

Kinktober #28 Possession/Leash

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

She used to own me. In many ways, all bosses own their employees. We follow their orders, we do their bidding, we are disposable. Mere commodities.

I had been her secretary for two years. Two years of ridicule, humiliation and copious amounts of patience. "It'll be worth it" I said to myself. When the time comes, you'll get your promotion, your own office, your own rules. But when that time finally came, only thing she gave me was a termination form. "I'm sorry Ginny, I'm afraid I've found someone else to fulfill your duties". Bitch had just replaced me with another doe-eyed girl looking to ascend the corporate ladder.

I might have...overreacted to this turn of events, I admit. But I now have found a peace that would never be gained otherwise. Walking down the steps of my basement, holding a black, leather leash in my hand, I know that karma has been maintained. I am the one who owns her, now.

As I unlock the basement door, I hear a pitiful, gagged whine from the other side, reacting to my keys. I love hearing that, it immediately feels me with a sense of power. Probably how she must have felt when she was borderline abusing me at work.

Only source of light here is the little hopper window, just above the level of my yard. My bitch is not chained, here; I let her roam around, since the room is completely empty, save from her water and food bowls and a large doggy bed.

"Come, we're going for a walk" I announce sternly, looking at her form, hidden in shadow and cowering on one corner of the dark basement. "Right...now" I let my words linger, signaling my threat. The bitch finally, albeit hesitantly, begins crawling towards me. She has been with me only for a week, but has already learned that disobeying means bad news for her. A good start, though she has a looong way to go.

Though I've always like black dogs, my former boss' dark complexion is only a happy coincidence. Me being a girl white as snow might give our relationship some racial tension, but I don't care about any of that crap. This cunt has already given me all the tension I needed.

Her arms are folded in half, stashed inside sheath/binders of thick, black leather. Her hands are also rendered useless, locked inside black leather mittens, whose ends are connected securely behind the nape of her neck. Her legs are similarly bound, folded at the knees with a couple of leg-binders that go up to cover her dark-brown thighs. All these binders are secured additionally with a couple of rows of leather belts around them. Even though her pesky feet pose a bit of an obstacle to her pretty, tight ass, I like the setup I have her in, it is equal parts utilitarian and degrading. I like how helpless she feels in it, and how lower than my level hers is. Her constant nudity is also a given, dogs don't need clothes after all, no matter what these suburban airheaded housewives might try to convince you. Her C-cup titties now swing freely with every crawling motion she makes, which is a fun sight by itself.

"Come on, Betsy. Good girl!" I pat her between the two big, puffy round pigtails, of her dark-brown, curly hair, once she reaches me. Bethany was her past, human name. Betsy fits her much better, now. Treating someone like this sounds ridiculous, especially a 32-year-old woman, 10 years my senior. But this isn't a human, in my mind. 32 years is what? 5 bitch-years?

The black woman's green-brown eyes look at me, peeking over her black, leather snout mask, with both fear and anger and how humiliatingly I'm treating her. That pendulum will gradually shift from the later to the former as time goes by, I have no doubt.

I make a quick visual check on her. I see droplets of sweat all across her exposed body parts, most likely from exerting her strength attempting to break through her bondage. She's filthy, collecting a lot of the basement dust, too, but I've sponge-washed her two days ago, so I'm not bothering again with cleaning her for another 2-3 days. Her pretty back, from shoulder-blades to her waist, is covered with numerous horizontal welts. The 5 fresh marks from yesterday are not fully healed yet, all the salty sweaty must make them sting. That's her problem; whenever she goes into these temper tantrums, I get my withe and teach her a lesson. She has to know she can't be making her bad mood anyone else's problem, anymore.

With a soft, metal click, I clip the end of the leash on the D-ring of her leather collar.

"MMmNhhnngghh!" she whines again, causing more drool to drip from the sides of her thick ball-gag, some running down her naked chest, most falling down the rough, cement floor. I ignore her. Hidden from sight, the gag is attached on the dog mask, which is snugly buckled behind her head with two straps. I never take it off, except for meal time. Don't need hearing her yapper anymore, after two years of overdosing on her voice. With the lower half of her face covered, it's those pitiful eyes that tell me everything I need to know about my unwilling pet.

Since the useless bitch cannot even go up the stairs with her little stump-legs, I've placed a narrow steel plank on the side of the basement's steps as a ramp. I walked on the step-side, pulling my pet by her leashed collar. She groans a bit, she doesn't yet keep up with me at the pace I want. "Quicker" I order, pulling hard at her leash again, momentarily choking her.

We move upstairs and through my living room, then the hall, towards the entrance. I take her on walks two times a day, sometimes once, depending on my mood and free time. Going through the indoors of my house, I watch her from the corner of my eye; she's very anxious, turning her face left and right, searching for things she can use to maybe free herself someday, though never stopping following me alongside. So adorable.

We go outside. Betsy strains her eyes, trying to adjust to the strong natural light, after so many hours in darkness. The sun bounces beautifully off her dark-brown, sweat-glistening skin. My cottage is in a rather remote part of the countryside. There's little grass, mostly a few trees amongst dry flora, surrounding my mesh fence. There's only a highway, about a kilometer in the distance, down the hillside and a smaller dirt-road, about 200 meters away from here, also lower in height. "Come on" I pull on Betsy's leash but she doesn't budge. She has a tough time walking outside. I think it's her nudity that makes her hesitant. Even though the cars passing by from the highway have no way of seeing us. Stupid bitch...

