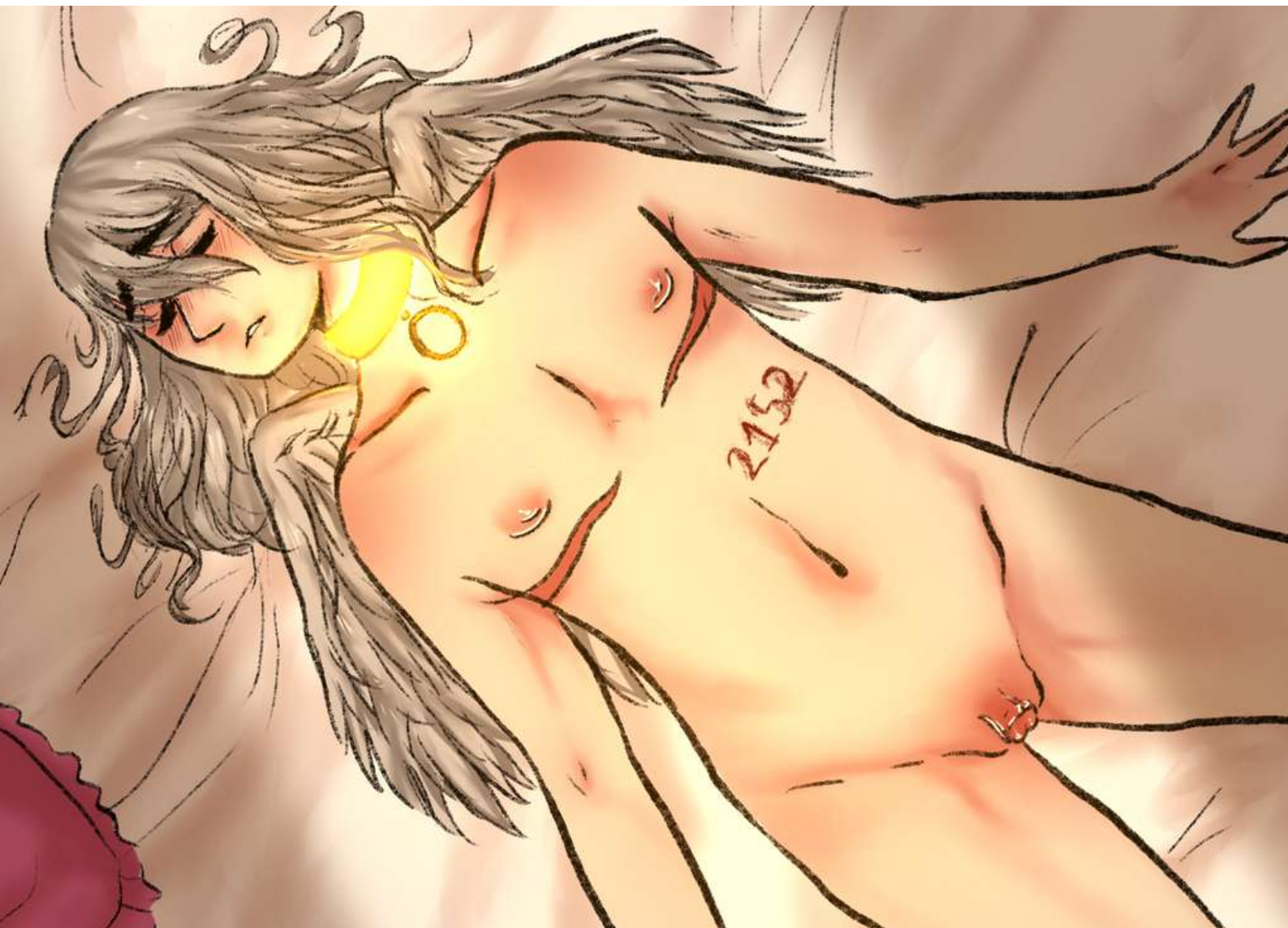


INFERNA

Soleil's Story



PET ROUTE - part 01



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I kept my silence for a little longer.

The angel looked down, a defeated look on his face and even more tears filling up his eyes. He held his breath, in a futile attempt to stop them from flowing and hide his sobs.

Rules be damned...

—Fine, if you want it that badly, I'll take you.

He looked at me with confusion. He either didn't understand my words or plainly didn't believe them. No matter.

—Well, I'll be back soon.

The drive back was uneventful. The pet sat in a box on the passenger seat.

My pet now, I supposed. It was a rather large box considering how small the angel was, but at least he wouldn't be too uncomfortable. Well, not like he would even notice; after he swallowed those sleeping pills he just passed out.

It would be better for him to sleep. That way at least, he could get some rest during the long drive.



When I finally got back home, the sun had already set. As I carefully lifted the box, it dawned on me. I had a pet now. A pet that was my own...

I knew I would get one sooner or later and yet, it still felt unreal. I knew how to take care of one. And I knew very well how to train one. Then why was I freaking out now?

I managed to calm down and take the box to my bedroom. A faint, earthy smell hit me as soon as I opened the box up. Was it coming from him or the box? I didn't remember him smelling like anything at the market but alas, there were a lot of scents there.

The angel was just as he had been left inside. His arms were wrapped around his legs, his wings draping over his arms, covering the upper part of his body. Was he still sleeping? I ran my fingers across his cheek. His mouth hung open, his face resting atop a puddle of drool. No reaction. I poked his shoulder. Not even a shudder. Yep, completely out.

As soon as I lifted the pet out of the box, I placed him on the mattress. He had a calm, peaceful look on his face now, completely different from the way his face contorted earlier. I didn't think he would wake up anytime soon, so I left him there while I finished gathering some things I would need. Some were things I needed for his initial training, but most of it was in order to make a bed where he could sleep. Not really a proper bed, more like a cozy nest, actually. That would be where he would spend most of his time while I wasn't home.

I went back to check on him. He was still sleeping, but his expression was no longer peaceful. His brows were furrowed, his eyelids were moving involuntarily and his fingers and wings twitched at random intervals. Maybe he was having a nightmare?

I tried arranging his little corner in a way that seemed plausibly comfortable. I laid a couple of pillows on the floor and some small stuffed animals scattered around them. There was also a blanket, in case he felt cold. On the wall, hung a short chain. The end of it was supposed to attach to the ring on the pet's collar. That way I wouldn't need to magically restrict his movements as much and he could freely roam his little corner.

His water fountain was a small distance away so as not to make a wet mess of the pillows. Same as the pet pads where he was supposed to pee. Of course, I knew it might take a while for him to go properly, so, under all of the space he could reach, there were more pet pads and a tarp.

Hopefully he would adapt well enough.

I glanced towards the pet splayed across the bed. His eyes were now open. He looked a bit calmer than earlier, but his uneasiness was still visible. I walked towards him, still a bit hesitant. Yes, I could just put him in his corner to sleep and deal with him in the morning but might as well get this over with. He stared blankly at me. With his movements completely restricted and his voice blocked off, there was little else he could do.

Well, this was awkward.

—Uhm. I guess I forgot to introduce myself. I'm Amon.

I reached my hand out and touched his collar.

Adjusting all the settings could be a bit hard for demons who never had done it before. You had to use a tiny bit of magic for it to work and not everyone was used to doing that. I had to change things around on these on a bunch of pets at least once a day, so thankfully, I was more than used to it.

—You should be able to speak now.

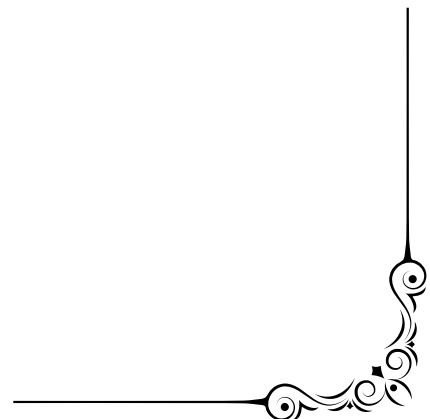
He stared at me, still unsure. The pet made a movement as if starting to say something but quickly stopped himself and averted his eyes.

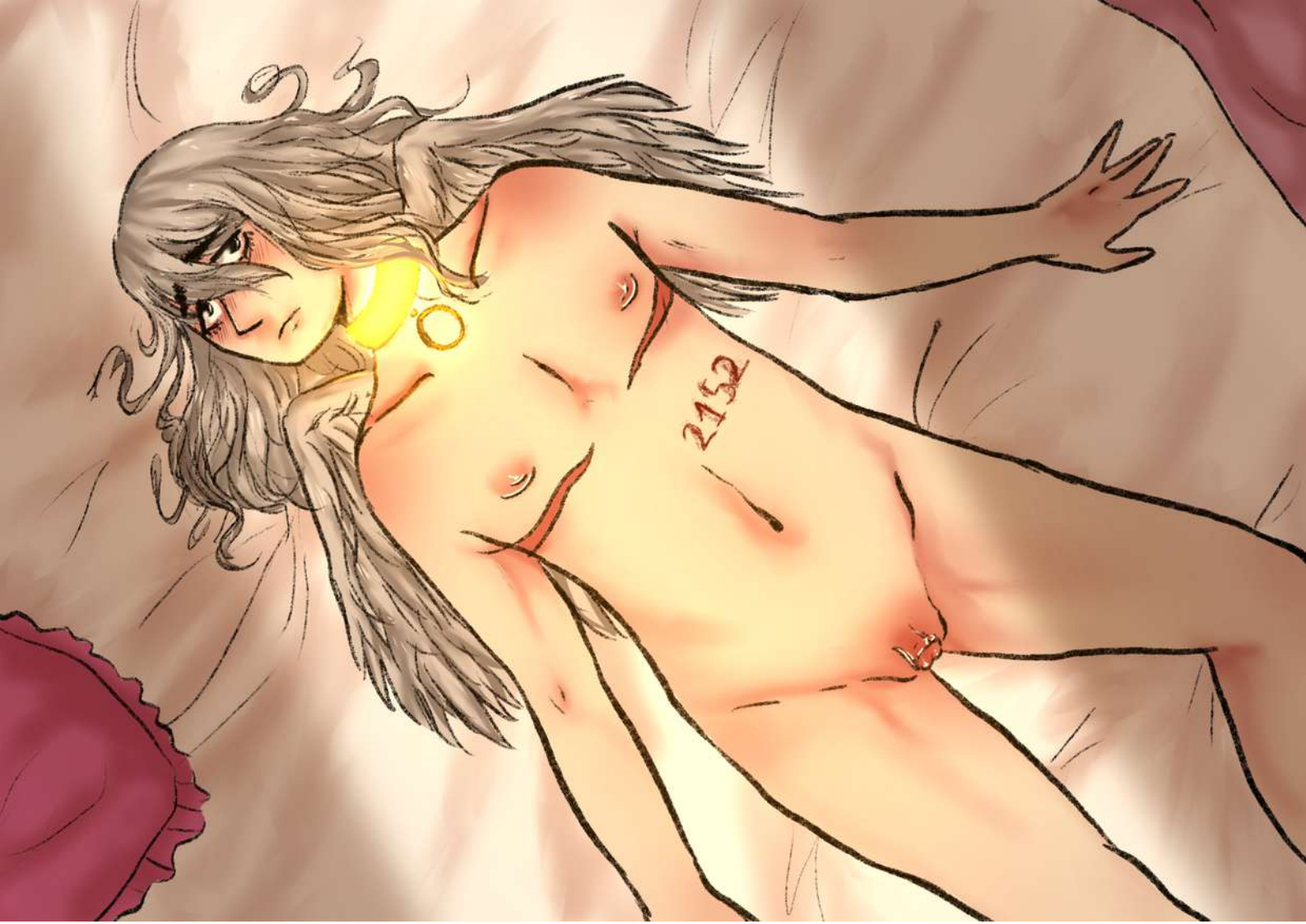
I sighed and pulled a chair. This would take a while.

—Speak.

—Uhm, hi... Amon?

He said tentatively.





—So... I assume you have a name as well?

He hesitated before stuttering an answer, his voice hoarse and barely audible.

—It's uhm, Soleil.

—Your name was Soleil?

—Yes...

—Do you like that name?

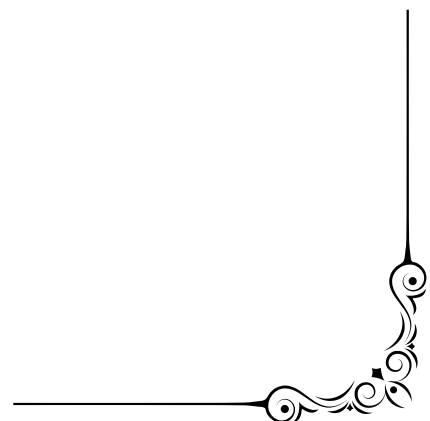
Soleil's left eye twitched.

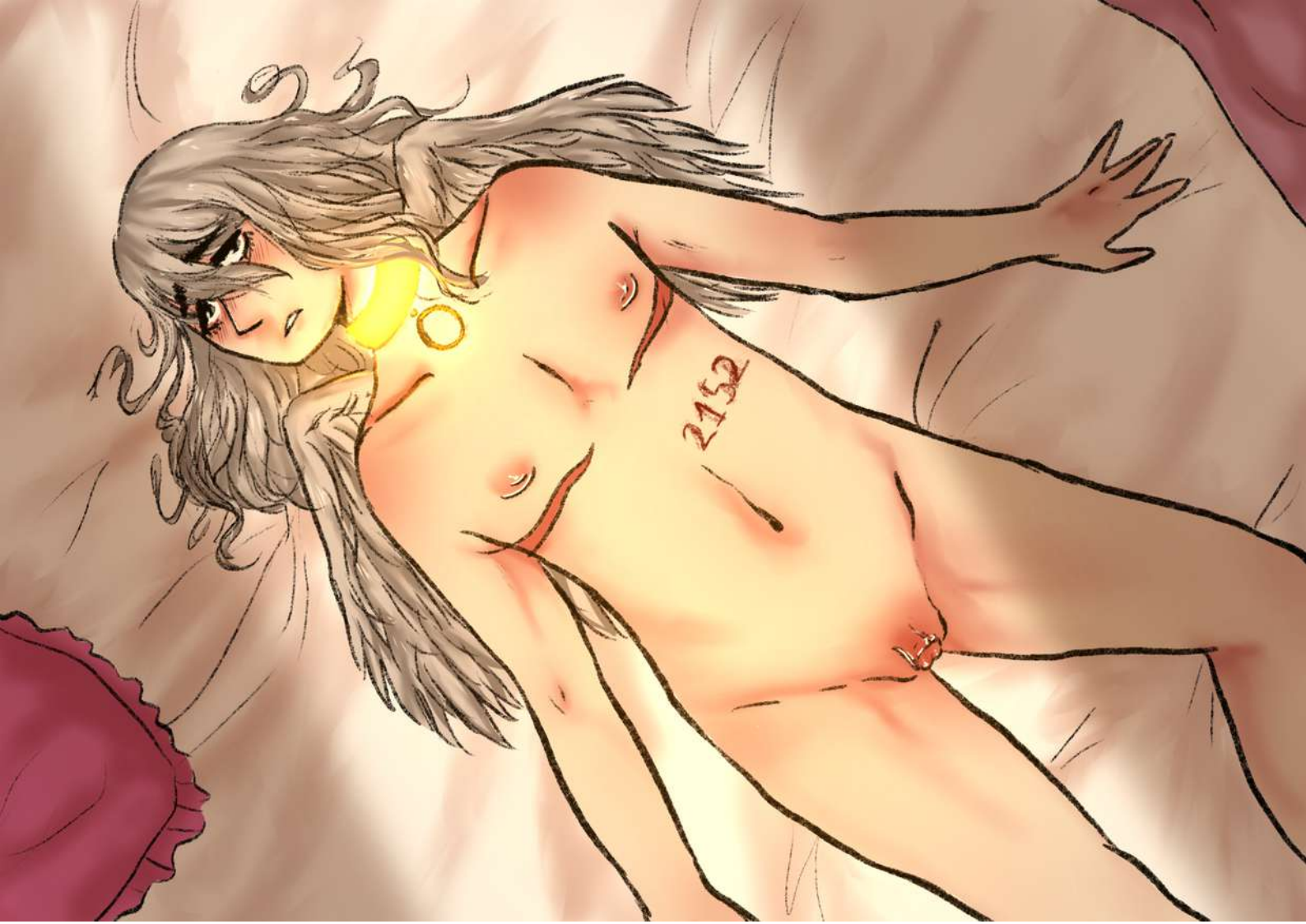
—I...I don't hate it...I just-

He paused for a moment.

—I never thought about it...

His face displayed a mix of confusion and...anger?





—Why...why are you asking me this?

—You need a name before I start training you to behave like a proper pet. Do you want to keep that name?

The pet's mouth hung open for a moment before he finally spoke.

—I don't understand, wh-

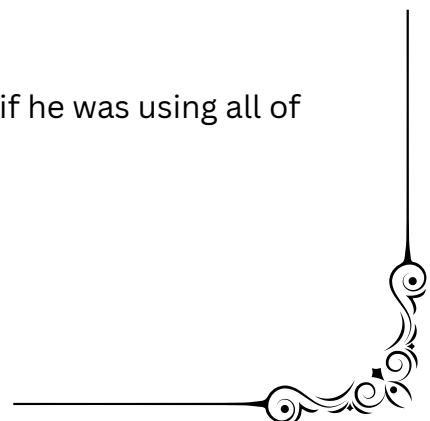
—Pet.

I said, more firmly this time.

—I asked if you want to keep this name. I am giving you a choice. Answer.

He seemed to ponder for a while. When he finally answered, it seemed as if he was using all of his strength to push the word out.

—No.



Fuck. I would need to come up with something. Anything. And I was not good with names. I had the hope he'd want to keep his old one. He'd have to settle for the first thing that comes to my mind.

...

Which was a big pile of absolutely nothing.

