the arrival of the wine and before Alina's pointing out of the difference between herself and their mutual friend:

"I am not a lazy person, Melanie," the girl protested with a hint of colour to her cheeks, despite Melanie having offered no such observation. "If you are to be working at building up a business for us then I will not be idle at home. Simply because you have acknowledged me as the master of our relationship does not mean I either see you or expect you to behave as a slave."

A flush came to Melanie's cheeks at her use of the 'S' word and she was grateful for the buzz of the bistro that made being overheard next to impossible.

"I enjoy domestic work and cooking," the girl continued, "and will keep our home as immaculately as you once kept it for your husband."

Her expression became more serious:

"Though, of course, I will expect you to obey me as you once obeyed him. The only difference will be that we both acknowledge my superiority."

As it always did whenever Alina acted dominantly towards her, Melanie felt herself melting. That she could be so… overmastered… and by one so young, turned her insides to warm butter for some reason. A reason she did not have to travel far to discover as memories of the morning's lovemaking session came instantly to mind.

"Unlike what you experienced with your husband," the girl was continuing as Melanie relived the taste of her sweet young pussy upon her servile and greedy tongue, "love and affection will always be present."

She paused to spear both a piece of halibut and Melanie's eyes:

"Even at those times when I consider you in need of correction."

Melanie's breath caught in her throat at the prospect, barely hearing her lover and mistress as she had gone on to make her point concerning the difference between herself and Katya; speaking after a fashion one would expect to hear from a woman twice her age.

“For me your obedience will be no more than an admission on your part of your love and respect for me and you must always keep in mind that I will not be physically strict with you for any other reason than to remind you of that fact.”

Placing her fork down she became thoughtful before continuing:

“This is another difference between myself and Katya,” she said, nodding to herself as Melanie listened; having acted as little more than a sounding-board for a husband she had grown to despise the older woman was more than happy to perform the same service for a girl she was growing to love.

“With Katya, no matter her ability to feel great affection and loyalty to a friend…”

Alina corrected herself:

“A female friend, that is. No matter that, her inclination where men are concerned is not just to dominate but to punish.”

“I think that’s understandable after the horrors the bastards put her through back in your country,” Melanie came in, loyal herself and wishing to defend the friend whose help was in the process of turning her own life around.

“Of course, Melanie. It was not my intention to criticise our friend. Katya is a great woman and her needs are her needs.” She reached a hand across and laid it over Melanie’s. “I simply wished you to know that our relationship will be unrecognisable to that Katya has in mind for a man – and your husband in particular.”

Melanie’s eyes narrowed at this. That Katya intended a *“relationship”* with Tim was news to her. And news she wasn’t quite sure how to take.

Alina was laughing; neither nastily nor mockingly but with genuine amusement for the way her older lover was unable to keep her thoughts from her expression. A nice trait, she considered. Despite her relatively few years, and like Katya – if not anywhere near the same levels; she had experienced the dishonesty of people, mostly men, and truly valued sincerity in a person.

Especially a person she hoped and intended to be with for a long time.

“What?” Melanie asked, confused by the girl’s amusement.

“You,” Alina answered. “You are a book that seems to be forever open. I would not play poker – at least not for money – anytime soon my lovely Melanie.”

“Hmmpf! Why would I want to,” Melanie responded, fetching yet more laughter from the girl opposite who seemed to be fashioning a prison of gossamer around both her emotions and her sexuality.

“And what of your husband?” Alina asked when her amusement subsided.

"What of him?"

"Are you not feeling just a little guilt for the…" she chose the word carefully, "*discomfort* you have ensured he will experience while with Katya?"

In truth, so caught up had she been in the excitement of her new relationship with Alina, the actual adventure she had embarked upon with Katya that had made their liaison possible had not been in her thoughts.

Though it was now.

"No," she answered, emphatically and truthfully.

"From what, Katya tells me, the old Melanie would have been riddled with remorse for having allowed and followed such a course of action," Alina observed.

Melanie shrugged:

"Then good riddance to the old Melanie."

"Truly?" Alina asked with a raised eyebrow, delighted by the answer but doubtful of its veracity.

"She was an anchor chain mooring me to a shipwreck of a marriage," Melanie assured her to a pursing of teenaged and Polish lips.

"You are becoming very poetic, Melanie."

Shared laughter followed seconds after.

"Did my pig of a husband feel any guilt as he cheated on me with every piece of skirt misguided enough to be seduced by him? Was he *'riddled'* with remorse for insisting I leave my own career in order to look after him as he pursued his own? Did he have any thoughts for my distaste when he foisted his unfaithful body upon me and slid his…?"

Previously, such recollections would have fetched tears to Melanie's eyes and the fact her only response now was sheer incendiary anger – of a Melanie kind, anyhow – was yet more evidence of the distance she had travelled and was travelling.

Alina's young hand that overlaid the hand of the older woman's, was as tender as her thoughts towards her.

Control of their relationship had been ceded to her – despite her youth and much to her delight – but she knew true feelings for the matronly but attractive former housefrau were developing alongside the pleasure she always took from personal control. Control she had always responded to, whether it was in regard of the schoolmates, uncles or neighbours she had bent to her childish will during those early years in the old country.

It would, she knew, ever be so.

Gazing into the older woman's eyes, Alina slipped off an unobserved shoe and allowed a stockinged foot to run its way up and along the black pantyhose covering Melanie's shapely if somewhat… *official*, legs; realising as she did so that anyone watching and aware the two were involved in a mistress-servant relationship would naturally take the older and more buxom woman to be the domme rather than the delicately featured teenager opposite whose hand covered hers as she stared with such tenderness into her eyes.

They could only guess at feelings and sensations they had yet or would never experience and, thus, she could forgive them for the rather prosaic nature of thoughts forever vanilla.

Melanie did not flinch but, if anything, opened her legs wider beneath the table to accept Alina's attentions – her acceptance of such behaviour in a public place yet more evidence of how far she had travelled.

"Does it excite you to think of the control Katya is exercising over your one-time ruler, Melanie?" Alina asked, the breathlessness of her phrasing leaving no room to doubt the nature of her own reaction.

A moistness between Melanie's legs supplied an answer equally as unobserved as the nylon clad foot massaging her calf as it inched higher.

"It is exciting, is it not," Alina had gone on, assured they were not overheard, "to know the man who once held such sway over you is being treated exactly as an animal of his kind should. And by a member of the opposite sex he himself once rode roughshod over and who now holds the power of life and death over his existence."

Melanie's expression went from arousal to terror. It was one thing to have agreed for her husband to be shown and have corrected the errors of his life thus far. Quite another for that life to be ended.

Alina read her lover's misgivings:

"It was a… a turn of phrase, as you say," she assured her. "Katya has many dark areas but she is neither psycho nor sociopathic and is not about to end your husband's miserable life."

Melanie looked relieved.

"Though," Alina added, "there may be times when he wished she would."

Katya & Tim

Another two days on from her retrieval of the Russian parcel in Stonehaven, Katya had made much progress with her human dog.

His desperation for food, of which she had still provided him with none, was working wonders for his motivation levels and his willingness to behave in the way he knew she expected of him.

Already, whenever she entered the compound, he would react in exactly the same way she had trained his neighbours to react. As soon as the door opened and she stepped through he would shuffle back to the rear of his cage and suck his belly in, chest forward and shoulders back. Only when she approached with water and placed an alabaster instep at the opening at the bottom would he shuffle forward, head bowed, ensuring that when he crawled forward to lick the proffered foot that his nose brushed the straw-covered floor of his prison.

She was teaching him that he is the lowest of the low and, if a lesson is repeated often enough, even the dullest of students will begin to take on its inference. Today, she would push his development further. If a descent to the animal world and unquestioning obedience could be described as such.

And, just as she had always intended, she would use the physical weakness and need brought about by lack of sustenance to do so.

Fighting the urge to touch what was, these days, a constantly needy pussy as she took in his prone form in the cage, she placed a bowl of food at the aperture of his neighbours cage and slid it with her foot until it was just out reach.

“Be a good boy and tell me what you want,” she ordered the mutt.

The dog looked up at her, questioningly.

“Does doggy want food?”

The dog cocked his head sideways in the canine and time honoured gesture of bafflement as Katya’s shapely foot with its blood red nails, alabaster in a Gucci sandal, tapped the side of the bowl as an inducement.

“One ‘*’wruff*’ for yes, two for no.”

Nothing issued from the cage and a slight movement from the cell containing a more human inhabitant told her she had its occupants attention.

“Bad dog!” she scolded. “If you will not speak for your supper you will not receive any.”

With that same alabaster foot, she slid the bowl containing chunks of stewing steak and warm gravy under the nose of Tim Kennedy, exulting at the transfixed look he gave what was no more than a dog’s dinner as he prayed it would soon be his.

If she was right, and he was as feeble and desperate as she considered him to be, it soon would.

When she placed her foot and it's blood red toenails at the centre of the aperture her suspicions were proved correct.

Without any prompting, tearing himself away from the bowl of food that so transfixed him, Tim Kennedy began licking her toes, lathing his way over her instep slavishly in an attempt to gain himself the sustenance he knew he must have soon if he were to stand any chance of staying intact and being able to somehow effect an escape from the clutches of the madwoman.

"Does doggy want food?" she asked, uttering the first complete sentence to him since he had been caged.

To his small credit, she thought, he tried to fight the inevitable.

But not for long.

She had not even finished her: *"Bad dog!"* when it came:

"Wruff!"

The foot that had been poised to slide the bowl towards the occupant of the next cage replaced itself on the flagstone floor of the compound.

"Did doggy say something?"

She waited, until finally:

"Wruff!"

"Good boy!" she applauded, knowing he would anything to get food in order to sustain his strength while looking for a way out of his predicament. Knowing also that the eating of *this* food would only see his predicament worsened times ten when he had consumed it and the drugs she had administered into the mix took his consciousness. When he next woke up, courtesy of a specialist Russian costumier, he would know for sure and unequivocally that she, Katya Lubanski, was not just the woman who intended to lead him a dog's life, but was also the *"Pollack bitch"* who was going to own him.

Body and soul.

"Does doggy want food?" she asked again.

This time there was no prevarication.

"Good boy!" she applauded again and, as that shapely foot in its Gucci sandal slid the bowl of dog-food and the drug it contained towards him, she actually saw him salivate.

When he had eaten his food and recovered from the sleep into which it would consign him, there would, she knew, be many more examples of canine behaviour from him for her to savour.

Katya & Tim

Seeing something in an online catalogue, Katya told herself, and then experiencing the exact same sight portrayed between its covers in immediate, up close and personal, time were two experiences separated by a wide gulf.

A gulf barely describable, in fact.

The distance between the two, beginning with fantasy and the chance of making it a reality the contents the catalogue supplied if purchased, were immense. Not surprising then that seeing the same fantasy come to life under one's hands, as the drugged recipient of human-pet couture of the Russian variety was fitted with his new skin, was so incredible. The gulf between the two as marked, in fact, as those of a one-time kite flyer with dreams of outer-space who one day found himself – or *herself* in this instance - stepping onto a launch pad that led to the outer rings of Saturn.

Such were Katya's thoughts as she set about placing the body of the unconscious Tim Kennedy in the custom made fittings that would define his new body and his new role for the foreseeable future.

The future as *she* saw it, that is.

Despite obvious forewarning of the nature of his second… *skin* – she had taken his measurements from tip to toe and ordered his new wardrobe, after all – the physical immediacy of encasing his temporarily lifeless body in the restraints all but deprived her of breath. The return of the sexuality and the pleasure in it she had once taken before men had abused it from her – even if that former pleasure had been less *perverse* in nature - all but made her unable to continue. On more than one occasion she had needed to stop to collect herself, so incredible was her re-awakened sexual response to the perversity of the situation she had engineered for the unfortunate Tim Kennedy.

In fact, had she harboured doubt as to either her facility for seeing through his abduction or her positive reaction to what she intended for him once she had him – not that she had – then the sheer force of her reaction to his captivity and the subsequent workload of both trusty fingers and valued vibrator would have soon convinced her otherwise.

She was coming more alive with each passing hour and the wry and satisfied smile she allowed herself to acknowledge the fact was, she knew, anything but good news for the man unwittingly responsible for her re-birth.

The feeling as she laboured over the comatose body that was completely at her disposal and under control was incredible and - if it did not lead her to a greater understanding of those beasts who had exercised a similar control over her simply for monetary gain exactly - it did at least occur to her that so amazing was the elation of spirit such power over another human being inspired that it was no surprise it could lead to addiction.

That she was in the process of depriving a fellow human-being of both autonomy of choice and movement and had, in fact, stripped him of the life he had known and cherished, made no appreciable inroads upon her conscience.

Like many people before her who had been on the receiving end of abuse, she had become the abuser and, though she did not consider herself a bad person, no appeal – were such an appeal to be made – from a disapproving conscience was likely to have much effect upon her intention.

Had her victim been less… *deserving*… of her attentions however, she could do no more than acknowledge to herself, then maybe, just *maybe*, such a petition to her better nature would have stood something resembling a chance.

But this victim *was* deserving.

Eminently deserving.

Had he not sucked up Melanie's life at the expense of his own in the same way that Polish gang-boss had sucked up hers? Just because his usage of a woman was not backed-up by threats of violence it made his contempt, dismissal and domestic enslavement of a worthy woman indefensible, just the same. If not equally so.

For that reason, she had convinced herself, even as a voice at the back of her head and at the very core of her sexuality told her it was she who was being mendacious in this instance and that she was driven by motives greater than simple revenge, she knew Tim Kennedy would *not* be returning to the life he had known.

Not now.

Not ever.

There was, of course, the small matter of persuading Melanie that the life she intended for her husband was both correct and deserved, but Katya was confident she could overcome any squeamishness her friend might feel for the man. Especially now Alina and she appeared to be an item. Even more especially if their relationship developed in the way Katya was certain it would develop and made the return of an errant husband – no matter how changed from his conditioning at Katya's hands and a likely custodial sentence the women's actions had ensured – less than desirable.

Even if there would be pleasure to be taken from his newly *respectful* attitude to the wife he had rode roughshod over.

"No," Katya assured herself. "All would be well in that respect. And, besides, she had an increasingly dominant Alina in place to help persuade Melanie that her husband was fully deserving of the fate Katya had designed for him should the young Polish girl's older submissive have a fit of conscience.

Gazing down at her captive and soon to be pet, Katya nodded appreciatively at her progress.

In the hours since he had been drugged, and then drugged again, Katya had worked swiftly and methodically, and without break, to prepare him for his new identity prior to encasing him in its embrace.

First, she had shaved him from toe to scalp – the absence of the still full head of hair Melanie had told her he was so proud of would be yet another shock for him to absorb – then she had used a strong depilatory to finish the job before calming the skin with Calamine Lotion. It would be an exercise she would need to repeat at fortnightly intervals but was a chore, given the sense of power she took from handling his body made malleable by the drug she had administered, unlikely to become onerous.

Soon, she would have him so docile and obedient – nay: terrified – that there would be no need for him to be either drugged or restrained as she allowed him out of his *"skin"* in order for her to depilate him as he remained obediently on all-fours.

And, even if there were some spark of rebellion still left in him, the insurance policy that came with the costume, fresh from Russia, would soon quell it.

Smiling with utter satisfaction at the unfolding of her plans and the ticking off of her objectives, Katya had returned to work.

It was not until he was completely hairless, penis vulnerable and almost risible in its denuded state, that she had started the process of fitting him into his new and second *skin*.

Katya Lubanski was both amused and appreciative. Normally, and especially in Britain, it was the Germans who were accorded the respect due to efficiency and a talent for the functional but, for her, it was the Russians who were pre-eminent in both. Had not that superior efficiency and functionality been enough, after all, to see off those same invading Teutons from their land in the not so distant past?

Had *that* not provided these reactionary and cemented in their prejudices Brits something in the way of a clue?

Apparently not.

Despite the fact her stay in the country had been *very* good for her – and especially when compared to the life forced upon her in the land of her birth - Katya could not help but feel a certain contempt for the smugness of a large number of the country's inhabitants and their continued belief in the superiority of that country and those making up its numbers to others.

And one such *"inhabitant"* in particular.

When he had been totally denuded and skin soothed by the Calamine, she continued with the process.

Physical torture was not her intention – though she would, she knew, not hesitate to use it should it prove necessary – and she saw no value in making him more uncomfortable than he would already be once he regained consciousness enough to register and evaluate his new condition.

No, it was the mental breaking down and the subsequent re-structuring in which she was interested.

And, on *that* score, she had very, very specific requirements and knew *exactly* what she wanted.

Namely, what she did not want was an *automaton*.

She wanted Tim Kennedy aware of his subjugation and, more importantly, of the person who had thrust it upon him.

Moreover, and though he would still have enough independent thought to hate her having deprived him of the life he had known, she wanted him so conditioned to accepting the power she wielded over him that he would never rebel against except in the most minor, easily quashed, instances.

After all, she had told herself, punishing him would be a pleasure but she did not wish to be an unreasonable master and punish him for no reason.

She would also provide him with goals.

Should he impress her enough with his sincerity to prove a loyal and obedient *pet*, there was always the possibility she might allow him to become a man again.

Albeit a very lowly man.

Her thoughts turned to him as a beautifully trained and dutiful manservant and yet more delightful options were provided by the situation she had engineered.

Thoughts returning to the task at hand, she had fitted a restraint substance that appeared to be made of rubber, but was in reality something of a far more durable if equally flexible nature the catalogue neglected to name, over Tim Kennedy's bent arms.

Zippers of a heavy duty and permanent looking nature followed to slide up and close to hold the arm bent at the elbow with forearm pressed against bicep while, at the elbow itself, and an integral feature of the moulded rubber-like covering, was a reinforced saucer with a spongy interior that acted as a kind of *"paw"*.

This would enable the wearer to walk on his elbows in relative comfort and, in tandem with a similar contraption on his legs, give the impression of a quadruped rather than the two-legged variety.

Over the rubberised restraints a custom made body-suit of durable and flexible latex with yet another covering of brown fur provided the finishing touch ensuring that if no-one would actually mistake the creature inside it for a canine they would be in doubt as to what kind of creature it was intended to be. The Russian makers had offered a wide variety of choices and, after much deliberation, Katya had decided she liked the idea of a Retriever. Looking at her handiwork now she could only congratulate herself on the choice.

She also loved the way his second skin enclosed him and the way it left his denuded arse, penis and scrotum open for viewing and vulnerable to the touch of the master who controlled him.

Namely: *her*.

This would also provide much opportunity for ridicule as well as allowing him to evacuate without removing him from the suit.

Even if he would have to do so after the fashion of a dog.

Looking at her watch, Katya realised she had been working on him for over four hours and wondered where that time had gone, so engrossed had she been in the making of her new creation. Given the strength of the mixture of Sevoflurane and Propofol she had administered to him, first in his food to be both digested and inhaled and then as an intravenous injection, she knew she had another hour or two before he began to come around. And even when he did he would be – subject to an individual recovery rate she was unable to predict – out of it for some considerable time more.

It was, she told herself, more than enough time to complete what remained to be done.

Melanie was grateful to be home and back with Alina. What with Tim's

Melanie was grateful to be home and back with Alina. What with Tim's employers and the Police themselves, it had been a tiring and emotional day. Stressful went without saying.

Not that either the people at Tim's place of work or the Police were anything but courteous and sympathetic.

