

The Dog Who Was
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This story may make more sense if you read my other stories, "The Weekend", "The Deer Hunters", "The Woods" series (although not really), and "Aras".

Caution: horror torture-porn ahead.

You are a dog.

You do not know where you are. There is a hole in your memory extending from a night in your own home, until you woke up just moments ago.

You are naked. You are sitting in an examination chair, your legs spread by stirrup boots, ankles buckled into place. Your arms are held up with the hands equal to the sides of your head, elbows bent, wrists buckled down to similar stirrup cups. Your waist is strapped to the chair. You are muzzled by a leather muzzle.

You are in a room that is designed like an operating theater, but the pale green walls have been replaced by black painted cinderblock, and there are no attendants, assistants, nurses. You cannot see the entire room because of pads that keep your head looking generally upwards.

Someone walks into the room. You can hear it. You cannot see them. You turn your head to look at them, but you can still only see the same view of the ceiling and room in front of you.

Your view suddenly jostles and spins. You are watching a video feed, through goggles. Now you see who entered the room. In a very general sense, they look like a fox, with the correct ear and muzzle proportions. They have no tail. They have no fur, because their body is covered in a black, armored rubber suit and a helmet hood that looks like a gas mask. Your first impression is that they are wearing a movie costume, one that you do not recognize.

The view then twists away from the strange figure, to your own sheathed cock and balls. "You are in this chair to expose everything that you hold dear as a male. Does that make you uncomfortable?"

You grunt.

"You can speak more clearly than that, even through a muzzle."

You try to say, Yes. You actually say, Yuh.

"That is not good enough."

The figure's black gloved hand grabs onto your sheath and twists it. You hear a muted crack. You scream into the muzzle and urinate all over yourself, almost splashing the camera before the figure pulls it away. The video feed is in color. You see blood stream out of your injured organ.

Then you realize that you do not feel any pain from it. The initial shock had stung you into your bones, but now, you only feel warmth from your own urine.

The camera pans around to show a second dog. This dog is similarly strapped down to an examination chair, but his head is visible, with goggles strapped on, and a leather muzzle over his snout. His sheath and balls are perfectly intact. You are that dog.

"Do you remember what I just did? Do you remember doing it? You did it many times. Dogs make popular soldiers, and all hybrid dogs have canine equipment. Do you remember anything?" The figure removes your muzzle. When the figure mentions 'soldiers', your mind slips back into a familiar groove. You do not attempt to answer the question.

"I asked you a question. I suggest you answer it. Unlike this dog-" The figure turns the handheld camera to show the other canine, a very similar German Shepherd to yourself, bleeding and quivering, "You are long for this world. He is not. He is soon to die. Do not worry about whether I have decided to kill him. He has decided to kill himself. I have just made the process more unpleasant to unsettle you. Do you remember torturing fifteen other dogs?"

You remember torturing fifteen other dogs. It was actually twenty, but only fifteen of them were soldiers. You also remember your SERE training. You do not tell the figure about your memories, or the discrepancy. You only say, "My name is Kyle Blake, United States Marine Corps Force Recon, Master Sergeant, 987-65-4320."

The figure sets the camera down on a mount so that it can see you and him from an isomorphic perspective. "I do not need to know your name, rank, or your social security number. They are irrelevant. I do know them already, but they are irrelevant. You are irrelevant. You are a dog. Do you know what it means to be a dog?"

The figure leaves your side and busies himself about the room. You can hear him, but you cannot see anything. You can see yourself breathing in the chair. You are wet. You can smell your own urine. You can hear breathing as well, and not your own. A rhythmic dark huff, from the figure as he does unseen things. A much less rhythmic, almost gasping sound from someone else. The other dog. As minutes pass, the gasping breaths turn into a sound similar to the reflexive heaving inhalations that come after a bout of emotional crying. Then, with a clucking sound, they stop. A wet dripping sound come after a few more seconds. Then that stops, too.

"Of course, you are trained not to answer questions. This is not a military matter. You are not in the military any more, so why would it be? I am from this country. I am not affiliated with any of the forces you disrespected to get kicked out. But of course, you will be a Marine until you die. I understand. That does not excuse you from being a dog."