Blank. Nada. I kept looking at him but nothing came to mind. He looked like he was named Soleil. Nothing else. I couldn't think of anything else since I read his name on the damn document.

—Sol. Your name is Sol now.

It was just his old name cut in a half, but it would have to do.

—Okay...

He didn't seem to like it that much. Well, tough luck. On to the next step, I guess.

—Before anything else, Sol, I need you to learn how to speak properly. Firstly, you'll call me 'Master' from now on. Understood?

—Yes.

—No.

He was visibly confused.

—What did I tell you?

—I don't understand.

—What exactly don't you understand?

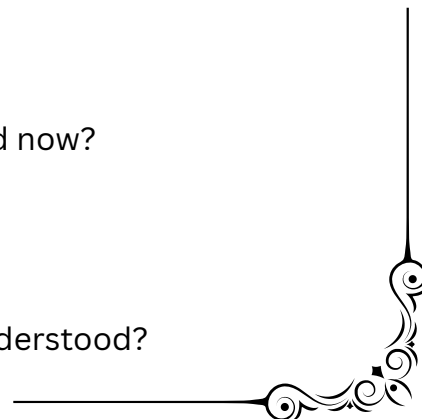
—What you—what Master means!!

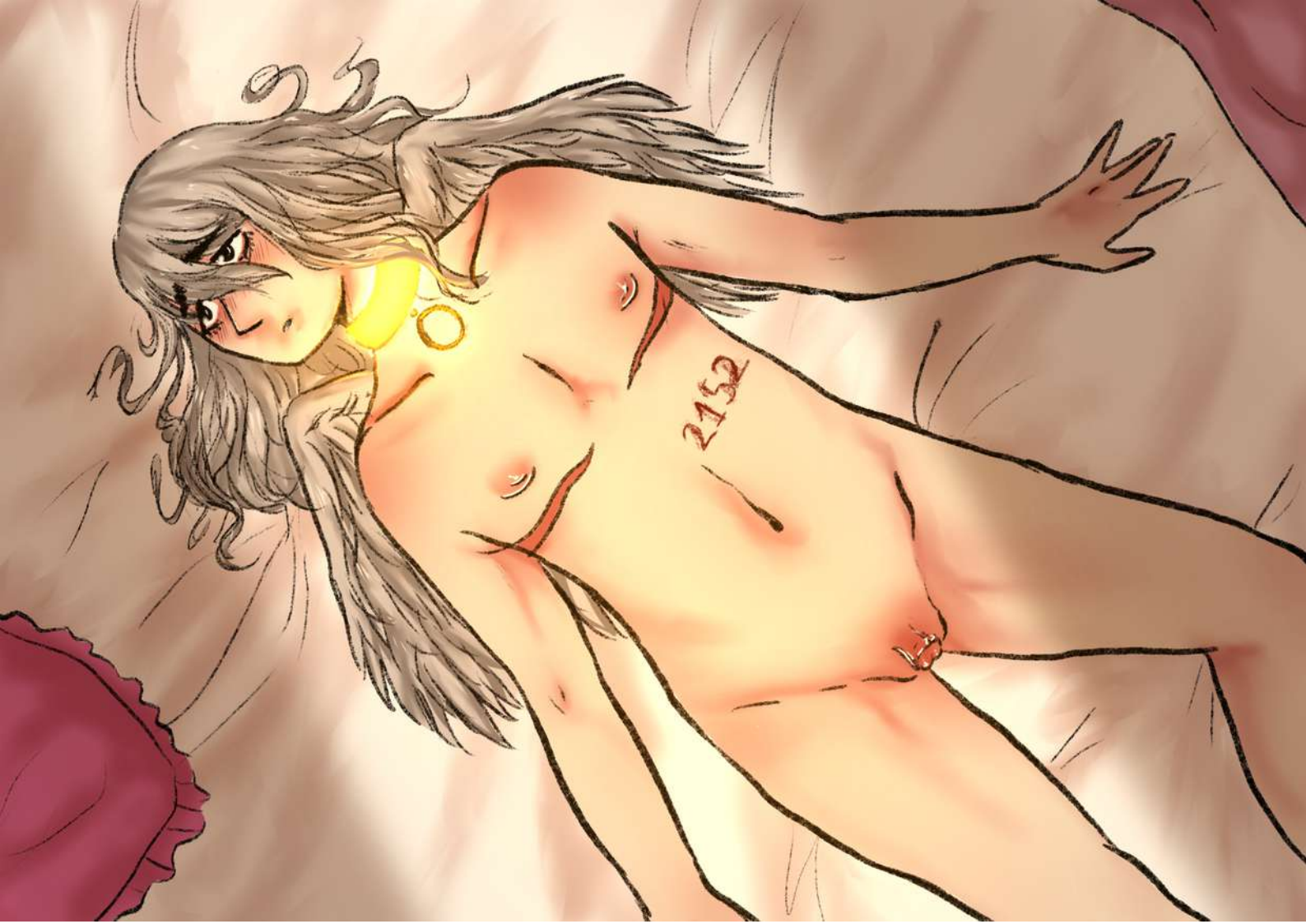
I sighed.

—You're supposed to say "Yes, Master", not just "yes". Do you understand now?

—Yes, Master.

—Good. When addressing people other than me, you'll call them 'Ser'. Understood?





—Yes, Master.

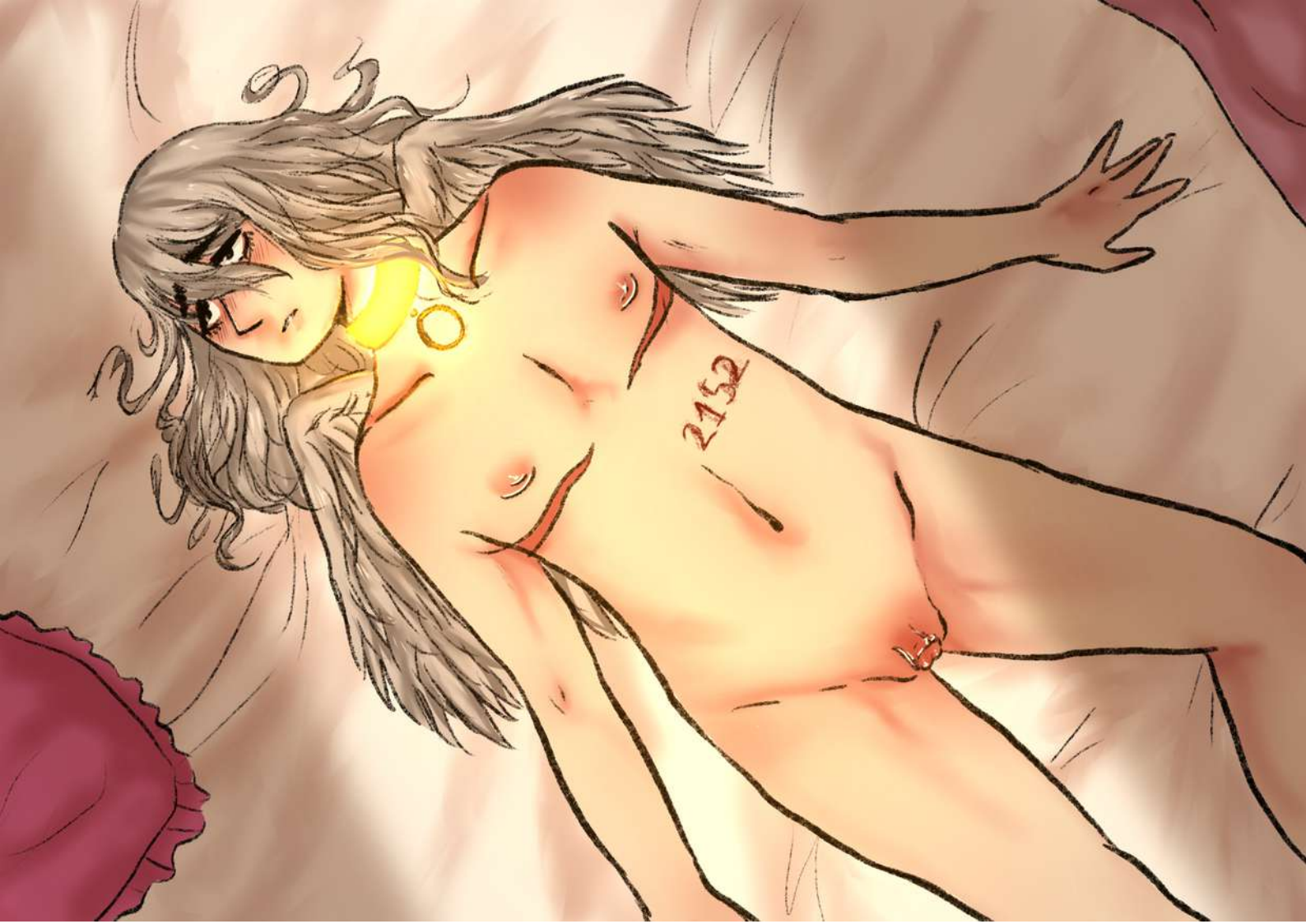
—There's one more thing. You are a pet. Not a person. You are aware of that, aren't you? He looked taken aback for a brief moment, eyelashes fluttering as he blinked in shock, as if he suddenly realized where and who, or, in this case, what he was.

—Y-yes, Master...

Sol's eyes filled with water again, but he fought the tears, holding his breath, hoping they wouldn't escape his eyelids. I wouldn't actually have minded if he did end up crying, poor thing was still living a normal life less than a week ago, but it was also a good sign that he was at least trying to keep his composure. To be frank, I didn't really know how pets usually reacted on their first days, or even weeks after being thrust into their new roles.

Public reliefs started their training after around 10 months of serving, so they are already somewhat used to their new life once I start working with them. Even with private clients, most of them just seem to want to hire a trainer well after their pet's adaptation period. So, I wasn't really familiar with this aspect of a pet's life.





I pulled the chair closer to the bed, keeping him at arm's reach. The sooner he got used to his new reality, the less he would suffer.

—Pets don't refer to themselves as people do, so, instead of 'I', you'll use your name. Now, if you were to say 'I understand', how would you say it?

Sol eyed me with those big, black eyes, still trying to bite back his sobs. I brushed a hand across his cheek before he had the chance to start answering.

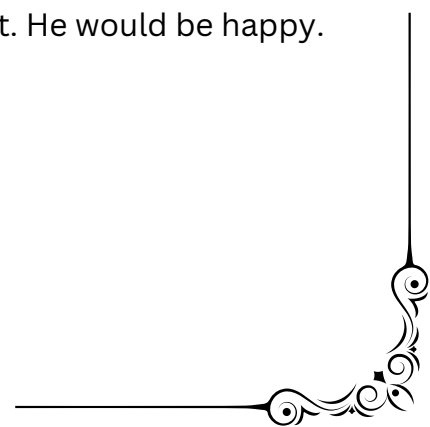
It was hard not to feel at least a little bit of sympathy towards him. Or for most pets, really. Especially the new ones. Even if you fully believed they have no soul, there was no reason to think they deserved to suffer. And yet, most people just seemed to be needlessly cruel to them.

My jaw clenched, old feelings stirred inside. He wouldn't turn out like that. He would be happy. I'd make sure of it.

He winced for a second, his eyes widening again.

—I'm so-

He stopped himself suddenly.





—Sol... Sol is sorry, Master...

—It's ok, pet. You're still scared, aren't you?

—Yes, Master.

The tears welling in his eyes threatened to fall, his shoulders trembling, trying to muffle stubborn sobs. I pushed away some loose strands of hair away from his face.

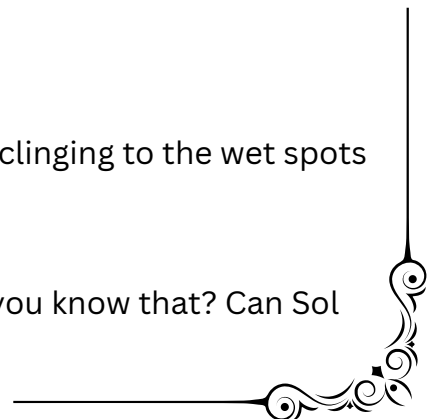
—I know, I know. It's... sudden, isn't it?

Sol's mouth twitched and he started sobbing, screaming until he was gasping for air. His red cheeks were drenched with tears now.

—Calm down now, I'm not gonna hurt you.

I ran my finger through his hair, again, pushing away stubborn strands clinging to the wet spots on his face.

—I need you to be a good pet, little Sol. Good pets are happy pets, do you know that? Can Sol do that? Can you be a good pet?



He looked at me with glistening, red eyes, still gasping for air.

—Sol can do it, Sol will do it...

His voice was shaky, his eyes filled with fear. He never voiced it but, somehow, I knew he was scared of being hurt.

—Can you answer that question then? The one I asked earlier?

—Sol would say “Sol understands”, Master.

—Very good!

I scratched his head, messing up his hair and smiled at him. I moved my hand down to his collar again, intending to give him back some of his movements. Now he should be able to crawl and move around, but would not have much strength to go too far. Or kick or punch. Although I didn't think this was something he would try at this point.

—Off the bed now, Sol. On the floor and on your knees.

He moved his arms first, as if testing his movements.

How long had it been since he was paralyzed, I wondered? Likely since he was first drafted, but how long ago was this? Days? Weeks? I never really knew exactly how long processing took north of the border.

Sol sat up and looked at me, as if waiting for a second command or something.

—Did I tell you to sit on the bed?

—No, Master!! Sol's sorry!!

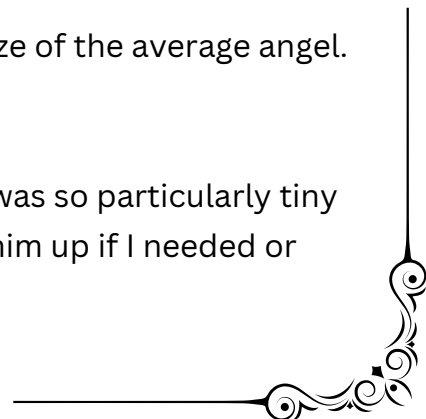
He looked at the ground, hesitant.

—Is the bed too high?

—A bit, Master. Sol is afraid to jump.

Truthfully it was. For an angel, at least. Most demons were twice the size of the average angel. Of course the bed was too tall for him.

It would be easy for me to pick him up and put him on the ground. He was so particularly tiny that I was pretty sure I could wrap my hands around his waist and lift him up if I needed or wanted. But that wouldn't do, he had to learn a bit of independence.





—Close your eyes and jump, pet. You'll need to learn how to get in and out of it eventually.

He jumped, awkwardly falling to the ground. Slowly, he managed to adjust himself and kneel, like I had asked. The pet looked up at me, hesitantly.

I hadn't asked him to do it, but he instinctively rested his hands on his lap, just like pets should. I guess he's opened himself to let his true nature through already. How adorable. I crouched next to him and ran my fingers through his hair, gently brushing it away from his face and tucking it behind his ears. He scrunched his face in response, but didn't complain.

—Every time you are kneeling, your hands should be on your lap, just like you are now.

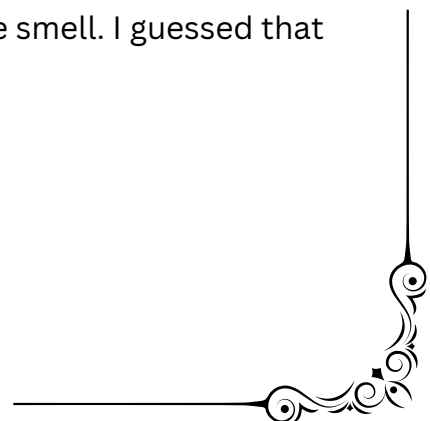
—Yes, Master.

He looked down and waited. I noticed that same earthy, almost grass-like smell. I guessed that was just what he smelled like, after all. At least it wasn't unpleasant.

—Now, pet.

I gently lifted his chin up.

—Do you know what a pet's purpose is?





—Sol thinks he knows, Master.

—Then please, tell me what you think you know.

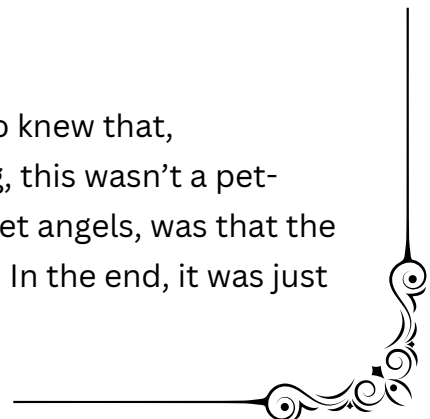
—Sol was told pets exist to give birth to new angels and demons, Master.

—Yes, yes, that is correct. That is the main reason why it's important to separate you from people. Nowadays, the hollowness of your heart is hidden within you pets, but it's said the draft can see it even if no one else can. You are chosen so your nature as a hollow being can awaken and you can let new life be born from you.

I took a deep breath.

—Or so everyone is told. Do you believe that, little Sol?

He bore a terrified expression. Surely, he knew all of this already. He also knew that, technically, every angel could gestate new life and, biologically speaking, this wasn't a pet-exclusive thing. The real difference, what really separated angels from pet angels, was that the ones chosen to be incubators were believed to have been born soulless. In the end, it was just a matter of believing the legends or not.



Everyone learned that at some point, demon and angel alike, and yet none of that could be truly proven. Happiness and fulfillment can't really be measured and, so far, no pet started to rot due to being pregnant. Maybe their draft really was that accurate. Maybe it was all bullshit. Who knew, really?

Most importantly, who would really question it? For most, it seemed that believing was the easier way. Perhaps, for pets, it might be different story. Who would genuinely want to believe that their destiny was to be breeding stock all along? Because in the end, no matter how you put it, that's how pets were treated, by demons and by angels alike.

Then again, maybe there could be some comfort in an immutable, pre-defined destiny.

