

Mistress Cruel Love

Chapter 9 – Mutually Assured Domination

“**C'mon Sparky!** Fetch it again!”

Ana threw the long, thick column of silicone obscenity. The dildo slapped against the wall, flexed in midair and hit the ground with a rubbery thud. It rolled for a short distance before coming to a complete stop. It was one of those double ended gel toys with no suction cup or ball sack. Just two fat heads on either end that could be shoved into a slave's waiting mouth or ass.

“**Arf!**” Percy responded before trundling after the disgusting thing.

His weary body shuffled forward on hands and knees. The leather dog mitts locked around his hands and feet pressed into the soft, rubbery mats as he made his way forward. Percy's blood pounded through his body, his heart thumping as he crawled along. He sweated heavily, his flesh surrounded by nothing but warm air and the thick leather straps of his bondage harness.

Most people didn't realize what a workout it was moving around on their hands and knees. That's because most hadn't done it since they were children. Unless someone worked in a manual labor job that demanded they crouch and infiltrate confined spaces, why would they? It wasn't fun, and even with knee pads it put a lot of stress on the joints in relatively short time.

Percy made his way across the wide playspace reserved for playing fetch. It was akin to a gun range or bowling alley, only instead of targets or rows of pins there was an unremarkable wall smudged with wet rubber and drool. To his left and right, other pup slaves were enduring the same indignity; retrieving the object their Mistress had thrown and huffing back to the starting line with toys in their teeth.

He closed in on the long, dirty, pink phallus and lowered his head. Percy chomped down on the slippery toy, but it slid from his mouth several times before he finally got a good grip on it with his teeth. In addition to the pungent silicone rubber and his own residual spit, he could feel and taste tiny grains of sand and debris along the section stuffed in his mouth.

Percy tried not to retch as he turned around and started back toward the waiting Mistress Ana. His new doggy tail, a large tuft of brown fur connected to the butt plug stuck in his ass, swished back and forth as he scuttled forward. His limbs were tired, his face was hot from confinement in the stifling leather dog mask and his lower body ached from the constant anal intrusion.

Time flies when you're having fun and slows to a crawl when you're not. Correspondingly, this was turning into the longest day of Percy's life. It had been at least a few hours since he arrived at '**WOOFSTOCK**' and learned his girlfriend was nowhere to be found. It made him feel doubly ridiculous since this had been her idea and Percy had gone along with it almost exclusively to make her happy. Yes, he enjoyed kink to a degree and he couldn't deny the ass worship had been fun, but the rest of this nonsense was purely for Lindsey's gratification and she wasn't even around to enjoy it.

“Faster, Sparky! Don't make me wait, or you'll get another spanking!”

Then there was Mistress Ana, the Club Ishtar Domme who'd become his dog-sitter. The skinny blonde in black latex was stern and a skilled practitioner of the Femdom arts. She'd led him all around the event hall, putting Percy through his paces. The longer this went on, the more he was forced to question if Lindsey being absent was really an accident or if this was the plan all along.

Ana's trademark sinister grin awaited him as he raced to her feet, the slimy dildo flopping from either side of his mouth. Percy dropped it before her, sat back on his haunches and let out the most enthusiastic bark he could muster. The dutiful Domina tapped her crop in her hand as she studied the exhausted slave. Satisfied, she reached down and picked up the soiled toy. The latex of her glove creaked and squelched against its moist heft as she lifted it.

“Well, I suppose that will do for now. Still, we should clean this toy before returning it. Open your mouth, slave.”

Percy cringed internally. His dismay was likely written across his face as well. Luckily, the thick dog hood hid his aversion from Ana. Regardless, he opened his mouth obediently and allowed the cruel woman to have her way.

Ana plunged one slick end of the fat, pink toy into his mouth and pressed it deep until Percy gagged. She sawed it back and forth, slopping the length in and out of his stretched lips and running the filthy toy over his tongue continuously.

“That's it... **Lick it good, doggy!** I want this thing spotless before we turn it in!”

He knew the whole thing was a charade. The toy would need to be cleaned with hot water and soap before anyone else could use it, so this bit of supposed *cleaning* was purely for humiliation and oral training. At least, Percy hoped that was the case. Surely they cleaned them, for real, in between uses? Otherwise, that meant he was sucking on a dildo that had recently been used on other pup slaves. Percy forced the thought from his mind. He didn't want to dwell on the possibility.

Mistress Ana pulled the slimy schlong from his mouth, turned it around and shoved the other end into his waiting lips. She dropped her crop and took hold of the top of Percy's hood with her spare hand. She fucked his mouth harshly with the dildo as phlegm leaked from his bottom lip and the pup slave's eyes went wide.

The fat, fleshy thing flew in and out of his mouth as Percy's arms draped at his sides. He dared not touch the haughty blonde even as she force-fed him rubber dick more forcefully than Lindsey ever had. Moist thwacking and wet glomming noises flowed from his mouth as she turned his face into a makeshift vacuum. Percy grunted and murmured around her thrusting as she fucked his face frantically.

Finally, she pulled the glistening length from his mouth and held it up to the light. Both ends were covered in his saliva and free from any dust and grime picked up from the wall or floor. Ana released his face and retrieved her crop.

“There we go. Well done, pup! I think it's time for some refreshment. Follow me.”