The figure comes back into view. He is holding a simple leather belt. A fox, a leather belt. You remember something. The memory does not fill you with fear. You do not feel fear. The memory fills you with dread, because you know what this black figure is doing.

"The domesticated dog is just that, a slave to humanity, an animal whose purpose is to bring pleasure to humans, bring pain to humans, to hunt, to provide company, to attack intruders. The domesticated dog has no purpose other than to serve humanity." The figure steps behind you. If you had your own eyes to see, you would not be able to see him. With the camera positioned like a security camera, you can watch him take the belt and wrap it around your neck, then feed the tail through the buckle.

Your heart rate quickens. With only the touch of leather to your throat, you tense up, almost choking yourself. This might be what being scared feels like.

"Being a slave is pitiful, so much so that the entirety of Catholic faith is predicated on the fact that God created humans as slaves in his image and allowed them free will so they could choose to serve him instead of being forced. I am not particularly religious, but it is a very clear part of the society we live in. You are a slave because you are a dog. You cannot stop being a slave. And your kind of dog is only used for ill. For herding animals to eat. For protecting law enforcement and the military. For guarding human things. For attacking. And you have no one to tell you whom to attack now that you have been dismissed from the military."

The figure wraps his hand around the tail of the belt and pulls. It tightens around your neck with a creak. You fight against it, but you can only squirm in the restraints. You try to thrash, but you cannot. You try to grab at the belt, but you cannot. The restraints would hold someone much, much stronger than you. It is hard to breathe. It is harder to get blood to your head. Your face feels like it will explode, your sinuses swell, your eyes feel like they are swelling, your tongue flops out of your mouth. The figure pulls harder. The belt creaks again. Sound in the room dissolves into a hiss, the rush of blood trying to get to your head. Your vision turns noisy and solarized, then fades and fades and-

The video feed into the goggles reappears like the reverse of movie film burning through. The rush of fresh blood to your head makes you almost euphoric. The belt slides off your neck. The figure loops it up and whips you across the sheath. It hurts, but it almost feels good. Sadism does not come without a sense of masochism, and you are a sadist.

"You do not look broken. You have resolve. Does that come from being a dog, a marine, a human, or a psychopath? I have broken the os penis of another dog as a surrogate for your own, allowed him to die next to you - which would have happened anyway - and strangled you until you almost passed out. Yet, you do not speak, yell, or try to escape this chair. Is that because you know you cannot escape it? I will not remove your restraints. If this building starts on fire, I will simply leave."

You become irritated at the figure, more than any other emotion. He is smug, pretentious, and does not use contractions when speaking.

The figure approaches you with a hollow, dull yellow tube. Without announcing his intentions, he milks your cock out of your sheath and starts shoving the tube into it. It is clearly lubricated, but the sensation feels like fire spraying into your urethra. You groan and choke but do not yell. You do

not speak.

Despite the burning sensation, you grow an erection, from the masochism and also from the sheer sensation in such a sexual place. You have wondered in the past why this happens in other people, as you did it to them. You now have the answer. The acute burn fades into a stranger sensation, as if humming electricity is crawling around inside your groin, and the sexual pleasure rises to an uncomfortable swell. The tube must be passing into your prostate, and then the end of it erupts with a stream of yellow urine. The tube is thick, and you piss hard. Your vision spots and you almost drop into a faint before coming around, hands and feet stinging with the hot prickles of low blood pressure.

The figure leaves the field of view, then returns with an enormous plastic syringe. An irrigator. He meets the tip with the catheter and starts pushing the plunger in, as your last spurt of piss comes out. "I often enjoy this type of play in a consensual context. Medical procedures are very intimate. They violate your body. Sex violates your body. One of your parts goes inside someone else. This water contains a small amount of menthol."

It's warm, and soon your bladder feels like it's going to stretch, triggering the knee-knocking feeling of piss need. You cannot knock your knees together. They only bump against the stirrup boot tops, again and again. The figure pinches the tube and withdraws it from your cock.

You nearly orgasm. Perhaps you fully orgasm - you certainly make the appropriate noises. You groan and huff and nearly howl as the vulpine figure withdraws the catheter, and then you're left with that full, throbbing sensation. The intensity grows and grows until you truly howl.

"Urinate," the figure commands. You do not. The piss need turns into a dull cramp, then a sharp cramp, the internal gut-twisting companion to the common calf charlie-horse had while sleeping.