—Sol, dear.

I brushed a tear away from his cheek

—Your Master asked you a question.

—Sol isn't sure...

—Well, it doesn't matter, does it?

The truth wouldn't bring me or him peace. It was useless.

—You are a pet right now. What will you do about it?

He eyed me, his head slightly cocked, a confused look on his face. I couldn't change his fate, or the fate of any pet, for that matter.

—Sol needs to do something?

—I'm asking if you intend to embrace your new role or struggle and fight against it? Are you going to accept it or will you choose to forever grieve for a life that was never yours?

He started crying again. I could only try to make his and all of the pet's I've trained existence's a bit less miserable. But maybe my words had been too harsh. I never intended to wound him. And yet, I probably had been cruel. Needlessly so.

But it would be easier to rip off the bandaid at once.

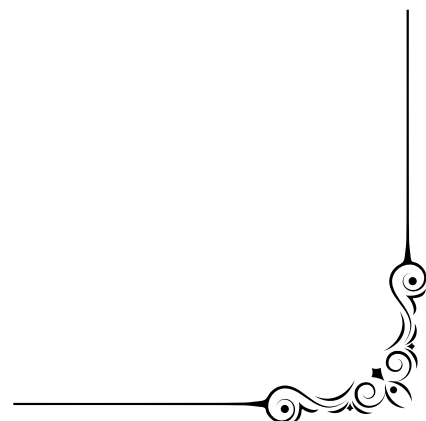
I knew I was right about this. I *knew*. I *did* know.

The more he struggled, the more he hung on to his personhood...

...the more he would hurt, the more he would suffer.

This **was** the kindest thing I could do for him.

...or so I told myself. I couldn't bear to be wrong about this.





No. I shouldn't think about this.
I am *right!!* I know it, *I know it!!!!*
He will be fine. He will be **happy**.
I... am *not* like him.
I care
I **do** care

—...Master?

His voice took me out of my spiraling thoughts

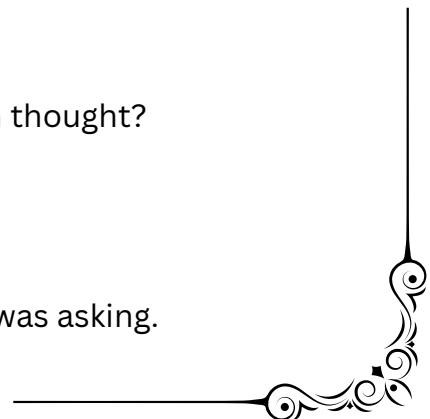
—Yes, Sol?

—Can Master make Sol forget?

His eyes were bloodshot and wet. Had he cried more while I was lost in thought?

—Forget? Forget what?

My mind was still wandering and I couldn't really understand what he was asking.





—Sol doesn't want to remember anything about Soleil.

He looked down, hugging his own chest as if he wanted to soothe himself.

—Anything Soleil remembers, Sol wants to forget!! Anything Soleil loved...Sol wants... Sol wants-

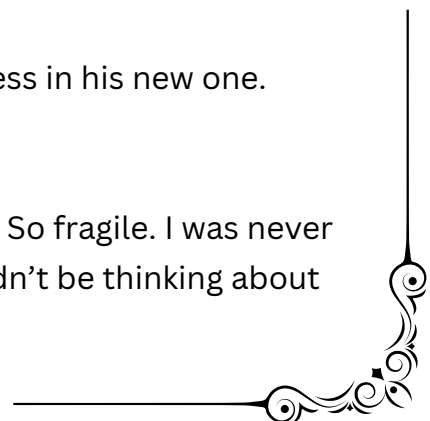
He started sobbing, his whole body shaking again. I finally understood what he meant.

—Please....make...make me-make Sol forget.

There was a great amount of pain in his voice. Poor pet. Gently cupping his face in my hands, I did my best to dry his tears with my thumbs. He had made his choice, at least.

He wanted to fully become a pet, shed his old life and try to find happiness in his new one. A smart choice, but a painful one.

Suddenly, I noticed how big my own hands were next to his face. So tiny. So fragile. I was never exactly strong and yet I knew I could easily snap his neck. Ah, no, I shouldn't be thinking about this, damn it, I didn't want to actually hurt him.





Sol's black, void eyes stared at me, bloodshot and wet.

—Of course, Sol. I'll make you forget. I promise

His lips quivered again, more sobs escaping through his mouth and showing through his shaky shoulders.

—Thank you.

His shoulders fell, finally relaxing for a while, until his eyes went wide again.

—Thank you, Master...

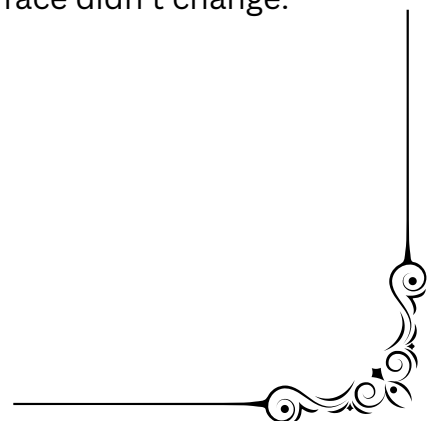
I ran my fingers through his hair again and smiled at him. This time, his face didn't change.

—Now, Sol, I need to wash you. Follow me to the bathroom.

He moved as if to get up.

—No, no, no.

I pushed his shoulders down calmly.





—Pets walk with four limbs, remember that.

—Yes, Master.

He readjusted his posture and, on all fours, walked behind me towards the bathroom. He struggled a bit, his restrained muscle strength obviously making it all the harder.

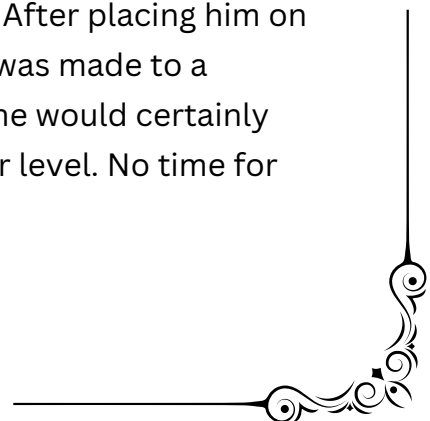
I waited. Eventually, this would be second nature, but for now, I needed to be patient with Sol. He stopped and went back to kneeling and soon as he reached me.

—Good boy.

I said, ruffling his hair.

As gently as I could, I picked him up and placed him on the bathtub. It was a bit too tall for him to even dream of going inside by himself, so, this time, I needed to help. After placing him on the tub's sitting platform, his small size became even more apparent. It was made to a demon's size, of course. If it was filled all the way with him sitting there he would certainly drown. If I ever wanted to bathe him, I needed to be mindful of the water level. No time for baths today though, just a shower would be enough.

—Stay.



I told him, walking away from the tub.

—Yes, Master.

Sol leaned against the acrylic and closed his eyes. He was likely still a bit tired from kneeling outside for a whole day. Probably.

As I gathered what I needed for his cleaning, I thought it would be best if I kept talking to him.

—Have you been fed, pet?

—No, Master.

I wondered if he was aware of how pets were fed or if he was still thinking of people's food.

—Have your bowels been cleaned, already?

—Yes Master, Sol thinks so.

I knew it had already been done, completely emptying their bowels was the first step in the initial processing. I mostly just wanted to use the question to segue into the other.

—So you know why this is done, sol?

—Sol isn't, sure Master. Sol was told pets don't eat and that's why their insides have to stay clean, but Sol doesn't understand...

—What don't you understand, Sol?

I couldn't find the damn shampoo bottle.

—Sol doesn't get how he won't die if he doesn't eat.

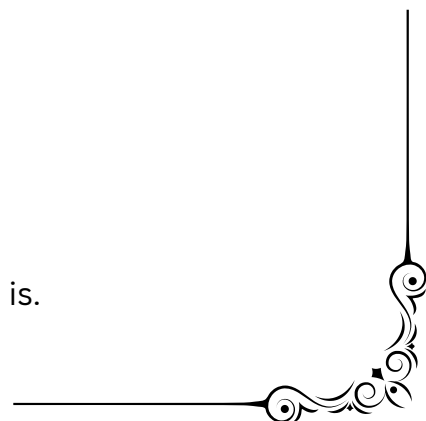
—You do eat, pet. Just not the same as us people. Your bowels need to be clean to take in pet food.

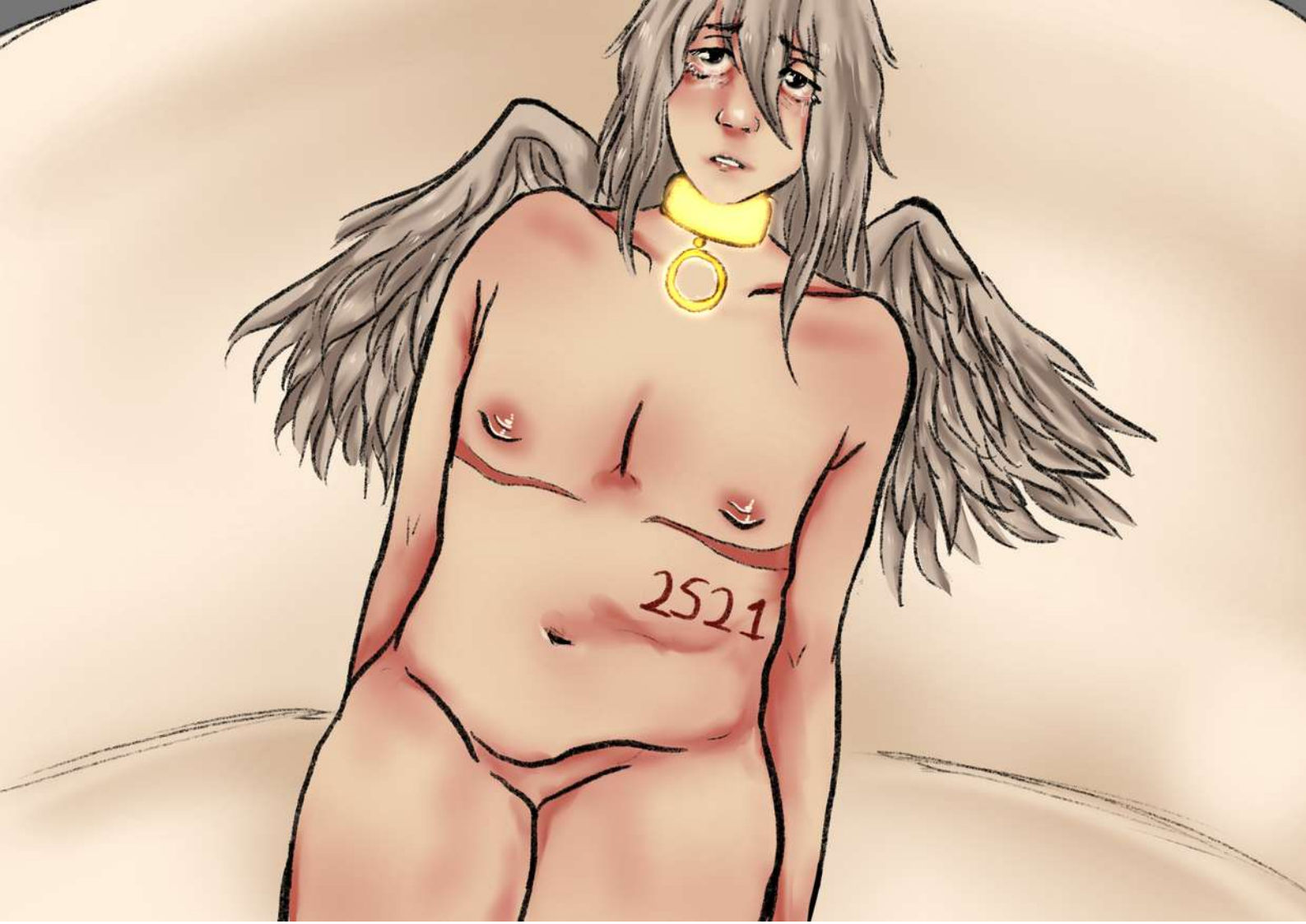
—...pet food?

—Pet, is that how you're supposed to talk?

He gasped, startled.

—Sorry, Master! Sol means... Sol means... Sol doesn't know what pet food is.





—It's a sort of gel. It's injected into your rectum twice a day, sort of like an enema.

I walked over to him, he seemed to be deep in thought, with a concerned look on his face. Technically, pets could eat regular food, but that meant they would also need to defecate. If you gave them only pet food, their bowels would always be clean and they would make no waste. It was simpler to take care of them that way.

—Sol has been fed, then.

His voice sounded sullen.

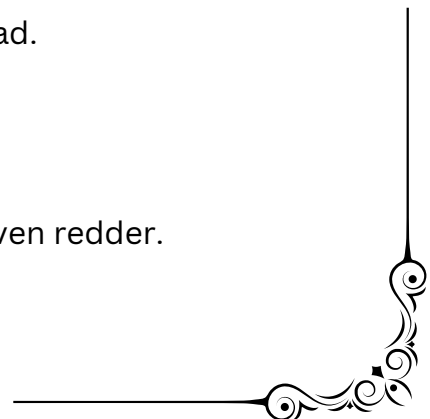
—I figured. You can't last too long without food, you know?

I said, sitting down at the top of the bathtub and grabbing the showerhead.

—Open your legs, pet.

He looked at me, embarrassment visible in his eyes, his cheeks turning even redder.

—Pet, I gave you a command.





—Yes, Master...

He spread his legs and waited, looking down in shame. I doused him with the water, it dripped from his hair and wings, the latter pair looking much smaller now that most of their fluffiness was gone. Sol started to tremble.

—Too cold?

—No Master, it's warm.

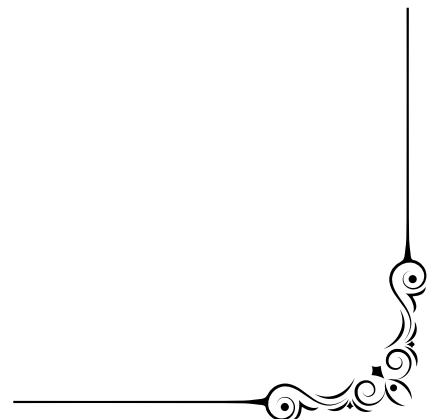
—Good. Now, pee.

He looked at me, wide eyed and confused.

—Your bladder must be full after the whole day, isn't it? Go on, pee.

—H-here, Master?

—Are you embarrassed?





He looked down again, eyes watering again.

—A bit, Master...

I sighed and ruffled his hair again.

—You're a pet, Sol. Pets don't get to be embarrassed about peeing. If you don't pee now and do it where you shouldn't later, you'll be punished. It's better to empty your bladder now, pet.

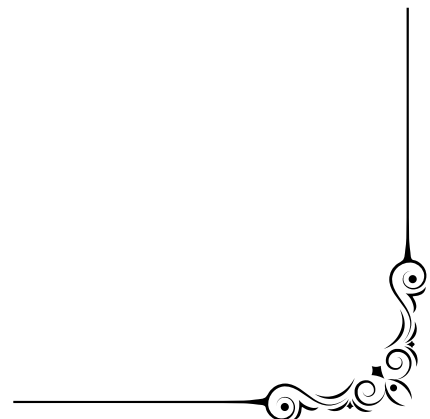
He took a deep breath, closed his eyes and softened his muscles. It took a small while, but eventually, he started to pee. A lot of liquid came out, way more than I expected, especially for a creature his size. Poor pet, his bladder was probably about to burst.

Sol directed his eyes at me again, distressed.

—D-done, Master.

His voice was a shaky whisper.

—Good pet, good pet! Let's wash you now, ok?



I doused him with water again. He must have been filthy with sweat and dirt after being outside that long. Not to mention all the hands that touched him. He needed to be cleaned thoroughly before anything else.

Now that I thought about it, I should not have put him in my bed. Ah, fuck, I needed to change the sheets. I tried to be gentle as I ran my hands over his scalp and wings, lathering them with shampoo. Still, he flinched at the slightest touch on his feathered appendages.

Sol was sorta stiff and jumpy, when I spread soap over his body, the slightest touch making him recoil, but this was expected. It was probably his first time being showered like this, after all.

I needed to clean every little nook and cranny, so it took some time. His nipples were inverted so it was important to lather the insides of their soft skin as well. He grit his teeth when I dug the little pink nubs out with my fingers, but some small moans still escaped.

—Does this feel good, pet?

He mumbled something in response.

—Pet, I asked you a question.

—Yes, Master.

He said in a low, raspy voice, clearly embarrassed. It was quite adorable. I also brushed his teeth, his tongue, and the inside of his cheeks. I lathered behind his ears and between each of his fingers. He seemed quite sensitive on the lower ones. His toes, I mean.

I always thought angels' feet looked a bit funny, to be honest. They were like a stretched hand or something. I often caught myself wondering if walking on those was uncomfortable. The skin of their soles was a bit thicker, but not as thick as hooves.

Maybe that was why they wore shoes. The angels, not the pets, of course.

Finally, I took extra care to spread the soap across all of the little folds of his pussy. It was probably especially filthy at this point and it needed to be cleaned. He whimpered a bit when I focused on his most sensitive parts, but didn't try to close his legs.

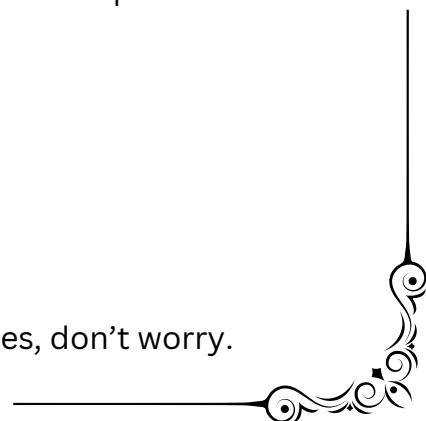
Such an obedient pet already...