"Do I need to get the withy?" I asked her in a suggestive manner and she followed me right along. Good girl. A jogger appears running along the dirt road. "MMMGGghghhhh, HHHHLLLPPP MMMM!" I hear her moaning suddenly, still perched on my side. "What did I say about barking?" I tug sharply at her collar, momentarily cutting the air from my riled up pet. She cries some more and then stops, looking up at me with defeated eyes. The jogger has no idea that an abducted woman was just calling out to him.

We reach an old, wrinkly tree and it's there that her perseverance gives up. She closes her eyes, to not see herself, and lifting one of her back legs, pisses on the base of the tree trunk. I know she absolutely hates doing this in front of me, but she has been locked in the basement since yesterday noon, and she surely won't dare piss on my floor, not after the caning she got last time. "Nice jooob Betsy, good girl!" I coo her while urine is still leaving her urethra and then I pet her on the head once she has emptied her bladder. She appears mortified, by the look on her eyes, but doesn't utter a pip. I walk her for 5 more minutes, in case she wants to shit as well. She seems determined not to, this time. Oh, well; it's not like I haven't seen her. I hear her panting behind the mask/gag, so it's probably time to head back.

Inside the house, I toss the loop on the end of the leash under one of my couch's legs, hitching Betsy there, as I go to pour myself a glass of water. I don't trust her yet to leave her unleashed. My pet looks at me utterly thirsty, but she'll get fed and watered downstairs, not here. I drop on the couch, opening the TV and clenching my thirst. Betsy stays silent, looking down at the floor, on all fours, while some silly reality show plays. Good girl.

I spent the next 20 minutes enjoying my brain-numbing show, while my black bitch shuffles her folded limbs a bit inside their leather encasing, something she often does when she has nothing to do. Which is often. At one point, she looks at me and puts her front "paws" on the couch, moaning something incoherent, but I know begging when I hear it now. "HEY! What did I say about getting up?" I scolded her. Sofas, couches and beds are off limits for her. Maybe in the far future she will gain such privileges, but for now, it's only the floor for her.

Well, when I made a mistake as her secretary, ridicule and shame worked wonders in making me much more thorough. The shame rules must apply here, naturally. I get up in a flash, Betsy audibly yelping with each breath, knowing already she is in trouble. I open my kitchen drawer and pull out 2 pairs of chop sticks and a roll of thin black tape. "Roll on your back" I snap at her and she whimpers more. She doesn't like this position, since it is hard to get up from it and it exposes her naked body even more. "That's it, I'm getting the wither" I act like waking towards the big, elastic cane stashed against one wall, but Betsy moans pathetically and submissively while shaking her head and immediately assumes the ordered position, signaling to me that this (the cane) isn't necessary.

I put a foot on either side of her sprawled, artificially quadruped body and squat over it. I pinch her perky dark nipple between my fingers and I enjoy seeing her use all her willpower to not react. I place one chop stick over and one under the nipple, then I wrap the tape with all my strength around both edges of the sticks, trapping the nipple in-between. "GGGNNNNh...hhh!" she moans from the pain but to my pleasant surprise, doesn't struggle to get me off her. She knows it can get worse. I repeat my handiwork to the other nipple, putting in another relentless, chopstick vice. "If you give me trouble again today, I'll put another in your clit" I warn her and she simply looks at me puppy-eyed.

I don't know if what I threatened is even possible with these chopsticks, but the imagery is enough to keep Betsy docile until my show is over. Though I was certain she was counting to ten over and over, to take her mind off the horrible, unyielding pain. I could see her pacing in place on the edge of my couch, it was so funny. She sometimes tried to pull them off with her useless folded arms but every-time she ended up only hurting herself more and so she gave up.

30 minutes later, I take Betsy back downstairs, still with her nipples clamped and pulsating with pain. I fill up her water bowl and empty a can of wet dog food on her bowl. I then reach behind my pet's head and undo the two straps of her mask. I don't like doing this, but I haven't found a better way to feed her, thus far. Every day she talks back; the first 3-4 days we had threats of me being put behind bars until I rot, the last ones are more reserved, less talkative, but still menacing. As the giant black ball is pulled off her mouth along with the snout-mask, the woman dives her face right over the water bowl, drinking sloppily. I watch her, and for the first time, I have this weird, parental feeling. I hate this woman with all my heart, but there is something about this nurturing moment, where I provided for this helpless, vulnerable creature, that resonated with me. I'm taking care of her right now, and all the pain and punishments I give her, is so that we can live harmoniously together.

Betsy hasn't eaten since yesterday, so she starts eating the beef dog food, with much less restraint than the previous times. I softly stroke her wetted back, as she eats from her bowl. I remember her

breaking my balls over her lunch order countless times, always being very particular about her orders. She doesn't appear that picky now, munching on the disgusting rectangular pieces of dog food, getting the watery "sauce" of the can all over her chin. She has figured out to leave some of her water to somewhat cleanse her palette.

As I'm stroking her back, my hand runs down to her naked ass and I can't help but steal a squeeze. Steal? This is my animal. I do with it what I want. "Ooooh, please" I hear Bethany's voice from the "other end". She's not cursing at me, she's not being hostile at all, but she doesn't like what I'm doing. "Meal time's up" I mumble, shoving the snout-gag over the woman's face and strapping it tightly amongst whimpering moans. She hasn't finished her food, but I don't care. I don't like hearing her voice. It is too...human. I might have to cut her vocal chords or something. We'll see.

I leave Betsy with her nipples clamped. She moans pleadingly for me to remove them, but I've already made my way up the stairs. She tries to go up the ramp, not wanting to stay with this pain until I return. It might be until night-time, but it might be tomorrow morning. "Stay!" I turn and yell at her and she stops in her tracks, defeated, silent, as I close the basement door.