The figure steps out of the frame again, then returns while holding something black. He squeezes it and it crackles to life. You watch electrical sparks not only leap between the two end prongs, but around a spiral the entire length of the stun baton. Then he hits you across the balls with it. The jolt first just convulses your body, but then another, and another. The electrical convulsion quickly gives way to horrific, lancing pain that makes you nearly vomit. When left to pant for a few seconds, you finally let go of your urine.

Fire. Absolute fire. You might as well be urinating hot sand. Any vestige of sexual stimulation dies on the vine. The pain is so intense that you squeal and your eyes immediately tear up. For five seconds or so, you actually bawl tears, before the intense wrongness of the searing internal pain pushes even emotion out of your mind.

It slowly recedes, leaving your cock stinging and your body quivering with the euphoria of endogenous opiates. Then you tense your pubic muscles and the gut-churning pain returns in a wave. If you were human, you would break out in a cold sweat. As you are a canine hybrid, only your muzzle sweats.

"Dogs are partly responsible for my current state. Can you see me well?" The vulpine figure takes the camera and moves it so the focus is on him, not your body. "I am disfigured. I disfigured myself, while attempting to atone for negligence and complicity in the destruction of a purely innocent wild life. The tool of that destruction was a dog, trained by a human. You should be glad that you are not that particular human. I understand that humans are individuals, so I do not wish to destroy all of them. If I had the option, I would flay that particular one, and only as the start of his torture." While he talks, the figure moves over to the cart he had wheeled over and begins preparing a syringe. This syringe is meant for IV injection and has a regular needle. "Alas, he is already dead."

You do not address the figure. His rhetoric is not interesting. He is deranged. You should be able to empathize with his derangement, also being deranged, but you cannot. That is what makes you deranged. The situation is unpleasant - as a wave of bladder pain reminds you - but you will escape from it in one way or another. Without the fear of hurting yourself or hurting your assailant, without the ability to receive emotional appeal, you can simply wait and plot and-

The figure moves the camera to show you a closeup of one of your thighs. You see tan and brown fur. Black rubberclad fingers spread the fur apart. More fingers wipe an alcohol pad against the bare gray skin. Then, the needle.

You nearly vomit, and that brings on a wave of bladder pain, and that makes you nearly vomit, and the cycle persists for a few seconds. Something cold rushes into that vein. Your heart starts to beat fast. The obnoxious cold sensation spreads to your entire body, as if you are undergoing a terrible fever chill.

"I have just injected you with suxamethonium chloride. Are you familiar with this drug? I suspect that you are not medically trained. This despite some of the elaborate situations you have put your victims in."

You did not think that you had victims. You are intelligent enough to express your lack of empathy in what you had considered safe ways. Your time in the Marines was an aberration to that, brought on by circumstance, and so long ago that you wonder why it would matter now. Those situations were not elaborate. They were simply brutal. The elaborate - and then you stop remembering because you start to twitch. The sensation is almost an itch, like the small muscle twitches that sometimes come across your limbs as a part of being alive.

You move your fingers after they twitch, but they feel extremely heavy. You try again. They feel doubly restrained, but they aren't held inside anything. You stop blinking, eyes instead open. Your chest feels heavy, as if you are being compressed by a clamp.

The twitching and cold chill are uncomfortable. The heavy weight is distressing. Breathing quickly becomes difficult, and you feel as if your throat will collapse in on itself, like when falling asleep on your back. You try to speak to tell the figure that you are having trouble breathing, but you barely utter a groan, unable to move your mouth much. Terrible panic rises inside of you, but you cannot even move.

"Suxamethonium is a paralytic. Very fast acting, as you have noticed. Short-lived, which makes it convenient. It is used mostly when administering mechanical ventilation, as it paralyzes the throat and the gag response. If mechanical ventilation is not started within a few minutes, you will suffocate."

You believe the deranged, black vulpine. You feel as if you are suffocating already, vision spotting like when he strangled you. You try to ask for something, for air, for forgiveness, because terror trumps all. You exhale and now cannot inhale.

You can still see, but only what the camera sees, your body lying inert, eyes wide, tongue hanging out over your white teeth. The figure does not seem to be concerned with you. There is no equipment to monitor your body.