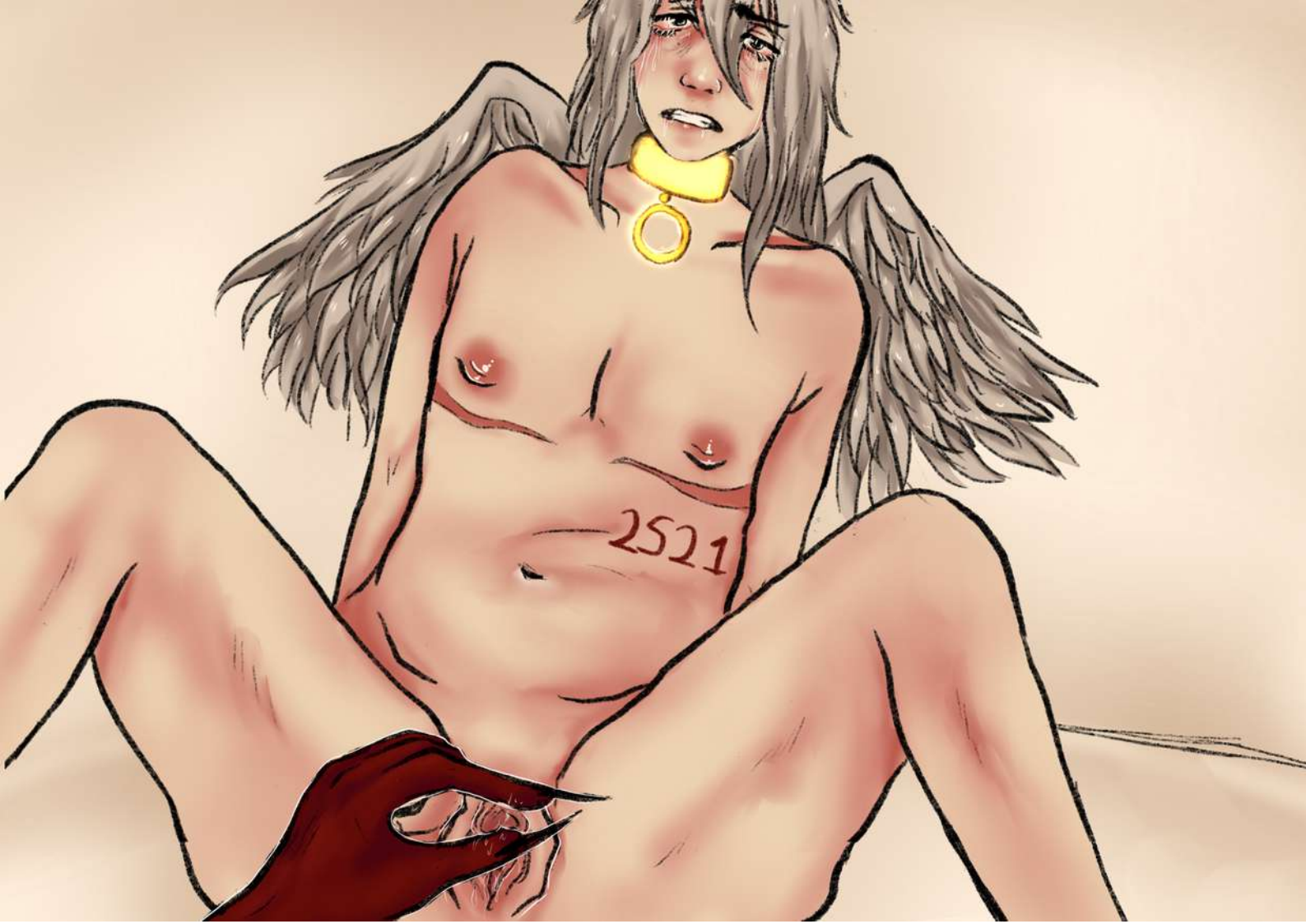
I peeled the foreskin of his clit back and rubbed a soapy finger all around the unprotected head. His moans were even louder now.

—Enjoying yourself, little pet?

—Uhm... s-sorry, Master...

—Don't apologize Sol, you are a good pet! Good pets can enjoy themselves, don't worry.





I stopped and briefly considered what I'd just said, still rubbing his nub with the soap.

—Actually, no, it's not that exactly. Good pets must enjoy themselves. Good pets, Sol, take joy in being used and touched by their Masters. Do you understand, little thing?

—Yes, Master!

Sol's eyes were rolling back into his skull and he could no longer contain his voice.

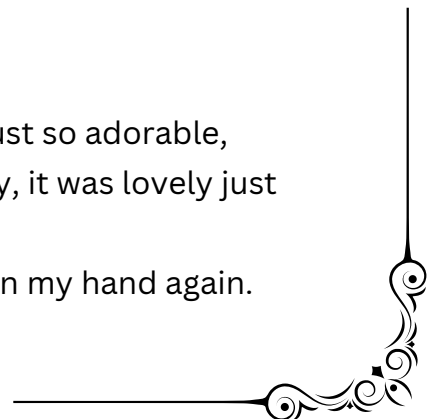
—Good, good. Now, you are enjoying yourself, aren't you, pet? You're so sensitive down here.

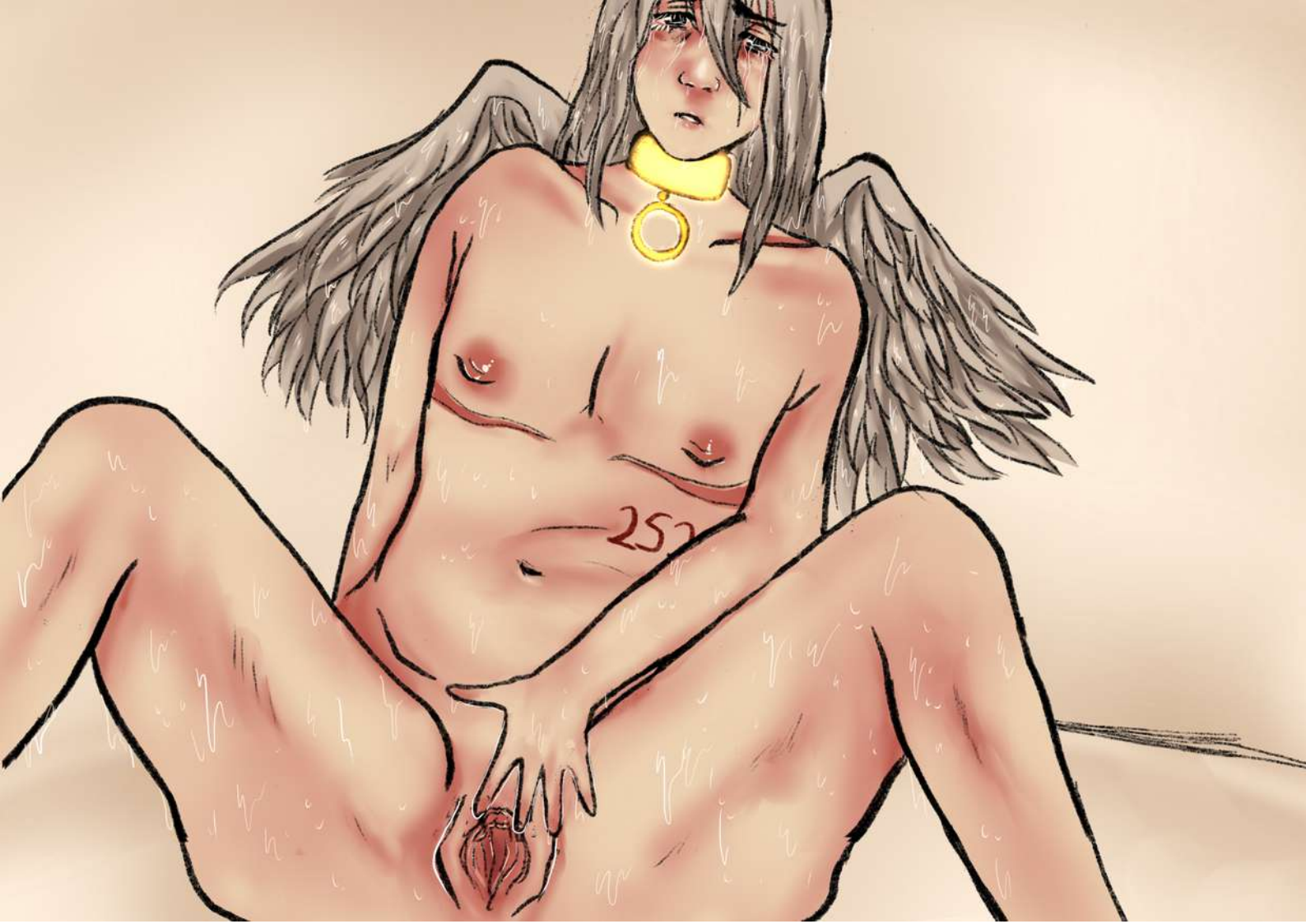
I gave his clit a small pinch.

—Yes, Master! Thank you Master!

I was purposefully taking my time lathering him up down there. He was just so adorable, moaning and shaking his hips. He was growing into his new role so quickly, it was lovely just how hard he was trying. Such a good pet!!

I took my hand away from his twitching pussy and held the showerhead in my hand again.





—Spread your little cunt with your fingers, Sol, I need to wash off the soap.

He instantly complied, previous hesitancy now gone. Soon, he was being doused with water yet again. I lingered a bit longer on his spread pussy, his hips involuntarily jerked in response, looking for more stimulation. His reactions were just so endearing...

I rubbed his now erect clit in a praiseful manner.

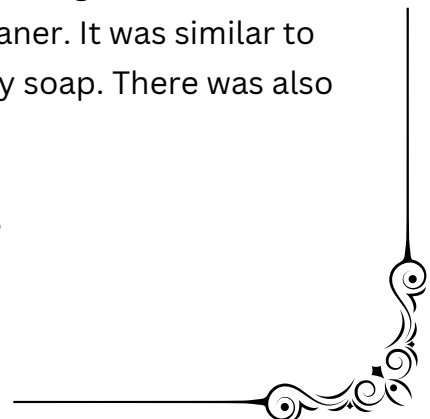
—Good boy, Sol!! Hold this position now, ok?

—Yes, Master!!

I wanted to make sure his genitals were decently cleaned before actually using him, so there was one more step. I grabbed a new toothbrush and a small bottle of cleaner. It was similar to toothpaste in texture and feel, but was actually just really powerful minty soap. There was also some alcohol in the composition too, supposedly to kill bacteria.

—This will sting a bit, endure it and keep your pussy spread, understood?

—Sol will, Master.



His eyes were glossy and half closed, heavy eyelashes framing his black eyes.

—Good. Remember, you are a pet, that means you must accept and endure anything your Master does to you. You do know that, right, Sol?

—Yes, Master!! Sol will endure!

Maybe I was being redundant. I had repeated this ad nauseam already, but I wanted to remind him as much as possible, especially now that his life as a pet was just starting. If he wanted to fully become a pet, this needed to be hammered into his mind as much as possible.

He trembled in anticipation. Sol wasn't stupid, he must have realized what I was going to do the moment I picked the toothbrush. And yet, he remained obedient, not voicing a single complaint. I hoped this would last.

I put some of the mixture on my fingers, then spread them all across his labia, around his entrance and urethra, on his clit and all the way down to his taint and asshole. Upon feeling his genitals growing colder and stinging, his breathing quickened. His small, untouched entrance quivered. The sensation was probably very weird to him.

I blew some air directly on his defenseless little cunt and, immediately, he cried out, tears rolling down his cheeks.

—Does it sting, pet?

—Yes, Master!!! It's cold, Master!!

I don't think he realized how loud he was being.

—Good, this is to clean up all the filth. I won't be using a dirty pet.

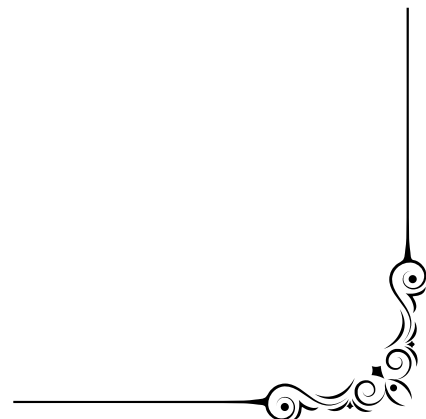
—Yes, Master!

I grabbed the toothbrush and brushed his outer labia, working my way inwards. Foam started to form as I brushed. Sol kept his position, both his fingers and pussy twitching. His discomfort was visible, but still, he held on, like a good pet was supposed to. Things were going better than expected.

I grazed the toothbrush across his clit.

—Aayeee!! Master!!

He cried out, in a tone of complaint.





—Pet?

—S-sorry!! Sol's sorry, Master!!

—This hurts?

—Yes, Master!!

—Do you want me to stop?

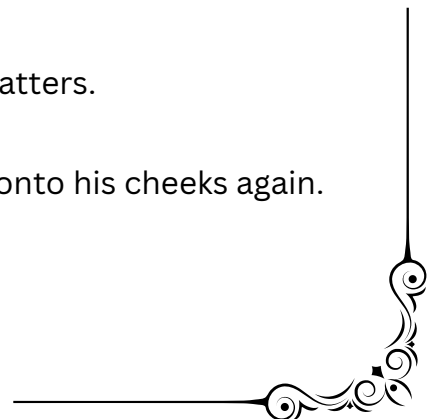
—Please, Master!

I kept on brushing his clit, harder this time.

—Here's a new lesson, pet. Pets have no wants, only their Master's will matters.

I picked up the speed, his hips spasmed and he whimpered, tears falling onto his cheeks again.

—Do you understand?



—Yes, Master!

—Then, do you want me to stop, pet?

—Sol wants Master to do as he likes!!

I pinched his clit and pressed the bristles against its head, rubbing small circles around it. There was plenty of foam around his small member now, it was bright red from all the rough rubbing.

—Good pet, you're enduring so well!

I knew it would hurt, it was a sensitive spot and the bristles of the toothbrush were hard and new. Not to mention the minty soap.

But he had to learn to endure, and, eventually, he'd have to learn to enjoy it too.

—We are almost done cleaning you, pet.

I put some more of the soap on the toothbrush. He was crying and sobbing, but at least he wasn't trying to close his legs or pull away.

—You can release your foreskin, but keep your labia spread.

Sol breathed a sigh of relief when I removed the bristles from his very abused clit

—Yes Master!

—Have you ever played with yourself, pet?

—Uhm... Sol doesn't really understand Master's question...

I rolled my eyes.

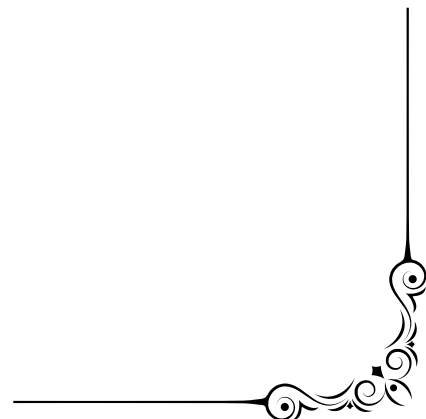
—I'm asking if you ever inserted anything up you little hole here.

He looked away from me, his cheeks somehow growing even redder. He stuttered before answering.

—Uhm.. aah.. Sol... Sol hasn't, Master...

—Really?

—...really, Master.





—Because only pets do that? Next you'll tell me you've never had sex too.

He shuddered.

—N-no... Sol, hasn't..

Truly, I had lost count of how many pets I've trained who told me they kept themselves “pure” so they wouldn't be chosen. As if them being obsessed with chastity could change the draft's results.

—Did you think this would help you not become a pet?

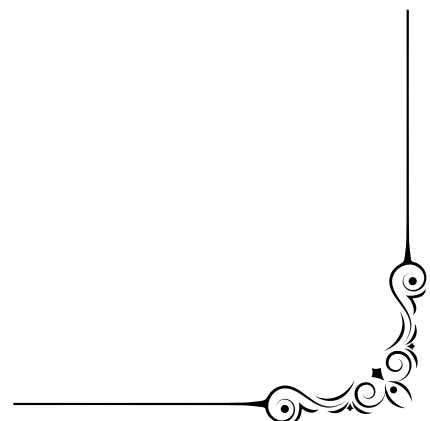
—...yes...

I pinched his clit.

—Yes?

—Yes Master!!! Sol's sorry for misspeaking, Master!!

He screamed, pain audible in his voice.





—Good. and what are you now, Sol?

—...a pet, Master.

—Yes, Sol, a pet. You and all the other pets and public reliefs say the same things, and yet you all ended up here all the same. Weird, isn't it?

—Sol was...

He stopped and looked at me for approval, and, again, he was crying.

—Go on.

—Sol was scared that if Sol did that then...then it would turn him into a pet...

—Sol, dear, you can't turn into something you were all along. You understand that now, don't you?

—Y-yes Master...

I pushed the toothbrush with the soap inside of him. His eyes widened and he let out a yelp.



—So, this is the first time something's inside of you like that? How does it feel, pet?

—It hurts, Master...

Slowly, I brushed his insides, cleaning them as well, using my other hand to gently rub his clit.