But then, given the degree of cooperation she had shown and the obvious strain her husband's disappearance followed by the discovery of the client's money – the same money *she* had, without his knowledge and using her own knowledge of both his work and personal online passwords, embezzled into various offshore accounts - why would they have been anything but?

After all, it was Melanie herself who had reported the disappearance of her husband and his Passport and, subsequently, the discovery of the offshore accounts on his computer. Not to mention the cash sums withdrawn from various cashpoints leading up to that disappearance.

Cash, Melanie had entrusted to Alina.

Everything, just as Katya had planned, pointed to Tim's having done a bunk and the mystery his employers and, indeed, the Fraud Squad officers themselves, had been how such a by-the-numbers straight-player and exemplary employee he had been could have thought he would get away with such a clumsy and transparent scam - though Melanie's description of his irrational behaviour responsible for their current marital difficulties went some way towards providing an explanation.

That and the fact terror at the consequences of what he had done and the prospect of imminent discovery had led him to take off without any attempt to either cover his tracks or retrieve the money he had stolen.

The upshot being, exemplary employee or not and despite the monies having been returned to the accounts of its rightful owners, charges had been laid against him and a warrant put out for his arrest.

Just as Katya insisted, and without the slightest suspicion resting upon her, the life of Melanie's faithless husband now lay in tatters and, regardless of what Katya subjected him to in Scotland, he could expect a lengthy custodial sentence when – *if* – he managed a return to society and a completely different life from the one he had known before.

What happened after that Melanie had not allowed herself to ponder, being as she was somewhat distracted by the love affair that was in the process of making her own life so different.

As she dropped her bag onto a sofa and slipped out of her shoes, the other half of that *"love affair"* stepped in front of her and gazed into her eyes before, lifting a

hand, she stroked the older woman's cheek.

Gently.

Melanie blushed, though she was becoming more and more used to it being another woman – even if it was a woman still in her teens – with whom she was interacting in such a sexual way in the same home she had occupied up until a short time ago with a husband.

And, if anything, in an even more inferior position than that she had been accorded by Tim – even if Alina's domination of her was a whole lot more loving than the example provided by her now absent spouse.

Exciting goes without saying.

Being a few inches taller made no difference either. Though she towered over Alina there was absolutely no doubt that it was the lovely young Polish girl was the one in charge of the situation. Yet another facet of their relationship that had both surprised and energised the older woman in a way she would not have believed possible.

Lifting herself up on tip-toes Alina brushed Melanie's lips with her own, magnificent young eye holding the stare of the transfixed and smitten older woman. Many times before Alina had… there was no other description for it… *"mastered her"*… Melanie had tried to imagine what it would be like to kiss Alina. Everywhere.

The reality had turned out to be so much more thrilling than her imaginings.

Everything about the girl was fresh and wholesome – apart, perhaps, from her mind – and Melanie was becoming fixated on every aspect of her. From the beautiful yet full of character young face to her full pert breasts and the hairless pussy, the fragrant folds of which the older woman so loved to bury her tongue and lap away until her young mistress reached joyous completion, Melanie found herself in awe. The girl might have a core of steel – and even that excited the former housewife – but her flesh was as tender and inviting as the flakiest of virgin snow.

Even Alina's lips were really soft and – unlike on the rare occasions she recalled Tim feeling the need to kiss her on the mouth before thrusting into her in his usual selfish and artless way - there was no stubble to irritate her skin.

Opening her mouth to let the girl explore it, Melanie allowed her hands to rest on Alina's pert buttocks in Guess Jeans she had bought her only the previous week, the banana covered fabric cling to her like a second-skin and inviting all sorts of looks form admiring men and women alike whenever she ventured outside in them.

"You're so firm," she breathed when the girl's tongue retreated from her mouth.

"It is what you need," Alina told her, mistaking the nature of Melanie's remark. "Katya knew it and so did I within minutes of first meeting you. You cry out for the control of a loving partner, no matter her lack of years, rather than being taken

for granted and used by a pig of a man whose only concern is his own selfish needs."

She smiled, mischievously:

"Or perhaps I should have said: *'a dog of a man'*. Yes. That is entirely more accurate, do you not think?"

Melanie laughed, unable to help herself, the prospect of her husband being used and abused by Kaya in such a way, though her friend had not divulged the exact details of that… *abuse*… not un-arousing to her.

"Yes," she agreed, finally, a picture of her husband on hands and knees in one of Katya's cages refusing to dislodge itself. "Entirely. But I was referring to your…"

Her hands applied pressure to the lithe young buttocks as she searched for the right word, vulgarity and sex-talk still refusing to come naturally to her.

"…to your…"

"Firm young Polish arse?" Alina asked, smile betraying her pleasure at being reassured of her older chattel's partiality for her rear.

The girl's directness, combined with her elfin beauty and forceful nature, never failed to turn Melanie's legs to mush and this display of both was no exception.

Unable to speak, the older woman nodded.

Words were just *too* much of an effort.

The truth was that Melanie just wanted Alina to rip the sober clothes she had dressed in for employer and Fraud squad and use her wonderfully gifted tongue on a pussy that had not known, or expected to know, such fulfilment through sex – and certainly not the kind of sex to be experienced with a member of one's own gender.

"Does it not excite the pussy he once took for granted to think of him being made to perform for Katya like some kind of circus animal?" Katya asked, knowing, after the fashion of all advocates from good to great, the answer before the question had been asked.

Already Melanie was soaking wet between the legs – and all they had done was kiss! - so the gloriously exciting imagery of Tim being put through his paces by the imperious Katya in such a fashion was hardly likely to staunch the flow.

"Picture him, chained to the foot of our friend's bed, unable to move without her permission and denied the right of human speech. Having to whine like the useless mutt he is simply to gain the attention of his new master. Needing the approval of his master for everything from eating to drinking and the evacuation of his doggy bowels."

Melanie's breath had caught somewhere between her neck and her throat and the prospect of seeing Tim used in such a way was arousing her in a way that supplied

both surprise that she could take pleasure from the suffering of another and guilt for wishing Katya were somehow able to make such a fiction reality. It would be wonderful to see him used so, she told herself, inviting yet more pangs of conscience. But Tim was Tim, she knew, and no matter what Katya did to him while he was her *"guest"* she was sure he would revert to the old version of himself the moment his time with either Katya or the authorities were over.

The realisation there could be no longevity to such an actuality brought a cloud to her face and Alina picked up on her disappointment.

"The prospect pleases you and makes you feel less of yourself for doing so," she observed with the usual prescience that went beyond her relatively few years."

The redness of Melanie's cheeks were all the answer she needed as she smiled understandingly and moved on:

"But I also think the idea of him being used in such a lowly way delights you too much for the conscience you feel to prevent such desires and, if you believed such as I have described to be possible, you would willingly consign him to such a fate."

Cheeks still burning, Melanie shrugged, not willing quite yet to admit to the rightness of the girl's observations in their totality:

"Lots of fantasies are pleasing," she admitted, "it's why we have them, after all. That doesn't mean necessarily that we want to see them lived out – even if it were possible to do so."

Alina gave her lover a quizzical look:

"Why on earth would you say such a thing, Melanie?" she scolded – lightly.

"Well, surely…?"

"What do you think is happening in Scotland as we speak?" the girl asked, speaking over her.

"Yes. I know. But that's just teaching him a lesson to give me my life back. I'm grateful and all that but it's a bit different to permanently turning someone into…"

"And what if that lesson were of a more… long-term duration?" Alina spoke over her once again. "What then?"

"Well…"

"What if it were truly possible to make something useful of the animal he already is? To domesticate the beast until he is not only capable of being useful but, for the first time in his life, capable also of giving pleasure to his female master or masters? What if Katya were capable of achieving this with your husband to such a degree there would be no need for the prison term awaiting him should he find his

freedom from her? What then, my lovely Melanie?"

"Is… Is that what Katya wants?" Melanie asked, concern present but not as powerful she had to confess to herself as the arousal the girl's word painting stirred deep in her core..

Now it was Alina's turn to shrug:

"Katya, as you know, is a very private person and does not confide all to either you or me." Her stare became knowing. "But what if she did? Would you be able to live with it? There would, after all, be no consequences for you should discovery of her actions be made. Your involvement in your husband's fate is more than adequately covered. Or would your conscience and feelings towards a man who has used you in ways worse than an animal prevent you from taking the pleasure in his fall from grace you are perfectly entitled to feel?"

Unable to supply an answer at that point, Melanie was at least sure of one thing:

The girl was incredible.

The older woman loved how such a petite and youthful package could be so assertive and worldly wise.

Alina had no qualms or indecision whatsoever in dictating to her older lover and Melanie knew, given the strength of her own response, that she would only take more control from her as their relationship progressed.

The only question she asked herself was if she was happy for that to happen.

A question her body answered for her every time.

"Get down on your knees and take off my shoes," a voice cut into her thoughts.

Melanie blinked, jolted from her reverie in regard of the girl who was coming to own her.

"I do not like to be kept waiting, Melanie," the girl told her with no small attitude, bored with the analysing of her older lover and ready for something more… *tangible*.

Rooted to the spot, Melanie marvelled at the girl's natural authority.

"Or would you prefer not to do this service for me?"

Melanie's mouth opened but no sound came forth.

"I was of the impression that you liked my feet?" Alina said, her pout only making her look even more adorable in the older woman's eyes.

As well as more commanding.

Knowing the word *"like"* was inadequate when used to describe her response to her lover's feet, and feeling that familiar loss of control whenever the girl chose to exercise her power, Melanie sank to her knees on the carpet of her own front-room and eased the low-heeled Jimmy Choo's – another gift from her to the girl – from her feet; tempted as he did so to bring the leather of the insole to her nose that she may smell the unmistakable aroma of her new owner's excretions.

Alina truly did, along with the rest of her, have the most exquisite feet. With alabaster and unblemished skin rising over high arches, the nails of her long and slender toes were immaculately painted with a vermillion polish to match her fingernails and instilled in Melanie a need to plant her lips upon them and keep them there. In fact, only the admonition from Alina that she should never be the initiator and should always ask permission before *"taking liberties"* with any part of the girl's body prevented her doing just

"Would you like to kiss them?" the girl asked, a certain curl of those gorgeous full lips telling the older woman the question was as close to rhetorical as it could be without qualifying for the appellation.

Melanie swallowed hard, the need to do just as the girl suggested and place her lips and tongue on those inviting insteps and exciting toes with their sensuously painted nails was all but overpowering and only Alina's previous warning about unilateral action of such a nature prevented her doing exactly that. She wanted, needed, to kiss the girl's feet. They were so perfect; so totally exquisite. The obvious care the girl took to maintain evidenced by the silky smooth sheen of the skin itself and the fact there was neither a callous nor a blemish in sight.

"I think I would like you to suck my toes," she heard from above her, the girl's accented English, for reasons the liberal Melanie preferred not to examine, making the request seem all the more demeaning.

Not to mention… *exciting*.

Again, as if on auto-pilot and without having to be told twice, Melanie found herself moving from a kneeling position to all fours in order to carry out what was in actuality more order than request.

Which was when Alina's mobile began to chirp with its Chopin ring-tone.

The big toe of one exquisite foot was already in Melanie's mouth and receiving attention as the girl answered.

"Katya!" was the delighted greeting from above, excitement at contact with her older mentor and friend unmistakable as she stood above the older woman she was coming to dominate so completely, even as her countrywoman in Scotland was, no doubt, coming to dominate her own submissive's husband.

Even if the domination of the man would be carried out by Katya, she knew, with a severity and lack of compassion for the man Katya would never dream of

either applying or feeling to or for that same man's wife.

When next she spoke it felt good to be able to use her mother tongue and would serve the double-purpose of keeping the woman currently on her knees with Alina's toe in her mouth in the dark and wrong-footed:

"How does it go in Scotland, my lovely Katya?"…

Tim

"Not so fucking sure of yourself now are you, bitch?"

It was part question part statement and directed at the Polish slut on the carpet below him who had thought she could treat him, Tim Kennedy, like an animal and get away with it, the terrified face below no doubt already regretting her treatment of him.

Too late.

Driving his cock into her unwilling cunt, the hand that gripped her short hair twisted her face to his that she may look into his eyes as he took from her the way she had *tried* to take from him.

"Why don't you try begging me to stop?" he snarled, elated at the control he was exercising over his one-time *keeper*. "One '*wruff*' for yes if you want me to take my superior English cock from your unworthy Pollack pussy. Or was it two? So quickly I forget. Suppose your '*training*' wasn't all you cracked it up to be."

Below him the friend of his wife who had attempted to dehumanise him was staring up with hate-filled and horrified eyes. He could see the wonderment in them as she asked herself how he had managed to extricate himself from his cage and find his way into the house. He also knew he was not about to tell her.

"Let the bitch try and guess," he laughed to himself as he slowed the pace of his pistoning cock, only to resume with even greater thrust and vigour as she squealed up at him through the makeshift gag he had thrust into her mouth.

Despite his contempt for the younger woman and the elation at having turned the situation around, Tim Kennedy could do no more than admit that he was astride, bodily at least, as fine a piece of female flesh as he could ever recall bedding. Even better than Melanie during the early days of her courtship, he told himself,. Before marriage turned her into the buttoned-up kill-joy whose distaste for the physical had given him no option but to force the sexual pace with her, that is. Better still, his control over the Pollack bitch was not tempered by the feelings of genuine warmth he had held for Melanie and still did.

Despite her frigidity.

She was lithe but muscular – though no match for a male in his prime; even if he was, he had to confess grudgingly, a little past honouring such a description – and her skin was flawless and looked almost Mediterranean in tone – a legacy of the Magyars, Bulgars, Cossacks or whatever who had interbred with her forbears from the accursed country that contained her line. History having never been his strong-suit he could not be sure and was hardly of a mind to care anyway. All he knew was that he had his tormentor at his mercy and the breasts, hourglass-figure and powerful but shapely legs with pronounced and curvy calf-muscles, almost made the indignities she had heaped upon him until then worth it if it meant finding himself in such a position of power over her.

Almost.

For it was the power that consumed him most. The natural position of a man over a woman, he had always considered. The woman supine and un-resistant as her lord and master reigned godlike over her willing form, cock pistoning into the orifice nature had fashioned for its pleasure. The pleasure of the female herself secondary and, if achieved, secondary to the male imperative.

Man was created to reign supreme over the female he would often think, if not say.

So it had always been and so it would always remain.

With such thoughts exacerbating an excitement already functioning at molten levels, he felt his eruption imminent and attempted to stall its arrival.

A simple fucking, he told himself, was too good for the bitch who had thought she could treat him in such a way.

Sliding his cock from her pussy and releasing his grip on her hair, he heard a sigh of relief for the cessation of hostilities escape her and smiled, knowing as he did that it not so much a *"cessation"* so much as a pause.

And a *"pause"* he had no intention of allowing to be very long in duration.

Knee-walking himself on the carpet into a position astride her chest, the wondrous breasts that had fair taken his breath from him upon seeing them unleashed for the first time squeezed together by the pressure of his inner-thighs and making them look even more full and wondrous, he allowed his cock, almost painful in its needy intensity, to rest against her chin.

"Why waste good protein on an ungrateful Pollack pussy when there's a hungry mouth that will be only too delighted to get a little nourishment from the source."

The woman shook her head frantically and he knew he had gauged her correctly and that taking his cock into her mouth would be even more degrading and repulsive to her than the invasion of her womanhood.

Being forced to swallow what erupted from that cock, he felt sure, would be a horror for which she would be unable to find words of a requisite magnitude to describe such a disgrace.

"One warning," he told her unintelligible utterings from behind the gag as he prepared to remove it: "try biting me and I'll rip the eyes from your head."

The eyes in question bulged with horror and he knew she believed he meant what he said.

And why wouldn't she, he thought, after all she had put him through.

More to the point, why wouldn't *he*.

Ripping the tape from her mouth that held the tennis ball in place he had used to gag her, the same ball she used when playing *"fetch"* with the dogs, he removed it and, with a smile that was purest malice, shoved his raging erection past the teeth that, as instructed, did not bite.

She closed her eyes and he cuffed the top of her head roughly.

"Look at me as I fuck your mouth, bitch. I want you to know what you're getting and who's giving it to you."

Terrified eyes had opened as he smiled and increased his tempo, hatred for the man using her so callously playing a second-fiddle to the horror of what was about to erupt into her mouth.

"That's my girl!" he mocked, words becoming more difficult to find as his excitement grew.. "Who… who'd have… thought it?... You have a real… a real… talent… for… for…"

Tears coursed down her cheeks as she sensed his arrival and waited for the inevitable, eyes staring up at him as instructed to see her humiliation reflected back at her.

Seeing this, Tim Kennedy found time to smile in the face of his forthcoming explosion, aware that, despite his intense arousal at having the bitch at his mercy, he also felt constricted.

Claustrophobic almost, but *claustrophobic* in a way that was fuzzy and detached; almost as if he were conscious but not conscious, aware but unaware, happy but *not* happy.

In fact, he wasn't feeling right at all.

Something wasn't right. In fact, not only was it not right it was wrong. Badly wrong.

He was warm.

Too warm.

The Pollack bitch beneath him was looking less afraid now and suddenly his limbs were losing elasticity as she pushed up and toppled him backwards to the carpet to raise herself up and over him until it was she who was staring into his eyes with a look of power and commitment that promised terrible retribution for the horror he had just carried out upon her person.

Eyes that spoke of unspeakable torments for the greater horror and humiliation to which he had intended to subject her via the oral sex he had somehow known she would find even more intolerable to her pride than the penetration of her womanhood.

The smile beaming down upon him was nothing less than demonic and only intensified in its promise of evil as it took in the iron-bar that had been his erection as it turned into.....

*****

…….The eyes that fluttered open were the perfect representatives of the mindset currently residing behind them.

Seeing but unseeing and utterly dislocated in both time and place.

Aware of a sense of movement that was both restricted and proscribed and yet completely lacking at this point in the mental facility required to either question or deduce why.

A sense of warmth that had also been lacking recently occurred fuzzily and, despite a feeling of nausea at the stomach, he gave himself up to a feeling of dislocation that seemed, somehow, delicious and put him in mind of the operation he had undergone for a troublesome prostate.

The aftermath, anyway.

Blurrily aware of something restrictive about his neck Tim Kennedy attempted to raise his hands to check it out and found himself prevented in some fashion before lassitude reasserted itself and the eyes he had been struggling to keep open began to sag closed.

The last sight to greet him as Morpheus claimed him yet again was the sight of a bare foot in a spike-heeled sandal. It seemed to be coming to him from the end of a tunnel but his last thought before sleep took him was fuzzy refutation of that assessment.

Not a tunnel, but an aperture…

Katya

Katya often asked herself if she had always been of a reclusive mindset or if the experiences thrust upon her by the gang-boss in her homeland and the less than wholesome close-up of mankind those experiences had supplied had set the process in motion. Even as a supposedly carefree teenager she had always preferred her own company and, though she was capable of making friendships of a lasting nature, she was also extremely choosy about those she decided to allow into her life. A choice removed from her by the gang-boss and the kind of men she subsequently found herself pleasuring.

She squirmed whenever she thought of it, careful to consider the whole rather than the specific and, therefore, foregoing recall of experiences still capable of turning her stomach, aware of the hypocrisy inherent in the enjoyment she took from what she had inflicted and was about to inflict upon the man in her clutches.