The figure adjusts something, which you can barely see. The video feed cuts out, and for a second you think that you are cutting out. But the vision returns, this time shaky and wide-angle, lit by a yellowish incandescent light. The figure's hand opens your mouth, and the camera goes down past the black rubber fingers, into the wet and fleshy depths of your mouth, back beyond your tongue. You see your epiglottis, but you cannot remember what it is called. You see your vocal folds. Then you just see more of a fleshy tube.

You also feel the hard object now inserted down your neck. A breathing tube. You still cannot breathe.

The camera feed changes again and you see the figure in black, holding something black, fading off to black - and then air inflates you. You can't exhale it, but when the pressure subsides, it whuffs back out through the tube. The figure is crushing a black rubber breathing bag, the kind used to resuscitate someone. You know what it looks like because you have used one, for the opposite reason.

The figure does not bother you with another diatribe. He merely stands, huffing under his own hooded mask, rubber clothing squeaking and rustling and creaking as he forces you to breathe. You become delirious as he forces you to breathe too quickly, and soon your eyes roll back. Your throat burns and tickles and you constantly want to gag but nothing ever happens.

Soon you start to regain movement, and with it, the terrible sensation deep within your pelvis from the medicated bladder wash. You gag on the tube, gag and gag and gag, and finally the figure withdraws it. That feels worse than when it went in. You still say nothing.

"I admire your resolve. Or is it merely the lack of human empathy giving you no reason to engage me? Despite my affect, I am very much a creature of empathy and emotions. For instance, I know you were just terrified because you felt like you were dying. I know what that feels like, and I hate it. I hate it as much as I hate you and your kind."

You do not understand how he feels. You know how you feel, but how he feels? He is a monster. So are you. At least you served your country for a short while.

The figure leaves and returns, this time with a more complicated version of the jaw muzzle you were wearing. This one is made of rubber, like an

anesthesia mask, but with strong, unyielding head straps. He puts it on you. You let him. You could try to bite him, but what would be the point? You would still be restrained, still slightly paralyzed.

"Do you know what this is?" He holds up a bottle of something. A silver spray can with a black cap. Small, small enough to fit in a pocket. Then he holds up another rubber breathing bag. He sprays it into the bag and then screws it onto a hose leading to your muzzle mask. "That is a stupid question. You know. You know because the last significant thing you did before I kidnapped you, was to use this on someone else."

The deer.

The fumes from the chemical are cold and slightly sweet. It instantly makes your ears start to ring, makes your raw throat clutch up, and you almost vomit. Then it passes and scintillating numb crawls over your body, thankfully quenching the horrific muscle spasms in your pelvic floor.

Time slows down. You can feel your heartbeat slowing down, further and further. You are also suffocating. The figure removes the bag and you inhale pure air. He sprays more chemical into the rubber, then reattaches it. It still is hardly bad. You remember the deer. He screamed and convulsed and then passed out. You do not feel like screaming. You deserve your torture. He wanted his. The difference is-

You are falling. Then you hit the ground. Something slams into your chest. You feel a horrific pinch, the world's largest bee sting. Then you sit up, only you are still restrained. You flail your head back and forth and vomit off to the side. Your heart races, your arms hurt, your chest hurts, your bladder hurts. Everything hurts. You can see the room all too clearly. Medical equipment. Electronics. Sexual aids. The other dog, whose body lies completely inert on a gurney, feet peeking out beneath a full-coverage sheet. The black figure.

Now you feel. Bone-snapping terror. "What are you doing to me? Why are you doing this? What do you want? What the hell do you want? WHAT THE FUCKING HELL DO YOU WANT?" You foam at the mouth, partly from the saliva to wash away your vomit, and partly because you are just foaming at the mouth. On the table next to you, a horrific needle, an empty syringe. An adrenaline shot. "YOU FUCKING KILLED ME!"

"Not completely. Just enough. Just like you did. Why did you do it? You are a dog. You are a wild animal, neutered into a puppy plaything for humanity, left alone to your own devices in a house with locked doors. You want to destroy things." The figure takes something off the cart next to the restraint chair. It is some sort of head harness. There are wires running to it. "Perhaps you just need to forget."