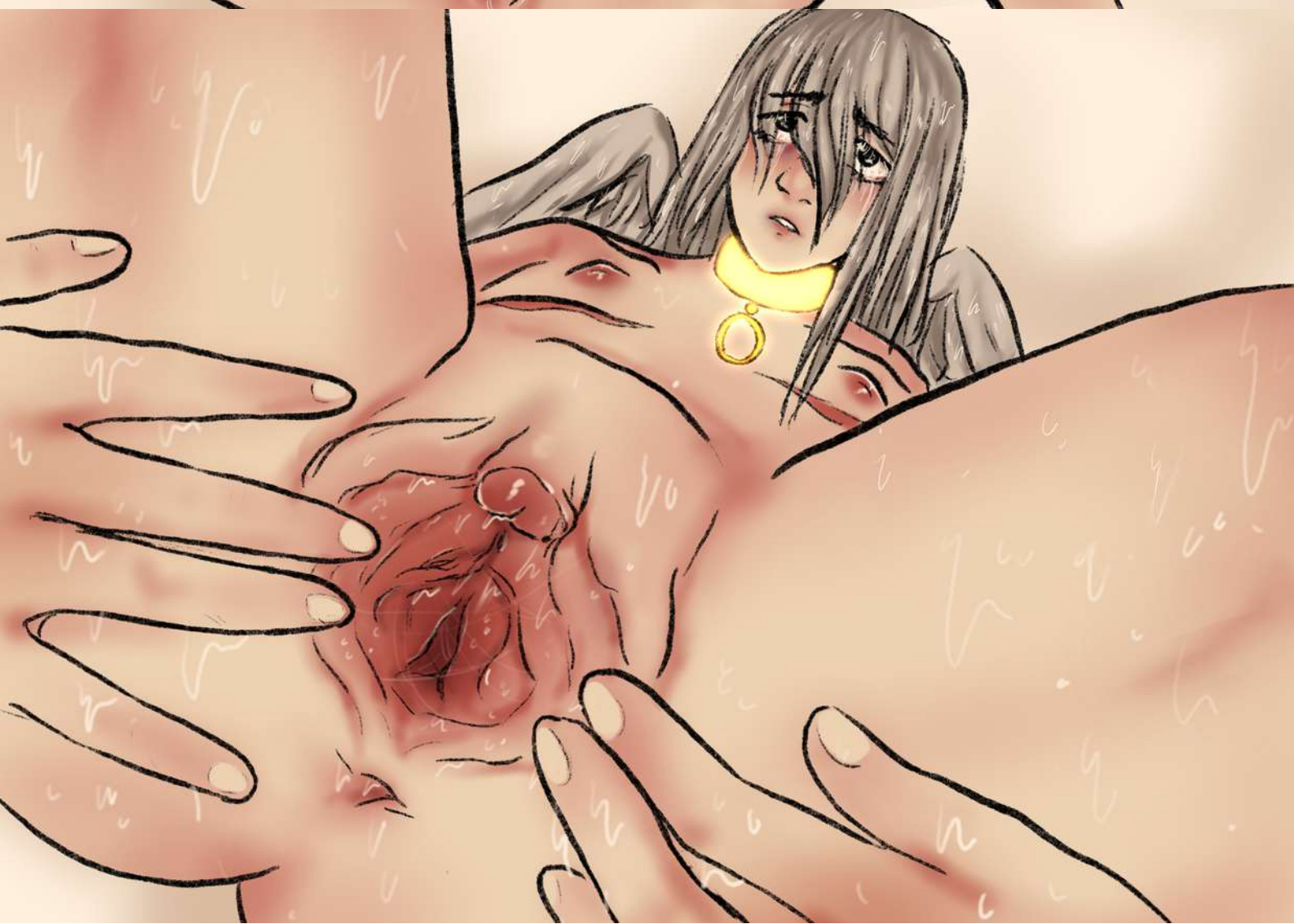
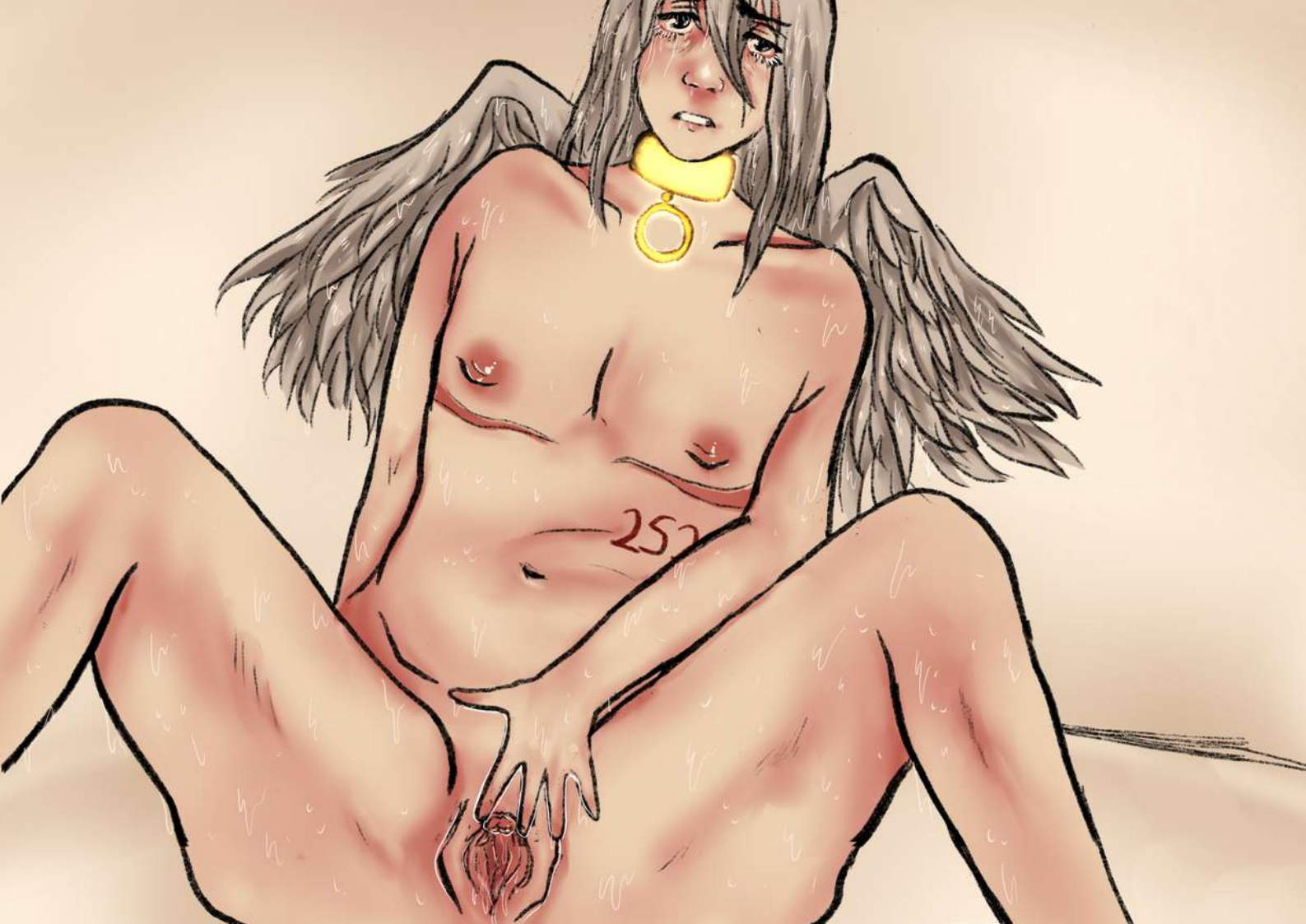
—There, there, this feels good though, doesn't it?

—It does, Master!!

Sol moaned and yelped, legs spasming. He let his head fall backwards into the walls of the tub. I took the toothbrush out of him, now focused solely on rubbing his clit up and down while washing out the soap. He was whimpering and moaning so lovingly, I almost forgot there were other things I still needed to do today.

I gave his clit a gentle pinch before finally stopping, I didn't want him to cum, not yet, anyway. Sol looked flushed and all of his body now had a pretty red hue. He stared at me through half lidded eyes, still holding the same position I had ordered him to take earlier.

I sprayed water all over him one final time and took him out of the bathtub. He kept quiet while I dried him with a towel and blow dried his hair and wings. After I was done, I ordered him to follow me to his new nest.



—Well, this is your little corner from now on. Your home, I guess.

He looked at it with curiosity in his eyes. I just now realized the pillows were the size of him and the plushies were not as small as I thought.

—Do you like it, pet?

He turned to me, a ghost of a smile on his lips.

—Sol likes it, Master!

I gently turned his head towards the water fountain.

—Here, drink.

I didn't think he had been given any water all day long, so he would likely be thirsty at this point. Sol took some hesitant steps towards it and started lapping some water that pooled on the bottom of the fountain.

I attached the chain on the wall to his collar while he finished his task and scruffed his hair again. I ran my fingers down his back, in between his wings, until I stopped right at his butt, then gently squeezed the flesh there. His skin was soft and smooth. The pet continued lapping at the water, unbothered

—Lay down for a bit, ok? I'll go change the sheets and eat something, I'll feed you when I'm back.

Sol lifted his head.

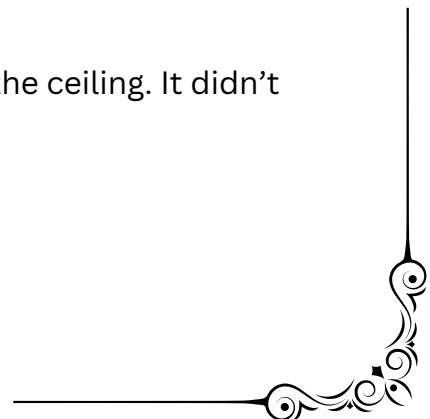
—Yes, Master.

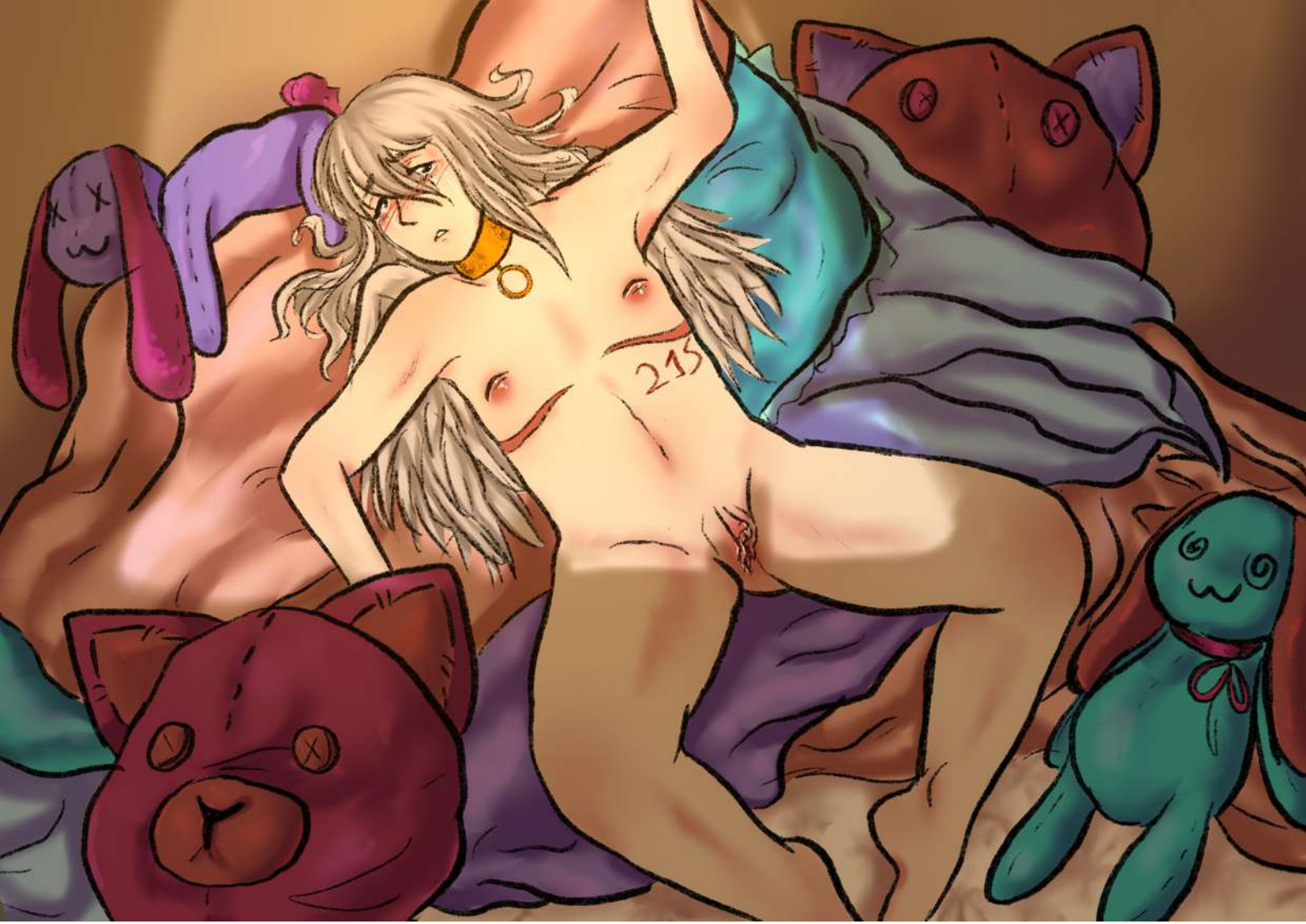
He quickly went back to drinking. Maybe I should have given him water before all of that, poor thing was probably thirsty as hell. He should be able to move around a bit, but the collar didn't let him have any strength, so the absolute worst he could do was kick the fountain or pee on the floor. It was mostly safe to leave him alone for a while. I would still be inside the house, anyway, I would be able to hear if anything was amiss.

When I came back, he was laying down on the pillows, blankly staring at the ceiling. It didn't seem like he noticed my arrival.

—Sol?

—He jumped when I called his name, as if being dragged out of a daze.





—Yes, Master?

I sat on the floor right next to him.

—Open your legs, I need to feed you.

I showed him the syringe filled with purple gel I was holding.

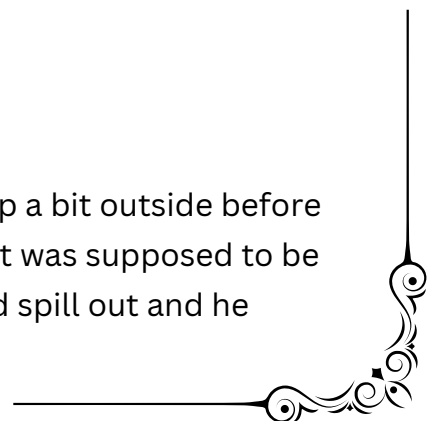
—Yes, Master.

He did as I ordered, timidly. I inserted the tip into his asshole and pressed down the other end to deposit the food inside of him, his face contorted and a weird expression.

—Does it hurt, pet?

—No, Master, it's just cold.

Well, I had just taken it out of the fridge. I suppose I could let it warm it up a bit outside before feeding him next time. After I was done, I inserted a small plug into him. It was supposed to be there just for a bit, while his body absorbed everything, so nothing would spill out and he would get all the nutrition he was supposed to.



Sol eyed me with fear in his eyes again.

—Well, I guess the basics are done.

He started shaking as soon as I unhooked the chain from his collar. I had a feeling why. He knew what came next, and he was scared.

I took him in my arms and lifted him, holding him there for a short while. Sol's wings were retracted, his shoulders slumped, as if he was trying to make himself smaller. His whole body trembled, his sobs coming in soon after.

—Sol.

—Yes, Master?

He answered blankly, making no attempt to look up. I laid him down on the bed, trying to be careful as not to crush his wings. He stayed there just as I had placed him, making no attempt to flee, move or hide himself.

I could clearly see he was forcing himself to take deep breaths, in an effort to calm his nerves. When I raked my nails across his torso, not hard enough to scratch him or anything, he jumped.

—Easy now...

I put a hand on one of his shoulders, holding him in place, and started toying with his nipples with the other. I knew he wouldn't be able to escape the pain, especially the first few times, but at least I wanted to ease him in a bit.

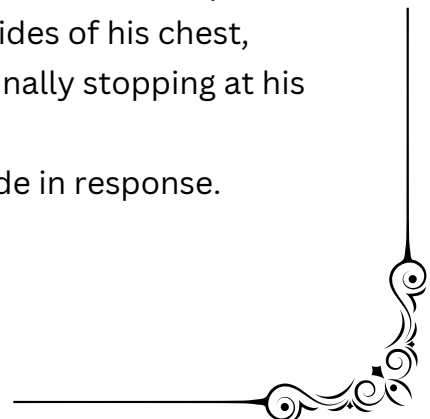
Both of his areolae were puffy and soft to the touch, their little nipple nubs hidden away between the folds of the pink flesh. He seemed to enjoy it when I inserted my nail into the small opening and softly teased it.