Still on his hands and knees, Percy followed Mistress Ann back to the front counter where they handed over the dildo and retrieved his leash. The sultry club Domme leaned down and clipped the snap-hook fastener to the O-ring on Percy's collar. She gave his head a few pats before rising up and walking off. Percy followed her compliantly, the chain leash jingling as they walked.

They headed back out into the main corridor and the volume of chatter increased sharply. The shouts and laughs of dominant women echoed off the walls in between barks and whimpers of their subservient puppy companions. Countless couples and the occasional woman handling multiple pup slaves milled about the event, heading to their next depraved activity.

As Percy followed Ana's clacking stiletto heels, a big woman with voluminous red hair came into view. He almost didn't recognize his own girlfriend at first, garbed as Lindsey was in all new attire and a Victorian face mask. Not to mention her hair was done up in an elegant new style. It seemed she'd spent some time at a salon while Percy was under Mistress Ana's strict guidance.

Hugging her hefty frame was a sequin dress of shimmering charcoal. It's color shifted between dark gray and bright white as the overhead lights caught its countless individual cells. The fancy garment left her right shoulder and arm bare while her left side was covered in an elegant, glossy sleeve. The dress had a high slit, terminating just below her undergarments and leading down to her bare legs and black high heels.

“**Sparky!** There you are!”

All three of them came to a stop in the middle of the hallway. Ana sized Lindsey up and smiled.

“Ah, you must be Miss Sharp?”

“Yes, I'm the owner of that lovable lug. Has he been a good pup?”

“I've had worse” Ana said with a smirk. “But he did need some *encouragement* at times.”

The Club Domme offered Lindsey the leash and the buxom redhead took it eagerly.

“Thank you so much for looking after him! I'm afraid I got lost in all the excitement...”

“No trouble at all. That's what we're here for. Is this your first event?”

“Yes, the first of many, I hope.”

“Club Ishtar is glad to have you. Enjoy yourself! Oh, and you may want to get a dish of water for Sparky. I worked him pretty good at the Fetch room.”

“I will. Thank you again, Miss...”

“Mistress Ana Tyler” she replied.

“Thank you, Ana” Lindsey said, shaking her hand. “Perhaps we'll see you around the club?”

“I'm sure you will. I'm here all the time” she responded with a wink before turning and looking down at

Percy. "Bye, Sparky! Until next time."

"**ARF!**" Percy answered before the latex vixen strode off. He waited for her to get out of range before opening his mouth again. "Baby, can I stand? My knees are killing me..."

SMACK

Lindsey cuffed the top of his hooded head with her purse. She looked down at him, annoyed.

"You will address me properly! **Especially** when we're here!"

Percy winced, as much from the surprise blow as recognizing his mistake. She'd specifically reminded him to be careful of BDSM etiquette before crating him up for the event. "Sorry, Mistress... May your humble pup slave **please** get off his knees for a bit?"

Lindsey sighed. She looked around the hall before giving his leash a tug. "Fine. Stand up. We'll go have a seat over there."

Percy rose on weary legs. His spirit soared as he came upright and felt close to normal for the first time all day. Even the leather hood and harness around his body didn't bother him as Lindsey led him by the leash. They walked to an empty table and chairs at the side of the corridor.

"Oh, wow!" Lindsey spoke up, taking note of the tail extending from Percy's packed pucker. "Is that what I think it is?"

"Yeah. Mistress Ana fixed me with one."

"Hah! They're certainly not shy around here. Even with newbies like you."

"Tell me about it" Percy responded gruffly as he lowered himself into the seat. He let out another wince as his bottom touched the chair and nudged the plug stuck up his ass. The feeling of fullness expanded as he shifted his hips and tried to find a comfortable way to sit.

"Well, it seems she took good care of you. And it's nice that you got some training while I got my hair done. Aren't you going to say anything about my new look?"

"You look amazing, Mistress! I love the dress, and the mask too."

Lindsey smiled. "Thank you, Sparky. I'm glad you like it."

"Where'd you get em?"

"I did a little shopping for the occasion. It wasn't cheap, but I wanted something fancy for our first big event."

"Worth every penny, no doubt."

"Agreed. Just like it'll be worth every cent when we get you your new suit in a bit."

“Hmmm?” Percy's brow scrunched. “New suit?”

“Yes, a proper pup play suit. Full leather from head to toe.”

“What?!? You mean this isn't enough?” Percy gestured to his hood and harness.

“No, not even close. I want you to go all the way. You've seen the other pups around here, haven't you? They look so nice in their full body puppy suits.”

Percy grimaced and let his head lull back against the seat. “Where we even gonna get a suit like that?”

“Just down the hall” Lindsey said with a quick glance down the main drag of the convention center. “There's a vendor called *Dog Gone Gimps* that has everything you need.”

“And how much is it gonna cost?”

“I checked with the saleswoman at their booth. She said they could outfit you with high quality leather for somewhere between \$1,200 and \$1,500.”

“**FIFTEEN HUNDRED?!?** Just for something to wear when we're being kinky?!?”

Lindsey's eyes narrowed. “It's a good investment. It'll elevate our play to new heights! And you have the money.”

“Baby...”

Her eyes flew open to their widest, growing furious again.

“**Mistress!**” Percy corrected himself. “That money I've been saving is to open a shop. In case I don't get that promotion...”

Lindsey crossed her arms below her bust and grew indignant. “You can spend *some* of it on this. Unless you don't think our happiness is important?”

