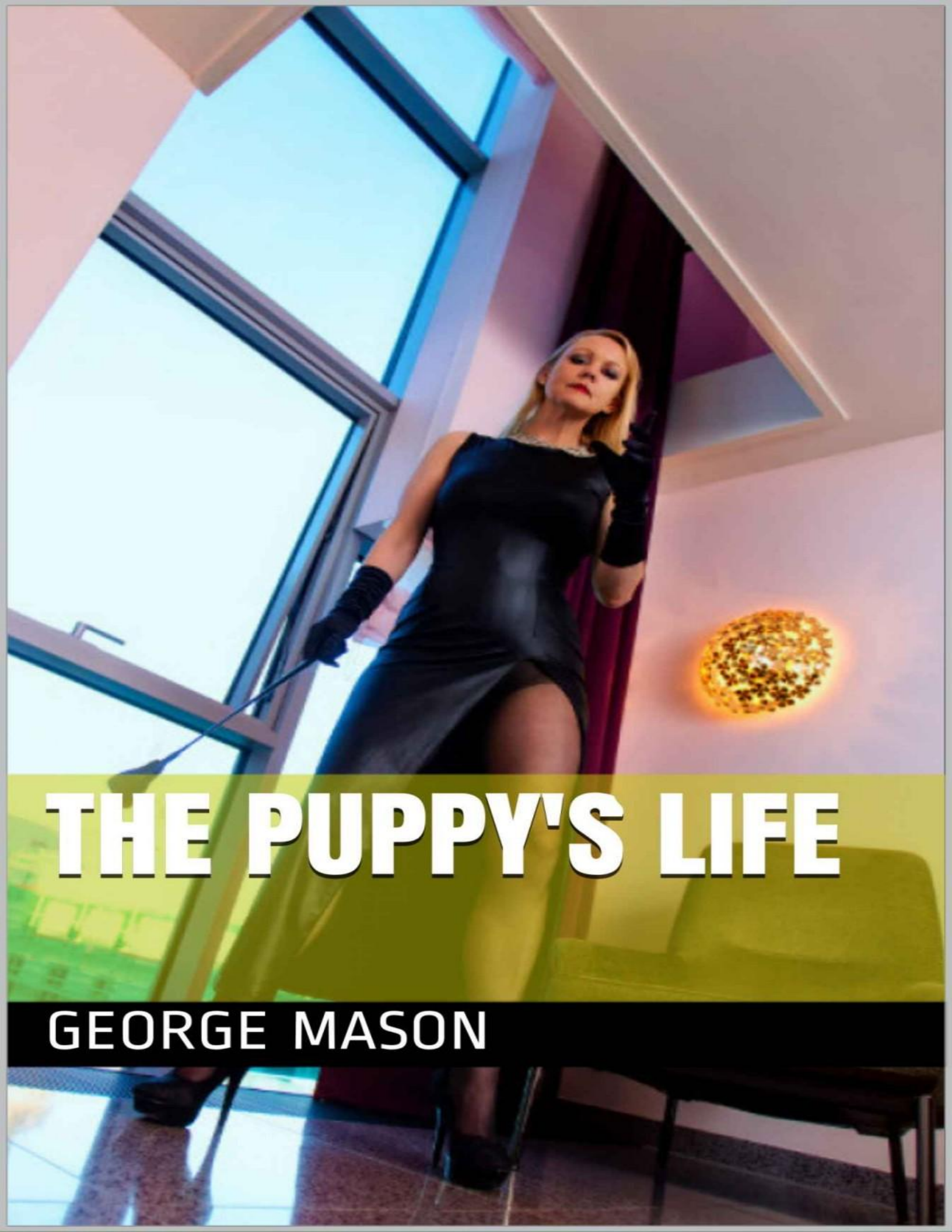




THE PUPPY'S LIFE

GEORGE MASON

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Prelusion

This story started when I was drinking my wine at the local bar. My future seemed to be bright and promising. At the age of 25, I have been already promoted to be a mid-level manager position in a well-known IT company. With my salary and bonuses, I could easily afford to rent a decent house near the downtown. A new car, and a growing savings account were also traits of the successful achievement. However, my personal life wasn't that great. My last girlfriend had left me 4 months ago. Since then, I was in a continuous search to find someone else. Unfortunately, all my efforts were fruitless.

Filled with the blown self-esteem, I was always looking for a perfection. Any negligence, tardiness, or even something lightly questionable, was already enough to break the relationship. Last one separation with girl called Laura was particularly painful, even nasty. She had questioned my motives, and dedication. As a result, I just walked away, leaving her in tears. But I never looked back, she was just another experience for me. "With the success comes a great responsibility," I kept telling myself. "I just can't afford to be with someone unsuitable. I will surely find someone much better than her.

So, here I was, looking in vain for someone to spend my time. Suddenly, my eyes caught a group of 3 college age girls entering the bar. They were giggling and laughing about something. As the common visitors they had approached the bartender and ordered their drinks. They chose to sit next to my table, so I was able to gaze at them. They all wear colorful, expensive dresses which emphasized their beautiful bodies. Add to this carefully selected sets of jewelry on every one of them, and you will understand my reaction. I raised my glass and smiled at them. Surely, it was a sight for sore eyes which I immensely enjoyed.

The girls were busy talking about some future plans. They hadn't been paying much attention to the surroundings. Suddenly, one of them, called Jessica, turned her head and glanced at me. With the knowing smile she admired my attention and quickly turned away. After 30 minutes or so, their conversation had finished, and they started to leave. I thought about

approaching them, but something in their behavior stopped me. There were too much of confidence and determination in their postures. For the first time in my life, I started to feel a little uncomfortable. It was like a predator and a prey suddenly switched their places.

Next few days I went to the same bar with only one purpose in mind. I was trying to meet the girls and to prove myself that my previous feelings were wrong. One time after another I had tried to convince myself that I am still the same macho I was before. I can choose whatever woman I want, and they all will fall under my spell. Citing this mantra over and over, I suddenly saw someone trying to sit at my table.

“Hello. I am Jessica. Can I sit here?” asked someone with a familiar voice. You guessed it right. Jessica was standing next to me. This time she was wearing tight casual white blouse and jeans. Her clothes were very revealing and fully showed her beautiful body. Absolutely aware of her appearance and its effect, she openly smirked at me. Next, without waiting for my answer, as if stating the fact, she moved a chair and sat in front of me. She purposely stared at me for couple of minutes. At first, I tried to stare at her back. However, our quiet fight had ended quickly with my defeat. Unable to hold her gaze, I turned my eyes away. This unusual beginning had continued in the same way:

“Can I offer you a drink?” she asked politely and presented a wine glass before me.

Surprised with her question I nodded approvingly, and our conversation followed.

“I am a college student doing my Doctorate in Psychology.”

Her tone and gesture required the same openness from my side too. Being obliged to reply, I briefly introduced myself too:

“Nice to meet you Jessica. My name is John. I work as a manager at one of the IT companies in the area.”

“Nice to meet you too John. I noticed you were staring at me the other night,” she said absently.