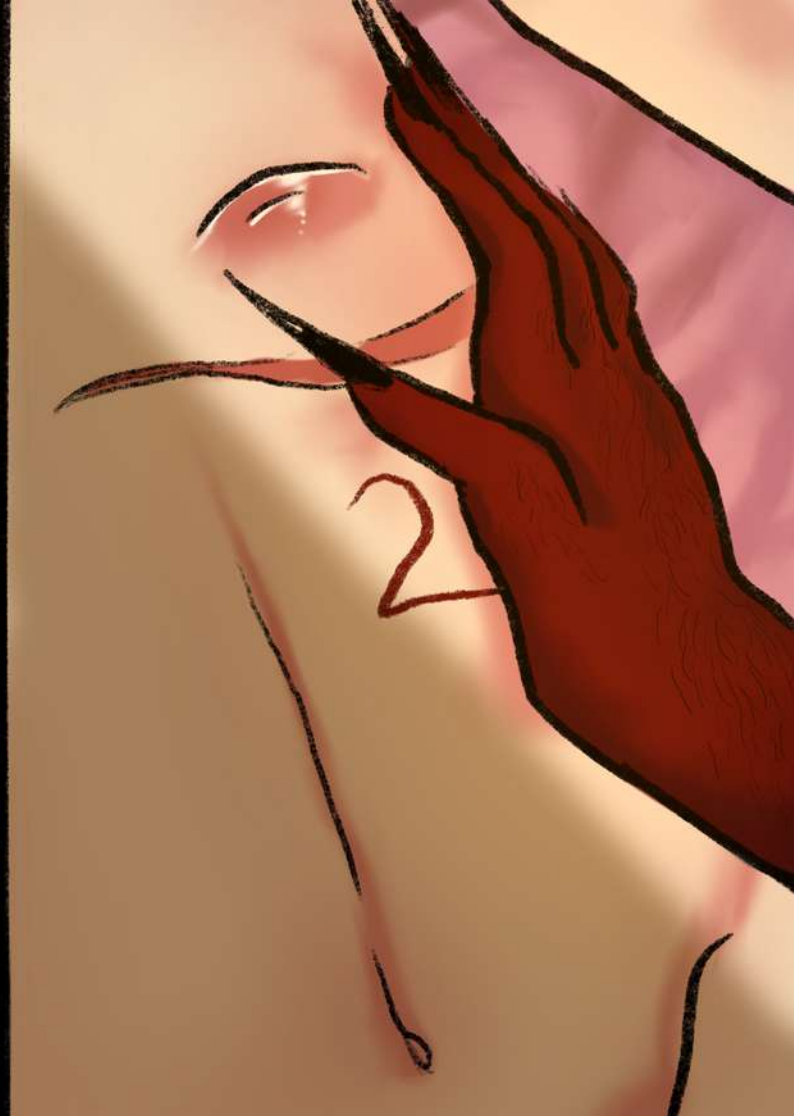
Eventually, his nipples hardened and their little nubs finally poked out, exposing the sensitive parts to the chilly night air. I pinched both of them at the same time, rolling them under my fingers. This made Sol release sweet little moans from his half-open mouth, his knuckles digging into the blankets.

I gently tugged on them and the pet rolled his eyes. His sensitive skin had turned from pink to red, same as his cheeks. I moved my hands down his body, stroking the sides of his chest, feeling down his ribcage and tracing over his belly and hip bone before finally stopping at his mound.

He closed his eyes and covered his face with his arms. I shoved them aside in response.

—No hiding, pet.





—Y-yes Master, Sol's sorry!!

His eyes darted to the window as soon as he finished answering. I stroked his cheek with my thumb before speaking again.

—You belong to me. Do you understand that?

—Yes, Master!

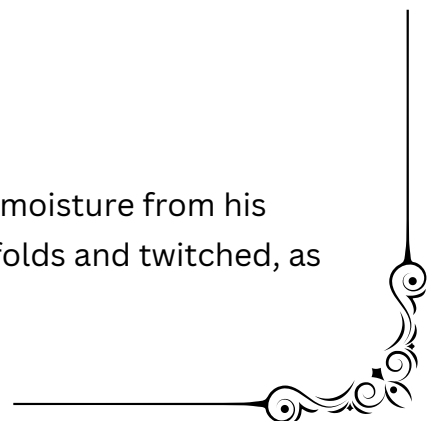
Grasping his face, I turned his head towards me.

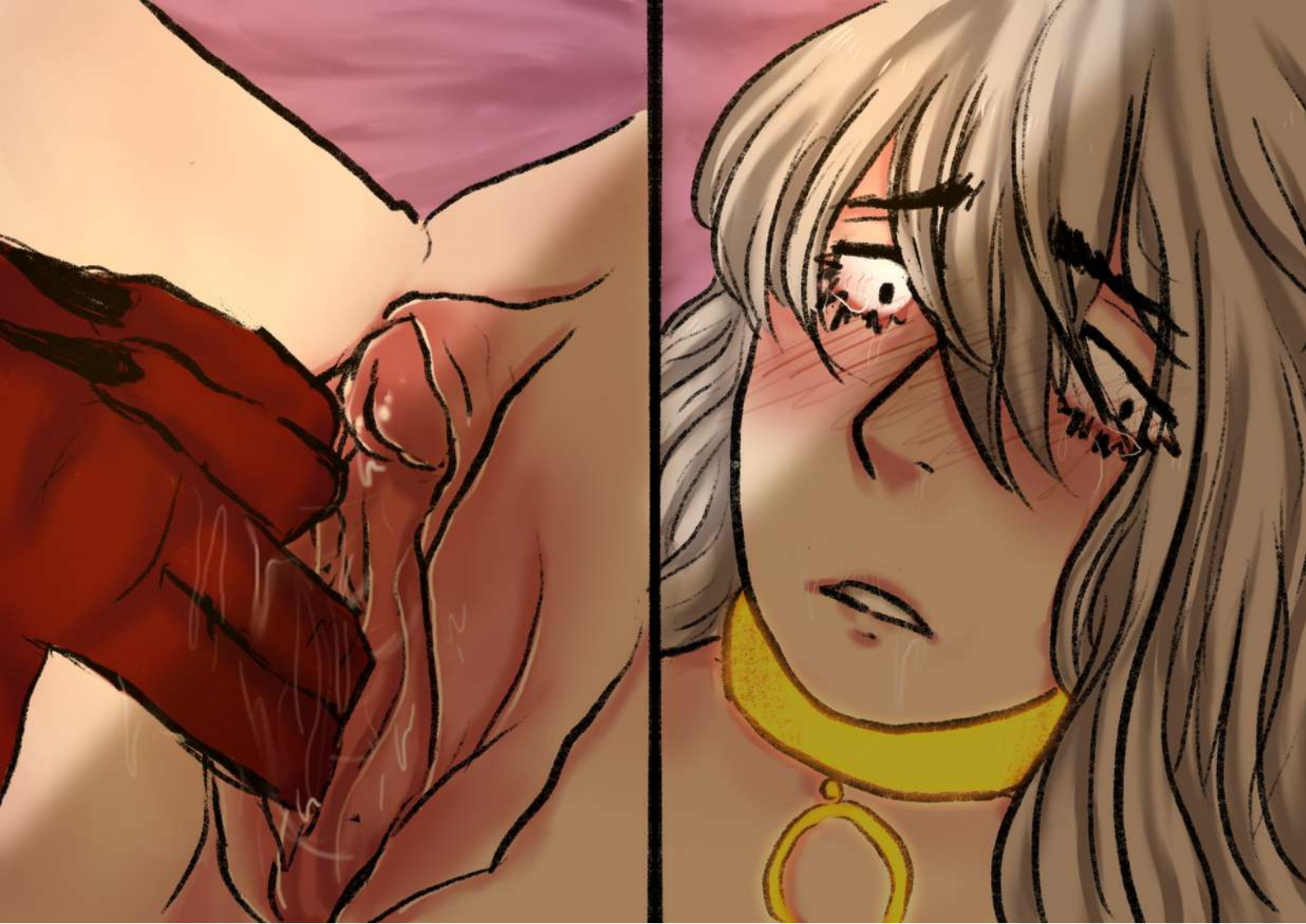
—Then look at me, not at the window.

Sol was embarrassed, but he obeyed nonetheless.

—Yes, Master, Sol will look.

I ran my thumb down his slit, his wetness already leaking out. Borrowing moisture from his warmth, I coated my finger with it and rubbed his clit. It stuck out of his folds and twitched, as if begging to be played with





I moved my finger up and down his nub, feeling it harden with each touch. I traced small circles all around it, slow and steady, then left and right to. Sol's hips were jerking again, trying to lean into the touch, craving for more speed perhaps, but I held him in place with my other hand. I wanted to take my sweet time teasing him.

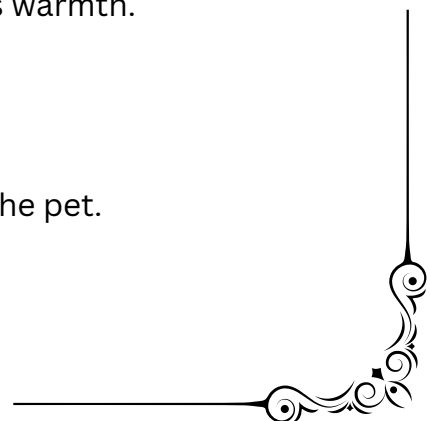
I rubbed down his slit again. Thick slick oozed out of him, making a small puddle on the bed. So much for changing the sheets. Sol's moans were growing louder, embarrassment and fear slowly giving way for his pet nature to show. His eyes were glistening with pleasure, half lidded and hidden by a heavy set of fluttering eyelashes.

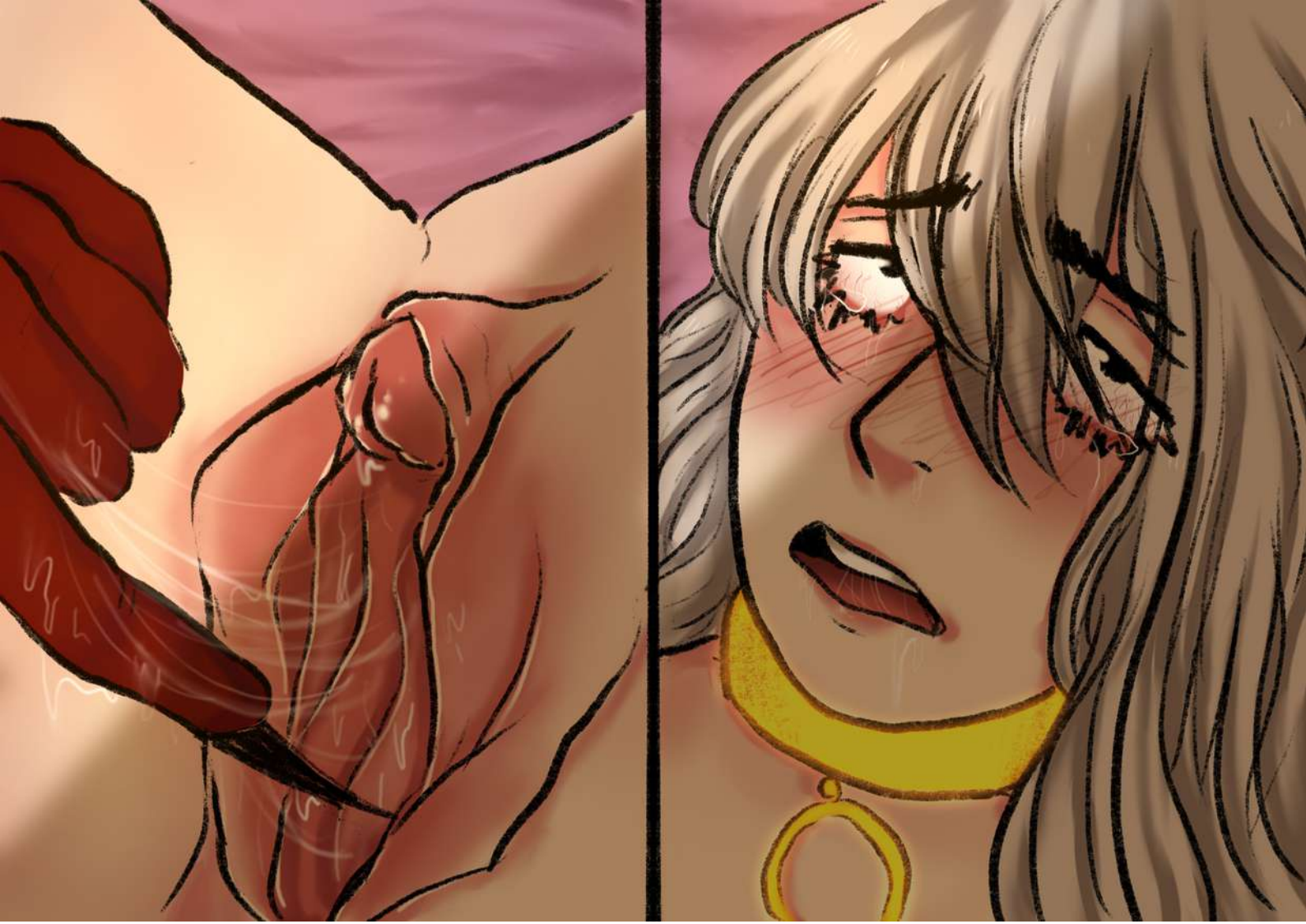
Slowly, I spread his labia apart. A line of moisture connected both of his lips, until it eventually broke apart. His hole, his clit, his whole pussy twitched. Even under my grip, he still tried desperately to move his hips, his body begging for more before his mind could. I pressed my thumb against his clit and slowly inserted a finger inside his warmth.

—How about now, pet? Does it hurt to have something inside now?

His walls twitched and pressed against my finger as I moved it inside of the pet.

—No, Master!!! It feels good!!





He was so soft, I couldn't help but insert another. Wet noises escaped from his hole as I scissored the fingers inside, stretching him out.

—M-Master!!

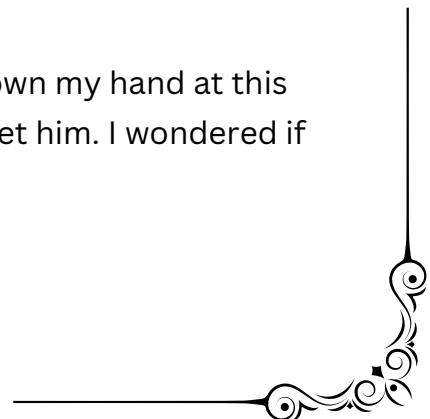
He cried out when I curled my fingers inside of him.

—You will be an obedient pet, won't you, Sol?

I gave some attention to his clit again as I spoke, slowly pulling back the foreskin with my free hand.

—Yes! Master! Sol will!! Sol will be!! An obedient!! Pet!!! Master!!!

He screamed in between gasps and moans. Sol's juices were dripping down my hand at this point, he was so close to cumming on my fingers, I was tempted to just let him. I wondered if he could squirt? Aaaa, that would truly be lovely!



Not now, though, I thought.

I removed my fingers from inside of him, hearing a loud plop as I did. A long line of slick connected my digits to his sweet cunt. It was so viscous, and there was so, so much of it, and it gave such a rich smell. It was earthy, like his sweat before, but also vaguely sweet. Mixed with the mint of the soap too, it was just so good.

Spreading him apart with both my thumbs, I brought my face closer to his twitching sweetness. I wanted to fully take in his smell. So inviting. So alluring. I felt my cock harden against the restraints of my pants, desperately wanting out.

But now, I was focused on something else.

I couldn't help but give his whole pussy, from his entrance to his urethra, a nice, sloppy lick. I sucked hard on his clit too, feeling a strong taste of mint that remained from the copious amount of cleaner I'd used.

The juices that dripped from his hole tasted more like him. There was such a sweetness to his thick, rich nectar, I could stay there, lapping at his folds all day long. Sol's breathing was labored and heavy, eyes cloudy from all the pleasure. His sweet moans were so soft and inviting, I shoved my whole tongue inside of him, licking up his slippery walls and playing with his clit with my fingers.

I needed to fuck him. Badly. I gave his clit one last strong suck, making Sol yelp and arch his back in the process, and undid my belt.

Ok, calm down, deep breaths, Amon, you don't want to hurt him. Not too much anyway. His first time would be the worst, he *would* have to go through it, but there was no need to make it even *worse*. **Don't let him turn out like her.** I can't. I will *not* break him like that.

I took my cock out and laid it on top of him, almost comically big against his small body.

—Sol.

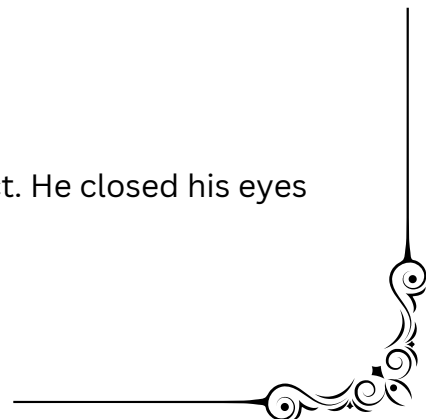
—Yes, Master?

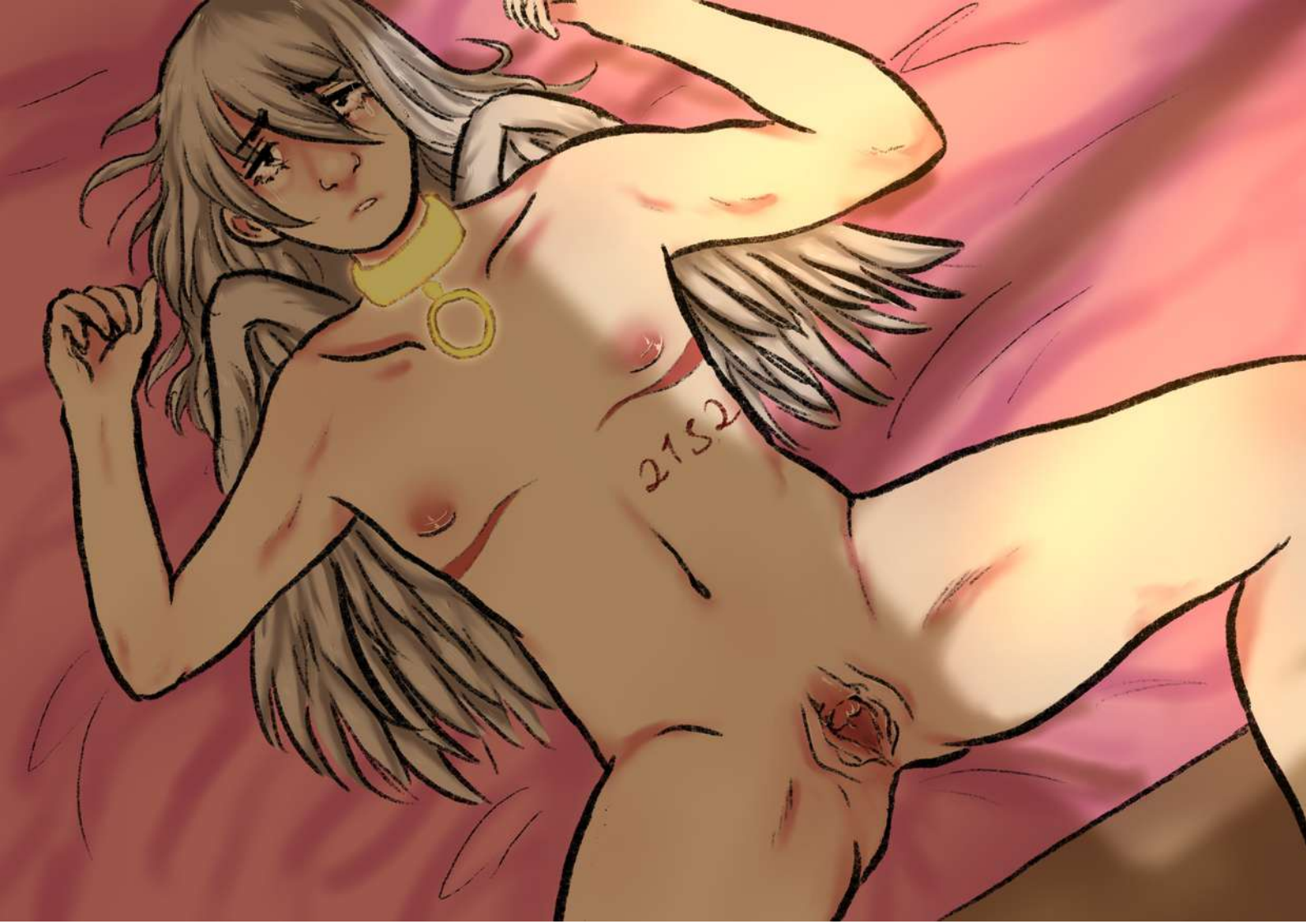
His eyes were full of fear still, but it was much more controlled now.