Percy sighed. He had a feeling this would get out of hand as soon as he agreed to attend the event. At the same time, he could see how much it meant to his one and only. If he was honest with himself, he liked how she was taking more active control of their kinky fun and pushing him to try more. Even when he didn't love the individual activities, her dominance was having the desired effect. Even when her demands resulted in confusion, stress or pain, a part of him wanted more.

He thought he'd hid it well until now, but perhaps his true desires weren't so secret, given how his anatomy kept betraying him. Percy's cock swelled in the shiny, black briefs clinging to his waist.

After a few moments of thought, he nodded to the busty redhead. “Alright, alright. I suppose it's the least I can do after all the trouble you've gone to. If Mistress wishes, I'll go get fitted, as soon as I get something to drink.”

Lindsey's cold demeanor melted and her arms fell away. She smiled again as she looked her parched puppy slave up and down. “Now, that's a good doggy!”

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Percy experienced many more firsts that day to go with his new pup tail. He drank out of a dog bowl, in public, gulping down cool water as loudly as any real dog ever had. Shortly thereafter he was fitted for his first full body pup suit. It was difficult to say what made him cringe harder. When he was sealed and locked in all-consuming leather or when they charged his credit card for the privilege. After that, he toured the rest of the event with Lindsey. He was back on his hands and knees as they sampled several more activities.

Even the longest day of your life ends, eventually. As he scampered after Lindsey toward the exit of the event hall, Percy saw several Club Ishtar Dommies waiting in the distance. The closer they got, the more nervous Percy grew. He watched a woman just ahead of them hand the leash of her pup over to the women at the check-out desk. The ominous feeling intensified as he watched them lead the man in pup gear away.

Before he knew it, it was their turn and his radiant Boudica was leading Percy to the counter.

“Hello! Are you ready to depart?”

“Yes. I'm Lindsey Sharp and this is Sparky.”

The brunette in red latex took up a clipboard and flipped through a few pages.

“Ah! There you are. Would you like Sparky sent back to the same address?”

“Yes, please. There's no hurry getting him back. I'm planning to grab a drink with some of my new friends. I've already taken Sparky to the bathroom, so he should be fine for at least a couple hours. Feel free to drop him off last.”

“Alright, I'll make a note of it. Enjoy yourself, Miss Sharp. And thank you for attending!”

“Oh, it was my pleasure. Thank you for having me!”

As Lindsey handed over his leash, Percy looked up at his girlfriend with a bewildered expression. He pushed himself off the floor and sat back on his haunches, sitting up without permission. “Baby! Please, not this again!?!?”

A cold fury entered the feisty redhead's eyes. She placed her hands on her wide hips and cocked her head down at him. “**What did I say about addressing me properly?!?**”

Percy help up his leather paw mitts in supplication. “Mistress! I meant Mistress! I'm sorry!”

“We could gag him for the return trip, if you'd like” the Club Domme suggested. Her frosty gaze looked just as annoyed as Lindsey's.

“A fine idea” Lindsey said with a nod. “This forgetful little pup needs a lesson in manners.”

The brunette Domina grabbed a ball-gag from a cache of toys behind the table and stepped forth.

“Wait! When will you be ho-” Percy's question was cut off by the fat, red rubber ball being pulled into his mouth. His mittled limbs flailed as she strapped the gag around his dog mask and tightened it. When she released him, his hands found the floor again. He could do nothing but murmur around the thick sphere of latex forcing his tongue down and prying his jaw open.

“That's more like it” the unidentified woman cooed. She wound the chain leash around her hand until she had a tight grip leading to Percy's neck.

“Indeed. Much better!” Lindsey agreed. “See you at home, boo!”

With that, she turned and sauntered off. As Percy watched her go, she pulled out her phone and began texting; no doubt alerting one of her friends she was on the way.

Another club Domme stepped up to take the brunette's place at the desk. They conversed briefly before the one who'd gagged him gave his leash a stern tug.

“Ok, Sparky. Let's get you crated up!” his new handler spoke as she led him away. Her heels echoed through the hall as Percy trotted behind her. He sweat in his second skin of leather as the butt plug ached in his ass and his tail swished behind him. Percy muttered gibberish through his gag as the mystery woman led him off to his second pointless journey in an oversized dog cage.

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The long, dark journey home gave Percy a lot of time to think, but thinking was easier said than done. The nonstop woofing and barking of his fellow slaves was a constant interruption to his train of thought. It was worst in the beginning, but slowly began to taper off as the giant dog cages were cleared out. They drove all over the city and, one by one, the crated pups were unloaded.

The smell was also a problem for the first half of the trip. The stench of leather and rubber wrapped submissives all around him made breathing uncomfortable and contemplation difficult. Sweat, cum and even less pleasant scents mingled in the tight storage area in the back of the truck.

Unfortunately, the crated submissive right next to him was one of the worst offenders. Percy was pretty sure they'd hosed him off before loading him up, but it didn't mask the smell of a golden shower. Not completely. It was clear he'd been pissed on by at least one and quite possibly several women of Club Ishtar. Percy was relieved when they finally wheeled him off and returned the semi-soiled slave to his Mistress.

In the time that remained, he pondered the insane turn his life had taken. He mulled over how he would break it to Lindsey that this would be their only experience with puppy play. The more he thought about it, the more he realized it was mission impossible. She'd been overjoyed during their outing today and Percy knew as soon as they talked about it she would turn on the charm and his will would melt like butter.