That sentence caused me to feel guilty and prompted my closer look at her. Just a small amount of makeup, some shades above her eyes, and long blond hair – were all signs of a perfection. Unknowing what to reply, and mesmerized with her look, I just kept glancing at her. She obviously noted

my attention, but I guess, it was something well expected. She had approvingly nodded her head and with the big smile announced:

“I find you extremely attractive. Can we meet tomorrow at some place?”

Astonished, I just asked:

“Are you asking me for a date? Shouldn’t it be me who would do it first?”

“Well, somehow me and my friends are always asking first,” was all she said.

After we had decided about the exact place and time, Jessica cited some errands, and left. Rest of the evening was filled with the anticipation. I dreamed about all the things I will do to her. Hugs, kisses, and touches were only a prelude to more intimate acquaintance. Boy, who will believe how things turned in reality!

First date

Next day, fueled with joy, I eagerly waited for Jessica. She was obviously late, but I wasn't worried. After all, she invited me first, so she was surely interested. Finally, I saw her coming. She had approached me, and without further ado just told me where she wants to go. Apparently, she wasn't bothered at all by her tardiness, and regarded it as an existing matter. Many times before such an attitude would be very disturbing for me. It was even enough to ruin my relationship. Surprisingly, this time my willingness to date Jessica had outweighed my own habits. I was able to forgive her in order to continue our starting connection.

Today she wore yellow short blouse and tight blue jeans. As previously, both parts were emphasizing her beautiful body. In addition, her nice long legs were incased in the shining black leather boots. Apparently, she gave a lot of thought to her outfit as everything was just matching her perfectly. She was looking gorgeously.

Under envying glances from the bystanders, we went slowly walking along the beach line. We spoke about history, told jokes, and exchanged views about different topics. One thing however was left untouched, both of us never mentioned anything about our own lives. The time ran very quickly, and we had to return to our cars.

Suddenly, Jessica had slipped and fell. Obviously, I instantly jumped to help her up. When she was able to stand, she complained about some problem with her boots. She took them off and gave them to me. Next, she turned away and simply walked toward her car. I was left standing there holding her footwear. The whole situation swiftly became very awkward. I kept holding dusty leather material still trying to decide my next actions.

"Should I loudly call Jessica and give her back the boots, or just wordlessly carry them to her car?" I asked myself.

After a few moments I decided just to follow Jessica. When we reached our cars, she took back her boots and briefly thanked me for carrying them. Hoping for more intimate attention, I felt a bit disappointed. However, disregarding my feelings, Jessica just kept going. Finally, we agreed about our next date and drove away.

Our second date was the next day at the same place. This time, however, Jessica wore nicely looking white dress and high heel sandals. Her incredible long legs were clearly seen and looked adorable. Mesmerized by her appearance, I simply followed her along the beach. It seems that Jessica knew exactly about the impression she made on me. She just slightly smirked and nodded her head, as if confirming something known only to her. After a few minutes, we approached the lone bench located on the path's side. Jessica sighted heavily and went toward the bench. She cited her tiredness and asked to sit there for a while. Of course, I joined her and rested there too.

Next, she took off her sandals and complained about some pain in her legs. With the pleading expression on her face, she asked whether she can put her bare feet on my knees. I had readily agreed and quickly found her beautiful small toes touching my chest. Light sweat odor was totally forgotten when I saw an incredible scene before me. Unbelievable perfect soles crowned by soft small toes were totally out of this world. My excitement quickly became noticeable with clearly seen bulge between my knees. Laughing, and totally aware of my embarrassment, Jessica moved her legs from side to side, and gently touched my member through the pants I was wearing. This torment lasted for a couple of minutes and suddenly stopped. Playfully, Jessica had asked me to massage her beautiful feet. I hesitantly agreed but warned her that I am a complete novice.

"Don't worry, even the small help will ease the pain. Besides, there is always a first time for anything," she reassured me.

Still unsure, I softly touched her feet with the tips of my fingers. Jessica remarked about the difference between the expected procedure and a tickling. Relieved, I had applied more pressure and took her toes into my hands.

"Squeeze your fist, relax it a little bit. Now squeeze again. Please, touch my sole now. Press your fingers here and move your hand up. Now move back," she eagerly commanded.

Touching her soft slightly wet skin was like touching silk. My fingers gently along the soles toward the toes. Savoring every moment, I tenderly wiped small sweat drops and gently pressed my hands tighter. Moving across slight wrinkles I slowly reached my date's toes. Instead of simply tracing the curves, I put my whole hand on top and squeezed my fist. This

gesture resulted in encompassing all the toes inside my hand. My voluntary motion obviously made Jessica to moan from pleasure. Prolonging my massage, I tried to do the same encasing on top of the foot. My effort ended by pushing my fingers harder into girl's skin. That resulted in more joyful sighs and groans from my partner.

That surely was the most intimate thing between us so far. Aroused and excited, I have continued a massage for another ten minutes. Eventually, Jessica asked me to stop. Our date quickly wrapped up with the agreement where and when to meet next on Friday evening. Surprisingly, she expressed the desire to see me in an "excluded location". My invitation to visit my house, had been instantly accepted.

On my way back home, I thought about the recent event. No doubt, the relationship with Jessica so far has been going well. I have been thoroughly enjoying her beauty. Even though her attitude was slightly annoying, I was willing to forgive her, in sake of our connection. She always was leading and trying to get an upper hand, but I haven't been worried about that much. Completely sure about my ability to take the lead back, I was willing to wait for now. Was I finding her last act with the feet appalling? Probably yes, but as long as it served my purpose of getting closer, I totally neglected any worries about it.

The ice breaker

Excited with the opportunity to see Jessica at my place, I barely could keep up with my work. At some point, I just rescheduled everything to the next week, and just planned the big event. I made a list of items to buy, and the things to do in the house. I also made a phone call to the cleaning agency and asked to send someone to my house as soon as possible. My neighbor, an old lady living next to me had the emergency keys. So, I was able to arrange the tidy, and spotless house without leaving my work. Next, I had to buy some groceries and flowers. Luckily, my relatively high rank enabled me to finish my day whenever I liked. Therefore, I quickly packed and went to the nearest “Safeway” store. When everything was done, finally, I was able to drive home.

Dying with anticipation, I sat on the sofa in the living room, waiting for Jessica. I put my best tuxedo and was all pins and needles. Jessica, however, was running late, as usual. 15 minutes after our scheduled time, she pressed the door bell. In no time, I ran to the door and opened it. Noticing my eagerness, she walked inside and took a seat on the sofa. She was wearing a business costume and a pair of the same high heel sandals she wore before. My attempt to sit with her was met with the instant pleading:

“Oh, my god John, I am so tired. Can you please massage my feet? These sandals are killing me.”

My unconditional approval led to another plea:

“I can’t raise my legs. Would it be possible for you to sit on the floor?” She asked politely.

At this moment I started to suspect something. It seemed that she slowly manipulated me to achieve her unknown goal. Reluctantly, I had agreed to sit on the floor, but promised myself to stay vigilant. Accustomed already to seeing her feet so close, I took off the sandals and touched her soles. This time however, the sweat odor was stronger. Her soft skin was covered with the sweat moisture too. Pretending not to sense the smelly odor, I gently pressed my fingers against her skin. Jessica had been relaxing and enjoying my actions.