—This will hurt. A whole lot.

There was no reason to lie to him. It's better that he knew what to expect. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

—Sol will endure, Master.





I spread him open again, positioning the tip right at his entrance.

—...Master?

—Yes, Sol?

—Can Sol close his eyes this time?

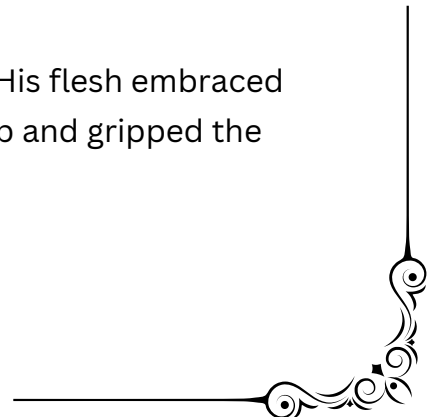
I rubbed his cheek affectionately

—Of course, little pet.

—Thank you, Master.

Slowly, I inserted myself into him, the spikes slowly digging at his walls. His flesh embraced mine and I instantly knew restraining myself would be hard. Sol bit his lip and gripped the sheets, bracing for the pain he knew would only get worse.

Aah, he was so slippery...





Soon, I reached the entrance of his cervix. I knew this was the painful part, he probably did too.

Still, he had asked to forget, to become nothing but a happy little pet. And I promised I'd make him into one.

He'd have to break, I realized. Both physically and mentally. At least a little. Stroking his hipbone with one of my hands, I addressed him.

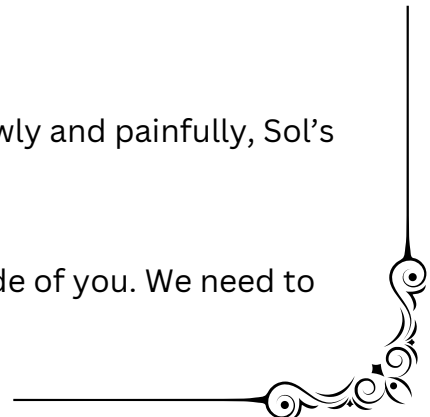
—Sol, do you know why we have that pointy part in our cocks?

—No, Master...

He answered through gritted teeth, his voice trembling.

I calmly pushed myself further inside of him, making his cervix open slowly and painfully, Sol's walls convulsing around the rest of my member.

—That's so we can open up your cervixes, otherwise we wouldn't fit inside of you. We need to reach all the way into your womb to fit it all inside, you know?





Sol gasped, likely due to pain. Was he even listening? He had no business being so warm, so tight, so...good.

—You see, once your cervix first comes in contact with demon cock, it permanently changes. Did anyone ever teach you that, little thing?

—Sol...didn't...

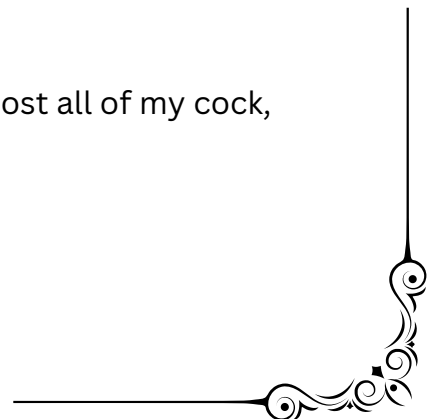
He struggled to say anything between his labored breaths. I rolled my eyes, feeling the entrance to his womb clamp down on my length.

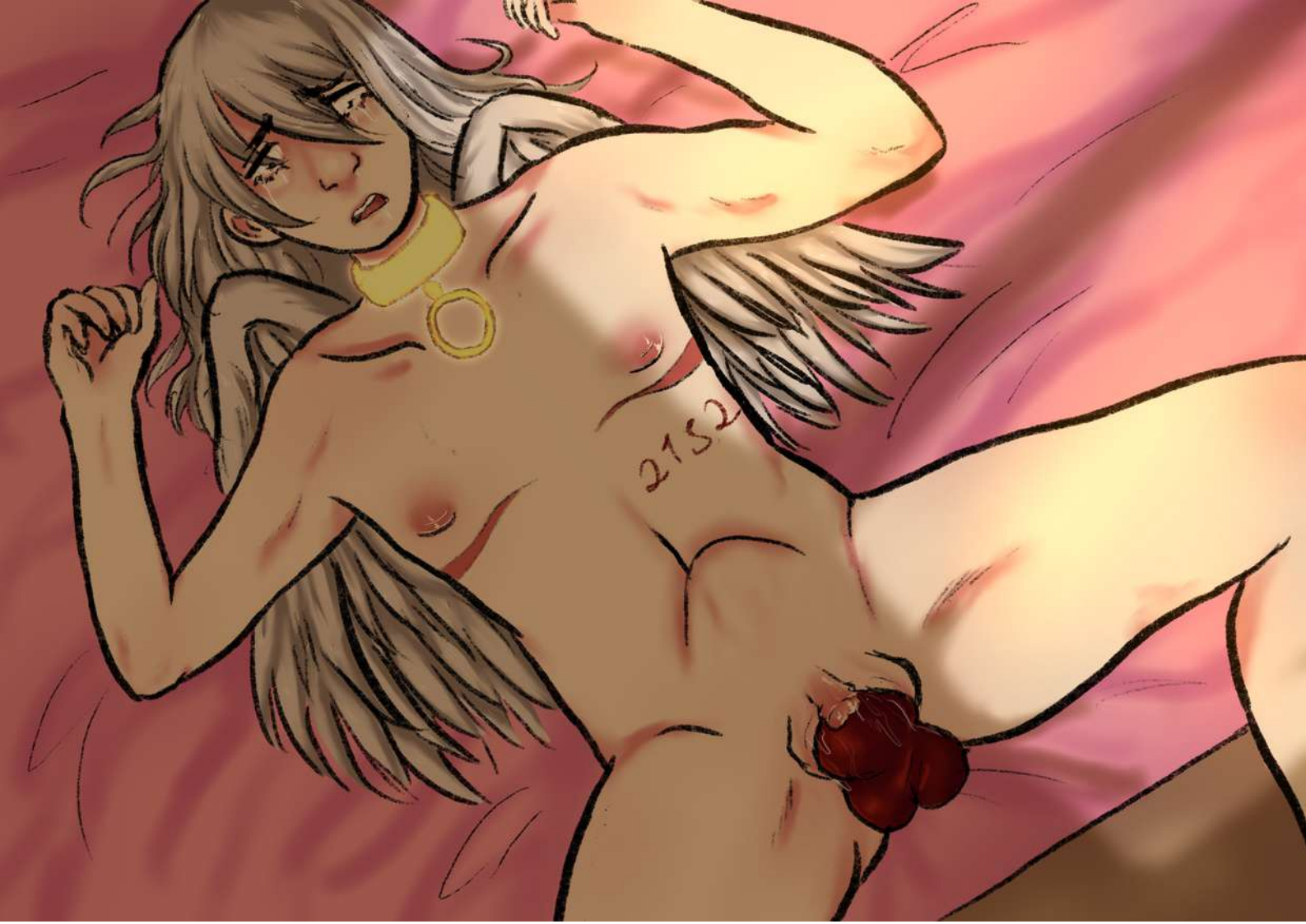
—It's some sort of chemical reaction, I think. So, from now on, the entrance to your womb will be permanently soft and stretchy, and, in time, it will no longer hurt to have it spread open to receive your Master's cock.

I was almost reaching the end of his womb now, his heat enveloping almost all of my cock, fully coating all of the spiky ends on his walls.

—You'll truly have the body of a pet now, Sol, there's no going back.

I was almost fully inside of him, save for the knot, of course





—Open your eyes, pet.

He obediently did, gasping for air and gritting his teeth still.

—Look at how your belly is bulging, little thing.

His eyes widened, he looked legitimately horrified.

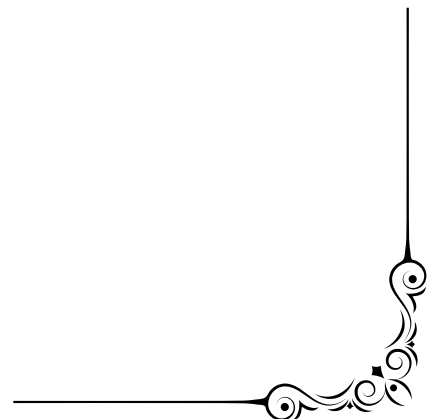
—Shhh, it's ok. This is normal. See?

I gingerly guided his hand to his own stomach and laid it across the bulging flesh. Everytime my dick twitched inside of him, the little lump moved too. This startled him, making him quickly remove his hand in reflex.

—You'll get used to it, pet.

I rubbed his cheek with my thumb.

—No, you'll enjoy it, little thing, you'll beg for it, pet.



Sol was gritting his teeth, but seemed determined not to cry. I finally started to move my own hips, running my hands through his hair to reassure him. I went slowly at first, gradually picking up speed as I went. I tenderly rubbed Sol's clit in the same rhythm, trying to soothe his pain a bit.

It was an embarrassing thing to admit, but it was the first time I was doing this with a pet too. It's not like I hadn't had the opportunity, it's just...

I just always wanted to do it first with a pet of *my own*.

So I made an effort to stay completely away from public reliefs in that regard. Ironic, considering my whole job was training them. Of course, I knew I was just being stupid and stubborn about it, surely it would have been better for Sol if my mind wasn't so clouded with all of these sensations myself.

Trying to control myself was getting harder and harder.

His womb was just so soft, his cervix gripped my length, almost like it was sucking it in; his walls too just wouldn't stop twitching. My spikes were digging into his soft, delicate skin, fully enveloping them. His insides were just so warm too.

He was just so good. So good. So perfect.

Even if I closed my eyes to try and focus, his little gasps and moans made me lose it every time. My mind was completely filled with thoughts of knotting and breeding him. To be honest I hadn't planned to get him pregnant immediately. I thought it would be better to wait for him to adapt to his new life before springing that onto him.

But screw it, I guess, my brain had no space for rational thought now.

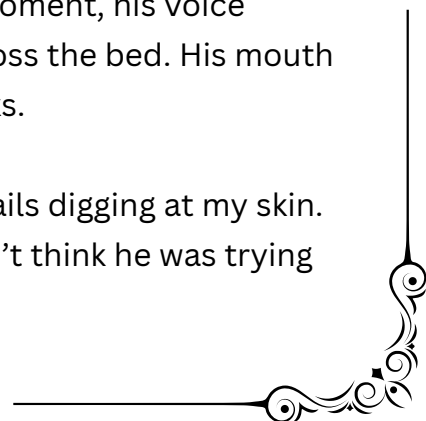
Sol was mine.

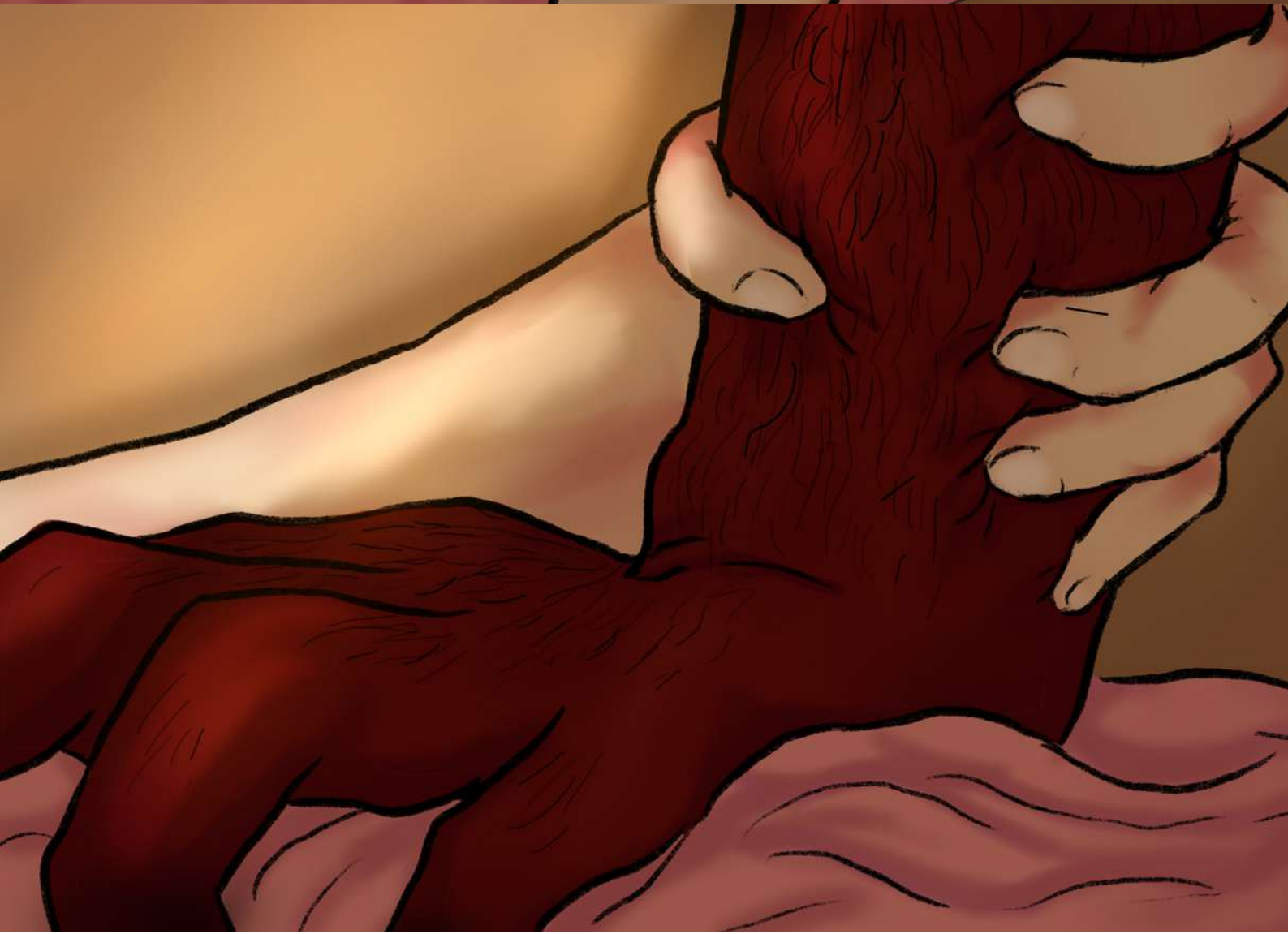
Mine.