Maybe she could be convinced to keep their play at home? Surely, that wasn't too much to ask? Yet, even as some part of him insisted that he wanted no part in such a public spectacle ever again, Percy couldn't deny that he'd enjoyed at least one phase of his captivity; when he was suffering under the delectable asses of so many dominant women.

And what about Willie? His good friend and frequent customer who'd appeared at that very same *attraction*? Shocking though it was, Percy was reasonably close with at least one guy he could discuss these experiences with, if he chose to. Would he? Or was it best to remain silent on the issue forever? Was Will into hardcore puppy play? Or had he been roped into it tangentially, like Percy?

These and other questions swirled in his mind until the back of the vehicle grew silent. All that remained were empty cages, rattling lightly against each other and the walls of the truck as it made its way to its final destination. Eventually, the breaks squeaked out a final time and the most unusual taxi service imaginable came to a stop.

The back doors opened and Percy heard two Club Dommies climb aboard to retrieve him. He couldn't see them due to the large cover draped over his stainless steel prison, but from the darkness of his cage, he heard them chit chat as they went about their work.

"Last one of the day" the first woman said as they wheeled him off the truck.

"Finally."

"You want to grab a drink after this?"

"Yeah. Think I'm gonna need more than one after dealing with these filthy pups all day."

"Hah! Good call."

Percy was wheeled up a ramp and over several different surfaces before entering the elevator. Oddly, the pattern of surfaces didn't seem identical to the ones he'd noticed while leaving the apartment building the first time, but it was possible they were bringing him in the back entrance.

The Dommies said nothing as they ascended; exhausted from the long day and extended play. When the elevator doors opened, they wheeled him into the hallway. That was when Percy got the first real inkling that something was awry. He couldn't see the surface well in his dark cage, but from the sound the wheels made against the floor, he was fairly certain this wasn't where he lived.

"**HMMPPHHH!**" he tried to speak up, somehow forgetting that he was still gagged.

CLANG

"Quiet, pup! You're almost home."

They preceded a little farther before coming to a stop. One of the Dommies knocked on the door and a few moments later it was answered.

"Hey! You're back!" the unfamiliar voice of a woman called out.

“Hi, Charlotte. You're the owner of Sparky, correct?”

“That's right.”

“Perfect. Sign here.”

Percy's eyebrows raised and his eyes went wide in panic. That wasn't Lindsey. Which meant this probably wasn't his building at all. There'd been some kind of mistake.

“HMMMPPHHH! **WHHHMMMPPHHH!!!**”

Percy wrapped his mitted hands against the sides of the cage as he tried to get their attention.

“Oh! Someone's excited to be home!” Charlotte piped up cheerfully.

“And we're delighted to be dropping him off, because we can finally call it a day” the first Club Domme responded.

They wheeled his cage into the stranger's home as Percy continued to mutter and smack his hands against the stainless steel.

“Yeah, it was a great event, but it's time to unwind. Have a good one!” the second Domme added as they made their exit.

“We will. Thanks, girls!”

As Charlotte closed the door, Percy continued his muffled protests. The cage rattled as he yelled around the ball-gag and drooled profusely. He tried to warn her, even knowing it was probably too late. By the time she figured out he wasn't her sub, the Club Dommies would be long gone.

“**Alright, already!** Hang on while I get this covering off. You need to use the bathroom or something?”

The woman he'd never seen tugged the thick canvas covering up bit by bit until it pulled from the top of the cage. Charlotte folded it up and set it aside as she studied the crated pup up and down.

“Wow! Did Club Ishtar give you all that gear? A new leather pup suit and everything! They're so generous... What happened to your old stuff? Heh, I suppose you can't tell me until I take that gag off.”

“**MMMMPPHHH! PHLLZZZ!!!**”

“Yeah, yeah... be patient” she replied while stalking around the cage. “Sorry to tell you, but Henry left a couple hours ago. I was hoping you'd get to enjoy *cleanup duty* tonight, but he couldn't wait that long. I guess you'll just have to wait for your next cream pie.”

Percy reasoned he had to be roughly the same size as Charlotte's sub, since she hadn't yet figured out something was wrong. Whoever the other *Sparky* was, he was subject not only to pup play, but cuckoldry as well.

He only got a brief glimpse of Charlotte at first, craning his head up at the best angle his cage allowed

as she walked around his prison. She was a big girl, much like Lindsey, but with wider hips and short brown hair. She wore heavy shadow around her eyes that matched the blush in her fair cheeks. She had a small fashion piercing in her left nostril. The crystal stud gleamed in the light from overhead.

The woman disappeared, continuing her circumnavigation until she arrived at the back of oversized dog crate.

CA-CHING

Charlotte lifted the latch and opened the door behind Percy. He immediately began to back up, pushing his legs out as quickly as he could. He shimmied backward, excited to be free of the restrictive metal enclosure.

SMACK

Charlotte's heavy hand blasted into his ass, stopping him in his tracks.

“Hey! Who gave you permission to move, slut?!? You know better than that!”

“MMMHHH NMMMPPHH YHHHWWW SPPPHHHMMPPHH!!!”

“Shhhhh... You just wait while I check on your cage. Another minute in there isn't going to kill you!”

The big woman bent down and grabbed the zipper at Percy's bottom. She slid the metal clasp down gently and before long his sizable scrotum and flaccid penis were made visible. It wasn't just the lack of a chastity device, but the particulars of Percy's length and girth that finally got Charlotte's attention.