Suddenly she raised her right foot and slightly touched my lips with her toes. I didn't say a word and just disregarded it. Curious with my reaction she raised her left foot and did the same. This time however, the foot stayed in front of my mouth as if inviting me.

"Do you want to kiss it? Come on, I know you do," she teased me.

Perplexed, I simply didn't know the right answer. One part of me was totally against it, while the other was willing to consider it. My hesitation abruptly came to an end, when Jessica just forcibly shoved her toes into my mouth. Completely taken by surprise I questionably stared into her eyes. Her look was telling me the truth. It was all or nothing game. Whether I start sucking her toes, or we break apart. Determined to continue dating, I put my tongue in use, while still looking on her.

A salty taste of Jessica's sweat accompanied by a noticeable pungent aroma were all signs of my downfall. As if trying to prolong more my debasement, my tongue started to spread saliva across girl's skin. Washing out the dirt, I sucked the mixture, while checking my date's reaction.

Satisfied with my defeat, she giggled and pushed her feet even deeper inside. It was the first time when I was doing that to the girl. Never in my mind had I imagined that I would do such a demeaning task. The humiliating sensation was quite overwhelming. I even haven't paid much attention to my exact actions. All I was thinking about was how debasing was the last experience. Jessica have noticed my feeling too, as she softly patted my head. She calmly described how she liked me from the first sight and how special this relationship for her.

Jessica's new attitude had changed my perception. She finally expressed a desire to be with me, and that made wonders to my worries. Instead of thinking about my degradation, I started savoring Jessica's unusual gift. My tongue moved along the back side of her toes, while my saliva washed any dirt parts there. Unable to spit, I just swallowed all the waste whatever it was. Salty taste of sweat was very prudent, but I managed to keep up. With the time when all the filth was gone, I even started to enjoy the moment. After all, I was sucking the most beautiful feet in the world. The right foot had switched places with the left one and received the same treatment.

The date continued with the joint dinner and a glass of wine. The atmosphere between us became much warmer as we shared some special

memories. We both openly spoke about our families, previous relationships, and our preferences.

Apparently, Jessica was coming from the very rich family of Texas farmers. Her grandparent was lucky to find a big source of oil on his land and made a fortune out of it. So, loaded with her inheritance Jessica was one of the richest women in Texas. But smart and posed for success, she wanted more. She studied day and night and succeeded to get accepted into one of the top programs in the country. She bought a house here and spent all her time studying. She also emphasized that the house has a big backyard. When I asked her for the purpose of that, she just smiled. Our conversation had continued until the late hours, and then Jessica left home.

In my turn, I told Jessica about my ex Laura. How demanding and annoying she was. She always was claiming to invest more than me in order to sustain our relationship. One day, she even accused me of being selfish and ignorant. I described in detail how I hurt her feelings, and how I made her feel ridiculous. Yes, I knew that this is not right. But she brought it to herself by being too jealous and obnoxious.

The proposal

Our dates lasted for 2 more months. Every time they went through the same procedure. I was waiting for Jessica to arrive, and then sat on the floor and sucked her feet. Already accustomed to it, I convinced myself to view it as a first prelude toward more intimate connection. However, I haven't been ever invited to Jessica's house. She also was very reluctant to show me her friends. We still spoke together freely, but with the time, our conversation became less meaningful.

Thus, one day, Jessica just called and announced that she wants to break up with me. She blamed herself for that and wished me all the best. The news came without the big surprise, and I just hanged off. Totally convinced in my ability to find someone else I wasn't much worried.

My mistake showed up very quickly. I was thinking about Jessica all day. She was talking to me in my dreams. I became absolutely obsessed about her. I understood quite well that this is not normal but couldn't do much with my feeling. Exhausted, I went to visit the well-known clinical psychologist specializing in such cases. To get an appointment cost me a large sum of money, but it was worth it. The shrink carefully listened to my story, did some tests, and then just asked:

"Does Jessica have any access to Psychology?"

"Of course," I said. "She is finishing her doctoral degree."

When the psychologist just explained me the gravity of my situation. Apparently, Jessica left some so called "bookmarks" in my mind. This is totally illegal, but hardly provable. Only highly skilled professional can do that. This process can take several months and should be done with the big care. Then in place, the "bookmark" becomes part of the apprehension. Thus, all the instances of such interference are never gotten to court.

"So, what can I do?" I asked him.

"Well, you have to call her and beg to erase the "bookmarks". Only she can do it, as they are encrypted with the phrase only known to her."

In no time I called Jessica and sked to see her. We met at the same local bar as 2 months ago, but our conversation was way too different. I tried to be calm and first asked nicely:

“Jessica, I know all about the “bookmarks”. Please take them out.”

“I have no idea about any bookmarks,” she playfully said.

Really angry with her, I instantly changed my tone:

“Bitch, erase the “bookmarks” that moment, or else,” I screamed on her.

“Well I see that you are still not ready. Call me when you will be.”

With the last sentence, she just stood up and left the bar.

My obsession continued without any change. Haven’t been able to concentrate on my work, I even got some reprimands from my bosses. Unable to rest, I was sleepwalking all day. It took me two more weeks to call Jessica again:

“Jessica, I am willing to do anything. Please just take off these things from me.”

Satisfied with my reaction, she agreed to meet me at the same place.

We sat at the table and started talking:

“Jessica, I am sorry for being rude to you last time. I am begging you to help. I agree to give you anything you want. This thing is killing me from the inside.”

She looked on me very carefully and then asked:

“How far would you go?”

“As much as I can,” was my desperate answer.

Satisfied with my answer, she asked me to take my car and follow hers. We drove for about 10 minutes until we arrived at the garage gate. The gate had opened, and Jessica waived me to park my car inside. She parked her car on the driveway leading to the garage. After that, instead of going inside the house, we went to sit on the bench in the backyard.

“Look John, I am going to offer you a deal. I am looking for a dog. An obedient animal who will submit to my every wish and will act like my pet. The training period will last for 2 weeks. If you will agree, I promise you to neutralize the “bookmarks” immediately and erase them completely at the end of the training. From the other hand, I will not tolerate any disobedience. Any discrepancy will be severely punished. I will not regard you as a human being anymore. Instead I expect you to mimic a puppy, a small dog living with his Owner.

“My life became already miserable. How bad it can be. After all it’s only for two weeks, and then I will be a good old myself again,” I thought to

myself.

So, without much hesitation, I agreed to Jessica's terms.

A new beginning

We walked toward the entrance door.

“If you want to enter my house, you have to strip,” my ex-girlfriend told me.

Without giving much of a thought, like under girl’s spell, I obeyed and started to undress. Standing naked before this girl was like a natural thing for me, underscoring her complete control. My tormentor, thoroughly inspected my body, chuckling approvingly. I got a feeling of being sold to slavery on a public auction. I would lie if I say I liked it. After a while, Jessica seems to be satisfied as she allowed me to enter the house.

The living room was furnished with coach sofa and table. Jessica quickly sat on the coach, kicked off her sandals, and waived for me to come closer. Next she pulled out a collar and gestured me to bend my body towards her. After she closed a collar on my neck, she announced a set of rules.

“Rule number one, you always have to crawl and have been forbidden to stand,” she said sternly.