Aware and *supremely* unconcerned.

He was, after all, and as she constantly assured herself: *"worthy"*.

It was not that she could not be troubled to question her desire to control. She had always been analytical on a personal level. But realising a flaw in one's make-up and correcting it, even if one wished to so and such a thing were possible, was not always compatible with the mindset of the person possessing that flaw.

Especially when it provided so much mental and physical satisfaction.

Enough, anyway, to have triggered the sexuality that had lain dormant for so long.

No. Katya was aware of the discrepancy in regard of the understandable revulsion and moral outrage inspired by her treatment at the hands of men and her utter lack of a conscience for taking so much pleasure from being in a position to dole out treatment of the same ilk to a man even more at her mercy than she had been at the mercy of the odious and sadistic gang-boss.

Seated comfortably in the front-room of her Scottish hideaway, fire blazing in the hearth and rain lashing at the windows as she sipped at a mug of the hot chocolate to which she had become so partial since taking residence, she eyed the television screen with anticipation.

Not that this was some standard TV show of the kind she seldom bothered to watch anyway, in fact, it was a very pedestrian affair at the moment. Just a single camera, trained on a *large* wooden kennel in a courtyard. The same courtyard that had recently held a naked and caged Tim Kennedy and his two doggy neighbours in cages of their own that had now been removed; leaving just the cage that had once held the man and the kennel itself.

And inside that kennel…?

Katya smiled as she sipped at her chocolate, knowing it would not be long before the inhabitant of the kennel awakened and the show on the TV screen became a little more… *interesting*.

The decision to keep the man's cage in place had been over-caution on her part, she was sure, Kept simply as insurance should he need to be kept more secure.

An insurance she felt unlikely to be required.

Also, the two canine companions she had intended to function as a part of his new learning process, showing the man how she intended him to behave without the necessity of her having to use words to explain that intention, were no longer needed.

If the message had not penetrated Tim Kennedy's conscious by now the further presence of the dogs would be unlikely to make a difference.

And, just in case that message had been missed – though she was sure it had not – the situation awaiting the return of Melanie's husband to full consciousness was, she felt absolutely convinced, sure to deliver the reminder in a way even he would be unable to dismiss.

A smile played at her lips.

Especially now he was all snug and secure in his new… *skin*.

Her thoughts centred on Melanie and her smile grew broader as she pictured her reaction to seeing her husband in his new… *habitat*. Knowing of Melanie's squeamishness – despite her new resolve to make the man who had made her life a misery pay – Katya had kept details of what she intended for Tim to a minimum. Save to say that, after he had been subjected to some *"canine conditioning"*, he would be a different man when next his not so loving wife saw him.

Also, from the conversation she had conducted in Polish on the phone with Alina, the uncomprehending Melanie in the background, her worries on the score of her older friend's *"squeamishness"* – which had not been great in the first place – were now pretty much non-existent.

A familiar *"Buzz"* at the apex of her thighs gave further evidence of the re-awakening of her sexual existence and its second coming was – as was the fanaticism of the Born Again Christian – all the more obsessive for making itself available to her in a second incarnation.

Not for the first time in the past fifteen minutes since she had sat down with her hot beverage, she contemplated retrieving her trusty vibrator and using it to take the edge off a need that seemed to have been with her constantly over the past few days.

And once again decided against it.

Though the effort of will was becoming greater each time it found itself requiring to be exercised.

Soon, she told herself, she would be in a position to order an obedient and doglike tongue to share the burden of pleasing her alongside her trusty, if inanimate, dildo.

And the less she indulged herself now the greater the reward when she felt her creature ready to demean himself further in his service to both her and her superior cunt.

The thought itself was almost enough to send her over the edge.

On the TV screen, via the camera she had set up after ferrying her new and still unconscious *"pet"* to its home for the foreseeable future, she could see the rain lashing against the roofing of the kennel and took another sip of her drink as the warmth supplied by the logs blazing in the fire and the comfort and cosiness of her surroundings gave her a sense of almost total well-being.

That and a huge sense of anticipation that was already stirring her recently awakened – and, as noted, becoming more voracious by the second – sexual appetite.

She knew he would soon be stirring and despite her willpower, impatient fingers were already beginning a rhythmic massage through the gusset of her pantyhose.

Which was the exact moment when the slightest of movements from within the kennel's interior told her *"soon"* had become *"now"*.

Tim

He did not come awake with a start as he was far too fuzzy around the edges and disorientated to react in such a way, but the sight and its perspective waiting to greet him was puzzling to say the least.

Screwing his eyes shut and opening them again in only a partially successful attempt to clear his vision, he could have sworn to himself that he was in a tunnel of some kind. He could see through an aperture surrounded by relative darkness into the light outside and, as his vision gradually cleared, he could see rain splattering against the grey flagstones of the…

Courtyard!

He groaned loudly and raspily, mouth dry as he attempted to organise the jumbled and confusing thoughts running scattergun inside his head.

He was, though, certain of one thing:

It had *not* been a dream and he was back from whence he had started.

Even if he was no longer in the cage to which the bitch had consigned him.

As more sensations began to creep in and he was able to keep his drowsy eyes open for longer periods, he realised he was resting on his side and that he felt constricted.

Why were his hands up around his shoulders?

And why could he not move them?

Why did his heels appear to be resting against the backs of his thighs?

And why could he not fetch them down?

Why was the breeze entering through the aperture cooling his scalp as if he were hairless?

And not just his scalp, he realised with yet another thrill of pure horror.

The only part of his body *not* covered, he realised, was his face and scalp and his cock and ball-sac, upon which he could also feel the breath of cool air as it played upon the sensitive skin of his vitals.

Tentatively, still enfeebled from the effects of the drugs Katya had inserted into his food and topped up to keep him unconscious, he tried to straighten in the body of Russian latex that was, without his being aware of it, now his prison.

Even minimal movement was impossible.

The sense of claustrophobia he had experienced just prior to the return of full consciousness returned with a vengeance, trebling with intensity as his thoughts gradually unscrambled and he could take in the full horror of his situation.

And there was more, *much* more, to come.

The jangling of metal that reached his ears each time he moved appeared to come from a chain attached in some fashion to his neck and, as his vision cleared, he could see it coiled on the straw upon which he was lying, one end exiting the square of light where it was lost from his sight upon the glistening flagstones.

Worse, his body appeared to be covered in some kind of second skin into which his folded arms and legs were trapped and made standing normally an impossibility.

Taking in the padded saucer-like contraptions at elbows and knees he quickly realised any movement from one place to another he wished to make would need to be done on all fours.

"What the fuck has the Pollack bitch done to…?" he screamed aloud.

And screamed again as the collar stunned him with a short sharp current of electricity.

"What the shi…?" he attempted to curse once more and was again rewarded with a jolt of current he swiftly realised was connected to whatever the chain was attached to and, somehow, kicked into life whenever he attempted to speak.

A shadow fell across the aperture of light beyond whatever it was he had been confined in and he saw the muscular and tan legs of his female tormentor, soles of a pair of spike-heeled shoes tapping on the rain-splattered flagstones.

"Ingenious, is it not?" he heard.

"You fucking, bi…"

His scream amused her.

"I would advise against any attempt to speak," her voice, smug and secure came down to him before she crouched to take a better look at his misery, the short hair that gave her already austere Eastern European features an even more severe appearance protected from the coastal spray by a blue and sleeveless, all-weather, jerkin and a large, golf-style, umbrella she gripped in one hand while resting the shaft against her shoulder. "The collar to which your chain is attached is not only very secure but very sophisticated."

Moving closer, enjoying the authoritative clacking of her heels upon the flagstones – the reason she had worn them and wishing to re-route in his head a noise most men associated with a promise of the sexual into a sound redolent of control – she reached into the pocket of her jerkin and took out a small remote-control.

With a relaxed smile she knew would madden him, she held the device up for his clearing vision to scrutinise.

"It also allows me to…" she chose her next words carefully, enjoying both the control and the knowledge she was unlikely to be interrupted "…*correct* any behaviour that either offends me or I find inappropriate."

Later, she would laugh at the expression inspired by her words that overrode the disbelief and outrage already in place. That he, a man much senior to her, could be told his behaviour needed to meet her approval from now on was almost too much for him to take in. Impossible, in fact - and despite the less than favourable circumstances in which he found himself.

Squatting, to better observe his misery, she went on:

"It has various settings. Quite a few of them in advance of the mild shock you just experienced for inappropriate language."

She stared at him unblinkingly, wanting to get through to him and – genuinely – having no desire to use those *higher* settings:

"Trust me, you really do not want me to have to use *any* of them on you."

Tim Kennedy stared up at her with such hatred she would have been instant ashes had his eyes been lasers, the gusset of the pantyhose her squatting had revealed doing nothing to pacify or divert him from his picturing of just what he was going to do and have done to her when he was free, the intensity of his hatred explaining his missing of the other new development.

She was speaking to him.

"It is," she went on, replacing the remote in her pocket and confirming what he had already divined for himself, though after a more agonising fashion than hearing himself informed via the verbal, "triggered by any sounds made by the vocal chords that have not been pre-programmed into the collar's memory bank as permissible… *language*."

Shaven head and denuded genitalia open to the elements, body confined in some kind of outfit that restricted his movements along with an attached chain, the former accountant shook his head violently from side to side, mainly to try and clear it of the fog in which it was still enveloped but also in the vain hope that it would wake him from the horror-show he was living that could only be the worst of dreams.

Couldn't it?

The one question that had been constant since the first moment his eyes opened to find himself where he was assailing him again:

Was this really happening to him?

A deranged woman had abducted him from his home and kept him caged with her dogs, starving him until he was forced to act toward her in the same fashion as those dogs and, now, as it that was not enough, she had placed him in some kind of body-suit that prevented him walking on two-legs and attached a collar to his neck she insisted would proscribe and inform his means of verbal communication.

It sounded to him like science-fiction, despite his having already experienced the pain resulting from his attempt to speak. But reacting to his voice was one thing. Surely it would not be able to…

As if reading his thoughts, she reached a hand into the opening and stroked his head in a manner that could have been regarded as consoling had it not come from the very architect of his misery.

The feel of her hand as it made contact with his scalp confirmed for him what he had suspected and that she had shaved his head.

The hair he had once prided himself upon was gone.

Maddened beyond reason by the confirmation of what was only cosmetic in comparison to the indignities she had foisted upon him so far and could at least be rectified by time – even if the memories of the situation he had been in when it had been forced upon him would last for a long time, he retaliated in the only way available to him.

He bit her hand.

Katya

Her rage was incendiary, the pain of his teeth as they sank into the fleshy heel of her hand as nothing to the rage she felt at this first assault upon her body since she had left Poland for Britain.

Of course, Gerald, the Englishman she had consented to marry and thus save herself from the life thrust upon her in her homeland, had wanted access to her body, but though it was something she suffered rather than welcomed he had, in his own shy and ineffectual way, at least attempted to make what passed for his version of lovemaking pleasurable to her – even if he had failed on all levels.

The power, by dint of his wealth, had still been his and acting upon the wishes and desire of men – no matter how benign they were in comparison to other men – was unlikely to ever be of any appeal whatsoever to her.

So how less likely was this?

A man purposely attempting to hurt her!

That he was a provoked man and was not behaving unreasonably, exactly, made no headway upon her fury. Something that same fury shared with pain as his teeth broke her skin. No matter this was retaliation rather than the infliction of pain for pure enjoyment – something she would soon experience for herself – it was the very act of a man behaving abusively towards her that kicked her own conditioning into gear and sent her mind back to her days in the country she had once loved and seen tainted forever by the cruelty of certain of her own compatriots of the male variety.

Rage so hot it was white, too incensed to even cry out as a man of another country chomped down upon her flesh as if he would render it from the rest of her body, she allowed the umbrella to fall from her grasp and used the hand it freed to reach inside a pocket of the jerkin to retrieve a small remote-control.

Unhurried, despite feeling his teeth puncture her soft flesh, she aimed the remote at the shiny scalp of her attacker and depressed a button.

The effect was instant….. And pleasing.

The body of the man in the restrictive bodysuit convulsed, eyes rolling in his head as she kept the button depressed to allow the flow of current to stun his senses and immobilise his muscles, continuing to do so even as his teeth clamped onto her hand with even greater pressure as his jaw went into rictus.

And now the pain did get to her.

As much as she enjoyed the current immobilising his body she could deliver with no more than the pointing of a remote control – she released the button to stop the charge flowing through him and allow his jaws to spring open.

Her hand, when she retrieved it, was scarlet with her own blood and she could see from both the width and the depth of the wound that it would require stitches.

She also knew she would undertake the task herself in her small animal infirmary rather than take a trip to the local doctor's practice or hospital casualty department and take the – admittedly slim – risk that someone might recognise the wound to have been caused by human rather than canine teeth and report the incident.

From such small and insignificant matters had plans down the ages been discovered and thwarted.

"Skurwielu!" she cursed in her mother tongue, venom directed at the *"Asshole"* or *"Bastard"* lying motionless on his side as he attempted to regain his bodily functions.

Knowing she was about to experience an uncomfortable and painful hour or so in the kennel's infirmary as she stitched her savaged hand, Katya assured herself that the *"Skurwielu"* responsible for the necessity would not be relaxing in the comfort of his kennel as she went about the task or for some time after.

With her un-savaged hand, she took hold of the chain that ran from the shock-collar around Tim Kennedy's neck to a ring-bolt attached to the outside wall and gave it a sharp pull.

A groan came from the interior of the Kennel, swiftly followed by an abbreviated yelp of pain as the shock-collar acted in accordance with its programming and greeted the unauthorised *human* sound a swift burst of current.

"Out, you English bastard!" Katya screamed, forgetting for a moment her intention to speak only doggy-speak once he had been made aware of the collar's purpose and simple commands would suffice from then on – commands she intended to pare down as far as possible until they were of, or at least approached, those of one word.

There was no response.

A longer burst from the remote ensured there would be the next time she demanded such a thing.

"Bad, bad, dog!" she blazed as she zapped him, uncaring of whether he could hear through his torment or not.

When she considered him recovered enough and capable of movement – well, such movement as she allowed him, anyway – she tugged on the chain again and, more in command of herself by now, though still blazingly angry, gave him another command more in keeping with her intent:

"Heel!"

She saw his denuded head raise itself in her direction and caught just a fraction of hesitation that instantly turned to compliance as she pointed the remote in his direction and her earlier warning of the more draconian settings at her disposal dominated his thoughts.

Beaten eyes dropped to the flagstones and one more sharp tug on the chain was all it took to set him in motion.

Even if the motion was not exactly swift.

As his head appeared through the aperture and attempted, slug-like, to exit his kennel, Katya allowed herself an internal smile, amusement undiluted by the droplets of blood dripping from her savaged hand to mix with the rain coating the flagstones.

Even if the anger underpinning the pleasure she took from seeing his early attempts to come to terms with his new body and the mode of movement to which it condemned him remained unabated.

Free of the confines of the kennel, his face was a mixture of terror for what Katya held in her hand and what she could do to him with it and the sheer disbelief he could be in such a situation that had been with him since he had arrived and was, if anything, growing even more marked as his situation deteriorated rather than improved.

“Up!” she demanded, voice both terse and staccato, knowing it would take him a little time to get used to his new posture but determined to cut him no slack as he went about it.

The pleasure she took at the instant way he now attempted to carry out her commands went some way towards mitigating her continued anger and she looked on with delight as he manoeuvred himself onto all fours, first by placing the cups padding his elbows onto the floor, then by repeating the action with his knees.

The feeling of pure achievement – she could describe it no other way – that washed over her was greater than any she had known. This included her eventual passing of the veterinary degree that had been so cruelly interrupted. It also included the satisfaction she took from not having allowed the bastard gang-boss and his people to dehumanise her in the way she intended to dehumanise the man on all fours in front of her.

This, she told herself, was something else again.

There, on the flagstones of a courtyard belonging to a property *she* owned, was a mature man who not weeks ago had been a self-important and womanising member of the sex she detested. The same man with a responsible job in the City of London. Moreover, she confessed, he was a handsome man who, despite his failings as a lover and a husband, she herself found attractive in her own warped way.

And yet, here he was, denuded of the hair that defined his masculinity and forced into the role of a canine.

It was simply *too* delicious!

"Now," she told herself, *"her training of him would begin in earnest."*

Tim

The light of the single spot that lit the inner courtyard reflected up from the wet flagstones and a cold, demoralised and a still disbelieving Tim Kennedy sensed his tormentor was watching as he lay on his side, the chain she had shortened before re-attaching it to the wall preventing any return to what he could now see was a kennel.

His kennel.

Cocking his head, as if he were for all the world the befuddled canine she seemed intent upon making him, he considered that the greater the duration of time he spent in the situation thrust upon him the greater, it seemed, his disbelief that he could be in such a situation at all. One day he had been an affluent City accountant with a biddable wife whose aunt had provided a trust supplying a home. The next he had found himself naked and caged in a property owned by that same biddable wife's young friend Katya. The same crazed young friend responsible for his waking in a dog-kennel encased in some kind of restraint that kept him on all fours with, still more mortifyingly, arse and scrotum uncovered and visible to the eye.

Her eye.

As he gazed at the kennel and the shelter it supplied, even the newspapers covering its wooden base preferable to the hard and wet flagstones, his thoughts again went to the young woman holding him. That she was insane he had agreed upon with himself almost from the first moment he knew it was the young Polish woman responsible for his predicament. Now, after he had experienced the shock collar she had fastened to him that activated whenever he made a sound that was not of a suitably animal-like quality to send an excruciating burst of agonising and debilitating current through his system, he could add another unflattering description of her mindset to the growing list he used to describe them.

"Sadism" being but the latest of the inherent failings he attributed to her.

Apart from marvelling at the sophistication of the technology required for the collar to be programmed and react in such a way he, understandably, questioned just where was Melanie in all of this?

She was the type of woman who could be found in bits if he were late home from work – or more likely a clandestine session with a secretary or receptionist – so he was sure the authorities would have been informed of his disappearance no more than a day, perhaps hours, after he had failed to return home.

And still, so great was his dismissal of his wife, it did not occur to him to think that his situation was anything other than Katya's idea and that Melanie would be in ignorance of it. The woman was too timid to engage in oral sex, let alone allow herself to be involved in anything of a criminal nature. And especially of a criminal nature so serious.

And, anyway, why would she want to?

Hadn't he always looked after her? Hadn't he been the one to free her of the trouble of making a living for herself so she could concentrate on what she did best? Being a housewife? Sure she was a bit of a cold and uninspiring fish between the sheets and he took his pleasure and satisfied his needs elsewhere, but Melanie didn't know that and, even if she did, there was no way she would risk a prison sentence to exact a measure of payback.

It simply was not the woman's style.

No, the more he considered it the more he knew this was the result of the Polish bitch working alone, perhaps with some émigré or émigré's she had paid to assist her.

A lunatic attempt to both teach him a lesson for being, as she had said: *"a despicable husband to your wife"*, and a means of venting her sadism upon a male victim.

An attempt, he agreed to himself and lunatic or not, that had proved successful so far and was not about to be thwarted simply because he sensed the motivation behind it.