“OH!!! Oh my... You're not my Sparky, are you?”

“NNNNPPMMHHH!!!”

“Ummm, alright. You may exit the cage.”

Percy backed out of the crate as fast as could, elated to finally be free of the damnable thing. He rose on sore legs and the cracking of his knees and joints could be heard even through the thick leather of his new gimp suit.

Charlotte watched him with a still-shocked expression. Normally she would reprimand a slave for standing without permission, but this was a unique situation. She leaned forward and squinted as she peered into Percy's alarmed eyes and confirmed there was a total stranger in her home. The buxom brunette's gaze lowered and honed in on the collar around his neck. The slave name Percy and her own submissive shared was written there in glossy gold lettering.

“Well, you're *someone's* Sparky. I guess that explains the mix-up...”

“Mmmmpphhh! Plllllzzzzz!!!”

Percy gestured at his mouth with his leathery, dog-mitted hands; begging the woman to remove his gag.

“Not so fast, little doggy! I'm gonna see if I can get this fixed on the quick. Just sit tight.”

Percy's arms dropped in resignation and his eyes sunk. This day was never going to end.

As Charlotte pulled out her phone and opened her calling app, Percy took a look around at his new surroundings. The apartment he was standing in wasn't completely dissimilar from the one he and Lindsey shared. The design was slightly different and Charlotte's home was a lot messier. Her flat smelled heavily of weed and Indian incense that was doing a poor job of covering up the pungent scent of skunk bud.

There were various sex toys and bondage devices scattered about, in addition to a dog dish on the kitchen floor labeled *Sparky*. The walls were covered in a combination of psychedelic art and punk / glam rock posters. A pink lava lamp flexed and roiled on the living room table, casting colored light all around. Percy suddenly felt like he had a secret second life that he was only now discovering. Like he'd been in *The Matrix* all along, but upon waking up, the real world wasn't that different than the simulation he'd been living in.

Charlotte retrieved her purse from the counter and pulled some kind of ID card from it. She wrapped one arm below her bust as she held the phone to her ear, waiting impatiently as the number dialed. The clingy, red one-piece dress she was wearing hugged her curves closely. It terminated at her knees where black legging took over, leading down into a pair of matching square heels.

Within moments, a recorded female voice buzzed in her ear.

'Hello! You've reached the Club Ishtar Special Event hotline! All our operators are busy right now. Please leave a message with your name and membership number and we'll be in touch with you as soon as possible. Thank you!'

Charlotte sighed.

BEEP

“Yes, hi. This is Charlotte. I don't want to say my last name or address right now since there's a stranger in my home, but you have it on file. My membership number is 462578. I'm calling because you were returning pups today after *Woofstock* and y'all made a big mistake. You brought someone else's Sparky here and I'm guessing you delivered my Sparky to this guy's owner. I'm sure you'll be hearing from her soon if you haven't already. Please get this straightened out as soon as possible. I'll look after this one until y'all fix this mess. Thanks.”

She ended the call and set her phone and Club Ishtar membership card aside. Charlotte walked back to Percy and put her hands on her hips.

“Well, you heard that. I guess we're gonna be spending a little time together. First of all, do you need to use the bathroom? I'm sure you were in that crate for a while.”

Surprisingly, Percy didn't. He shook his head no.

“Okay, but I'm guessing you want that gag off? And maybe something to drink?”

“Yppphhh!” Percy nodded his head vigorously.

“Hmmm...” Charlotte studied him up and down. “Alright, but first I'm locking you up down below. I don't like slaves in my home without a cage on their cock. It's one of my rules. Do you consent?”

Percy cringed below his pup hood and his shoulders sagged. He'd had more than enough play for one day, but he didn't have many options here. If he wanted the gag off and some much needed refreshment, he would have to suffer another indignity. Reluctantly, he nodded and muttered a second garbled affirmative.

“Good. Head to that sofa and bend over the side” she instructed, pointing to her living room. “I'll be right back.”

As Charlotte strutted off to retrieve Percy's newest form of imprisonment, he turned and shuffled over to the comfy looking couch. Oh, to lay on that couch would be so wonderful after hours spent shuttered in a dog cage! Perhaps she would let him once this formality was done with. He bent down and let his torso lower onto the armrest. The still open flap at his bottom let in cool air. His ass, flaccid penis and scrotum felt the breeze he wished the rest of his sweaty body could experience.

The mystery Domme returned swiftly and the sound of new packaging being opened cracked and snapped behind Percy. At least he wouldn't be fitted with a device that had been used on the other Sparky.

“You're in luck” she announced, confirming his suspicion. “I've been saving this one for my boyfriend, and he's a big guy down there, like you. I haven't worked my bull up to accepting chastity yet, but I will eventually. A woman's slave and side piece should both be locked away, don't you think?”

“Mppph.” Percy muttered in agreement, despite having no real opinion on the issue. He just wanted to get this over with as quickly as possible. His mitts pressed down on the sofa cushions as he stood with his legs spread. Charlotte gave his tail a gentle tug, testing the sturdiness of the plug in his ass. She chuckled at his predicament before seizing his manhood and going to work.

Her warm hands guided him and were soon replaced with the feel of cold steel slipping over his glans and the up the length of his shaft. It took several minutes to fully slide the device into place and make the proper adjustments so it fit perfectly. Percy winced several times from the frosty touch and increasing tightness of the cruel toy. Charlotte was skilled in the use of chastity cages and finished her work in record time.