I instantly dropped on my hands and legs. Bending toward me she secured a metal leash on my collar and tugged me forward. My dog training had officially started.

“As a dog you will bark one time for Yes, and 2 times for No. That will be you only audible answer. Your eyes cannot be raised above my knees. Your limbs should be used only for crawling. Anything else should be done with your mouth. Starting from now on, you name will be fluffy. You will be punished for not following my orders,” said my new Owner and showed me a long black leather whip.

“Did you understand all I said,” she asked me gently, as if speaking to a little puppy. After hearing my barking, she released my leash, and gave me an order.

“Fetch my sandals, fluffy.”

I went looking for her sandals all around the room. After I found them in the corner, I tried to take them with my hands. At the last moment, I had realized my mistake, and quickly grabbed sandals with my mouth. My nose quickly came to contact with shoes’ sole and I inhaled a pungent aroma of

sweat and dirt. The old memories of sucking feet came back to me. Mesmerized, I kept staying in the corner for a while. Sharp pain on my buttocks, inflicted by my Owner's whip, helped to regain my conscious. "No time for that now, fluffy. I must show you around. After all, it will be your house too, for the next 2 weeks," chuckled my tormentor. She tugged my leash again and we went exploring her house. I crawled behind her magnificent body, struggling to keep up the pace. Luckily, my cruel Ex walked slowly as if giving me some time to adjust. Next hour, she confidently had given me a tour of her place emphasizing a requirement for dog to be off the furniture. I was pleasantly surprised by her attentive attitude toward me. It looked like she really cared about me, as her dog of course. She regarded me as her project, her attempt to create an animal from human. Finally, our tour had come to an end and we returned to the same coach where we started.

A special treat

“Leave my sandals by the coach and climb on the table, fluffy. I will give you a special treat,” she calmly said to me. Dying in anticipation, I quickly abandoned the sandals, climbed up the table, and stood on all fours.

My vicious Owner grabbed a bag and took a step behind me. Her tender hands touched my balls and my cock, triggering a shiver among my genitals. Suddenly, I felt my balls being squeezed through something cold and tiny. While I had realized it was a ring, I was still clueless for its purpose. I tried to relax myself a bit in order to lessen ring’s pressure. My inability to do so, came together with another feeling of my member being encompassed inside some metal frame. Quickly enough, the frame was connected and locked with the ring. Only then, I started to understand ring’s purpose – from now on my cock must be kept encased. Quietly laughing, my cruel tormentor tagged the cage around my cock emphasizing my destiny.

“Remember fluffy, only I have a key for that cage. As your Owner, I will decide when and how you will get off.”

Next, I felt her tender hands massaging my bottom. Apparently, she had some lubricant on her hands. Each soft touch made me tremble from pleasure. She continued by shoving her fingers inside my crack and it prompted me to moan from the desire. Suddenly, something big and cold was pushed into me. A dildo was pounding my ass. My painful contractions were met with the cold advice:

“Take you tail with the pride, fluffy.”

After a dildo was inserted full length, my malicious Ex joyfully exclaimed:

“I now pronounce you a true puppy!”

Sobbing from embarrassment and humiliation, I barked approvingly. I started to realize that the agreed arrangement may not be the one I was hoping for. My Owner was not only attentive and tender, but harsh and demanding. All these characteristics were amazingly mixed inside one person. This combination was probably the victorious recipe for making a perfect dominatrix.

My hesitations and thoughts were stopped by pushing me off the table. Still trying to adjust to my new wearing, I heard a new command:

“Fluffy, get under the table and lay on your belly. I have to study.”

After I followed her orders, my Mistress put her feet on my back. She started to wipe her moist, sweat soles on my skin. Her divine feet were touching my back, and that alone sent electricity jolts through my body.

“Keep it still, fluffy. My feet need a little cleaning,” she said.

I struggled as much as I can not to move, in order to satisfy my Mistress. Next couple of hours I was hibernating and enjoying her gentle touches on my back. She seems to be completely concentrated on her studies, murmuring to herself, from time to time. Eventually, this activity came to an end too.

A new home

With the big sigh, she closed the books and tended to me.

“Lay on you back and suck my toes”, was her next command. I obediently turned over and opened my mouth. Her cute small toes were put inside my mouth, one by one. In order to please my Owner, I tried to suck as best as I could, as if my whole life was depending on it. For me, there was no better taste in an entire world. While my lips were sucking every toe, my tongue was carefully wiping any dirt from it. My Goddess was enjoying that moment too, as she was moaning from pleasure.

When each toe got its deserved attention, my Owner stood up. She grabbed the leash and pulled me outside the house, to the backyard. I was taken to the big oak to pee. At first, I just stared at the cruel girl completely unknowing what to do.

“Don’t just stay there, fluffy. As a house broken puppy, you should do all your business outside. Show me how clever you are and mimic a real dog. Don’t cause me to use my whip again.”

As an obedient dog, I raised my left leg and left a strong stream toward a tree. Adding to the shame of utter humiliation, my harsh handler joyfully laughed at me.

“A right encouragement is all it takes to make a good dog. Who would be thinking about such an outcome, 2 months ago when we met?”

After I was done, I hastily shook my bottom and was led to the hose.

Feeling of the cold water was very unpleasant, but I was careful not to issue any bit of complain.

Next, all clean and shivering, I was led to a house back entrance. Showing her carrying attention, my Mistress took a big towel and began softly to wipe my body. Her tender touches prompted my moans of pleasure.

Unfortunately, my poor member couldn’t enjoy the feeling as it was still jailed in a metal cage.

After these moments of joy, I was taken inside the house. But instead of going to already familiar couch or table, I was led to a previously unseen door. The door opened toward a garage. With the bit of amazement, I sensed a big cage standing in the middle.

“Welcome to your new home, fluffy. I did my best to make it comfortable and cozy,” said my Owner with a sense of pride. Crawling and humiliated, I was led inside the cage. Luckily, its floor was covered with carpet and a comfort blanket was left behind too. Locking the cage, my Mistress announced:

“Most of the time you will spend here. Whenever in need, I will call you and open the door.”

She showed me an automatic remote control and left to do her errands. I was amazed by the amount of planning done by this girl. Every small detail, every part, was carefully prepared from the beginning to the end. Additionally, she knew exactly my personality, my strong and weak sides. Covering myself with a blanket I fell asleep, thinking about a strange arrangement I got myself into.

I was waked up by a buzzing sound of my door being open. Hastily, I crawled toward the living room.

“Fluffy, I am in the kitchen. Come join me for the dinner.”

Feeling hungry, I quickly crawled to the kitchen. My Mistress was sitting on the chair and eating her meal. As if further emphasizing my new status, two bowls were set for me on the floor, with water and kibble. Mistress just gestured toward my meal and continued with her food. Humiliated, I slowly approached the bowls and began slurping my kibble.

After the dinner was finished, I was taken to a backyard for urination and cleaning.

Inside the house, my Mistress took a seat on the couch and started watching TV:

“My soles are dirty. Clean them, fluffy”, was all she said.