Not for the first time since she had fixed him to the wall, he manoeuvred himself onto his haunches – the one position that made him feel anything other than the dog she intended him to be – and shook his head from side to side violently in an attempt to dislodge the rain-water that had gathered on his freshly denuded scalp. The loss – albeit temporary, he assured himself grimly – of the locks he was so proud of was yet another example of her petty cruelty towards him and one he would pay back with considerable interest once he was free of her and their positions reversed.

Demoralised and fearful as he was, it did not for one moment occur to him that he would not be free of the mad Polish bitch at some time in the very near future.

A conviction undiminished by the fact hours had turned to days and days to weeks and…

He would be free soon, he told himself and, if nothing else, the constant repetition of this mantra managed to keep him sane.

Even if the outlandish nature of his situation was the brainchild of a mind anything but.

It was at this point in his thinking that the inhumanity of the situation into which he had been forced was again brought home to him as a full bladder – unaccountably so, given she had neglected to supply him with water and the only liquid he had taken upon waking had been the rain water he had caught in his open-mouth.

Affixed to the wall as he was by the shortened length of chain she had attached to his new and dual purpose collar, he was unable to move far from the spot she had consigned him and, consequently, could find no shelter from the rain that had

been falling constantly from his awaking in daylight to the fall of night - yet another piece of intentional cruelty on her part.

As if the indignities under which he suffered were not numerous enough, now he had to defecate while under observation.

Her observation.

The light of the single spot that lit the courtyard and highlighted the glistening flagstones was there for a purpose he knew and could see the camera it had been enlisted to aid affixed to the wall below and to its side. She had put him on CCT now and could observe him without moving from, what he imagined as, the warmth and comfort of her property's interior.

All of which made urinating like a beast all the more humiliating to him.

As he gave in to the sensation and moved as far – as far as the chain would allow him anyway - from the one spot kept relatively dry by his prone body to do his *"business"*, he wondered if the range of the remote control activating his collar could reach him from where she watched and prayed for that *not* to be the case.

He did not put it past the sadistic bitch to give him a burst of current simply for the sheer pleasure of causing him discomfort.

Acute discomfort.

Concluding the evacuation, careful to keep his body turned as far from the prying lens of the camera as he could while doing so, he returned to the, almost, dry spot and arranged himself in a position on his side that was the only comfortable option open to him.

Not for the first time, he flexed his arms inside the fabric imprisoning them, knowing this was one act of rebellion she would not be able to see and would, therefore, be unable to punish.

As it had on all the previous occasions during which he had tried testing it, the material held totally firm.

Not even the tell-tale creak of a seam, groaning in protest at the pressure placed upon it, saw fit to offer him any encouragement and, though at a loss as to how she had managed to place him in it at all, he had drawn the conclusion the outfit encasing him was of one-piece.

Which begged the question of how she had fitted it to him without the aid of zips or buttons; neither of which he had managed to feel or locate given the limit means of discovery available to him which consisted of wriggling upon the floor and hoping the pressure would reveal to him the contours of the fastenings holding his body captive.

No such *fastenings* made themselves known and he asked himself if she had somehow contrived to mould it to his body while he had been in his drugged sleep.

Looking down his body, he could see the fabric that encased him from neck to bent elbows and legs, only the head, arse and genitals, left free and was unable to gauge its material, though it looked incredibly durable.

Not to mention *expensive*.

From the feel of it around him, tight and secure though not uncomfortable, he knew it had obviously been custom made to the exact measurements of his body and he wondered just how one went about explaining the need to have such a thing made.

But then why would they have to?

He was hardly an Internet virgin and he had seen, if not enjoyed enough to linger upon, sites of a BDSM nature that catered to the tastes of the sickos who liked to pretend they were more animal than human.

He also knew that if there was money to be made then there would always be those prepared to satisfy a demand.

Whatever its nature.

And with *no* questions asked.

The above *"Pretend"* being the word bearing no relation to his own situation.

Unlike the perverted wannabes of the BDSM world with its contrived *scenes* the participants were able to call a halt to at the drop of a safe-word, what he was going through was *very* real and a sobering reminder of the expense and planning she had invested in having him brought here.

And not just *brought* but *kept*.

More evidence, and more worrying evidence at that, of how deep ran the depths of her insanity.

What did she want from him, after all?

Was there an endgame to her torment and humiliation of him?

And, if there was, what was it?

Did she think she that by treating him as some lowly canine she would somehow alter him as a human being to such a degree he would be a new and different man of her making when she finally saw fit to release him?

Was that what this was about?

Had the control freak seen the – necessary – way he ruled the roost in his own home with Melanie and taken it upon herself to right what she saw as a wrong?

He knew as fact, after all, and she had told him as much, that she resented his treatment of his wife.

Clinical insanity aside, it was, he told himself, an explanation that offered something regarding sense. On his travels around the more outré sites catering to sexual tastes less everyday he had of course come across a great deal of claptrap that vaunted dominant women and female-led relationships. So it was no great leap of the imagination to imagine Katya herself being an adherent of such nonsense and wishing to set his own relationship with Melanie on an entirely different footing.

Even if it would prove to be a footing with which Melanie herself would not only be uncomfortable but utterly out of her depth; as she was always out of her depth whenever a decision required making or a course of action taking.

Could that be the backdrop to the delusional Pole's treatment of him?

To so devalue his sense of self-worth and condition him to become used to a woman making decisions on his behalf that he would eventually be returned to his wife a new man?

A new and *obedient* man.

If that were the case then not only did she not know her victim but she was also without a clue as to the true nature of the friend she was intent upon helping while getting her own perverted rocks off at the same time.

His wife?

In charge?

Of him?

Despite his situation, he would have allowed himself a laugh had it not been for the collar that would have convulsed him for his merriment but, instead, contented himself by shaking his head and allowing himself to marvel at how his jailer could she have ever persuaded herself to believe Melanie, of all people, could be comfortable in a *"Female-led"* role?

Not to know just how *"comfortable"* his wife was finding it at exactly that moment – even if in a different way to the one he imagined – the shaking of his head from side-to-side was, this time, not to shake rainwater from his scalp but to marvel at the depths of the Polish girl's capacity for self-delusion.

Not to mention the torture he was enduring in its service.

"Bitch!" he cursed, forgetting himself.

The first syllable of the word had not escaped his lips before he regretted his mistake and his body convulsed upon the glistening flagstones.

Alina & Melanie

Back in London, in the bedroom of a home and a wife Tim Kennedy had both underestimated and treated shabbily, a form of *electricity* guaranteed to provide a physical response of a more elevated kind was at work.

"Did you send Katya the copies of the newspaper she requested, Melanie?" asked Alina, referring to the free local rag that had carried the story of the disappearance and embezzlement of the husband that had, despite her own active involvement in setting it up, caused the older woman much embarrassment with family and neighbours; though they had been mostly – completely, in fact - sympathetic to the *"poor deserted wife"*.

"This morning," Melanie told her, mind preoccupied, as it was always preoccupied when she was close to the girl, with more tangible possibilities than the simple sending, or not, of a newspaper.

Her young lover smiled and by the light of the bedside candles she had just lit, Melanie was again struck by how gorgeous was this elfin teen who had subdued her heart and mind so effortlessly.

Melanie's breasts heaved in anticipation as Alina walked towards her and wrapped her arm around her neck before running fingers through the older woman's auburn hair to kiss her.

Deeply.

Lowering her arms to wrap them around Melanie's waist, Alina wandered them over her middle-aged lover's surprisingly tight body before taking the hem of her shirt and lifting it off right over her head to expose a pair of still perky breasts. She had ordered the older woman to not wear a bra that day and Melanie was too far gone in her submission to her to refuse. Even *had* she wished to.

Alina pushed Melanie back onto the bed and removed her own blouse and bra.

"Tell me, Melanie," the young girl asked, recalling her phone conversation in Polish with Katya and her promise to *'soften'* Melanie up for what their mutual friend truly intended for the woman's husband; "do you really think you could go back to your life with Tim after…"

The teenager's eyes flickered downwards to her perfect young breasts and the nipples projecting from them so invitingly.

Before Alina, and between leaving the sixth-form and now, Melanie had not seen a woman's tits in the flesh and the sight of those belonging to her young lover took her breath away each time they were unveiled.

The desire to caress and… *please* them explaining her inability to frame a reply to their owner's question.

Instead, she reached out to caress the orb nearest her and felt her breath catch as the already hardened nipple became still more prominent.

She moaned with disappointment as Alina moved out of reach.

"I believe I asked you a question, niewolnica," Alina reminded her, using what Melanie took for an endearment whose meaning had yet to be explained to her but in Polish meant *'slave'*.

Melanie's eyes did not leave the breasts so fixating her and her needy tongue ran itself over suddenly dry lips as she fought to frame a reply; knowing the girl well enough by now to know nothing further would happen between them until she been obeyed. Another facet of their budding relationship that astounded the older woman. The fact she could find it so delicious to be overmastered in such a way.

And by one so young.

"I… I…"

Alina came in to help – and lead:

"Are you not furious at the way he has used you?" she asked, not waiting for an answer before continuing with her agenda. "Does it not madden you that while he has been fucking every little tramp desperate enough to want him you have been waiting at home, underused and undervalued?"

"Well, I…"

"Do you still believe you owe this… this *animal* some kind of loyalty after he has abused your trust and left you unsatisfied all these years?"

Taking a step forward, the delicious and calculating Polish girl proffered a bullet-like nipple towards the dehydrated lips of her unknowing *'niewolnica'* but stopped short of allowing contact.

"Would you accept him back after he has served the sentence for the embezzlement for which you and Katya set him up in the knowledge you would *never* have access to me again?"

Melanie's eyes found those of the young woman who was taking possession of her more and more.

They were implacable, possessive and imperious.

As well as addictive.

In truth, Melanie had been aware for some days now that she had no intention of ever taking Tim back – even if he were to become a different man with his tail between his legs after he had served the sentence he was sure to receive once Katya released him. The young girl standing above her with such authority, the same girl

who was so confident in her own skin she could ask such questions of her older and, supposedly, more worldly wise lesbian lover, was in her blood now and Melanie knew she could no more remove her from it than she could stop her own heart beating. And the more besotted she became the less the guilt she felt for setting her own husband up and allowing Katya to do… *whatever* it was she was doing with and to him.

In fact, Alina was right: the greater the time and distance placed between herself and her husband the greater became her anger at the way she had been dismissed and used as if she were no more than some kind of functional decoration to both adorn and make his life more convenient.

Released from the burden of his presence, she could see now that not once had her well-being ever been placed above his own and at no time did the bastard truly love her.

Her voice when it came, still gazing into the eyes of her young lover, was firm and decisive:

"I wouldn't take him back if he were the very last human on the planet and I'd been transformed into a nymphomaniac."

Seeing the sincerity and determination, unmistakable in Melanie's expression, Alina smiled and placed her nipple at the older woman's mouth.

"That is what I wanted to hear, my beloved Melanie," she said as her nipple found itself enveloped by a warm mouth. "I truly believe we have something special and I would not wish for some unworthy pig of a man to ruin it."

"He won't," Melanie breathed, releasing the nipple from between her lips for a few seconds. "I promise."

The older woman's eager mouth returned to its work.

"You make me so happy, my love," Alina told her. "But I am not so happy that this animal of a man should get off so lightly, are you?"

There was no answer and, by way of a prompt, Alina again removed her breast from Melanie's worshipful mouth.

The disappointment visible in the older woman's eyes was palpable.

"I asked you a question, niewolnica," said a suddenly stern Alina.

Knowing there would be no further interaction between them until she obeyed, Melanie fumbled for a response:

"He will go to prison," she reminded the girl. "And I can't believe for a second anybody would employ him – at least not in any position of authority – when he comes out."

"It is not enough!" spat the girl, her anger a mixture of play-acting and the truly genuine for, though nowhere near the levels of Katya, she too had seen and been the recipient of the cruelties and inhumanities of men back in her homeland.

"But…"

"It is all too easy for men such as he. He will probably go to some comfortable… *'open'*, as I have heard them described, prison and then come out to find a decent and undeserved life waiting for him. Criminals in this country are treated with far too much leniency if you ask me and I am sure he will find a company somewhere willing to give him a job and a second chance."

"You could be right, I suppose," Melanie agreed, knowing the girl was getting up a head of steam and not wishing to ruin the chance of sex between them by disagreeing – though a part of her liked the idea of Tim *really* suffering for how he had treated her; stifling her natural creative instincts and downgrading her life to that of powerless servitor rather than equal partner.

"Of course I am right. Katya agrees with me in this also and would love the chance to make sure he really pays for what he has done to you in a way that will ensure he will never repeat such behaviour again."

A worried frown crossed Melanie's face; wanting her husband punished was one thing but…

"You… You don't mean…? You're not saying…?"

Alina laughed.

The gorgeous and devious Polish teen had anticipated just such a reaction and loved the way she was able to lead the older woman who was becoming more her property by the second:

"Really, Melanie. Do you take Katya and myself for monsters. We could no more take a life than…" she pretended to give it some thought before her eyes returned to Melanie's "…than *you*."

Melanie immediately felt guilty for her baseless suspicion. Between them, both Alina and Katya had rescued her from a life in which she was slowly drowning and she would be forever grateful to them. They had been nothing but friends to her – even if one was a friend with benefits.

"I am surprised you should even think us capable of such behaviour," stated a mock offended Alina.

Feeling like a schoolgirl reprimanded by her tutor, Melanie mouthed a *"sorry"* to her inamorata.

Smiling, the girl reached out to stroke the older woman's hair.

“Tell me though, Melanie,” she began as her stroking hand began to massage her older lover’s scalp and brought forth a sigh of deep satisfaction; “have you never thought of how it would feel to be the one in control of such a beast?”

Lost to the girls erotic massage, Melanie made no reply and her young mistress gave her dark hair a gentle but meaningful tug.

“I… No, Alina, I can’t say I have.”

“What?” the girl marvelled. “Not ever?”

“Not really.”

“Please, niewolnica! You are not being truthful with your Alina. Do you seriously expect me to believe that this man treated you in a way you found disrespectful, as if you were a fourth-class citizen rather than a loved wife, and you did not once visualise yourself as being the one with the power and control?”

“Well…”

“You can tell me, my beloved niewolnica,” the girl prompted, lifting Melanie’s chin and bringing her eyes up to her own. “There is nothing you can say that would make me judge or think less of you.”

Feeling as if she were the proverbial rabbit caught in the tractor-beam of a superior predator’s gaze, Melanie realised her young mistress was not about to stop her interrogation until she gave her something to satisfy her curiosity in respect of her own daydreams and fantasies regarding her husband.

“He…” she began feeling for all the world as if she had just been called to the front of the class to recite an essay from memory for which she was ill-prepared to give.

“Yes?”

“Well, he… he’s something of a racist.”

Alina snorted:

“Katya told me as much. It will make his current situation all the more difficult. To be dependent on a young woman of a different race will be hard for him.”

“No,” Melanie corrected her. I don’t just mean a bigot in his little-Englander *‘send the immigrants back’* way. When I say *‘racist’*, I mean he really feels people of colour are inferior.”

Alina was in front of her again now and the young woman’s stupendous breasts were making it hard for Melanie to concentrate.

“Then he is even more of a dinosaur than the one Katya described to me,” the girl observed. “But what has this to do with your fantasies?”

Melanie reached her hands behind Alina to cup her shapely and taut buttock in their palms and was pleased when it was allowed.

“I… I used to fantasise about being…”

She broke off, it was a fantasy she had not shared with another living soul – even Katya – up to now and the prospect of repeating it aloud seemed daunting, as well as taking her thoughts to her friends and family and making her picture the reaction as they listened to the girl they thought of as staid, polite and dependable, recite such a…

“Tell me, niewolnica,” her young lover demanded, the hint of impatience in her voice and the prospect it may lead to the withdrawal of her affections for the night all that was required to overcome Melanie’s misgivings at lending a voice to her private – and shameful – thoughts.

“There have been lots of times over the years,” she began, “when I would picture myself being taken by a black man with the most monstrous cock.”

Alina’s expression spoke of disappointment to Melanie and her next words confirmed the older woman’s suspicions:

“Is that all, niewolnica? I thought you might have something more interes…”

“No!” Melanie came in, a little miffed to have her inner life dismissed by one so young. “That is not all!”

Amused, as well as taken aback, by her *‘niewolnica’s’* flash of spirit, Alina gave her an inquiring look.

Mollified a little, Melanie went on:

“As my massive black lover took me in our bedroom, on the very bed where I had endured Tim’s selfish and pathetic imitation of lovemaking, my husband was in the room with us.”

At this Alina perked up, interest levels rising as Melanie continued:

“He was naked and kneeling in the corner with his nose to the wall, forced to listen to the screams of ecstasy drawn from me by a coal black African he despised and who was his superior both physically and mentally. My screams only stopping when my lover’s wonderful black cock slipped from my exhausted pussy and I wrapped my lips around its massive mushroom head to take what I could into my mouth and return some of the pleasure he had just given me. Careful all the time to make as much noise as I could so that my cowed husband would be unable to mistake what I was doing to another man – a *black* man – in his own bedroom and in his own bed.”

Alina waited, sensing the fantasy was not over just yet.

“Then, after I had swallowed my black lover’s cum in just the way I always refused to swallow Tim’s, I commanded my husband to crawl to us on his hands and knees and beg our African guest to take him over his knee and spank his disrespectful white buttocks until he learned he was to show his master and his white woman respect.”

Finishing, Melanie could see that Alina was as turned on by hearing her little fantasy as she been turned on in the telling of it and the hands still cupping the young woman’s spectacular arse drew her nearer.

Alina did not resist but smiled instead:

“Hmm,” she began. “A nice fantasy, niewolnica.”

Her smile became seductive as Melanie’s hands massaged the soft-pillows of her derriere.

“But enough talk for now… We have *other* matters to attend to.”

As energised by the fantasy as Melanie herself, Alina pushed the older woman back on the bed to straddle her prone form before bending her head to her slave’s pink nipples to tease at them with her tongue. Starting with circular motions she began to flick her tongue across one and then the other as Melanie’s back arched with pleasure. Then, after a little more teasing, she finally began to suck, transferring her attentions from nipple to nipple.

And not gently.

Between sucking, Alina bit at Melanie's nipples the way she knew she liked it, gratified by the groans of arousal wafting up from the mattress to her.

A still louder groan escaped the woman’s lips and, knowing the time right, Alina reached beneath them and unzipped and unzipped Melanie’s skirt to reveal the shiny black thong she had ordered her to wear when ordering her *not* to wear a bra.

Removing the thong also, eyes never leaving those of her older lover, Alina smiled as her hand found what was, and also as she had ordered, a completely hairless pussy. She could already smell Melanie's delicious scent and knew that she wanted to taste her. Knowing also that the woman wanted to be tasted and that in so obliging her she would place her older lover even more firmly in her thrall.

Sliding to her knees, Alina bent before Melanie's pussy and began to trace the lips with her tongue with a mixture of licks and stabs before entering inside then licking gently at Melanie's engorged clit; the older woman’s legs twitching with pleasure as Alina switched her attentions from the clit itself and again inserted a questing tongue down into Melanie's moist and hot love-hole that had seen more use since they had gotten together than in all the years of her marriage to the man now housed in one of Katya’s kennels.

Sensing she was ripe, Alina began to tongue fuck her older niewolnica.