CLICK

With a final twist, the chastity device was locked. Charlotte took the key and wandered off, hiding it somewhere before returning to her position just behind Percy. She seized the zipper at the bottom of his suit and pulled it back up, re-sealing him in full body leather. Only his pup tail remained jutting out from the small, designer hole at the base.

“Alright, slave. You may stand again.”

Percy rose from the sofa slowly, still getting used to the feeling of having a metal cage locked around his crotch. The combination of ball gag, chastity cage, gimp suit and dog mitts was an overwhelming

combination that made him feel completely out of control of his own body. He would be free of the gag soon, hopefully, but it hardly mattered. He would still be at Charlotte's mercy.

She reached to the harness around his hood and began unstrapping the horrible thing. After considerable fiddling, the leather finally loosened and the gag slid from Percy's lips with a wet slurp. Saliva ran from his mouth, drizzling all over his leather suit and body harness. Charlotte pulled the device away and took it to her kitchen where she set it down on some laid out paper towels. She returned moments later with a cold bottle of spring water. The big woman uncapped the beverage and brought it to Percy's lips.

"Here you go. Drink up!"

"Thank you, Ma'am. If you help me out of these mitts, I can drink it myself..."

"**No.** I don't even like taking the gag off, but in this circumstance it seems prudent. The rest of your stuff stays on until you're re-crated and they take you back."

"You don't like taking the gag off, but you don't mind putting a cage on my dick?"

"That's right. Now open up."

"You're gonna take it off before I leave, right?"

Charlotte lowered the bottled water. "I could put that gag back on, if you're not gonna do what you're told."

"**No!** Please... I'm sorry. I'm very thirsty, please.. Miss Charlotte?"

She raised the drink again and tipped it forward into Percy's waiting lips. The cold water rushed into his mouth and he gulped it down eagerly. The sixteen ounces of liquid refreshment funneled into his stomach in record time. Percy gasped when the feeding was done. Charlotte smiled as she pulled the empty bottle away.

"Are you hungry?" She asked as she walked back to the kitchen. "I have cookies in the shape of doggy treats, if you'd like some."

"No, thank you!" Percy called after her. "I'll wait till I get home."

"Suit yourself" the big woman replied as she tossed the bottle in the recycling. "It might be a while, though..." She returned again, her square heels knocking off the hardwood floor as she sauntered back into the living room. "Why don't you have a seat and stretch out? I'm sure you're tired after your day at the club."

Percy looked at the couch and back at Charlotte. He didn't need to be invited a second time. "Very much so, Ma'am. Thank you!"

He collapsed onto the full length of the sofa and sighed in blissful relaxation. Sure, he was locked in leather bondage, his dick was caged and he was being held hostage by a total stranger, but at least he wasn't on his knees or stuck in a dog crate anymore. He stared at the ceiling, his vision hazy as

Charlotte picked up her remote and turned the TV on. She surfed around her favorite streaming service, finding something to watch as Percy nearly dozed off.

He was about to fall asleep when Percy saw something that brought him back to full, immediate alertness. After setting down the remote, Charlotte reached down and lifted her dress. She hiked it up smoothly with one hand. With the other, she pulled her leggings down, revealing the massive surface of her fleshy, white ass cheeks. A pair of satin, purple underwear was all that remained, covering scant little of her giant bottom.

“You didn't think my hospitality was free, did you?” She asked over her shoulder. “Scoot down a little further, slave. You have work to do.”

Percy's heartbeat surged and his body heat ratcheted up another notch in his already sweaty suit of clingy leather. He followed her command on instinct, his gaze never leaving her enormous ass as he shimmied down and placed his head directly on the center of the sofa's first cushion.

“Y-Yes, Mistress” he replied, as if in a trance.

“That's more like it” she cooed while pulling down her sleek undergarment. The full, plump enormity of Charlotte's shelf-ass came into view like a moon glowing softly in the heavens.

Without another word, that moon crashed to the Earth and Percy was immersed in a nirvana of succulent flesh. His hooded head was plastered into the bottom of the sofa, smothered in Charlotte's curvaceous bottom as he extended his tongue and began his new task earnestly. He traced her crack up and down, moving his neck muscles the little he could as he blew hot breath against her warm taint and licked her derriere lovingly.

Charlotte's skin was amazingly smooth and well moisturized, but that wasn't the most startling facet of Percy's new environment. What was most surprising was the wonderful smell. There was no foul odor to be found in Charlotte's darkness. Instead, there was the deep and abiding scent of strawberries. Percy had noticed it faintly each time she drew close, but now, as he painted her ass lovingly with his tongue, it became clear that it wasn't perfume. It was some kind of cream or lotion she used.

“Ooooooh... very good, slut! Get that tongue up there!” Charlotte moaned as she shimmied on his face and pressed his head more firmly into the sofa. “**Worship my ass!** Lick it good, pup!!!”

She grabbed Percy by the wrists and held his arms to either side, locking them down as she rode his face. Charlotte muttered pleasurable nothings as she grew comfortable on her new face-seat and bathed in the bliss of all-controlling Queening. Her half-open eyes gazed at the TV, but she paid little attention to the story as Percy's skilled tongue worked all over her bottom, kissing, licking and sucking at every spot and crevice.