I protruded myself under her legs and started licking her feet. Once again, her heavenly smell was making wonders on me. I lost myself in a complete desire to wash out every crumb, every little particle of dirt. My tongue was savoring a best treat ever, going back and forward among girl’s sole. My teeth were scratching sticky parts, while my saliva moisturized and watered the skin. My Owner was totally ignoring me, completely taken by some TV show. It was like everybody was doing his predefined part: She was enjoying her show and I was cleaning her feet.

After the show, my Goddess approvingly scratched under my ears.

“Good boy, fluffy. I really liked your performance today,” she gladly said to me. I closed my eyes and joyfully wagged my tail.

“Goodbye, fluffy. See you tomorrow”, my gorgeous Owner halted my excitement and sent me to my cage.

Meeting a new friend

Next morning started with already usual ritual – urinating and cleaning outside. After that, we both ate our breakfast and were ready for daily activities.

“I am dog sitting my neighbor’s dog today. I am doing it for you, fluffy, as you have to learn to be a dog. I advise you to pay a closed attention to her. You will play with her and be her mate. I wouldn’t even oppose some intercourse, though it can surely wait. Is that clear?”

After my approving barking, I was sent to the backyard. Apparently, she was about to bring a real dog. I was both excited and nervous about future possibilities. Even though I was afraid of dogs, I was playing a dog too now. That was a good opportunity to know my role and make it look real. My Mistress went to neighbor’s house and brought a cute white Labrador. “Fluffy, meet Missy. Missy is very eager to meet new friends,” she said joyfully.

I had approached Missy and sat next to her. I was careful not to look in her eyes, as I didn’t want to scare her. She started to go rounds around me trying to figure out the meaning of my behavior. After a while she sat down on her haunches, calmed by my non-aggressive behavior. I tried to copy her pose and gestures.

“How nice, both doggies are sitting together,” joyfully said my Mistress.

“Go ahead, fluffy. Sniff your mate. Make her comfortable.”

Obediently, I moved my nose closer to Missy and inhaled her odor.

“Fetch,” came the next command, as a plastic bone was thrown in the air.

I tried as much as I can to grab it but failed miserably behind quick and nimble Missy. Missy was awarded with a sugar cube, while I was told to try harder. We played this game for another hour, each time having Missy be ahead of me. No matter what I tried, either to run faster or to jump longer, the result was always the same. Finally, angry Mistress just concluded my total defeat:

“We will work on it more, fluffy. I can promise you that you will beat her.”

With that being said, the second part of today’s training had begun.

“Sit,” was the next command.

As Missy complied, I have copied her posture too.

We went this way through “Play dead”, “Come”, Lie down”, and other commands. Every time I was mimicking Missy’s actions. Particularly interesting were “Leave it” and “Heel”. First one was a reminder of my low status, as my Mistress decided for me what should be grabbed. Second command was all about domination. As a submissive creature I had to follow my Owner by crawling wherever she goes. Finally, hosed and cleaned we were taken inside the house.

“Fluffy, climb up on the table,” was my next command.

After I hastily obeyed and stood on all fours, my Mistress continued:

“As you were a good doggy, it’s time for your treat.”

Her hands had unlocked my chastity cage and gently started to massage my genitals. Her right hand grabbed my cock while her left hand softly squeezed my balls. Already in aroused state for a long time, I was about to come any moment. Suddenly she stopped for a moment, to put a towel under me. Her right hand returned to my penis and I came off with a huge splash. Never before I have experienced such a strong orgasm. My mistress quickly wiped out my penis and put back a cock cage, ensuring her complete control.

After taking Missy home, my Mistress had taught me another 2 commands.

“Present your tail” was to be performed sitting on my knees with my head touching the floor between them. This sent my ass into the air in order to show my tail. Another command was especially degrading. “Present for Inspection”, was to be done on my back with my hands grabbing my knees. For the first time, I was a little slow performing this command. That earned me being a whole hour in that pose, while my Owner was studying. Finally, after dinner, I was sent to my cage for the night.

The diner is served

Next morning, I had been woken up by a delicious odor of my Owner's leg brought to my mouth.

"Common, fluffy. Lick it up. I have to leave to college," she was telling me. I licked like crazy. My mouth was going back and forth from toes to heel. My tongue and my lips worked together to cover as much space as possible. Nothing mattered more to me than to wash out her foot from any resemblance of dirt. She switched her legs after my effort deemed satisfactory. Abruptly my ecstasy had come to an end.

"I have to go. Here is your food and drink. Everything else you will find under a carpet. You can use your hands while in cage. Be a good boy and don't disappoint me."

With that, she put 2 bowls of water and kibble and left. The idea of being abandoned until the evening was driving me nuts. Puzzled by my poor, stranded position, I tried to lift the carpet and see what was left there for me. In the small, well-conceived hole, I found a funnel, a pair of very dirty socks, and a bottle of mouth wash. In addition, a pipe opening was seen at the bottom of a hole. Once again, I was surprised by a level of detail my Ex had planned everything.

I put a funnel inside the pipe and did my needs there. Next was socks' turn. The very idea of them being worn by my Mistress, was met with shivers along my body. I took one sock inside my mouth and started washing it. I was imagining myself being a washing machine, going through the cycles. First, I presoaked the sock with my tongue. That took care of large crumbs. Next, I watered the sock with my saliva and started spinning it around with my tongue. Finally, I started to suck the sock in order to dry it. Suddenly, I found myself in a need for such a humiliation as another proof for my submission. Another sock had followed the fate of its brother. At the end, I was staring with pride on two clean socks being dried out on the edge of my cage. As my mouth was itching and smelling, I cleansed it with mouth wash.

Not knowing what else to do, I allowed myself a nap, and fell asleep.

I heard my Mistress opening the door and that waked me up. I was greeted with the approving smile and her divine hand scratching under my ears. "Look on you, fluffy. You are very clever dog. You did all your chores, and I am very pleased with you."

It sounded like a music to my ears. I was led to the backyard, where my Mistress started to play "Fetch" with me again. It seems, she was really determined to train me to be a better retriever than Missy. She also had started timing me. Whenever my performance hasn't been satisfactory, I was punished with a whip. My poor ass was covered with bruises, but I kept bringing the bone over and over, in order to make my beautiful Owner happy. Finally, after I was thoroughly housed and cleaned, I followed my Mistress inside.

I have been left lying on the living rooms' floor, while Mistress prepared a dinner in the kitchen. On her signal, I crawled to kitchen and saw familiar two bowls waiting for me. However, when I approached them, strong pungent smell of urine was clearly noticeable. With devilish smile, my Owner happily announced:

"My dog will eat and drink whatever I give him."

I wasn't prepared for that and felt like my red line was crossed. The very thought of drinking that disgusting mixture, was something very alien to me. I jumped back and barked with disapproval.

"I will not ask you twice," said my Mistress.

She left the kitchen and took me with her. Next, I found myself lying abandoned on the floor. My Owner was clearly angry on me, as she was completely ignoring me. Her attitude was bothering me more and more, as I strived to be closer to her, to obey her, and to be helpful. It didn't take long, when I realized my desire to submit to her is the only one which matters. I sat on my knees, groveled and begged her forgiveness.

"You will be punished for your disobedience. Your release is delayed until Saturday," she sternly informed me.