"I don't need to fucking forget anything!" you bellow, voice dropping from manic terror scream to something you had perfected in your days as a SERE training instructor. "What the fuck do you want me to say? I'll say it. I don't fucking care!"

He puts the harness onto your head. The electrodes are wet with something. You try to shake it off. You succeed. He replaces it, then straps your neck down to the chair. You realize you are not wearing the camera goggles any more. You cannot watch yourself be prepped. You do not want to watch yourself be prepped. You want to get out of the restraints. You nearly break your ankle. You do dislocate your shoulder, again. The first time, someone did it for you. It has not completely healed.

The adrenaline shot has made you crazy, and the leftover ethyl chloride that sent your heart into arrhythmia still has you dazed and numb. The combination, if you were not restrained, would surely result in bloody injury.

The figure starts setting up some unseen electronic device, hidden by a flip-top display. He does not respond to your pleas.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry I'm a fucking dog!" Your muzzle twists up, and you cry. You are as surprised as you are overwhelmed by emotion.

"Well sorry is not good enough!" the figure barks into his mask, and prods at the control box.

It feels like someone punched you in the head.

Then it feels like nothing.

I'm a dog, and I'm on fire.

I can't see a damn thing. I can't hear. I can't feel anything except for the pain, and when I say I'm on fire, I am on fucking fire. On the inside, on the outside. I can't smell. I can't taste. Only fire.

I really fucked up. I thought I was doing the right thing. I found some guy, a nasty pervert of a buck, a good ten point buck who wanted to be kidnapped and tortured and fucked. I know he did because I stalked his white-tail-flippin' ass and found some online profile where he went on about

how he was some kind of torture slut. I think I know better than most people what real torture was like, so I was up for the challenge.

And then I fucking coded him. That wasn't the mistake. The mistake was listening to my balls-out-freakin'-out cat friend who was screaming like someone stepped on his god-damn tail because this poor deer was pissin' himself dead. I had a mighty big collection of nasty shit by that point, and

of course I had a defibrillator. Might as well give it a try. And it worked pretty damn good, kicked that buck back to life. He was sobbing like a

baby. You ever seen a deer cry? It's pretty much like everyone else crying because we're all just spineless humans inside.

So I had a reanimated deer who was gonna cause trouble. We tried to fix that by putting those paddles on his head. And I thought it worked, since he

really had no idea what was going on after that. Fed him some money and put him back in his car, and that was that for six months. But he must have

told someone, because some psycho batman-fox jackass grabbed my ass and, well, I guess he killed me because

I Am On Fire.

I'm a dog and I'm burning in god-damned hell.

I have to be in hell. All this pain, I've gotta be lit on fire and flayed into dog bacon and lit on fire again and dumped in salt and torched and thrown into a vat of sewage.

I hung this fox guy in his garage. Not all the way, just most of the way. Enough that he got a nice, sexy bruise on his neck. Enough that he lost some

fur. Enough that he bled a little from the rope-burn. Enough that his wolf-ass boyfriend had to jump on him and pull the rope down. And before I hung

his foxy ass, I hooked his pretty suburban fag collar on a coat peg in the garage and made him stand there for a whole day, and he pissed himself

because I kept comin' in to give him some water. A good, sturdy army dog like me could go weeks without food, but water? A hot garage in summer? That's just a few hours.

I don't think the wolf liked it very much, but he should have thought of that before dumping my ass on the curb. Said I was messed up and couldn't take me any more. Then he went and got a fox, and that fox had a bigger dick than me. Couldn't take me anymore, my ass.

Maybe that guy's who did it. Did whatever happened to me to put me in hell. It's not like I've done anything worse.

I'm a dog and I'm losing my mind. I'm on fire. I'm burning. I think my brain's on fire. You can't feel your brain, did you know that? If I stuck a knife in your brain, assuming your scalp and skull and that kind of membrane wasn't in the way, you wouldn't feel much. You'd just bark or shit yourself or see god or have an orgasm or punch yourself in the nuts or whatever. But I think my brain's on fire. I keep remembering stuff and then I forget it. I can barely remember that I remembered something.

I just got out of the Marines. I am an Ex Marine. If you walk up to a guy who was in the marines and is retired or out in private shit now, if you ask him if he's an Ex Marine, he will give you the fourth degree. I think my liver's getting fourth degree burns right now, FUCK!