For the next two hours, Percy got only occasional breaks from her sweltering bottom to breathe fresh air and give his weary tongue a rest. For most of the early evening, he remained below Charlotte's thick posterior probing, licking and memorizing every detail of a total stranger's ass.

* * * * *

Percy limped from the bathroom following a blissfully hot shower. He was glad to at last be free of his leather bondage and pup accessories. They were laid out in his den, still drying from their recent use. They would require a thorough cleaning tomorrow before being stored. Sadly, one toy remained on his body; the cock cage that Charlotte had sealed him in. Percy wasn't even surprised when he found himself back in the dog cage with the metal housing still locked around his dick. It was a fitting end to the most insane day of his life.

He lumbered into the bedroom and found Lindsey in bed, reading a book. He shuffled toward his side of the bed and the bubbly redhead looked up. She studied Percy's bound cock and grinned. You'd think most women would be upset if a stranger locked their boyfriend's dick away, but Lindsey seemed downright excited by the predicament.

She sat up and pulled back the cover before Percy collapsed beside her. Lindsey set her book down on the night stand and turned to face him. She propped up her head with one hand as the other traced Percy's chest up and down. They said nothing for a few moments as the stress and fatigue of the day slowly drained from Percy's body and he started to drift off.

"I had a really good time today" Lindsey said softly. "I hope you did too."

"It was... enlightening" Percy muttered with closed eyes.

"I can't believe you let that woman put a cage on you! I was going to ease you into chastity play, but you went ahead and jumped right in."

"Baby, I told you, I didn't have much choice. It was that or wear the gag the whole time I was waiting. I was dyin' of thirst."

"Okay. But why didn't you remind her to take it off before you left?"

Percy sat up and raised his arms in protest. "When those Ishtar women came back, they ganged up on me! I couldn't get a word in edgewise! They had the gag back in my mouth before I knew it!"

Lindsey let out a long, lilting laugh. She was loving every bizarre moment of this sordid affair. It was enough to make Percy wonder if the *mix-up* was really a mistake at all, or if this was Club Ishtar's way of helping its members spice things up. Lindsey wouldn't have requested something like that without telling him... Would she?

"Well, in any case, you're probably gonna be wearing that thing for a while. Unless you can find this Charlotte again. Or a locksmith who doesn't mind working on locked-up dicks!" She giggled as she uttered the last few words.

Percy groaned and ran a hand down his face. "You think the Club would help us find her?"

"Give out a member's private information? I highly doubt it. No, we'll have to find her on our own. I'm sure if we keep going to Ishtar, we'll bump into her eventually. Do you remember anything else about her? Aside from what she looks like?"

"She smelled like strawberries..." he answered wistfully.

Lindsey's eyebrows raised as she noted the longing in his voice. "Strawberries, huh?" Her expression shifted from mild annoyance to smug deviousness. "Don't forget, we know she's into pup play. That means if we keep going to pup play events, we'll have the best chance of finding her. Maybe if my *Sparky* sniffs enough asses, he'll catch the scent again! Hmmm?"

Percy turned. His girlfriend was wearing the most mischievous grin he'd ever seen across her round face. It became crystal clear to him in that moment. The leather dog mask and mitts. His new gimp suit. The thick butt plug with the fuzzy tail at the end. They would all be seeing a lot of use.

In the middle of his pondering, Lindsey leaned over and kissed him deeply.

"I love you, boo."

Percy smiled for the first time in the long, arduous day that was mercifully coming to an end. "I love you too, baby."

Lindsey leaned to the other side and was about to turn off her reading light when she stopped just short. "Oh, I almost forgot. I got some great news today!"

"What's that?"

"One of my best friends is getting married soon. We got a wedding to attend!"

* * * * *

"Oh my god! Finally!" Mary squealed in joy. Her smile beamed as she held the phone to her ear. "I'm so happy for you two!"

"Thanks" Heather spoke from the other end. "You'll have an official invitation coming in the mail soon, but I couldn't wait to give you a heads up. I want you and Markus to have a big role in the proceedings!"

Mary hadn't known Heather for long, but after meeting her at the club and realizing that her boyfriend was the same Darius that Markus had mentioned several times, they became fast friends. They'd shared many stories of the trials and tribulations they put their slutty submissives through. After a few drinks and a series of amusing anecdotes, it felt like they'd known each other forever.

"I'm honored, and I'm sure he will be too. Do you want me to let him know?"

"Oh, no need. I think we should let Darius tell him. They're best friends after all and it's about time we let them get on the same page."

"True" Mary responded as she watched Markus from across the room. "My little bottom bitch has kept his secrets long enough."

She peered into the living room where Markus was on his knees, giving one of Mary's guests a foot

massage. The former ladies man was in his maid dress, as usual, serving at the beck and call of half a dozen older women.

“Exactly. Its time for them to bond over their mutual interests. It'll help prepare them for the wedding.”

“Agreed! Listen, I'd love to chat more, but I'm in the middle of TV night with the girls. How bout I give you a call back when I get the invite and we can discuss it in detail. Maybe even get some dinner?”

“That sounds great! Thanks, Mary! Please, do go and enjoy. We'll talk again soon.”

“Will do. Again, congrats! I'm so excited!!! Byyyeeeee!”

Mary ended the call and set her phone on the kitchen table. She retrieved her drink and stalked back into the living room to find her friends giving Markus a tough time.

“Hey, my drink is empty again! Get moving, **Maisy!**”

“Yes, Ma'am!” Markus answered, quickly rising to his feet. He grabbed the glass before heading for the kitchen. “Right away!”