"Now go eat your dinner," was her next command.

Eagerly, I crawled to kitchen and started to drink her urine. First, I just touched it with a tip of my tongue. The taste was a bit sour together with some unforeseen sweetness. Then, I tried to take a little portion and move it around inside my mouth in order to get used to it. Disgusted with my ow

actions, swallowed it eventually. My pleading growls to stop fell unanswered, so I kept drinking the nasty substance. Little by little, I kept gulping bowl's contents, until it was empty.

"See, I told you, you will swallow everything I give you," noticed my tormentor.

With that, I was sent to my cage for the rest of the day.

The Friday morning

Rest of the week went in the same fashion. Every morning, I woke up and licked my Owner's feet. When she headed to college, I was left in my cage. While there, I was required to clean her shoes and clothes. Her sneakers and sandals were now bright and shiny being carefully cleaned by my tongue. But most of my pleasure has come from taking care of some pleasant surprise. One day, she left me her soiled panties with brown stains at the rear side. I got excited and lost myself inhaling her perfume. I carefully moisturized her delicious gift with saliva. Then, I licked all stains and residue by making gentle tongue movements. That kept me busy for hours, since I tried to make my touches as soft as possible. My Mistress was apparently satisfied with my performance, as she ruffled my hair affectionately.

My evenings were busy with "Fetch" trainings. The bone was thrown to much longer distance while my time got shorter. My dinners were filled with surprise tastes and dishes too. Having tasted urine, and paying consequence for disobedience, I never allowed myself to reject anything again. I tasted foully smelled food, phlegm, earwax, and gastric acid. Latest was brought as a gift from some Vet, my Mistress had acquainted. Everything had changed on Friday's morning. Instead of leaving me into the cage, my Mistress took me to the living room.

"My friends are coming to see you tomorrow. They remember you from the bar and couldn't believe my stories. I will prepare you for them and will tell how to behave."

My heart started to pound more and more. From one side I was terrified to expose myself publicly. From the other side I was thrilled to be humiliated even more. Even though I was embarrassed by my thoughts, my degradation was about to take one more step and I was excited about it.

"Present your tail", my Owner had ordered me.

Next, with the flopping sound she pulled off my tail dildo from my ass. Then, I felt cold water being pushed inside me. I realized that she was giving me an enema. After that, I was taken to backyard to release my

bowels. The process continued until my stomach was completely empty. After cleaning me with the hose, she took me back inside.

“Lay down on the table with you back,” she told me next.

I quickly obeyed and she put her hand on my genitals. This time instead of massaging them, she spread some cream all around my private parts.

“Don’t move, fluffy. It won’t take long,” was her next sentence.

Not able to guess what she had in plans; I felt some slight tension on my skin. My owner had just started to shave my pubic hair, and I couldn’t say a word. I was helplessly laying there, afraid to move. After she was done, she admired her work by saying with amusement:

“My puppies should always be clean and healthy.”

Next came the training part. I was to crawl at her pace over and over, as we learned a “Heel” command. Being already used to crawl, I still wasn’t able to catch up with fast walking steps of my Mistress. Thus, she had to use her whip on my buttocks, in order to hurry me up. Satisfactory completion of this task earned me another activity.

“You will greet my friends by kissing their feet and wagging your tail. Remember not to raise your eyes above their knees. Let’s practice that now!”

After that part was done, I was taken again to the backyard. We started to learn how to play Frisbee.

“You can catch the plate only with your mouth. For any other touch you will be punished by a kick. After catching the plate, you will bring it in your mouth to the thrower. If you are given “Run” command, you should run as fast as you can toward the oak tree,” she instructed me.

We played this game until I was really tired and got a heavy breathing.

Rest of the day was proceeding usually for me. I was hosed and cleaned, feed and sent to my cage.

Friends come for a visit

At morning I was woken up and taken to a backyard for doing my needs and cleaning. Instead of going to living room, tough, I was sent to my cage. After a while I heard a doorbell and voices coming up from house. My ultimate humiliation was just about to start. It didn't take long when my cage was unlocked, and I was summoned to my Mistress.

The girls were obviously shocked by my appearance and posture. As required, I warmly greeted them by kissing their feet. After that, I sat on my knees at my Mistress's legs.

"OMG, Jessy, you really did it. You converted him to a dog," exclaimed one of the girls.

"It's incredible. How did you do that?" asked another one.

"Girls, girls, calm down. He is not a dog yet. He is still is a puppy in training," coolly noted my Mistress.

"I control his body and his sole with my feet. He just can't resist me."

After this last statement, girls talk hit a new direction. Girls were just discussing their friends and the events of the last week. Totally ignoring my existence, the conversation continued. I was regarded as an object, a plaything for superiors to do as they wish.

After a few minutes, I was taken outside to play Frisbee. My worthless attempts to catch the plate were cheerfully met with painful kicks to my body. Additionally, I was required to show my skills in "Fetch". Girls joyfully admired my Goddess's work on me and her decision to make me a better retriever.

Back in house, I was required to present my tail. I was left with my ass in the air, while girls were playing poker. The loser of each round, had a special duty to fulfill. She was required to pull out my tail and briefly massage my prostate with her probing fingers. The purpose of all the enemas now became clear. I was on the edge of ejaculating, but unfortunately my little prick still was encased into chastity.

After poker had been finished, new game was about to start. I was tasked to sniff girls' feet and remember the smell. Then, blindfolded, I was presented with a pile of shoes. I had to recognize their owners and bring them their

shoes in my mouth. To my complete amazement I had succeeded to guess correctly each shoe's place. I was rewarded with sugar cubes from each girl. The party was coming to an end, as I obediently kissed girls' feet to express my gratitude and farewell.

"Good boy, fluffy. You made me proud today," my Mistress beamed with joy.

"As a reward, I will take off your chastity and will allow you to hump my leg."

At that moment, probably there was no happier creature than me. When my cock cage was removed, my member started to live on its own. I leaned toward Mistress's leg and started to move my penis back and forth her knees. In a matter of seconds, my already aroused cock, exploded like a volcano.

"My, my, fluffy. You really liked that very much. Now be a good boy and clean after yourself." she said teasingly.

Neglecting her order, I was still hibernating in my ecstasy.

"Lick your filth, puppy," she sternly told me, pressing my head down with her hand.

Not having any choice in the matter, I started to lick my sperm from her legs and a floor. Comparing to all the degradation I went through today, the latest seems to be as mildest.

Missy is brought back

Next day had begun with the already usual routine of me being feed and taken to the backyard. Exactly, as it happened last week, Mistress was about to take neighbor's dog Missy for my further training. When she brought Missy, we started already familiar "Fetch" game. Mistress was throwing a plastic bone and both I and Missy were competing to bring it back. This time something was different, tough. Several times I was running ahead of Missy and have succeeded to take her by surprise.

My Owner was delightful with my success too as she playfully was ruffling my hair. Finally, last throw's turn had begun. Seeing the bone released, I instantly made a big jump, and started to run as fast as I can on my hands and knees. Apparently, Missy didn't want to surrender easily. She passed me and was the first to grab the bone. Then, I did something I wouldn't expect from myself. I took a deep sniff at Missy's rear. My shocking behavior was rewarded with Missy dropping the bone. Not able to apprehend my actions, I grabbed the bone and brought it back to my Mistress.