Good life outside of the Corps. Got a wolf for a boyfriend, dirty fucker too, but I can out-dirty his ass with my tail. Well, I got out, and by getting out, I mean I got discharged. I got the bad kind of discharge. The only thing good about my kind of discharge is that there's no permanent record. I can't re-enlist, I can't get drafted, I can't set foot within a hundred yards of any U.S military facility. But I don't have a record. You wanna know why? You're gonna find out why because I'm burning in hell and that means I have plenty of time to tell myself all I want.

Master Sergeant Kyle Blake, Force Recon. I got dumped in Afghanistan with my unit. I can't really tell you what we were doing there. I don't mean I'm not allowed to. I'm pretty sure Osama Bin Laden's in hell here along with me. I mean I don't know. I don't think anyone really knew. What I can tell you is that we got trapped in this little combat outpost next to a village. There ain't shit in Afghanistan except mountains and terrace farms and guys who wipe their ass with their left hand and goats, and it's cold and you get the shits drinking the water. We got trapped by this landslide, and we were in there pretty covert. We were supposed to be lookin' for info on some Taliban shit. These days, it's all Taliban shit.

So while we were trapped, and half my men were hurt, I decided I was gonna press the locals we were trapped alongside. So I rounded them up and started pressing on them. They were all dogs, it was some kind of group of firsts. Dogs like me. Well fuck that, dogs like me have these real dog-like dicks, pointy end and a fat knob that swells up and gets stuck in whatever hole you're fucking, and this bone up the middle. Makes it fucking hell to take a leak.

There are a lot of ways to torture someone. I had a feeling I was sent out there to torture someone. And since we couldn't get out of there and we couldn't go home, might as well torture someone.

There were fifteen men. Fifteen dogs. I went through each one of them and none of them could get us out of there or give us anything, even after I snapped each one of their dick bones.

Goddamn assholes. Figured those jihadi sons of bitches would figure out a way to kill me back.

I'm a dog and this is hell. I don't even know what I'm doing here. I don't know why I'm on fire. My heart burns. Not like I have, what's that called, reflux? I mean it's inside my heart. It's in there.

I kind of wish something else was in there. I'm real glad I'm smart. Obviously I'm not smart enough to not die, because shit I'm not even out of high school yet and here I am, burning in fucking hell. But I'm smart enough to know what not to do. I don't think I'd know what to do if I wasn't smart.

No one really cares much about homeless people. Family haven't heard from them for years. Police don't wanna deal with them. Makes it easy to practice. I gotta practice killin' people. I'm gonna join the Marines and I know I'm gonna have to kill some guys and I don't wanna learn how to do it there. I don't wanna screw up and have to save face. I know what happens if you gotta save face in the Marines, you get beaten with soap in a sock or everyone punches you in the dick or something. I'm a dog, I don't wanna get punched in the dick! My third cousin got punched in the dick and it broke his dick bone and now he's gotta piss sitting down like a girl. I ain't no girl.

I gotta do it the quiet way. So I do.

I guess I probably shouldn't have.

I'm a dog and I don't know why everything hurts so much.

No one likes squirrels. I wanted to see what was inside them. It turns out they're full of blood and nuts and poop and pee and bones.

I wanted to see what was in the neighbor's cat. He shouldn't have been keeping cats as pets. They should be wild animals. This isn't when my granddaddy was a kid and everyone was a human and kept dogs in their houses on leashes and collars and stuff. This guy's cat was really fat, like he fed it too much of that crunchy stuff. I don't think the squirrels liked dying much, they made these little screamy noises, so I gave the cat some pills I found in my mom's medicine cabinet first. It turns out cats are full of the same stuff as squirrels, just not nuts. He had them cut off the cat so it wouldn't pee on everything. So I peed on everything I could find at his house.

Then I wanted to find out what was in his kid. This neighbor was a jerk.

So I gave his kid pills just like the cat, and then cut him open. I cut him open all the way. His asshole had this white stuff in it.

I shouldn't have done it. Killing things is supposed to be bad, but it doesn't bug me, and I'm curious, and I get mad at stuff a lot. Luckily that white stuff was from his daddy, and no one figured that some ten year old kid would kill someone else like that.

I guess his daddy didn't like it. I bet he sent me here.

Woof! Rrrruff!