Melanie's moans grew louder and she began to run her hands lovingly through Alina's boyishly cut hair. Encouraged, Alina worked her tongue back up to Melanie's clit and, as she licked it, inserted two fingers into her lover and started to fucked her with them – a pleasure was soon too overwhelming for Melanie to bear any longer and swiftly had her screaming with pleasure.

Before long, Alina's lips were glistening with Melanie's cum and the taste inflamed the young girl, knowing as she did that far from this being an act of subservience on her part it was an act that signified not just the attraction felt for her by the older woman but the fact she, a young girl from Poland yet to leave her teens, was in the process of enthralling and mastering a woman many years her senior.

When Melanie finally exploded before flopping back to the mattress spent, Alina left the bed and disappeared into the next room.

Thinking they were done, Melanie was surprised – and a little agitated - to see Alina come back with a large vibrator.

“Place yourself on all fours upon the bed, my niewolnica,” Alina ordered.

Realising what the girl intended, Melanie was appalled.

“No, Alina,” she began, raising herself to her elbows. “I don’t want that.”

The palm of Alina’s hand imprinted itself across the soft flesh of Melanie’s thigh.

“It is what I want that counts, niewolnica, not you.”

Melanie was appalled.

It was the *first* time anyone, even Tim, had struck her.

Enjoying the girl’s authoritative manner with her was one thing but allowing herself to be struck by anyone, let alone a girl so many years her junior, was not to be countenanced.

But, if that were the case, why was she so energised not moments after having been brought to one of the most – perhaps *the* – explosive orgasms of her life?

“All fours, niewolnica!” the girl barked. “Now!”

Startled into movement by a harshness in the girl’s tone she had not heard up until then, Melanie placed herself to get onto all fours facing the headboard.

“Hmmm,” she heard from behind her. “My niewolnica has a lovely tight arse for a lady of her age.”

Unseen and facing away from her young owner, Melanie felt her cheeks flush at the compliment and again asked herself why obeying this demanding nymphet set her senses on fore so.

"Your pussy is dripping wet also, my cherished niewolnica," she heard Alina say as, not for the first time she reminded herself to ask exactly what this Polish endearment actually meant.

A reminder that was swiftly forgotten as the vibrator was inserted in her pussy and she felt it fill her in a way her husband never had and never would – even if he had been of a size to make such an event possible.

Alina was teasing her now, slowly easing the vibrator in and then, even more slowly, withdrawing it, all the time using the thumb of her free hand to gently stimulate the older woman's clit.

It did not take long for Melanie to begin pleading for her young mistress to increase the speed of the insertion and withdrawal and she was soon thrusting herself back and forward in order to accelerate the process.

Not seconds later she, Melanie Kennedy, staid middle-class housewife, was literally begging a nineteen-year-old Polish girl to fuck her with a cock other than her husband's.

And much larger!

In the event, it was a minutes later before Alina conceded and began thrusting the vibrator deeper and with greater speed into Melanie.

Despite the mind-blowing experienced of her previous orgasm, the housewife was soon upon the threshold of another and when she felt Alina remove her thumb from her clit and a finger inserted into her virgin rectum the game was up. Melanie's eyes bugged from her head as the double penetration sent her over the edge of the chasm and into another explosion. An explosion that outdid in its intensity even that of the last.

And *that* had been incredible!

As Melanie collapsed face down upon the bed, legs unable to support her any longer, Alina lay down next to the now exhausted former housewife and now *"niewolnica"* to lightly caress the pale skin of her womanly flanks.

The girl did this for her older lover much in the way of an owner showing affection to a pleasing pet and realised it was exactly how she was coming to see the woman.

Despite her genuine affection, she was truly coming to see the woman as – if not an object, never *that* – a possession.

A valued possession, for sure, but something she, a young immigrant from Eastern Europe, owned.

Completely.

The *"pet"* analogy though, had sent her thoughts northward to Katya and the man she intended would be one for real.

As well as reminding the young Polish girl what she had promised her old friend and countrywoman.

"I have genuine feelings for you, Melanie," she told the woman. "But there can never be a question of your husband, or any man, being a part of your life along with me. I am either everything to you or nothing."

The words came to Melanie as if from a distance as she basked in the afterglow of the pleasure the young girl had brought her, but she realised the girl was serious and also knew there was nobody on this or any other planet – and certainly not Tim Kennedy – who could make her give up what she did with Alina.

Her voice when it came was no, less genuine than the girl's; if a lot more breathless:

"I want nobody in my life from now on except you, Alina. I could care less what happens to Tim."

Still stroking her flanks, Alina smiled. It was exactly what she wanted to hear. She was in the woman's veins where she wished to be, but she would only stay there with certain provisos.

"I am delighted to hear it, my beloved. But, if I am to commit to you and allow you to do the same with me, I am going to require proof that you have no intention of allowing your husband back into your life. Except... "

She drew it out:

"Except, perhaps, in a way of mine and Katya's choosing."

Not knowing what the girl meant at the time and bathed in the afterglow of a stupendous orgasm, Melanie would have just about agreed to anything right then.

"You know I'll do anything for you, my darling."

"I believe you, niewolnica," said a smiling Alina but you need to show me."

"But how can I prove such a thing to you?"

Still smiling, Alina patted the older woman's flanks somewhat patronisingly.

Then she told her how.

Katya & Tim

Four days had passed since she had placed him in the custom-made couture from Russia and the change was remarkable.

As Katya removed her black reading spectacles to view the top of the head visible on the monitor, the same head which she had only that morning shaved, depilating the stubble as the hair he was so proud of attempted to re-assert itself, she could only congratulate herself on the progress she had made with the man. In a few days, she reminded herself, he would need to be taken from the costume in order for his body to be freshly depilated and she knew it would be quite the task getting him in and out of the costume. More so as he was not far enough along in his conditioning for her to take the chance of freeing him while he remained conscious - even with the insurance of the collar.

Placing one of the local newspapers sent to her by Melanie to one side, she would, she told herself, need to drug him again.

Just the same, she was anticipating having his naked body – unconscious or not – at her disposal and completely under her power once again with great relish. The long pictured dream of having a man in her grasp and completely at her disposal was proving, in reality, to be far in excess of the delight she had taken from the visualisation. As blasphemous as it was to her early Catholic upbringing she could only describe the way such complete control made her feel as *"Godlike"*. The sense of well-being stemming from her absolute command of the man was something of a surprise as she had also
expected to experience feelings of guilt to go along with joy of a fantasy fulfilled. That there had been few enough of these *"feelings"* as to make them almost non-existent had also proved something of a surprise and convinced her – had she required convincing – that not only was the man wholly worthy of his treatment at her hands but that she intended to continue dishing it out to him for the foreseeable future.

Regardless of his wishes in the matter.

Of course, there could be no doubt that he hated her still, it was there, unspoken in his eyes whenever they met hers, and especially when he thought she was preoccupied and she would turn to catch his baleful stare as he imagined delivering all kinds of retribution upon her own head with its short, black and French-cropped hair.

Exactly the response she wanted from him.

Katya was quite adamant on those, as mentioned, *rare* occasions when a part of her conscience questioned the rightness of her actions that the man was fully deserving of her attentions and enjoyed the fact he despised her for what she was doing to him.

Why would he not be?

She was also adamant that she did not want his affection or fond feelings.

No.

It was his hatred of her, even as he was unable to prevent her from treating him as if he were a lowly animal, that spurred her on and satisfied feelings she had imagined but been unable to bring herself to believe were possible.

He was being conditioned to see her as superior to him in all ways and himself as totally dependent upon her for the food he ate, the water he drank and the shelter he received.

She smiled as she watched him on camera and told herself that, apart from the independence of thought - albeit conditioned - she wished him to have still, and having already proscribed to him the facility of speech, the only thing in which she would allow him freedom of choice would be the intake of air into his lungs.

Power was indeed proving to be the aphrodisiac she had heard it described to be and she had always suspected and, once experienced, she had no intention of relinquishing it any time soon. Power that was all the more intense for not being of a kind exercised at a distance in a political or bureaucratic way over a multitude but up close and personal with a live flesh and blood human-being who had no alternative but to accept her autonomy.

As she continued to watched him sleep via the CCTV she herself had installed, the top of that recently denuded head visible at the aperture leading to his kennel's interior and a familiar wetness making itself felt at her thighs, she hoped he had another dream such as the one she observed only the day before.

The look of pure misery on his face after he had spoken in his sleep and triggered the shock-collar was both funny and sexy to her and had made her perversely happy.

Even in his sleep, she now knew, he was unable to escape her control and conditioning.

Control and conditioning that would only hasten his coming slavery.

Rousing herself from the sofa where she could, more often than not, be found reclining upon the sofa before the monitor she had set up regarding her creation, she took up the local rag and made her way towards the courtyard.

These days she had taken to dressing more provocatively, if in no way slutty or tarty.

A deliberately and carefully considered choice now that he was encased in his dog costume.

As was the leaving of the denuded cock and balls, shortly to be in receipt of her attentions, to hang free and visible.

Before having been placed in the costume access to his genitals by hand were available to him, now though such access was denied and even the simple and everyday action of taking his cock in his hand to urinate was proscribed him.

Masturbation with the help of those same hands a complete non-starter.

The costume ensured he could only evacuate either liquids or solids in exactly the same way as a real dog; either by cocking a leg or squatting upon his foreshortened haunches and then being hosed clean by his female handler afterwards.

Likewise, if he wished to pleasure himself, the only option available to him was to hump.

Either the floor, or…

Something else.

She knew that, despite his hatred, the sight of her was beginning to affect him and she was not averse to using the power it gave her over him.

Dressed today in a slightly above the knee skirt with sheer black hose and black spiked heels, breasts accentuated by a clingy cotton shirt, cold face made even colder by the shortness of the black hair above it, she could tell she was becoming more and more of a distraction to him on a physical level. As with eating and drinking, sex was a bodily, as well as a mental, need and, deprived of it, even a reviled and hated figure took on a sexual aspect in the mind of the victim denied.

More so if the figure so reviled and hated was the *only* figure in the life of that same victim.

Katya was aware that, repeated often enough, the way in which bodily necessities were satisfied soon became second-nature and that making him perform his toilet in the way of a dog, along with his inability to articulate without angering the shock-collar, was ingraining animal-like behaviour upon his mindset. His descent into the doglike, she was certain, would be made all the more intolerable for him by dint of that humanity which would remain behind the silence to continuously ponder his fall from grace.

All the above, as mentioned, being exactly as she intended.

She also knew that he continued in the belief that his freedom would be just a matter of time and amused herself by guessing exactly the kind of revenge scenarios he would be devising as he lay prone in his kennel.

Thoughts going to Alina and Melanie for a moment, she hoped all was going well with them and that the her young friend would be successful in her attempts to make Melanie more amenable to the treatment of her husband that was a sight more draconian and permanent than Katya had led her to believe it would be.

She trusted Alina and had every faith in her, but Melanie was the very epitome of the reserved English housewife and there was no guarantee that her years of conditioning from childhood and into marriage would not kick back in and she would feel compelled by conscience and duty to *'do the right thing'*.

With a grimace of foreboding she hoped would prove unfounded, she turned the key in the lock of the courtyard door and prepared to step through.

A grimace of foreboding that proved fleeting as she anticipated the pleasure she would shortly be in receipt of as the first peck of her heels upon the flagstones brought the courtyard's one occupant to attention.

No more than that one simple sound enough to have her *"doggy"* instantly alert.

Setting her jaw – severity of expression always her look of choice with him – she stepped onto the flagstones.

It was time to work on his obedience levels some more.

And have some fun in the so doing.

Even if it was evil in nature.

*****

The sound of her heels on the flagstones roused Tim Kennedy from a deep, if troubled, sleep; his return to consciousness accompanied by a mixture of thoughts and reactions becoming more and more familiar to him in his incarceration.

By far the most urgent of his responses to the prospect of her presence being fear.

That she was clinically insane was no longer something to be questioned in his mind. Any person, regardless of age, who could do to another person what the young Polish girl was doing to him could be described in no other way. His only hope being that her insanity would reveal itself in the everyday world beyond the confines of her property and bring her to the attentions of those who could take action to contain it – as well as delivering him from his misery.

"Where is my doggy?" he heard from beyond the confines of what served as his *human* kennel, his soul cringing as he knew what would soon follow and the behaviour she expected from him that he was in no position to withhold.

Unless he was willing to accept the consequences for *"disobedience"*.

Fearful and still groggy from just waking, he heard the tap of her heels as she moved closer to where she had confined him.

“Why is my doggy not saying hello to his master?” her voice reached him, a trace of impatience in the accented English completing his return to the world as he scrambled to all-fours and then lowered himself to slither through the aperture of the kennel that served as its entrance and exit.

The prospect of experiencing yet another of the debilitating and agonising bursts of current from the collar she had only yesterday re-charged – so much had it been in use recently – concentrated his thoughts and he slithered out onto the flagstones at her feet.

“There is my good doggy,” she observed, persevering with the pet-talk he knew she used to make his degradation still greater and was the only form of verbal interaction she would permit – even if the responses he was allowed could hardly be described as verbal in any human sense.

The Polish accent with which she delivered her already demeaning words exacerbating, for some reason, the indignity he experienced at being addressed in such a fashion, the accent, along with her youth making his predicament seem all the more shameful – if such a thing were possible. The same shame mixed with despair that had become the predominant emotion and overrode the anger that was still present but in a lesser form now as his focus switched from revenge scenarios to making sure he pleased the mad bitch and escaped the punishments sure to follow on from *disappointing* her.

Had he given it more thought he might just have tried to maintain his anger levels.

They were, had he but realised it, pretty much the only thing standing between his besieged individuality and complete compliance to the will of another.

Her will.

Eyes lowered and only the pointed toe of her black high-heels and hosed ankles in his eye-line, Tim Kennedy swallowed back the bile induced by the prospect of what he was about to do and shuffled forward a few feet to place his mouth on her instep and begin licking it, soul wincing as he pictured the look of diabolical enjoyment on the face of the bitch taking in his submission.

Not to mention the remote control to the collar he was sure she had to hand – the shock it was capable of delivering explaining the rubber she had glued to the soles of her shoes.

After all, he told himself, she wouldn’t want to get a shock if the collar was activated when she was in contact with him, would she?

“Yes,” she went on. “A very good boy. But you must take care not to make master have to remind you in future. Master is very pleased with the progress of her pet but he has to be totally obedient.”

Tongue lathing the nylon covering her left ankle, detecting as he did so the smell and taste of, thankfully, mild perspiration, his spirits, if such a lowering were possible, sank further, as the nightmare from which sleep had so recently delivered him continued and showed no sign of abating.

Spirits that were not helped any by the knowledge he was unable to correct or even respond to the demeaning and puerile words that constituted the only kind of communication she saw fit to have with him.

“Doggy does want to be obedient for his master, does he not?”

For a moment, Tim Kennedy thought he would vomit but, knowing what he would receive if he did, fought back the urge.

He knew what she wanted and it sickened him.

How would he not know, after all?

Hadn’t she gone to great pains - his pains - to let him know?

Pains, via the collar, he had no desire to experience again and explained the removal of his tongue from her instep and the gathering of himself onto his haunches into a begging posture.

But it was the next part she insisted upon that was the hardest.

As she demanded, and in the posture of a supplicant canine, Tim Kennedy raised his eyes to those of the young woman describing herself as his master, the same young woman who had abducted him and was treating him as if he were an animal, and met her gaze.

“Wruff!”

Beneath the short and French-cropped hair, the somewhat harsh face of his young captor lit up at the dog impersonation that signalled his capitulation and she reached out a hand to his head to ruffle his hair – or at least the hair that would have been there had she not shaved his pride and joy into nothingness and continued to do so.

Fearful of the shock he had been taught to expect if he removed his eyes from hers before she removed her own, the red-faced Tim Kennedy asked himself if ever there had been a man so humiliated.

Humiliation that showed no sign of abating.

Still stroking his shiny pate as he gazed up at her with eyes more expressive of shame and fear than the loathing so predominant previously, she reached into her pocket to retrieve something and, expecting the hateful remote to his shock collar, he was relieved to see her hand come out with…

A biscuit!

She couldn't be serious, he thought before correcting himself instantly:

Why wouldn't she be?

She was, after all, already keeping him in a kennel in a dog costume that kept him on all fours and came with a shock collar around his neck denying him human speech.

And wasn't he already taking his food and water from bowls with *"Timmy"* written on them and coming to heel at her feet?

Was feeding him a treat, as if he were to all intents and purposes an actual canine deserving of a reward for obedience, any less… *deranged*?

"Master has a treat for doggy," she said, echoing his thoughts and confirming his foreboding. "Doggy will always get treats from Master if he is obedient and does everything she tells him."

Still looking into her eyes, a stirring of the anger that had been dampened by his fear of the pain and discomfort she could subject him to were he to show it made its way into his own and he would have screamed obscenities at her before rendering her limbless with his bare hands – had he been able to speak without being stunned into submission, that is; not to mention having bare hands, or even bare feet, with which to perform the rendering.

"Bad doggy!" he heard her scold him, his eyes betraying his anger to her, though what other way she expected him to feel he couldn't fathom. Was he supposed to be grateful?

Suddenly, her hand snaked out to take him by the collar and yanked him down onto all fours, elbows in their confinement thumping down onto the flagstones with the force of her action and making him glad for the heavy cushioning inside the cups that served as his… *paws!*

His thanks for small mercies were forgotten as she swung a hosed leg over his head, still gripping the collar, and supplied two heavy smacks to his scrotum that seemed to suck his very life-source from his body and drew a scream that instantly triggered the neck collar and convulsed him.

Protected from the current by the rubber she had only recently attached to the soles of her heels, it was only his *"Master's"* grip on the collar itself that prevented him dropping to the floor like a lead weight when the current completed its cycle.

Something he did a few moments later when her grip was relaxed.

Pained and demoralised, he was made more abject by the nature of what had to make him scream and trigger the collar. Humiliating enough to have his privates on display to this young nut-job. But to have her use them as a means of punishment?

Well, that took his already considerable humiliation into a whole new realm.

“Does doggy-Timmy see what happens when he makes Master mad?” she asked as he lay panting at her feet, the sound, he thought through his despair, of his own laboured breathing some small evidence at least of his humanity.

Desperate for some confirmation of his on-going manhood, it did not occur to him for a second that dogs breathed too.

She was holding up the biscuit as if to emphasise a point:

“Obedient behaviour,” she said, lowering the treat to eyes still flickering from the current that had just coursed through him: “reward.”

The treat was removed and she reached a hand behind her to take something from the back pocket of her skirt.

When the hand came back into sight it was holding the dreaded remote-control to his collar and, despite his temporary immobilisation, he winced.

As with the biscuit, the remote was placed before his eyes:

“Disobedient behaviour,” she told him, voice dripping with menace and cold intent, “punishment.”

Eyes he now knew for certain were totally and certifiably insane blazed into his to ensure him of her intent as her finger hovered over the button of the remote. A finger and a button capable of sending him into convulsions of agony and a combination that increased his already considerable fear levels. Fear levels that – anger marginalised in the face of his predicament – were growing exponentially as each day saw an increase in her control of him.

Still half-stunned, on his side upon the cold flagstones, he realised his body beneath the constraints of his costume was shaking uncontrollably.

Then, suddenly, in the way of all psychopaths with a victim at their mercy - or so the part of his brain still functioning normally told him - she smiled. Anger banished as swiftly as it had been summoned. His tormentor crouching at his side to stroke his denuded pate and utter words intended to soothe her man-dog.