"I told you no intercourse, fluffy. You are a horny puppy," she was laughing on me.

"Go ahead now, continue that you have started," she commanded me. I stared at her in disbelief. I would never imagine myself making love with a dog.

"My dog should be proficient in bringing pleasure to his mates. I will make it easier for you this time. Sniff Missy's bottom," she softly said to me. That was definitely a weirdest experience in my life. To smell dog's ass was neither enjoyable, nor rewarding for me. Unable to bring Missy to climax, I was ordered to stop shortly. Missy was taken back to her owners, and I was left wondering about last activities.

"I will not tolerate any sluggishness from my dog," mu Mistress said angrily.

"Raise your ass and start counting," she ordered me and started spanking me with her hand.

My bottom soon became very sore from her whips. I couldn't sustain more and begged her to stop. With devilish smile she raised her skirt, pulled off her panties, and pushed them into my mouth. Her panties were soaked wet with juices and sweat. Apparently, she was enjoying my beating to the max. As a most precious gift, I washed her delicious garment inside my mouth. My absolute dedication and submission were paying off. Swallowing fast, I tried to dry my heavenly present. Savoring my treat, I lost a sense of time. Painful whip sting on my bottom reminded me of my status. I gave back to my Goddess her precious gift.

Returning back home, I had my usual dinner with leftovers from yesterday. As my Owner tended to watch TV, I was allowed to lick her feet.

Unfortunately, my joy and ecstasy were cut off abruptly when I was sent to my cage.

A surprising visitor

One day I was lying on the floor ad licking Mistress's feet. She wasn't paying much attention, as she was noticeably waiting for something. She kept looking on the clock, anxious to for some unknown event. When the doorbell rang, she quickly waived for me to hide in the bedroom.

Astonished with her actions I meekly obeyed and did my best to crawl as fast as I can.

When the door had been opened I overhead the strangest conversation ever,

"Hello, you must be Jessica. My name is Laura."

"Hi Laura. John told me a lot about you."

"Hmm... I doubt whether he said something good. You know, our breakup was quite messy."

"Yes, he told me that. He is really sorry about that. In fact he wanted to express his apology for the way he treated you."

"That sounds strange. So why hasn't he called and told me so? Where is he, anyway?"

"He lives here with me, and you will see him in a moment. However, while here, he is not a human being anymore. He is my dog, my animal possession. He behaves, eats, sleeps, like an obedient pet."

"I don't understand. What does it mean?"

"Let me show you. After all, picture is worth of thousands of words."

"Fluffy, come here and greet Laura! I am sure she will be delighted to see your new look."

Absolutely devastated and burning with shame, I slowly crawled inside the living. Not daring to see Laura's face, I just went directly to her shoes. I have gently kissed her sandals while waiting for new orders. Obviously shocked Laura didn't know how to react. Luckily, my Mistress ordered me to clean the bottom parts too. Unable to use my hands, I protruded myself on the floor and licked sandals' soles. They were of course full of all the outside dirt and dust, but I have been already accustomed to that.

After the sandals, looked as new, Mistress ordered me to "Present my Tail". Obediently, I stood on all fours, raised my ass, and wiggled the tail. Unable to control herself, Laura started laughing.

“Oh, this is hilarious. Thank you, Jessica, for inviting me. I wished so much to return him a favor!” she exclaimed.

My humiliation was very intense. To be seen like this by someone I hurt so much, was my nightmare. However, the visit wasn't over yet.

Mistress connected a leash to my collar and led me into the backyard. She had shown Laura our Frisbee game. After a short presentation, Laura had joined throwing the plate too. Still not able to forgive me, she viciously threw it into the bushes and other hard to reach places. After some time, I became tired and begged her to give me a break. My pleas, however fell on deaf ears. She just kicked my back with her leg and threw the plate again. Eventually, my torment came to an end. Totally exhausted, I carried Laura's sandals in my mouth, and crawled back into the house.

Inside, my Owner had told me to present myself. After I quickly obeyed, she closely examined my privates and described the benefits of cock chastity to Laura.

“You see, Laura, he can't masturbate on his own. Me, as a key owner, have the sole power over his member. The inability to cum, surely drives him crazy, and makes him vulnerable. He becomes more susceptible to my demands, and as a result, more submissive.”

“Are you having sex with him?” asked Laura.

“No, of course not. He is merely my dog. I am not doing sex with animals.”

“Oh, poor fluffy. He seems so miserable and so cute. Can I borrow him someday?”

“Sure Laura. After his training will be over, I will call you again,” answered my Mistress.

As a final act of my degradation, I was tasked to pay a tribute to Laura's bare feet. She was probably too excited to see my debasement, and as a result perspired a lot. Her feet were absolutely wet with sweat. I tried my best to lick it clean and remove the stinky residue. In addition, her soles were all dirty from walking outside. So my tongue had worked extra hours in order to please Laura. As a gratitude for my services, she slightly patted my head.

She obviously had enjoyed a lot my humiliation and wanted to last it even more. However, her time was limited too. Shortly enough, she thanked for a

“wonderful experience” and left. Of course, I was required to kiss her feet as a farewell.

The medical checkup

My week proceeded in the usual manner. Every day I was left home inside my cage, doing my chores. I got accustomed to it and didn't anticipate any surprises. Suddenly, one evening, while savoring my Owner's feet, I heard a doorbell. Instantly, I raised on my limbs. My Mistress, tough, wasn't surprised at all.

"Stay," was her command, as she walked to the door.

"Hello, Christie, it must be fluffy," I heard from the entrance.

Glancing briskly, I saw a woman in middle fifties. I crawled to greet her as I was taught.

"This is my old friend Maria. She is a Vet I was talking with you about," explained my Mistress to me in a soft voice as if she was talking to a puppy. But whom was I kidding? I was a puppy, and as a good puppy I crawled forward and started to lick guest's shoes.

"Maria, fluffy is in training to become my dog. Can you please do a quick check on him, and tell your findings?"

"Of course, Christie, I think as an Owner, you are entitled to know everything about your prospective possession."

I was ordered to climb up on the table and to stay still on all fours. Next 30 minutes were resembling a doctor visit for yearly checkup with a small change tough. Instead of asking me to move and show something, doctor's hands were continuously touching and penetrating me, without my consent. Every part of my body was thoroughly checked and overseen. At some point, even a large tube was inserted into my rectum in order to give a better look on my internals. Most humiliating was a final part there Maria asked my Owner to take off my cock cage. After it was done, my genitals were thoroughly examined with a magnifying glass. The whole checkup procedure was done in a very professional and authoritative way. My Owner's guest certainly knew how to do her job in a most efficient and tidy technique. Her conclusions were precise and clear as well.

"Well, I see that you keep your dog in a good shape," started Maria.

"He is clean, well trained, and healthy. I wouldn't expect any issues for him, in a near future. I see some bruises on his buttocks. I think I know how

he got them, and I am sure this is for his own good. However, please spread some cream there in order for them to heal more quickly.

There is also one important aspect, I wanted to speak with you about. I would prefer to do that in private,” said Maria.