SMACK

One of the ladies hands streaked out to lambaste his bottom as he walked by. Another reached over and pinched the same cheek that had just been slapped. This caused Markus to move even faster. The frilly edges of his maid attire bristled as he strutted the fastest he could in high heels. The women laughed and hooted as they watched him scurry off. They never grew tired of groping him and making jokes at his expense.

Anticipating their demands, Markus prepared a second full round of drinks for the ladies and filled a few more bowls with snacks. He set them neatly on a serving tray and balanced it carefully as he walked back into the den of riled up women. They were watching some cheesy drama and making lewd comments about the male characters in between laughs and rounds of applause.

Markus set the tray down on the coffee table and they turned their attention back to him.

“That's more like it. Good girl, Maisy!”

“Well done, sissy!”

“What a well behaved maid you've trained, Mary!”

“Thank you, dear. He's coming along nicely, isn't he?”

“Very much so.”

“Don't you mean *she*?”

“He. She. Sissy boy. Serving girl. Same difference!”

“Say, now that his main duties are taken care of for a while, can we put that tongue of his to work?”

“Yeah, I'd love to feel that pretty mouth on my ass again! It's about time, isn't it?”

Mary chuckled. “Of course. That's what he's here for. Maisy, lay down on the sofa and do what you do best.”

The three women sitting on the couch rose from their seats and stood aside, making way for Markus. He nodded to Mary as he walked over and prepared to take his place.

“Yes, Mistress.”

He sat down on the middle seat before stretching out and laying across the full length of the sofa. His silk, satin and nylon clad body was a thin, slight vessel compared to the thick bodies and plus-sized rears of Mary's many friends. The one standing in the first position, just above Markus' head, pulled her pants down, leaving only a thin pair of silky undergarments covering her crack and waist.

The three women took their seats again, leaning back and pressing their monstrous mounds of flesh into Markus' helpless form. Several hundred pounds of hefty mature female crushed him into the sofa, not the least of which was the giant ass lowering onto his face. He was cast into darkness and the sounds of the world were muted as Markus found himself, once again, buried in matronly rump.

He went to work at once, licking, kissing and sucking at her flesh as the woman reached below and pulled the center strip of her panties aside. Markus tongued her obediently, despite the growing indignance in his mind. He did everything they asked and yet they were so mean. He loved serving Mary, but even more than her own harsh treatment of him, Mistress seemed to get off by watching her friends abuse him nonchalantly.

The worst part was how Markus reacted. He couldn't help himself, no matter how nasty they treated him. His cock grew stiff in its steel cage as it pressed into the bottom of the lady sitting in the center of the sofa. His bottom half went numb as the final woman's heft molded around his flesh-locked legs.

Markus knew he would be there for much of the night as the women rotated and each enjoyed a lengthy turn of face-sitting and getting their ass licked. He heard them chatting and laughing above, enjoying their program as they ate, drank and enjoyed the lengthy session of casual domination.

This was his life now and Markus knew there was no going back.

* * * * *

10:48 PM

DARIUS

Hey bro, you home yet?

I'm staying at Mary's place tonight. Free to chat though. We just chillin before bed right now.

Cool, cool. You busy this Saturday? Was hoping we could hang out and get a drink. Got something I wanted to talk to you about.

Something important?

It's about the wedding.

Ah, shit! I knew it! Had to happen sooner or later.

Yep. The time has come.

Unreal. I guess I'll be planning a bachelor party soon?

Something like that...

Of course, I'm here for you man. Want to hit up Dango's, just like the old days?

Yeah, that works. How does 7 o'clock sound?

Sounds good. I'll see you then. Have a good night.

You too, man.

* * * * *

Darius turned off his phone and plugged it into the charger for the night. Heather was in the living room, still playing with her device. She'd been making calls all evening, spoiling the surprise for most

of her best friends. It made Darius wonder why they'd gone to all the trouble of preparing fancy invitations. They were piled up on a table in the hallway, ready to be mailed out tomorrow. There was no going back now. The countdown to the wedding had begun.

His pink heels clicked as he walked into the living room and presented himself to his Queen. The white satin gloves and socks meshed nicely with the light pink dress Heather had picked out for him. It had lacy white ruffles along the skirt's three layers of petticoats and a small white apron tied around his waist. Between the stockings and arm-gloves, Darius' dark skin was barely visible through the layers of white silk. Only his face stood out in stark contrast to his outfit.

His classic maid cap bounced as he entered the room and curtsied before Heather.

“The invitations are all done, Mistress. And I messaged Markus. We made plans for Saturday night. I'll let him know then. What the wedding is really going to be like.”

Heather finished typing and set her phone aside. “Good. A solid start, though we still have to break the news to your parents. That's gonna be the tricky part.”

“Indeed, my love. We'll do it together. If we ease them into it, they'll come around.”

“I'm sure you're right. You ready for bed, Pookie?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“I'm gonna grab a quick shower. Go remove your dress and get into your nightgown. I want you face down, ass up on the bed when I get there. You've done well today, slut. I think you've earned another pounding with *Moby Dick*.”

Darius smiled. “Thank you, my Goddess!” he said with a respectful bow.

“Oh, and Dana?”

“Yes, Mistress?”

“Pick out a cock gag from the toy chest. No less than five inches. I want you stuffed at both ends, tonight.”