“No need to tremble so, doggy-Timmy,” she assured him, voice suddenly full of affection for the creature she was training and breaking to her will. “Life is going to be so simple for you from now on.”

As his breathing and his senses returned to something like normal, though the shaking persisted, he felt her hand reach behind his right ear and begin to caress it, exactly as he had seen dog-owners on Primrose Hill do to their own pets.

It was excruciatingly humiliating.

But not as humiliating as the reaction it provoked from him.

A part of him was enjoying it!

As she took his earlobe between thumb and forefinger and gently and playfully tweaked the soft and puffy skin, he felt a frisson of what he could only describe to himself as pure pleasure course through his body; praying as he felt his shaking continue to a different impulse that the bitch responsible for it – a bitch he hated with every fibre of his being – had not noticed.

It was not to be.

"Yes," he heard from above him, self-satisfaction for the way she was managing him dripping from her every word, "doggy-Timmy likes it when his Master shows him affection, does he not?"

Despite the uncomfortable truth of her words, *because* of them, he cringed, the precise and Polish accented phrasing of the question telling him she desired a response.

A response the remote control still held in her hand ensured he would not deny her.

Not, at this point, that he had any intention of doing so.

"Wruff!" he barked, still prone upon his side, not sure who he hated the most: the Polish bitch for her sadism or himself for his weakness.

"What a very good boy!" she applauded and he realised, with an increase in his levels of personal shame he had not thought could be increased further, that the one part of his body free of the costume's restraints other than his head and denuded scalp was springing to urgent – and utterly unmistakable – life.

He prayed she hadn't noticed it and willed his erection to subside as she held the *'treat'* before his eyes in the palm of her hand.

"Doggy-Timmy give Master his paw," she intoned in the most demeaning form of Polish child-cum-dog speak any adult could surely have ever been the recipient of – and in such a condition.

Wishing to keep her attention trained on the delivery of the biscuit rather than let it wander to the activity between his haunches, he did as she asked and placed the padded cup that served as his paw in her hand.

"That is my boy!" she applauded in her fluent but somewhat staccato and precise English that made her sound so much older than her years. "For that you may have your biscuit."

As her hand reached towards him, Tim Kennedy bent his head and gently sucked the treat from her palm into his mouth and began to chew.

“Is that good, doggy-Timmy?”

“Wruff!” came his instant and somewhat biscuit muffled response as he attempted to keep her attention diverted.

And the truth was it really did taste good. Such a change from the gravy and red meat she placed in his bowl three times a day. Since he had been in the costume, she had increased both the frequency and the volume of his feedings and at first he had not understood why.

Not, that is, until he felt the costume restraining him press ever more tightly against his expanding body.

As he swallowed the last of his treat he realised with horror that, far from subsiding, the furore at his groin was more intense than ever.

And there was worse.

She had noticed.

“Heel!” he heard her snap, the presence of the remote and what it could do to him overcoming his mortification to be in a state of rut before the hateful bitch and bringing him to all fours as she had taught him, head lowered to her ankles and expecting the worst.

“Is doggy-Timmy all excited for Master?” he heard as she moved behind him.

There was an ominous silence at his haunches and he realised he hadn’t answered.

“Wruff!” he replied, unable to refute what she was in the process of staring at that very moment.

His engorged and treacherous penis.

Suddenly, he felt her hand gently cup his scrotum and, so great was his surprise and, yes, arousal, he almost allowed a sigh of pleasure to escape his lips and risk the wrath of his obedience-collar.

A risk becoming still more imminent as her still gentle hand began to manipulate his foreskin over the glans of his penis and, within what seemed like only a few brief seconds, bring him to a semen gushing convulsion of an orgasm. The groan of satisfaction that escaped him and finally triggered his collar sent him into convulsions of a less pleasing kind.

He could be excused, after the treatment he had received, for not knowing that when he returned to the land of the living there would be pain of a more mental variety to accompany the physical torments awaiting him.

And *lots* of it.

Katya, Alina and Melanie

"Melanie would not recognise him," Katya told Alina via the joys of Skype and attached webcam, her young friend and fellow Pole wearing an expression almost as self-satisfied and fulfilled as her own and one that told her the relationship with Melanie was progressing to the girl's liking. "He is more docile and obedient by the day since his discovery of the future that awaits him at the hands of the authorities should he somehow contrive to leave his kennel."

"And do you intend to keep him forever as your obedient canine?" Alina asked, her delight in referring to her new lover's one-time partner as the dog to which her friend and compatriot had reduce him all too evident and betraying her eagerness to hear more of his training. "He will, after all, forever be a dog and require much looking after while being able to do little for you in return.

Her expression was mischievous:

"Little, that is, except *lick*."

Katya was amused:

"Which he does, you may be assured, on a very regular basis."

The laughter between the isolated stretch of East Coast Scotland and the more densely populated environs of London's Primrose Hill was shared.

"Seriously though, Katya," Alina pressed, "will it not become a chore for you to keep him in such a way indefinitely? Are there not more useful, if equally humiliating and servile positions, he can occupy for you."

The older girl's look conveyed that she was far ahead of her younger friend when it came to such considerations.

"That is the utter beauty of the situation in which I have him," she explained, seriously. "he is going nowhere and I am in no hurry. I fully intend to mould and shape him in all manner of different ways but, for the moment, I am receiving immense pleasure from treating him as if he were exactly the animal the costume into which I have forced him implies."

As serious as she was, Katya was hardly likely to miss the movement of Alina's hand and the destination to where it was headed as the younger woman responded to the description of the man and what he was being forced to endure.

"Though," she went on, "I will admit that having to remove him from the costume once every few weeks to depilate his body and the daily removal of his facial hair is not quite the joyous exercise of power over him it was to begin with."

As Alina listened intently to yet more evidence of her friend's mastery of the older Englishman, Katya's expression grew thoughtful:

"I can see," she said, almost to herself, "that it will not be long before I must find a use for my possession that is less labour intensive on my part."

Katya's smile and nod told her excited friend she was already giving her next move with the Englishman serious thought, Alina had, in fact, never seen her older friend more… *energised*… she assured herself.

"His upkeep is not *yet* a chore to you," Alina observed, "not if the obvious pleasure you take from exercising such control over him speaks truly."

"Hmmm, in this you are correct," Katya could do no more than admit. "At least for now. But there are other, more satisfying, ways of exercising that control."

"I envy you, Katya. It must be wonderful to have authority of such an absolute kind over a pig such as him. Tell me, is it everything you always believed it would be?"

"That and more, Alina," Katya told the intense features of the other girl. "It is so incredible to know that a living and breathing man, older and stronger than myself, must obey my most demeaning whim."

She laughed:

"Demeaning to him, that is… It is a rush to the other like no other and all the more liberating for it being a man who is compelled to obey me."

The smile beaming from the East Coast of Scotland to North London, Alina decided, was nothing if not liberated.

"A happy circumstance," Katya continued, "ensuring that any guilt I might be tempted to feel remains absent."

"But you do not apply this logic to any man, surely?" Alina asked, her own experiences at the hands of the sex under scrutiny, while bad, not having been of quite the mind-searing kind of Katya's and leaving room for – a *little* - objectivity. "The pig," she went on, "or should I say, *dog*, you have in your clutches could not, in my view, deserve his fate more. But – and despite our own treatment at the hands of those beasts back in our homeland – not all of the gender must be as… worthless."

Her observation found no sympathy with the face staring back at her from the screen.

"I could not disagree more," Alina, said Katya. "It is but a matter of scratching the surface and the beast lurking beneath the male surface soon come slathering towards the unflattering daylight. I believe totally in collective guilt and *all* men are the men of our homeland.

"The only thing they lack is opportunity. It is a kindness to take one and acquaint him with his true nature in such a way that he will never lift either his head or his finger in anger, recrimination or rebellion against our sex. It is but one part of

why enslaving and re-conditioning such a beast is not only necessary but utterly and completely fulfilling. Both morally and sexually."

"Wow!" Alina breathed, her friend's words and the intensity with which she had uttered them leaving her in no doubt that she would *never* be likely to find any redeeming qualities in any male who was not, as it were, beneath her yoke.

"Everything, after all, is possible with this pig who was once a husband in name only to Melanie," Katya continued. "Consider, have I not already taken his ability to move as a man would move and proscribed him the use of all sounds save those of the dog I intend him to be… At least for now… can I not make of him exactly what I want to make of him?"

Alina, *"at least for now"*, could find no words to contradict the assertion of her slightly older friend.

"You do, though, make a valid point," Katya said thoughtfully.

Alina's mind raced backwards to try and find just what that *"point"* might be.

Katya performed the task for her:

"For, though he will always remain an animal to me," she continued, "would he not be of more use to his lovely Polish master as a willing and abject manservant?"

The mist cleared for Alina and her excitement grew. In truth, the keeping of a male canine as Katya described seemed too much lie a massive amount of hard-work and the old adage of having a human-dog and barking oneself was, as well as being a play upon words, was all the more amusing for being true. And especially in this instance.

Whereas, the prospect of a totally obedient *manservant*, conditioned to obey *all* one's directives and satisfy *all* one's needs – no matter how humiliating or injurious to his health – was just too, too…

Delicious!

"What say does he have in the matter, anyway?" Katya continued before pausing to note Alina's growing arousal, certain that what she was about to add would in no way detract from it.

"None. That is all. Even the manly erection he was so proud to share with women other than his wife, the same organ he pressed poor Melanie to perform oral worship on, is no longer his to command."

In Primrose Hill, the young Polish girl's eyes were glazing as her picturing of what her friend was describing made her response to the teasing of her own fingers all the more intense.

“Not that is,” Katya went on, “unless he wishes to feel the bite of cold titanium as it cuts into the engorged foreskin of the treacherous cock I have placed under my complete control. A cock I only unlock when he has been extremely dutiful – as well as dexterous – with his doggy tongue.”

Though Alina tried to contain it, Katya was too well-schooled in her friend’s orgasms too miss the signs of arrival – this one, she made mental note, swifter than most.

Smiling to herself, Katya waited for the girl to recover.

“Are we with the living again?” she enquired in Polish after a few moments more, knowing of Alina’s eagerness to visit with her new pet and sample his servile tongue for herself, continuing to converse in their native tongue that the older woman, and the man in question’s wife, might not hear.

Alina nodded and, despite their conversation being unintelligible to the woman who was not onscreen but able to hear them, Katya lowered her voice utter her next words:

“My worry just the same is that Melanie will have feelings of remorse and guilt when she finally gets to see him. I would not wish her soft-heart to lead to second-thoughts.”

Alina’s onscreen expression took on a certain smugness that Katya found more encouraging than irritating.

Though she would still need to address the worry of the latter.

“I would not trouble yourself on that score, Katya,” the girl told her with utter conviction. “I have convinced her that the pig who led her the life of a dog thoroughly deserves to be treated in exactly that fashion. Of course, she has no idea of exactly how far you have taken your treatment of him, but she has told me that he will never again play an important part in her life and that no treatment of him can be too harsh if it ensures he pays for using and taking her for granted the way he did.”

The older girl’s face on the screen did not look overly impressed.

“It is one thing to make such a statement in the heat of passion, Alina,” Katya told her younger friend, noting the look of pride that greeted her acknowledgement of the sexual hold the girl had on her older English housewife, “but quite another to adhere to it when that *‘treatment’* is seen to be a reality.”

The onscreen Alina shrugged. Dismissively, Katya thought with irritation growing. There being little she despised more than over-confidence as it was, she had always considered, but one small step up from stupidity.

“Then you must ask her yourself,” Alina said before swivelling to her left and calling:

“Nieuwolnica!”

Katya found herself surprised; she was aware of Alina’s dominant disposition but had not suspected it had asserted itself to such a degree in her relationship with Melanie.

The Polish word for slave may well have been diluted for the English housewife by being uttered in a Foreign tongue but it was, Katya knew, no less humiliating to be addressed in such a fashion – and by one so many years one’s junior.

“Sit down and speak to Katya,” Alina said in English with the kind of authority she would never dare use with her older Polish friend.

A lover, Katya noticed, as Alina vacated the swivel-chair that her lover may sit and a somewhat flushed Melanie took her seat before the webcam, who was completely *naked*.

“Melanie,” she began, “it is good to see you, but why are you not wearing clothes?”

The housewife was lost for words, ashamed it seemed.

“Tell her, Nieuwolnica,” Katya heard Alina prompt from out of shot.

Eyes lowered, Melanie did just that.

“Alina likes me this way, Katya, and… and…”

Melanie hesitated.

“Well,” she went on, with what seemed like an effort, “She has become very important to me and… and… I like to please her.”

The last was said shamefacedly, the admission of her thrall to the young girl something the older woman obviously – and understandably – found difficult to make in the presence of their mutual friend Katya. And, in truth, Katya was, if not totally surprised, taken aback by the swiftness with which Alina had gained ascendancy over the older woman; something which explained her young friend’s smugness and *something* she would confront her with in their native tongue the moment she had finished speaking to Melanie in English and Alina re-took her place before the screen.

First, however, she needed to feel some of the same certainty in regard of the Englishwoman’s future actions of which Alina herself seemed so convinced.

“Melanie, you have nothing to feel shamed by. I think you and Alina make a delightful couple and I wish you only happiness together. My young friend is wise and strong beyond her years and you lose nothing of your pride for allowing her to lead you. But it does beg a question…”

Katya deliberately left her sentence open-ended to ensure she had both Melanie's interest and complete attention.

Sure enough:

"What question, Katya?"

Katya's expression was totally serious:

"The question of your husband, Melanie," she reminded her, allowing a hint of rebuke into her tone. "What else? Are you so preoccupied with your first taste of Sapphic bliss that you have forgotten the man who has been your more than equal partner for so many years? The same man I have taken from your hands that you may express your… *womanhood*… more fully?"

Despite the miles separating them and the less than pristine quality provided by the satellite enabling them to see each other, Melanie's red-cheeks were unmistakable.

"N-No, Katya," she assured the Polish girl whose actions had changed her life. "I haven't forgotten him. How could I? You know how grateful I am to you for what you've done."

Katya smiled:

"It was not an entirely selfless gesture on my part, Melanie," she admitted. "The pleasure I have received – am still receiving – from… *training*… your one-time lord and master cancels any debt you may feel is owed to me."

The English housewife's onscreen image seemed relieved.

Not to mention *intrigued*.

"Then… Then you really have…?" Melanie broke off, not quite sure of the words necessary to describe her thoughts on behalf of what was, after all, the outlandish prospect of a young Polish woman *"training"* her chauvinistic and arrogant husband.

"Tamed him?" Katya smirked, amused all the more at the woman's hesitancy for knowing that she had never been convinced of her young friend's confidence in her ability to master the same male beast that had ruled her existence for so many years of married life.

Melanie nodded, Katya's unmissable self-assurance leading her to believe the Polish girl had experienced some degree of success in her task. A belief that excited her. The prospect of her husband being told what to do and having his life ruled for him by a girl so many years his junior – even if it was to be only temporary – a heady one.

“As I explained to Alina, you would not recognise him,” Katya assured her.

She laughed:

“I am not sure he recognises himself – and, if he does, he certainly cannot believe it.”

“Can I…?” Melanie began, breaking off to clear her throat nervously.

“What is it, Melanie?” Katya teased. “Are you trying to tell me you are having second-thoughts at this late stage? That you have enjoyed your fling with Alina but now it is time to have your husband returned that he may stand trial for his embezzling, serve his sentence, and be returned to you a new and obedient husband? Has absence restored your love for the creature who treated you so shabbily? Is that what you try to tell me?”

Melanie was not a stupid woman and knew she was being teased.

She knew also, however, something else.

Alina was *not* a fling and her former feelings for her husband had *not* been restored.

If anything, it was a low but no less molten anger that simmered in regard of her former spouse and whatever it was Katya had decided to do with him – short of maiming and death – was okay with her.

“Actually,” she began, drawing herself up before the computer, I was about to ask if I could see him.”

A laugh from behind the English housewife reminded Katya of Alina’s smugness, but the development was pleasing nonetheless.

At no time in her life thus far had the young Polish girl felt so alive and fulfilled as she did now, secluded in her Scottish property with just her *dogs* for company.

It was an idyll she was determined would continue and the naked English housewife she could see on the screen in front of her seemed to be giving her the wherewithal to do just that.

Melanie was the only possible fly-in-the-ointment capable of preventing the situation going forward and if her attitude was to be believed – and why not? - wifely guilt looked less likely by the second to prove an obstacle to her desire and buoyed Katya’s spirits.

Had they needed any buoying.

Smug or not, Katya decided, Alina had done a good job and, into the bargain, seemed as happy in her new relationship with the older woman as the woman herself.

They were *all* winners.

Her inner smile was huge as she thought it over and made an addition to her unspoken statement:

"Correction: they were all winners, with one extremely BIG loser.

"No second thoughts?" she asked the eager face on the screen, sound enough a judge of human nature to know that, despite her irritating and, a little, worrying smugness, Alina was right and her friend truly was serious. Serious enough, she felt, not to be made compelled to rethink her position through remorse when she saw the plight of her former spouse.

The answering shake of the head from the woman herself was emphatic and underlined Katya's growing confidence that she was worrying unneccesarily on the subject.

Perhaps.

The older of the two Polish girls wished to be certain, however:

"His training has been quite severe – not to mention drastic," Katya went on. "I know how soft-hearted you are, Melanie, and I would not wish you to be upset by the changes that are a consequence of the decision we both made. To be frank, I am extremely happy with him as he now is and would not wish all my hard-work and planning to go to waste because you might have an attack of conscience."

Melanie's onscreen eyes narrowed, so involved in their online discussion her nakedness, and the large, still firm, breasts, with nipples jutting towards the webcam as she spoke to a friend who was fully clothed, was entirely forgotten.

"When you say you're happy with him," she began, "do you mean you're happy with him as a… as a…?"

The housewife's expression was so incredulous at her own erroneous leap of reasoning that it was all Katya could do not to burst out laughing. In fact, that was exactly what she did and it was only the hurt look on her friend's face as she believed herself mocked that made her stop. Though not without an effort of will.

"Forgive me, Melanie," she apologised, "but you will find your insinuation of my having your husband as a lover as hilarious as me when you get to see him."

"Then show him to me now," Melanie demanded, a little petulantly for one of her age and maturity, a child demanding to be let into an adult secret, Katya thought, and response that went a long way towards explaining why Alina had enjoyed such success in asserting her more youthful will over the older woman.

Katya's head was already shaking.

"But…"

“Soon, Melanie,” the younger woman promised. “He must be fully house-trained first and then you can see just how much of a changed man he really is.”

“House-trained?”

Onscreen, Katya nodded, delighted at the new level of interest – not to mention pleasure – her older friend was taking in the future she was designing for her former mate.

“There are one or two levels of obedience I need to instil in our new pet before he is allowed in the house for any length of time and until then he must continue to eat, drink and defecate in the yard where untrained dogs belong.”

Melanie’s face was a picture.

“But… Where does he sleep?” I know how cold Scotland can be, even in the summer. Won’t he freeze to death?”

Katya laughed.

“The kennel and blanket I have allocated him is more than adequate for his needs until I feel he is worthy of becoming my housepet.”