“Maria, as long as fluffy is here, he is not a human being. He is a puppy, an animal totally controlled by me. You can tell me your thoughts completely ignoring him,” was my Owner’s answer.

“Being a dog owner is a big responsibility. Besides providing him food and place to sleep, you as an owner, should consider his needs too. His teeth should be cleaned daily, nails should be cut at least once in a week, and he should be milked on a weekly basis. About the last thing, if you will decide to keep him, I would suggest neutering him for various health and behavioral reasons. Several nasty diseases can be avoided by a simple quick operation. Besides, he will become gentler and caring. He should be also branded, in order not to become a stray dog.”

I was terrified. Her proposal will ruin my life and make me sterile. I silently begged my Owner to reject Maria’s idea. But of course, my desires were completely weightless for my Owner.

“Present for Inspection,” she ordered me.

As if still trying to decide, my Mistress absently put her hand on my private parts. Apparently, it wasn’t an easy choice for her too. Suddenly, she squeezed my balls and announced:

“If I elect to keep fluffy as my dog on a permanent basis, I will do whatever necessary to keep him healthy and obedient. If it requires my pet to be infertile, so be it!”

“Can you please tell me about this procedure?” Mistress asked.

“Usually, this procedure is done by a simple shot,” answered Maria.

“Given his human origins, I think we should remove his balls completely.

This ultimately show his docile attitude and a desire to be mine. Besides, all other dog owners will be probably more enthusiastic to allow fluffy to play with their pets. Thank you for bring this up, Maria!”

I felt like my fate was sealed at that very moment – from now on only my Mistress will decide my future. Unable to speak or move, I gave up everything to the cruel tormentor wearing a mask of sweet young girl.

“Well my dear, I know it wasn’t easy, but you made a wise choice. Let me know when you will want the procedure to happen. Then, we would schedule a visit to my clinic,” said Maria hugging my Owner

As Maria was about to leave, I kissed Maria’s legs to express my gratitude. Suddenly, she took off her shoes and ordered me to clean their insides. Soaked with daily sweat, filled with pungent aroma of tired feet, the shoes quickly became the most delightful treat for my tongue. I was trying licking like crazy, savoring every moment of my festivities. Laughing with approval, Maria lightly kicked my face and put her shoes back. Scratching under my ears, she playfully advised me:

“Be a good dog for your Mistress, fluffy. See you soon.”

Crossing the Rubicon

After Maria had left, I was taken outside by a long leash strapped to my collar. Usual fetch game had been changed a little. My genitals were tied to the standing pole allowing only slight limited movement. Next, I was required to fetch the stick unreachable from my spot. The purpose of this exercise shortly became clear to me – show my dedication and servitude regardless all the pain inflicted to my most valuable parts. Screaming and losing any control, I tried to reach the stick. Still not convinced by my efforts, my Mistress started to slap my bottoms with her hand.

“You are a disgraceful, unrespectable, and unworthy creature. I provide you home and food, care for your needs and weird desires. And what am I getting back? You can’t even walk away from your primitive nature and still worry about your balls. I will go inside and will be back in 1 hour. By the time I will be back, I expect you to hold that stick between your teeth.”

With that she moved a stick few inches further away from me and left.

Next hour was a nightmare for me. Trying different ways to reach the stick, absolutely forgetting about my burning balls, I was finally able to reach the stick. Surprisingly even for me, the happiness and delight of my achievement overweighed all the suffering and the deprivation. Proudly beaming with joy, I was able to present the stick to my Goddess. I guess, at that moment we both realized that we crossed some point of no return. I was completely under her spell, the toy in her hands.

Speaking very softly, she gently took the stick and ordered me to lay down still on my back. Her next actions were unpredictable, at least. She stood over me, pulled down her pants and started peeing over my troubled testicles. After that, she hosed, unchained and walked me inside the house.

The surprising events continued to unfold rapidly. I was ordered to lay down on the sofa bed while her hands were applying some nursing cream over my damaged lower body. At some point, she even took off the cock cage and started with the mischievous smile to stimulate me. I was about to come, when she abruptly stopped. Showing her power over me, she ordered me to get off the sofa and stand on all fours. When the natural order of events was restored, she proudly put her leg on my head and proclaimed:

“Since when I was a little girl, I had that power on people. I could order them around, dominate them, degrade them, and I liked it. I guess, I am a cruel sick person ruining all social values and behaviors for my own sake. Today’s day is a very special, I made a huge step forward and have converted this man into a willing slave. With the time I expect to increase my stable, but today will always remembered as a day of my new achievement.”

I was in a complete agreement with her. My whole body and soul were possessed by my beautiful Mistress. Her every wish and desire became my command. I couldn’t imagine my life without her.

Later that night, laying inside my cage I was going over and over through the events of that fateful day. Maria’s visit became a trigger for my complete debasement, but also for utter happiness of acquiring my true purpose in life. Being able to serve, to entertain, and to follow my Owner became my all desire.

Epilogue

My training was coming to an end. That last Friday, I woke up early and was waiting in my cage. Suddenly, garage door opened with a strong kick. My Mistress had approached my cage quickly, unlocked it, and threw my clothes on top.

“You completed your training. I have erased all the “bookmarks, I am freeing you from all the obligations. Take your clothes and leave.”

With the last sentence, she threw chastity key on the floor, turned around and left the garage.

Shaken from all the events I went through, I picked up chastity key, slowly put my clothes and left to my apartment.

I was in such a distress, that only at home I realized that I am still wearing my chastity cage, dog collar, and tail.

“I would never meet her again,” I said to myself.

Few hours later, I wasn't so sure about my refusal. All my body and mind strived to be at her service, to inhale her odor, and to lick her shoes. My willingness to submit was something undeniable, something overpowering all my other senses.

I started to fight this desire by thinking about negative parts.

“She will neuter and brand me. She will ruin my identity and will regard me as her object,” I kept saying myself.

Nevertheless, in 1 hour, I found myself driving towards Jessica's house. I wanted to beg her to take me back, to be her dog, or worm, or whatever she will find suitable.

When I opened the gate, I found her sitting on the chair in the backyard. I guess, the expression on my face told her all my feelings.

“Well, only 3 hours passed, and here we go again. I thought it will take you longer. You passed your first test, two more to go,” she said with the smile.

“Now, pull off your pants and underwear, and turn around.”

After, I did as commanded, her voice become softer:

“I see you are wearing all my gifts, and that makes you through the second test. Now let's me explain what will happen next.”

“You have now 2 options before you. You can turn back and pretend this never happened, or you can become my dog permanently.”

“If you will choose a second option, I will neuter and brand me. You will become my animal and will fully submit to me. Your previous training will be regarded as only a mild introduction to the things I would do to you.”

“Do you still want to be my dog? If yes, come here and drink from that bowl under the chair, and seal your fate.”

Wordlessly, I dropped on my knees and crawled to the bowl. I was taken away by the foul urine smell, but still managed to gulp large parts of the yellow liquid. The awful taste was feeling like a nectar for me as I wished to do anything for my Mistress.

“You passed your third test, fluffy. Welcome to your new life,” my Owner pronounced cheerfully. She slowly produced a leash, strapped it to my collar, and proudly walked me into the house.

THE END