

## An Obedient Pup

Obey

Listen

Stay

The voice in my head continued to grow louder and stronger while my own became lost within the deep chasm of my mind. The voice carved out pieces of my brain and personality which left me blank. It filled me with ideas, with wants, with needs, with emotions that I could not understand. It made my body awkward to move and hard to stand erect. Increasingly, I found comfort positioned on all fours and moving in that manner. Words began harder to form and were soon exchanged for growls of disagreement and moans of enjoyment. My tongue felt weird, longer, slimier even, and felt like it should constantly hang from my mouth, and a constant stream of drool fell to the floor while I panted. My body felt tight as it was encased in a sleek material that full encompassed every inch of my skin, and my face was hidden behind some sort of mask. The features were large and bulky, but I could not make them out due to the restrictive nature mitts that were bound around my hands.

My days were filled with waiting, until a deep voice would bark for me to come. I would hear his heavy footsteps approach me. I could smell the musk in the air as he entered the room. Who was this person? What had he done to me? And why did I feel this need to be appreciated by him? I cried for answers, but only animalistic barks fell from my lips. But the voice did not just restrict me and demand my obedience, it touched me in my ways I could not understand. The unknown man's hand glided over the covering of my body and it was like electricity wherever his fingers laid. My body begged him his attention and for his touch. His hand would never initiate anything sexual for me but it would make feel so sexually invigorated that I couldn't help myself. He would never open my bindings or release my cock but I couldn't help but an orgasm quickly followed every one of our sessions. When he would leave me alone I would wander around in the darkness until I found something soft. I would mount the unknown object and hump until I felt release. I never knew how long it continued; seconds, minutes, possibly even hours?. The mindlessness that ran my body forced me to become this thing I no longer knew.

Soon enough I did not even recognize the difference between the voices that commanded me within my mind and my own. They had become so intermingled I lost who I was before; did I ever stand on two feet? Was I ever able to speak? Did I ever have hands to move? No, all of it seemed too

farfetched to be real. I was a pet. I was a plaything. I was a toy for this man, and knew I was nothing without him. And when the day he removed the cover from my eyes I saw my reflection and saw that I had become not only his toy, but man's best friend.