“Kennel?”
“No more questions for now, Melanie. You will see the life your former master lives for yourself soon enough.”

“But, Katya…”

“Soon, Melanie,” Katya again cut her off.

Then, voice and tone inviting only obedience from the older woman:

“Put Alina back on to me.”

Tim

What had he become?

More pertinently, what had he allowed her to make of him?

That he had not *"allowed"* her to do anything to him and she had reduced him to his currently lowly status without anything remotely resembling consent from him did not penetrate the recrimination stemming from his self-pity.

He was a *man*, after all.

And no *real* man would allow a woman – girl even – to take him to such depths.

His misery seemed unending and deliverance from it seemed ever further from his grasp.

And yet, after all he had been through at the hands of the Pollack bitch, it was the boredom that weighed heaviest on Tim Kennedy during those times when his jailer and *"trainer"*, as he had come to think of her, left him to his own devices in the yard.

Even the indignities she heaped upon him with such cruel delight seemed better than those times when he was left with nothing to do but reflect upon the life he had known that she had taken from him. A life he had sworn he would have returned together with a satisfying measure of revenge against the maniac who had tried to remove him from it.

This though, had been before he had woken from the sleep to which she had consigned him to find she had…

It was not a memory he liked to dwell on at any length – given every waking moment was a reminder of what the bitch had done to him.

What he could not help himself from dwelling upon, however, was the shattering news that came his way after he had taken to reading the pages of the newspapers she used as a covering for his kennel in attempts alleviate the tedium.

His surprise to see the name of the local Primrose Hill freebie he had never bothered to read when the choice was his nowhere near as great as the headline on one of the other pages.

"Local Man Missing After Funds Go Are Embezzled."

For a *"local rag"* the story was both informed and lengthy and by the time he had managed to absorb it, perched on his haunches in the kennel that was now his home, his choices should he ever escape this madwoman's clutches had narrowed considerably.

And knowing he was completely innocent was no consolation.

Such was his rage at the injustice that the next time he saw his female persecutor, and despite his restricted movement and other inconveniences making retaliation futile, he actually lunged at her and even managed to enunciate the *"Cunt"* word before the shock-collar at his neck sent him writhing to the flagstones.

A mistake he would *not* be making again anytime soon.

If ever.

His agony had been piled on even further when he had finally recovered by yet another burst of current – and a more severe one – as the woman/girl he would cheerfully have packed off to the next life, assuming there was one, raised the setting of her remote and gave him a taste of just what the device could do. Insisting that if he really pissed her off by using or attempting to disrespect her with such language again she would not hesitate to use such a means of punishment elsewhere on his body.

As with the other lessons she so delighted in teaching her human canine, this one sank into his psyche with equal facility and duration.

The pain had been like nothing he had ever experienced, though she assured him that the voltage she could pass through the contraption into which she secured his cock and balls after having drugged him would make him rethink that assessment.

As he sank into a deeper condition of abject misery than the one he had believed could get no more dire, Tim Kennedy was not sure what he found worst:

The misery of his situation.

Or the unbending and relentless injustice.

Both, he knew, were intertwined and, now, with the added knowledge his life was in tatters should he somehow manage to escape the mad Pollack's clutches, still more spirit lowering.

He had been set-up – and whoever had done it had been aided immeasurably by his abduction and the fact he was missing.

And yet still, such was his dismissal of his wife, he did not think to question Melanie's involvement.

He would, though, soon be enlightened on the subject.

Now, however, dreams of escape and vengeance understandably less vibrant, his thoughts screamed for an outlet to counter the tedium of his time alone.

Also understandably, perhaps, was his grudging anticipation of the madwoman's visits and the humiliation they entailed.

Episodes that at least provided a diversion from the dreary hours of soul searching and interior dialogue that more and more seemed to follow a pattern that could only exacerbate his boredom.

Previously, when she had seen fit to allow his cock and balls to hang free, he had found some release from his interminable monotony by contriving to lay flat on his kennel and manipulate his erection against the paper strewn floor, unconcerned by her knowing and mocking look at the semen stained pages as she replaced them.

Though he *was* concerned when she locked the ring around his scrotum and secured it to a metal casing that sheathed the cock that was his only source of pleasure.

Not to mention her look of pure and vindictive pleasure as she held up yet another tiny remote-control and explained – in doggy language – exactly what it was capable of delivering.

If she saw fit.

His spirit and desire to fight her was almost extinguished by that one simple act; not to mention the scream of un-canine agony that was torn from his throat as he erected during his sleep.

A scream that activated his shock-collar and convulsed him with the same pain he had experienced on frequent occasions.

A pain made no less excruciating by familiarity.

No matter how his thoughts ranged over his predicament, and they seldom did anything else – with such frequency, in fact, they had now seemed to exacerbate his boredom – he could see no way out, save some kind of deus ex machina, from the outrageous and deeply sick situation in which he had been placed.

The only less than dog-like activity not proscribed to him – by the collar anyway – was crying; though was determined not to let sobs accompany his tears; unwilling to whine like a dog in the way she suggested and the programming of the collar allowed. A small rebellion on his part. It would not, he knew, and especially if *she* insisted, be long before even this tiny piece of defiance went the way of the others that had caved in before the girl's relentless domination of him.

In fact, when the door to the inner courtyard opened and the powerful young woman who now ruled his existence stepped into view in the heels, hose and crisp, body-hugging cotton shirts she favoured these days, the eyes that rose in greeting and grudging gratitude for this diversion from his boredom were full of tears that ran in rivulets below his shaven head onto cheeks she ensured remained equally as smooth.

She did not look happy as he rose to his haunches to greet her in the way she demanded and immediately moved to take him by the collar and pull him down onto all-fours before throwing a leg over his denuded head and bringing the palm of her hand down onto his unprotected buttocks several times.

Sensing what was coming, he remembered to yelp rather than scream; his desire not to experience more from the shock collar understandable.

If not of a kind likely to make him feel any more manly than he felt at that moment.

Which, given the fact he was encased in the costume of a canine with shaved head, a collar and a cock-cage, was not a great deal, anyway.

He sensed the sadistic bitch truly savoured the more *hands on* approach rather than the more impersonal, if certainly more excruciating, result provided by the current she could send flowing through the body of her ersatz canine from the collar at his neck and, now of course, through the infernal contraption caging his manhood.

Excruciating though the *electrical* experience was, however, the part of his mind not concentrating on managing his agony and not expressing his inability to handle it in a way resembling a human reaction – at least of a spoken kind – had, from the first time she decided he was ready to be physically corrected by her, found it hard to believe that such pain could be delivered by the slim hand of a young woman. A fact that continued to amaze him, even as he continued to marvel at the fact that he, a married man of middle-years and a respected accountant – at least once – could be on all-fours in the costume of a dog and be forced to receive it.

"Dogs… do not… cry," she told him, a little breathless, from either exertion, excitement, or a mixture of both as her hand descended relentlessly upon his tender white buttocks, keeping him position by the pressure of her hosed legs against his sides and the fear of what he would receive should he try to avoid his punishment.

"Tears are… for men and… women. And you… are not… a man…"

With each demeaning phrase she supplied the palm of her hand to his reddening arse as a conjunction and he continued to yelp in the doglike fashion that dehumanised him further but did not, at least, invite the wrath of his collar.

"I have told you what I expect you to do if you are unhappy or in need of attention. As your master I have a responsibility to see that you are cared for…"

The former accountant and cheating husband's disbelief that she could couch her treatment of him in such a way not only solidified his already concrete belief in her insanity but almost caused him to miss her next words as she slung a shapely leg back over his back and came to stand before him, imperiously:

"…That is why you must always let me know when you require *urgent* attention. *Never* forgetting that, until I decide you are obedient enough and have learned enough to please your master in a more useful position inside her home, you must always make your need to cock your leg or make doggy-poo known to me by whining like the dog you are."

From out of Tim Kennedy's gloom something that almost resembled hope made an appearance.

The realisation that she may not be intending to keep him in his current condition forever the most encouraging thing he had heard for weeks.

"I have decided that, for the foreseeable future, you will be my pet but, though I intend you to behave exactly like the dog I intend you to be, I know you are at least intelligent enough to know that the electric current I will send through your pitiful cock and balls should I ever see *manly* tears again is not an idle threat."

As he quivered on all-fours, arse afire and eyes fixed to the flagstones as he tried to prevent the leakage of yet more proscribed moisture from his eyes he felt less desolate at the knowledge that, at some time, she intended to release him from his restrictive costume and use him in another way.

All he need do was bide his time and she would pay with interest the misery she had heaped upon him.

His problems with the authorities he would think about later. If the fact he had been set-up was obvious to him – well it would be, he berated himself – it might not be too difficult to persuade the authorities into seeing it the same way. At the workplace he had always prided himself upon his probity and ethical approach to the handling of other people's money. He, Tim Kennedy, was renowned for it, in fact. There would, he consoled himself, becoming more optimistic as he did so, be no shortage of people willing to testify to that undeniable truth.

It was a new and welcome resolve that would give him fresh avenues to ponder and relieve his boredom somewhat in the process.

In the space of a few seconds, and with a few words unintentionally encouraging, hope had returned to his world.

Hope that did *not*, however, make her next words and what they meant for him any easier to take.

"Are you ready to apologise to master for being a disobedient doggy?"

Anger surged through him and he kept his eyes to the flagstones that she might not see the evidence of it in the face she insisted he kept expressionless.

The bitch had taken his life from him and reduced him to the status of an animal. She had shocked him and restrained his manhood and, not seconds before, spanked him for being having the effrontery to allow his misery to surface via tears.

And now *she* wanted him to apologise for *his* small show of humanity.

As he continued to gaze down at the flagstones, knowing the injustice of it all was, obviously, not worth expending mental energy upon – what did she care for justice, after all? – he was aware that the pointed toe of her shoe had begun a rhythmic tapping upon the flags themselves.

Rhythmic *and* impatient.

Realising she was waiting for an answer in the usual imitation of a bark she insisted upon, he forewent it in a small act of rebellion and instead lowered his head to place his lips on the pointed toe of her shoe before sweeping his tongue the length of her hosed instep in the canine manner in which she had schooled him.

"Good boy," she praised him from above, sending a small thrill of victory through him for having hoodwinked her into overlooking his mini-mutiny and adding to that small upsurge of hope.

The thought that such a puerile source of self-congratulation was evidence only of how far down the evolutionary ladder she had already taken him did not make itself obvious.

Her next words pleasing him still more:

"Consider yourself forgiven."

As she stood above him with hands-on-hips, watching with satisfaction as he switched his attentions to her other foot, Tim Kennedy promised there would soon come a time when she would be the one experiencing the misery and degradation she was handing out to him.

Before that, however, he knew there would other humiliations to bear.

One of which was not slow in forthcoming:

"My more devoted and less troublesome dogs are all fed-and-watered and put down for the day," she told him, "so I can now relax and have my house doggy perform for me some of the tricks I have worked so hard to teach him."

His recently, if only partially, restored spirits sank.

Tim Kennedy knew exactly what she meant by the request: *"Perform"*.

Katya

It was a position of power like no other.

And all the more intoxicating for its being adopted in surroundings and circumstances that were ninety-five-percent normal.

In a living-space that was both cosy and stylish, in its own individual and minimalistic way, a fire burned in the grate as rain lashed the windows supplying a view out to the grounds of the property and the kennels. Beyond the kennels. a sea made turbulent by the gusting winds the area was renowned for could be seen racing towards the rocks upon which it would find itself dashed before, with its habitual relentlessness, withdrawing and repeating the process all over again. Inside, and protected from the inclemency beyond, all was warm and safe and secure and the Haydn Symphony that played in the background was proving as soothing for the female owner of the property as it always had since her early years of study in Gdansk and the concert where she had first heard it performed. A female owner who was at that moment savouring not only the warmth of the fire and the vista beyond the windows, this to the compliment of Mozart's older contemporary and supporter, but the well-being supplied by being in an environment of her own choosing and one, more crucially, that she owned.

This was the ninety-five-percent that was both normal, understandable and desirable to most people everywhere, regardless of colour, creeds and persuasion.

The five-percent that was not – and what a five-percent it was! – could be seen between her legs crouched on all-fours below her, ersatz paws resting upon the wooden flooring, shaven head bobbing up and down as, with slathering tongue, it lathed at the well-defined calf-muscle of her right-leg prior to working its way up to the powerful and smooth-skinned thighs awaiting his attention above and, after that……?.

"Can any woman anywhere," ran Katya's thoughts, *"and at any time, have experienced what I am experiencing now?"*

That she was, and as the creature crouched on all-fours with its head moving slowly up towards her waiting thighs had asserted before she had taken the power of speech from him, *"insane"* did not, nor would it, occur to her, except as a meaningless side-bar to her pleasure she would immediately discount.

Equally oblivious was she to the likelihood that *most people everywhere* would not only *not* envy her but find it incredible she was not in a padded cell or at least have one earmarked for her occupation. But then, she would have told herself had she bothered to give it any serious thought, *most people* have not, and will not, experience what she was experiencing now.

The indescribable joy of complete dominion over a beast of the male variety and the knowledge he was hers to teach, correct, mould and use.

Relaxed upon a comfortable sofa, a thin and clingy black tee-shirt all that was required to keep her upper body warm along with the heat radiating from the open-fire, her naked lower half was being kept warm by other means.

Oral sex was Katya's passion. When performed by a male tongue, that is. The opposite proposition having been one of which she been on the wrong and unwilling end too many times to ever wish to experience it again.

It was, she assured herself, a repugnant and revolting act when given from woman to man and she would *never*, upon pain of death, be coerced into performing it again.

Man *to* woman, however, was a completely different story.

And especially if the man was trained to perform the act of obeisance and pleasure for his owner in a manner of her choosing.

It was this training, via a stream of dialogue to which he was, by courtesy of the collar, unable to reply but, unless he wished to experience the all-too familiar pain, could certainly respond that gave her almost as much pleasure as the act itself.

"When the doggy wishes to please his master with his tongue," she had begun the first time such an act had been forced from him, *"he must begin with delicacy and let his master know just how honoured he is that she allows him near her in such a way."*

The pained look full of disgust and inevitability he had given her on that first occasion was still replayed by her in moments of tedium. Moments, that were, thanks to him in no small part, fewer and fewer these days. His reluctance had only served to fuel her feelings of power and dominion and the hatred he felt for her that went hand-in-hand with his compliance – compliance all the more repugnant to him for the way in which she ensured he gave it - meant less than nothing to Katya and she was utterly convinced that, though a part of him would always feel the same, both reluctance and hatred would soon find themselves so conditioned beneath her unrelenting heel that, soon, they would merge into one and the result would be acceptance.

"But you must only be delicate for so long," she had told him as he took the first tentative and, yes, delicate as instructed, licks and kisses of her outer labia; his less than doglike expression confirming that her… *scent*… was not to his liking and it was an effort of will on his part not to gag.

Yet another act forced upon him against his natural inclinations.

And yet another serving only to fuel the pleasure she received from his capitulation.

"Doggy must take a deep breath now then let it all out over master's pussy…

It really was *too* wonderful.

"Yes! Good doggy. That is exactly right. But doggy must remember to keep his eyes open. His master's pussy is the most beautiful thing in doggy's world and doggy must keep his eyes fixed upon it when he is serving it…

"Better. Do not close your eyes again or your master will think you are being disobedient as a way of insulting her. "

Her voice had hardened and her human canine's slight start conveyed that her message had gotten through:

"Doggy does not want master to be angry with him, does he?"

Then, when nothing was forthcoming from below:

"Does he??"

Two *"wruffs"* for *"no"* followed instantly.

It was just so incredibly… *satisfying*.

"No. I should think not…" she went on. *"Now, where were we?... Yes… Doggy's breath on Master's labia is very soothing and doggy must never forget it. Also, doggy must never forget to kiss and lick master's pussy lips, inside and out, they are very sensitive and a good way for doggy to make his owner aroused…*

"That is another reason why you must keep your eyes open. To take a good look at Master's cunt and commit to doggy memory where everything is. Of course, you are an animal so you cannot use your hands the way a man would to part the flesh of master's pussy to gain better access. But you do have a nice doggy nose and you must use it as a substitute for the paws that are useless to you…

"Yes! That is exactly the way!... What a good doggy you can be when you really try to make master hap…

"No!!... Do not just dive in!... You will make master think you are trying to get it over with as swiftly as possible and that would really make her angry. So angry, in fact, she might fry such a disobedient dog's cock and balls."

He had been truly terrified at this point, she recalled as she continued to run that first time through her mind; the caging of his manhood in the device – yet another piece of Russian ingenuity – proving to be the icing on the cake of his terror.

"Never, ever, dive in like that again, you bad dog," she had warned him. *"You are being honoured by your master and you must show her just how much you appreciate the fact she values her pet enough to let him worship her in such a way…*

The man she had been introduced to as Tim Kennedy had been shaking so badly by this time that he looked for all the world like a real dog who had been left outside in the ice-cold rain as a result of bad behaviour and could not control his shivering now he was back in the interior warmth.

She had found it quite… *delicious!*

"Now. The little bud you see toward the top of Master's slip is her clitoris. It is doggy's responsibility to make it get bigger by ensuring that doggy tongue excites it.

"It is not a chew-bone and doggy is not to treat it as such. Doggy must lick and kiss as if master's clit is the most precious object known to Christendom and only by revering it will he find salvation…

"Oh, what a… goooooood boy, you are!... Yes… That is the way. Work your way around Master's clit slowly… Just like that!... Lightly, that is plea…sing… Master is becoming more…. Aroused now so you will want to apply more pressu…

"Nnnnng!... Yes, yes, you are learning very well, doggy… More pressure, yes. That is the way… Master is about to come but you must not stop when she does because it will be but the first of many multi-orgasms she has while you are worshipping between her legs…

"Remember, doggy, because your little doggy paws can be of no use that obedient tongue of yours is even more important to you. Doggy paws cannot be used for such a purpose. It is not… respectful… Doggy must be careful not to let Master feel his teeth either… That wold make master very angry and doggy would not like the way she punished him…

"In the absence of a man's fingers it will mean your tongue must work that much harder. When you have finished exciting the clitty to the first of its little explosions you must place your nose upon it and take deep worshipful breaths before stiffening your tongue and sliding it into the interior of master's pussy as far as it will go with a thrusting forward and back motion…

"Goooood boy!... Master is really happy with her obedient little pet but, if you really wish to show her how much you want to please her for taking such good care of you, then you must try to thrust your tongue towards my G-Spot. In and up, as if you were trying to connect to that wet doggy nose as it rests upon my clitoris…

"It really does exist and… Oh, yes! What a quick study you are when it comes to… to… doggy tasks…

"You have found it so quickly, you good boy and…. Nnnnnnng!.... Oh, my!... I do believe I am going to squirt and…

"No!!!!... Bad dog!... Stay right where you are. If master squirts while you have your tongue in her superior cunt you must accept it as a compliment to your skills by keeping that doggy head in place and taking it. That way she can be sure her training of her doggy is really having the proper effect… So I… I do not… I do not want you… want you to….

"Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnng!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Katya, Alina, Melanie & Doggy

It was some two months on from their last contact with Scotland, after Katya had informed them both that she wished to have no contact until she had things *"exactly"* to her liking, that Alina and Melanie had received an email asking them to connect to both Skype and webcam at a certain time.

A time that had now arrived.

"You are nervous, Nieuwolnica," said Alina.

A simple shrug sufficed as an answer and Alina placed a reassuring hand across the hands her older lover had crossed across her own lap. This as she sat demurely before the computer screen alongside the young Polish girl and waited for the show to begin. Alina had allowed her to remain fully dressed this time and had to admit that Tim Kennedy's former wife and the woman for whom she felt what she knew was love looked wonderful.

The late bloom of a gorgeous rose that should have been cultivated long before and was, only now, being allowed to express itself through the love and control of another.

Even it that *other* was a teenaged Polish girl of less than half her years.

"You mistake nervousness for excitement," Melanie replied with a smile, one hand turning upwards that it may take Alina's in its clasp.

"It is still not too late to turn back and have Katya release him," Alina reminded the woman, only her certainty that such was not her intention provoking her to do so. She did not wish, at some time in the future, for her lover to feel she was somehow… *coerced*… into their…

What was it?

Too serious for an affair or a simple fling, for sure.

A long-term relationship?

Alina, despite her position of pre-eminence in the relationship, prayed such longevity would be the case where they were concerned – what happened with Katya and her *animal* was her affair, she had decided. Her time with Melanie though, even if she had taken on more of the parental role in contradiction of their respective ages, was as close as she had come to a loving and stable home situation. The prospect of losing it troubled her more than she felt her position of authority in regard of the older woman she cared for so much allowed her to show.

The look Melanie gave her in response to her disingenuous statement was both loving and knowing.

"I think you know very well, my lovely Alina, that there is precisely nil chance of that happening."

Alina could only feel relieved and nodded non-commitally in order to disguise it.

"My future is with you if…"

Now Alina's concern did surface and she waited anxiously for the older woman to finish – she had, after all, been on the wrong end of too many false dawns and carrots supplied alongside big sticks in her young life to now.

"…if you feel you could spend yours with a woman so many years older than yourself."

The dam holding back the young Polish girl's relief burst with a liberating finality and she flung herself into Melanie's arms to take the more submissive stance in their relationship for probably the first and last time.

"My darling Melanie," she intoned between smothering the laughing woman's cheeks with kisses. "You will not regret it. We will have *such* a life together. All three of us will be happy. Us two with each other, and Katya with whatever she decides to make of your one-time husband."

Their eyes met and locked into position. Something had happened between them. Something unspoken and, as yet, undefined. But it had happened.

And it was not just about sex.

Their attraction to each other in its own, polar-opposite, way was undeniable and seemed to grow stronger with each layer of the physical and metaphysical onion, so to speak, that was peeled away.

This, both of them knew with either of them pointing it up, was an important part of any relationship, but not *the* most important part.

Somewhere, during the last month, week, or day, perhaps even in the last few moments, their feelings for each other had coincided to develop in a way that could only be described as more emotional and more…

Spiritual.

"I've never been so happy," Melanie admitted with complete sincerity. "My life is unrecognisable since Katya and, more importantly, *you* entered it."

Amazingly, to her anyway, Alina felt her cheeks redden and an indescribable warmth of feeling she had not experienced for another living soul infuse her breast, eyes remaining affixed to Melanie's face as the older woman nodded towards the screen upon which they could see a wide-angle view of Katya's living-room on Scotland's East coast:

When Melanie turned back to face her young lover and now partner she was smiling.

And with much anticipation.

"And I have a feeling," she said, "that it is about to become even more satisfying."

Melanie laughed and the relieved and ecstatic Alina laughed along with her until Katya appeared onscreen and placed her face close to it.

"A long time and no see," she smiled.

"You're being very mysterious, Katya. It's been almost ten weeks. We know you told us not to worry if you weren't in contact but that's easier said than done. Not as if we've waiting to see how you're training of an actual dog turned out, is it?"

Onscreen, Katya looked a mite surprised by the rebuke – all the more so as it came from Melanie herself who, recently at least, had seemed happy to allow Alina to take the lead while she remained, *"Nieuwolnica"* like, in the background.

She could see her Polish friend and Melanie's lover in the same webcam shot and if the younger woman looked fazed by this sudden evidence of assertiveness on the older woman's part then she did not look surprised.

Just by their onscreen body language, Katya could tell there was a different dynamic between them to that she had last witnessed a some months ago. In fact, having immersed herself so completely in the final stages of the conditioning that would ensure Tim Kennedy became the – almost – blank page she required in order to supply a script of her choosing, and apart from three brief trips into Stonehaven for provisions, this was her first human contact of any note. Small surprise then that she should be so receptive to the appearance of change.

Not that anything seemed amiss, she told herself. That, she assured herself was certainly not the case. If anything *things* seemed even more *right*.

For better or worse, however, and in her view it was certainly better, things had changed in some way.

"At least you are looking well," the newly assertive, though not intrusively so, Melanie told Katya.

"And severe," laughed Alina – an Alina who was about as relaxed as Katya could ever recall seeing her. "Black is a no nonsense pigmentation and, head-to-foot, compliments you completely."

Katya could only laugh, knowing the girl was only too right and the tight Capri pants and skin-tight tee-shirt tucked into them, both of which garments clung to her contours and showed them off to best advantage, legs, rump and wondrous breasts, at one and the same time, also leant her an air of severity that was totally in keeping with her nature.

The black leather and ankle high boots that laced almost to the tip of a pointed toe and the attached three inch spikes elevating the heel were something of an aid in this respect as well.

"It is the colour I feel most at home with," she admitted before becoming observational herself. "And, speaking of being at home, it would seem to me after not having seen either of you for some time, that something has changed during our absence from each other."

Young and older, who were now a couple where previously they had been leader and led, shared a smile that, despite Katya's severity, warmed her heart and, in a self-confessedly mercenary way, re-assured her in regard of what was to follow shortly and the older woman's reaction to it.

Perhaps.

For, as she had told herself on so many occasions during the time that had elapsed since she took receipt of the woman's husband and began to… *condition.*.. him, all would have been for nothing if Melanie's soft-heart was moved to pity when she actually saw what had been done – what was being done – to a man she had once professed to love.

Even at this late stage, Katya could not be certain that this would not be the case.

Especially as Melanie now appeared to have the happiness that once proved so elusive to her and might prove of a mind to extend clemency to the pig, now dog, who had once prevented her from the joy she had expected to receive upon their union.

Again it was Melanie who answered her inquiry:

"Alina and I are very happy and intend to…"

She broke off to look to the girl at her side, newly minted confidence in the partnership of equals – albeit *not* in matters of sex - failing her for a moment and leading her to seek confirmation her assertion was welcome.

With a smile of utter sincerity even the severe Katya could not prevent appealing to her finer feelings, Alina gave her older loving her blessing.

"…Alina and I intend to spend our lives together, Katya. And we have you to thank, my beautiful and severe Polish friend."

The smile of Katya's that lit up the screen was of a kind very few people had seen – and certainly not the man she had reduced to his current position of canine, had he been present to witness it.

"I cannot express in words the pleasure you have just given me, my tow wonderful friends. I wish you every possible happiness in the knowledge that no two people could deserve it more."

As if of one mind both Alina and Melanie blew a kiss towards the screen then, almost before it reached Katya in Scotland, so swiftly did they wish to seal their new… *rapport*... they kissed, the applause of Katya from some four hundred miles away ringing in their ears as they did so.

When the two lovers had sealed the deal it was Melanie again who led proceedings:

"And what of you, Katya?" she asked. "Are you finally going to prove to us that you've made something of my useless ex-husband that might prove worthwhile to a woman? More especially: *you!*

Katya was beyond euphoric. Not once in all the time she had known her had she heard and seen Melanie in so upbeat and positive a frame of mind. She had sensed Alina would be good for her older English friend and housewife, but *this?*

"The very same reason I have placed and set the webcam in such a way and why I asked to Skype in at this particular time," she said, adopting the same upbeat attitude.

"Then you are finally going to show him to us, Katya?"

It was Alina this time, having had enough, it appeared of responding to Melanie's lead.

"That is the general idea, Alina. In a few moments I will go outside and have him come in. However, there is a *'but'*, at least to begin with."

"I knew it was too good to be true," sighed an impatient Melanie, as intrigued and, yes, *aroused*, by the prospect of seeing the *new* Tim as her new life-partner who was seated beside her fair twitching with anticipation.

"My, my," Katya observed, "this truly is a new Melanie. Your time with young Alina has…"

"Oh, do get on with it, Katya, *'young'* Alina gave rebuke. "You have kept Melanie and myself in suspense long enough now."

Katya, more severe and forbidding in her black ensemble than a girl of her age had a right to be, mitigated her authoritative position in regard of her friends enough to allow a small laugh to transform the effect of her appearance.

"Very well," she conceded. "You have, as you say, waited patiently enough and it is high time you…"

"Get on with it!!" North London screamed at East Scotland.

Still smiling, Katya nodded then, smile vanishing as instantly as it had surfaced, her eyes fixed themselves to the screen and became deadly serious:

“When he enters I do not wish for either me or him to hear a sound from either of you. You must watch and listen in *total* silence until I am ready for that silence to be broken.”

The onscreen eyes were deadly serious.

“Is that understood?”

“Yes, yes, Katya!” Alina sighed exasperatedly. “Will you please begin?”

With a nod and no further words, Katya rose from the computer and vanished from sight.

In no more than a few seconds, Alina’s curiosity about the fate in store for her new partner’s former husband and Melanie’s for the man who had ruled and stifled her existence for so long would find themselves answered…

Człowiek-Pies

The couple walking through the centre of Stonehaven had long since become a part of the scenery and the conjecture and wild surmises – none of them as wild as the real thing – had soon reduced themselves to the odd comment and then to barely anything at all.

As is commonplace with all mediocrities described as *"the public"* – and certainly the public of a small Scottish fishing village of under ten thousand souls that had any number of divorces, separations and petty thefts to exercise their somewhat low-brow curiosity, it did not take long for the striking, if rather forbidding, Eastern European girl with the exclusive kennels and isolated property out of town to become...

Well…

Yesterday's Haddock and chips wrapping.

Even the thin and utterly bald man who accompanied her on her trips to town who followed at a respectable distance with her purchases was no longer a sight that provoked much of a stir. Of course, there had been the usual busybodies and Jack-the lads who had tried to engage both in conversation: the former by way of fishing for juicy titbits to relay to others of prurient mindset and the latter for reasons all too obvious, when it came to the girl – a girl who was not only single but obviously worth a bob or two, Polish background or not. That the girl's respectful older retainer never uttered a word and seemed completely mute and the girl herself was barely more communicative was something of a barrier to the quest for local knowledge.

Anything of an intimate nature for the young men – and some not so young – whose eye she took being entirely out of the question.

The above was exactly what Katya had envisaged when she first decided her *"Człowiek Pies"* had made the last of the mental adjustments necessary for her to be sure of him in public – though that first time, and intentionally short in duration, shopping trip to town had left her, though she concealed it well, as nervous as the creature following behind her who was making his first outing beyond the confines of her property since she started her conditioning of him.

Apart from the small town curiosity mentioned above – the same curiosity that had now waned so much as to be virtually negligible – the ninety minute round-trip had been uneventful. She had answered the inevitable questions with her pre-prepared answers and, by the time they had returned to house and kennels the news that the young and single Eastern European girl had taken on a live-in handyman from her own country was already old. It also achieved the desirable aim of ensuring there would be no surprise should anybody, postman, telephone engineer or passing rambler, etc., happen to catch a sight of her flunky and possession.

Now, as she drove them back from town, the man once known as Tim Kennedy in his usual position on the back seat, Katya thought back for what must have been the thousandth time to his… *public unveiling…*

Or, to be more precise, his first private *viewing.*

The first time his shame had been seen by others and the final piece in the jigsaw of submission she had fashioned for the man that would tip him over the edge into complete, utter and abject, servitude.…..

"…….Here, Człowiek Pies," she had called, crouching down and slapping the palms of her hands against the powerful thighs clad in black Capri pants, knowing the polish name with which she had christened her human canine would be amusing to the watching Melanie; at least that is when Alina had translated the Polish for *'Dog Man'* into English for her lover and partner.

As Tim Kennedy had crawled upon all-fours, movement restricted by the fiendish design of the Russian costume in which she had placed him as well as the contraption securing his manhood, Katya swore she heard a muffled gasp from the direction of the computer and, out of sight of her *"Człowiek Pies"*, threw a foul look towards the webcam.

Having the humiliating show she was about to make him perform witnessed but others without his knowledge, and then confronting him with the shame after the curtain had finally fallen, would be, she felt sure, the final piece that tipped him into complete and utter obedience to her will.

She was also sure that such a demonstration of the power she now wielded over him was unnecessary, given the depths of despair and hopelessness to which he had been reduced over the previous months.

But promises were promises.

And it was only right that the former wife whose life the man had treated as an insignificant accessory should see at first-hand – or at least via webcam – the life he now lived and she, Katya Lubanski, intended he would continue to live until she felt him ready to become more… *useful*.

And not only the wife.

Her new *partner* was also beside herself with curiosity to see what had become of the man whose place she now occupied.

"That is a good Człowiek Pies," she applauded as, in full view of the webcam and, no doubt, amazed viewers, former husband, accountant and philanderer, Tim Kennedy crawled into sight.

For a moment, as the full enormity of how the man's appearance must seem to those who had not been forewarned – not entirely anyway – made Katya want to stare at the screen and take in the reactions of her friends.

She controlled the impulse.

A man, barely recognisable in the costume binding him into the posture of a canine, a thick metal collar about his neck and a restraining contraption into which his cock and balls had been locked visible at the other end, was up on his haunches with his tongue lolling from his head as he had been trained.

It only required the most minute amount of imagination to visualise the expressions behind her.

"That's my good Człowiek Pies," she cooed, taking the lobe of one ear in one hand and tickling him.

To her immense gratification – knowing her watching friends would have no knowledge of the device at his neck that would punish him for human sounds – Tim Kennedy *whined* in exactly the way she had taught him to whine whenever she showed him affection.

"Oooh," she continued to coo, "does he like that then?"

His tongue began to lathe at the fabric of the Capri pants covering her thighs and she immediately knew what he was trying to avoid by the act of obeisance.

An act of obeisance he hated even more.

"Speak boy," she insisted. "Does master's Człowiek Pies like what she is doing to his ear?"

There was but the briefest of hesitations before there came the unnatural sound of the *"once for yes"*:

"Wruff!"

"That's master's lovely Człowiek Pies!" she congratulated him, stroking the denuded scalp where once had run the pride and joy that had been the hair she no longer allowed him. "Now, because you have been such a nice and obedient Człowiek Pies master is going to give you a treat. Would you like that?"

There was no hesitation this time.

"Wruff!"

"Master did not hear you," she tormented him. "Tell her again."

"Wruff!" he repeated with more conviction – even if she knew it was not of the genuine kind.

"Then you shall have one."

Turning her back to him, a position that placed her sideways on to the webcam recording events, Katya dared a wink at the screen and the two women watching.

She was certain that her human-animal had too much on his mind to do the same thing himself and, as she had conditioned him, was concentrating solely on her needs that she may be pleased and have no need to punish him.

The quick glance she took of her viewing friends was enough to know they were both rapt with interest and speechless with amazement as reality, for once, outdid the realms of fantasy.

Sliding down her trousers and panties to present her Człowiek Pies with a view of her rear, Katya was sure what she would make the former Tim Kennedy do for her now would not let reality down.

Placing her hands either side of her buttocks and squeezing them apart she knew the puckering ring of her anus would be presented to the dog-man on his haunches behind her.

"Because you have been such an obedient Człowiek Pies," she told him, for all the world a benefactress about hand over a cheque for millions rather than the owner of a human-animal she was about to insist placed its tongue where she made evacuation, "master is going to allow you to taste her beautiful Polish arse and, afterwards, if you please it well enough, you will have a second treat."

The slightest of gasps seemed to come from the computer and Katya rushed on over it before the intrusion engaged the attention of the dog-man at her rear.

"Begin now!" she ordered in a tone that broached no argument – even if the one in receipt of the order had possessed the facility to respond verbally with the response triggering and electrical current that would immobilise him.

Knowing how difficult it had been to train him to this particular act of humiliation and obeisance, Katya waited with just a smidgen of worry.

She need not have bothered.

Not two seconds from having given the order, she felt the soft warm tongue of the former man who was now her creature, her animal, her possession, insert itself into that place she knew no self-respecting human being should ever find itself familiar with.

As the familiar feelings of utter dominion and the onrushing completion it never failed to trigger built in intensity, Katya chanced a look at the screen to see her friends busy with each other's cunts as the fall from grace of Tim Kennedy neared completion.

But then, he was not *"Tim Kennedy"* anymore.

Not by a longshot.

A *very* longshot!

When he had finished prompting her latest orgasm via her sensitive shit-hole, and Katya was sure Alina and Melanie had recovered and were decent, she would place him before the screen that he may see his former wife and her new lover and realise that his utter and complete dehumanisation at the hands of the Polish girl who insisted she was his *"master"* was complete.

Then he truly would be her… *"Dog-Man"*.

Or, as the language of her homeland would have it:

"Człowiek Pies"……..

……..After she had parked the Jeep and left him to fetch the shopping, Katya went to check on the dogs, still deep in her thoughts of that first *"private viewing"*.

The look upon the older man's face after his tongue had finished its ministrations to her young Polish arse and being given the second of his treats – the removal of his cock-cage and permission to hump her leg until he spewed forth his pent-up cum; this before the cock-cage had been locked back on and a lead clipped to his collar for her to lead him over to the computer - would live with her forever.

Ordered by his young Polish owner onto his haunches before the computer and attached webcam, the look of horror upon his face as he saw the two women staring back at him she felt sure must tear words from his disbelieving throat enough to trigger the shock-collar.

She was mistaken.

That was not to happen until the voice of his former wife resounded into the room, as crystal clear as if she had been standing next to him.

"Hello, Tim."

For a few seconds he had simply stared at her before, consequences totally forgotten, he began:

"Melan…?

He did not make it any further before his collar rendered further response impossible.

Smiling at her reminiscence as if she were recalling a particularly warm family gathering and not the destruction of both a man's life in the presence of his one-time wife and what remained of his manhood along with it, Katya switched off the kennels alarms – these were expensive examples of their breeds after all – and stepped inside.

As usual, the inhabitants were beside themselves at her presence and thrust themselves against the wire-mesh of their individual kennels in their desperation to show her their enthusiasm for the woman who was training them.

Training them to perfection for owners of taste and discernment the world over, in fact.

Their show of loyalty and affection gifts she returned in only a cursory fashion.

They would, after all, soon be the possessions of others and it was not good to get attached.

So it was that, after feeding and watering them, she returned to the house to find the man once known as Tim Kennedy had already stowed away the provisions she had purchased and waited, as he always waited whenever she was not present, on his knees by the door with head lowered.

A picture of patient and abject humility.

Knowing he would not raise his head until she uttered the word of permission, she allowed herself a smile at the picture he made.

It really was too beautiful to her and, for a moment, she almost felt something like affection for the man whose life she had stripped from him.

It had, of course, taken him a while to learn his own canine lessons but, when he had, and like any firm and fair owner, she had allowed him to become of more use to her as a manservant but, just the same, and in or out of costume of Russian design, he would always be to her nothing more than a useful and devoted animal she owned.

And, when one owned a *Człowiek Pies*, of what interest were the real variety such as those in the kennels?

The End