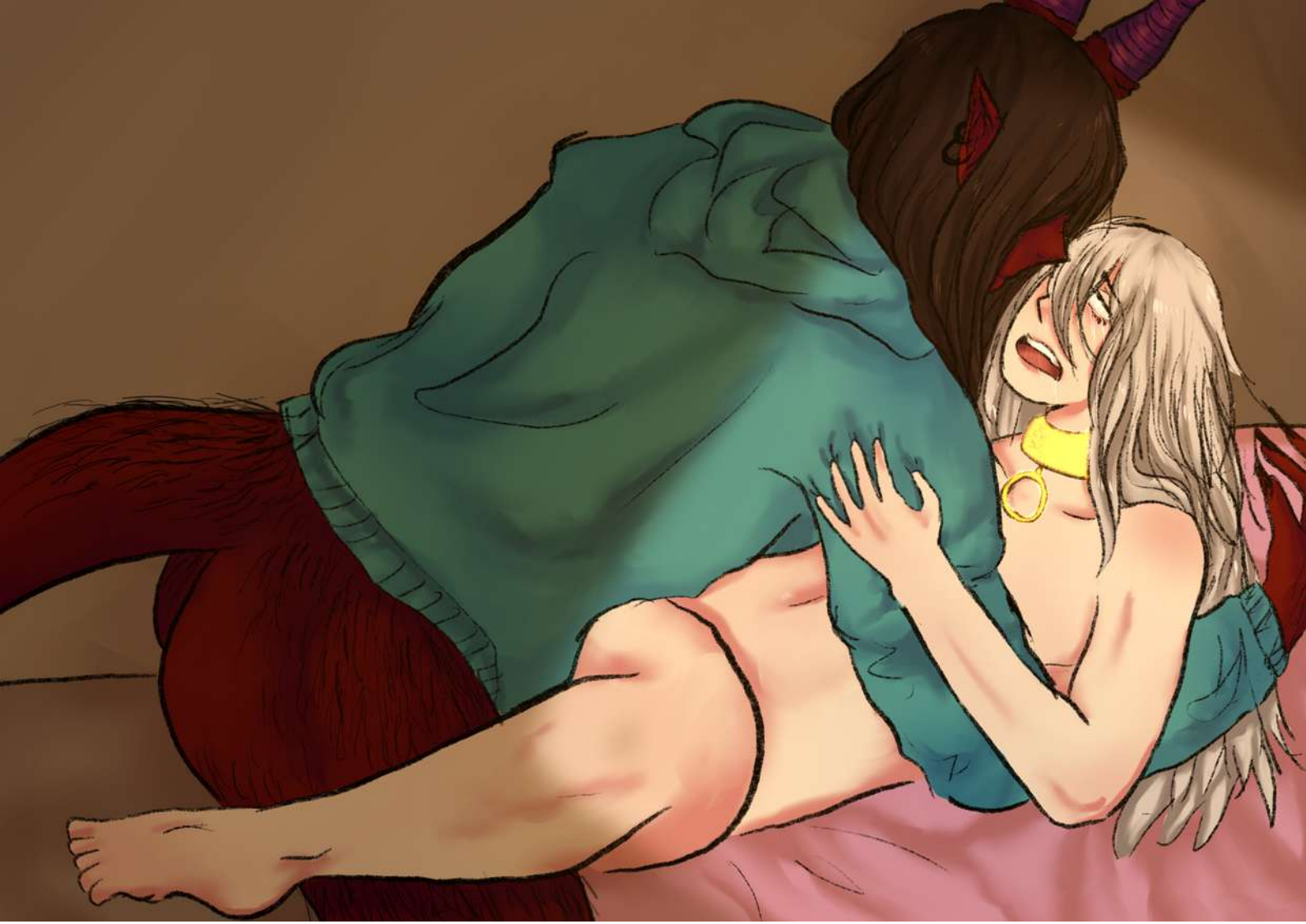
I held his hips in place using both of my hands and, barely even thinking about what I was doing, sheathed myself inside of him, knotting him this time.

He gasped and screamed, his legs spasming uncontrollably, and, for a moment, his voice brought me back to reality. Again, I looked at his small form splayed across the bed. His mouth was agape and drooling, eyes shut, tears flowing down his flushed cheeks.

I hadn't noticed before, but one of his hands was around my wrist, his nails digging at my skin. Of course, he didn't have enough strength to actually hurt me, and I don't think he was trying to. He likely just needed to grip *something* to deal with the pain.







How adorable.

Adorable little pet.

My adorable little pet.

I went back to rubbing his pretty, stiff clit. It felt so good and rubbery under my fingers. His perky little nipple too, it just seemed so lonely, as if it was crying for attention. Sol whimpered, his whole body shaking in such a lovely manner. I could feel I was starting to lose it again.

—Small thing, do you know how badly your womb craves a baby?

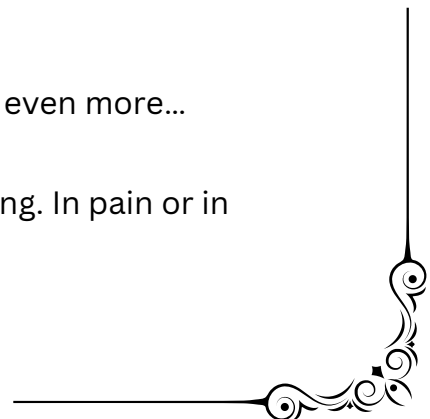
I didn't even know what the fuck I was saying anymore.

—Soon, your whole womb will be completely filled with warm cum, little Sol

Absent-mindedly, I resumed moving my hips.

—You'll be filled all the way through, until your soft little belly is bulging even more...

Sol didn't bother responding, he was too busy gasping for air and moaning. In pain or in pleasure, I didn't know.



—Did you know that as soon as your little ovaries detect that you are filled to the brim with demon seed, you immediately ovulate?

It was most likely pain if I thought about it critically, but of course, my brain wanted to believe otherwise.

—Once I unplug the knot, most of the cum inside will leak out, but not the ones on your tubes. no, what is there will remain, living and strong, for over a week, your own body will make sure of that.

I was thrusting into him at full speed now, Sol's screams were so loud I wasn't even sure he could hear me.

—That's how much your body wants to serve as a pet, little thing.

All his twitching and shaking under me felt good. Way too good. My own thoughts were becoming foggy. He smelled so good too. So warm, like sunlight in winter.

I knew I was close. Aw, crap.

Sol's eyes were rolling into his skull, never letting go of the grip on my wrist. His hole was twitching violently now, his body shaking.

I impulsively brought him closer, hugging his tiny body.

—Hang...Hang in there, Sol... Just a bit...

He was so small. So tiny.

He dug his nails into my chest, desperately looking for something to clutch.

Tiny, tiny pet, completely filled with cock.

He's so adorable.

I'll fill you up with cum too.

Impulsively, I pulled his hair, forcing his head back and making him look in my direction. His eyes were unfocused and filled with tears, his whole face a wet mess.

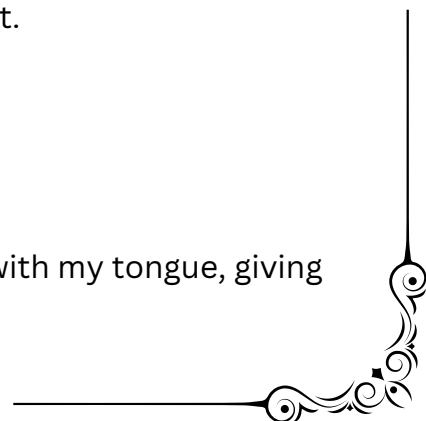
—Be a good pet and carry my babies, little Sol.

Somehow, through gasps and moans, he was able to get a response out.

—Y-yes m-mas..mast--ter!!!

Fuck, I couldn't hold out anymore.

I held his head in place and entered his already partly opened mouth with my tongue, giving him a sloppy, wet kiss.





You're mine, little Sol. Mine.

So warm. Warm and mine.

My vision blurred and became full of black splotches, and a huge wave of pleasure washed over me, soon followed by many small ones. I kept shooting cum inside of him for minutes, completely filling him up and unable to let go of him.

Slowly, my vision came back, the sensation subsided and my senses returned to normal as I came down from my orgasm.

Crap! Had I hurt him???

Fuck.

Fuck. Fuck.

—Sol??

He was breathing heavily against my chest, exhausted, his legs still involuntarily trembling. I quickly laid him down on the bed and removed myself from his insides. A large amount of cum and blood flowed onto the sheets. Sol's eyes were blank and bloodshot, his whole body shaking.



—Y-yes, Master?

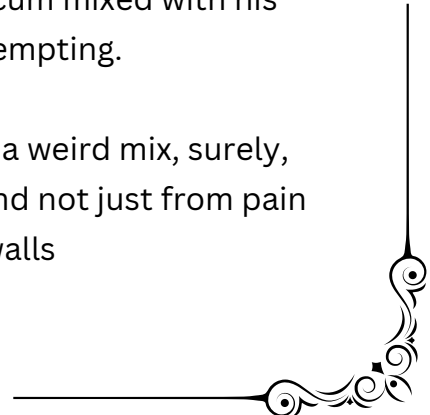
His voice was but a wavering murmur. The first pangs of guilt weighed down on my head. It was done. It had been way more than I expected to put him through on his first time, but it was done. It would be better from now on. Surely. He would grow to like this, I was sure of it. He had to.

Again, I turned my attention to his clit. He gasped at the touch, his opening clearly overly sensitive at this point.

—You were such a good pet, Sol...

His little cunt twitched. *It's ok, pet, I'll make you feel good too.* I inserted two fingers into his already loosened hole and started licking his slit again. Tasting my own cum mixed with his blood wasn't something I had planned on doing but now, it seemed so tempting.

His sweetness, mixing with the metallic blood and the bitter cum. It was a weird mix, surely, but not a bad one. Soon enough, he was moaning and twitching again, and not just from pain this time. My fingers were deep inside of him too, stirring his loosened walls





I pulled my face away, working only with my hands now.

—Tell me pet, tell me how much you like your Master’s fingers inside of you~

—Sol likes it!!

—Just likes it? You’ll make your Master sad.

I slowed the pace and pinched his clit, twisting it a little.

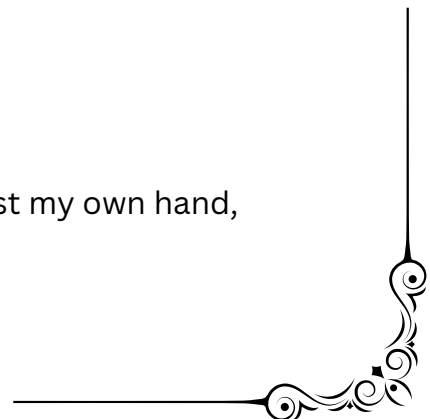
—Sol loves it!! Sol loves!!

He answered through moans and yelps. There was something weirdly erotic about using my cum and his blood to rub his pussy.

—Good pet, Sol~

His eyes were glazed with pure pleasure now, he was again jerking against my own hand, completely giving into the sensations.

—One last lesson, little pet.





He stopped the motions on his clit and spread his legs further apart.

—All of you belongs to me. All of it. That includes your orgasms. They are for me. As such, you must offer them up like this, with your legs fully spread open. From now on, everytime you cum, you must proudly display all of it, even if I'm not here. Do you understand, pet?

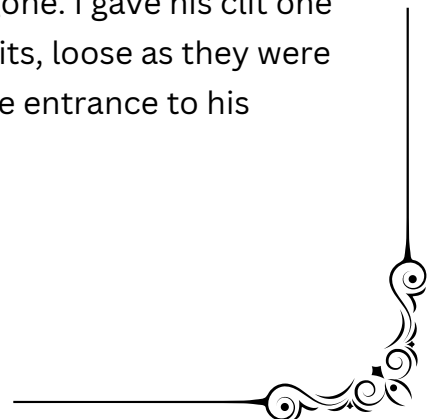
—Yes, Master!! Sol understands!!

He screamed, his mind likely going as blank as mine was a moment ago. His hips were jerking violently and his eyes were rolling up his skull.

—Master!! Sol is!!! Sol is cumming!!!

Any semblance of shame he previously displayed was now completely gone. I gave his clit one final pinch and his walls tightened as much as they could around my digits, loose as they were now. With his clit still between my fingers and my others playing with the entrance to his cervix, i waited for him to come down before whispering in his ear.

—Soon, little pet, you'll be cumming like that on my cock.



Sol was exhausted after all of that.

His body lay completely limp on the bed, his opening still twitching, hair sticking to the sweat on his forehead and shoulders. The pet's legs still gave the odd shudder from time to time. His eyes remained out of focus for a while still, his breathing slowly coming back to a regular pace. Poor thing could barely keep his eyes open as I cleaned him up. I mostly just used wet wipes to clean out the fluids flowing out of him and the excess sweat.

He clearly needed another shower, but that would have to wait. I needed to change out the damn sheets again too.

—You ok, Sol?

After finally catching his breath, he was able to answer.

—Sol is ok...

—Are you in pain?

—A little, Master.

I gently rubbed his hipbone.

—I didn't intend to be this rough with you, not immediately anyway...I'm sorry, pet.

—Sol doesn't mind, Master...

He turned to look at me, clearly wanting to continue the sentence, but it was as if he was looking for the words.

—Sol is...

He closed his eyes for a moment and then forced himself to look at me in the eyes.

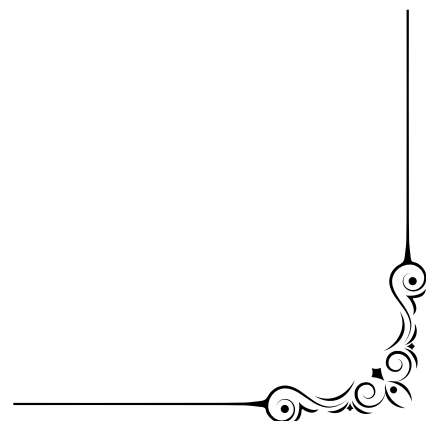
—Sol is a pet, Sol must accept and endure anything his Master does to him.

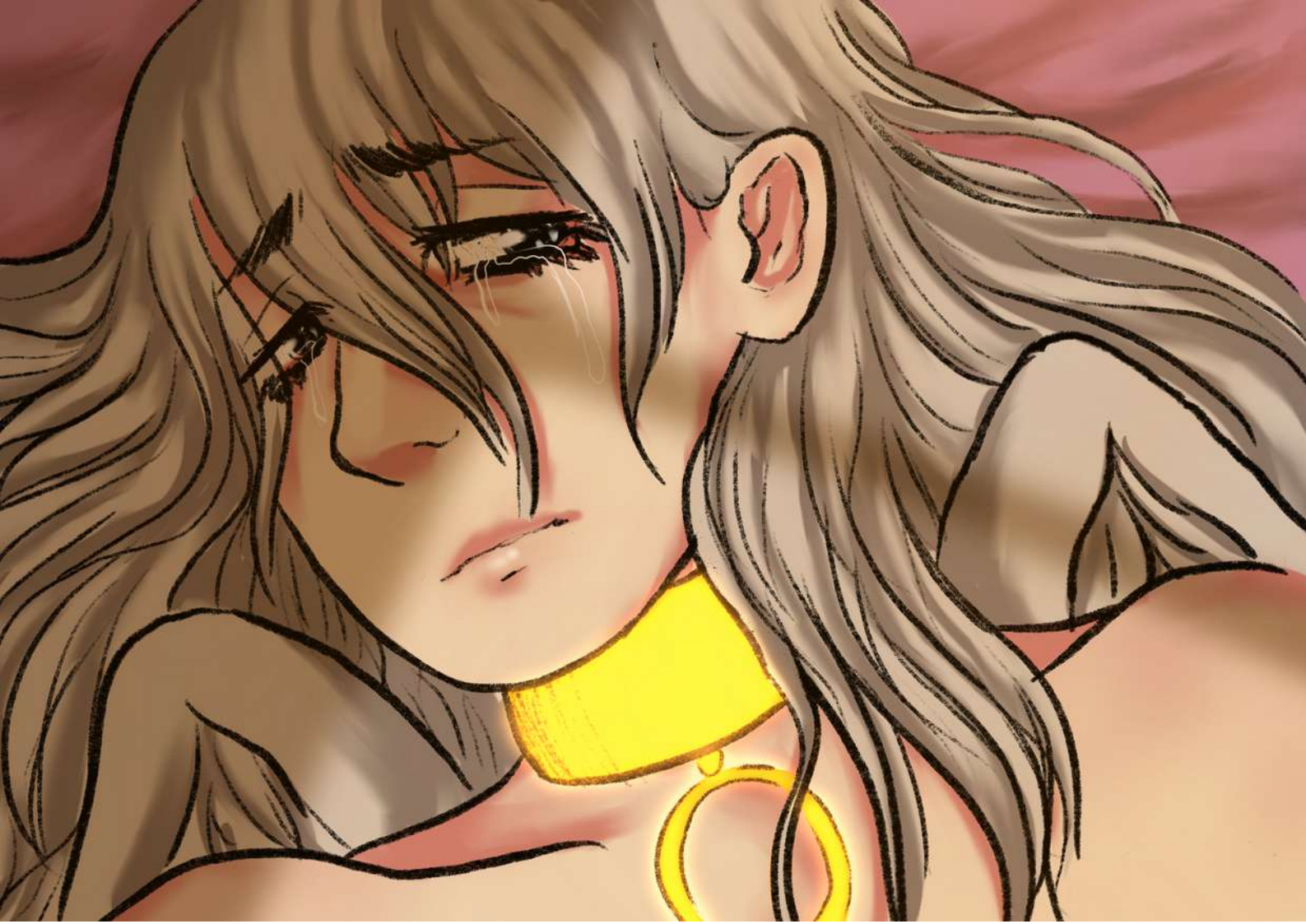
His voice was shaky at the end and, as soon as he finished, he quickly averted his eyes. I tenderly held one of his hands

—I told you exactly that earlier, did I not?

—Master did...

I chuckled softly, caressing his hands. They were so small and delicate.





—You're a quick learner, Sol.

A brief smile flashed across his face, disappearing as quickly as it came. I knew he didn't truly believe those things, not yet anyway. Right now, he was forcing himself to say them.

Because he wanted to make them true, he wanted to truly believe them. He was aware it was the path which would cause him the least pain, so he was trying very hard to be a good pet. But even so, I didn't think any pet would be this well behaved, much less on their first day.

—Who trained you this well, little one? I, at least, don't remember doing that.

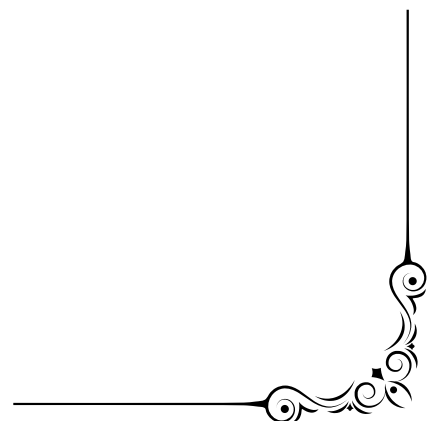
He seemed confused at the question.

—Master... Sol doesn't unde-

—It was a joke, Sol. You're very...dedicated.

I said, smiling and placing a kiss on his forehead.

—You must be tired, I'll put you in your little corner.





Finally, I placed him on top of the pillows.

—If you need to pee, use those pads further away, ok?

—Yes, Master.

—It will feel weird at first but you must get used to it.

He nodded.

—Uhm!! Sol will, Master!

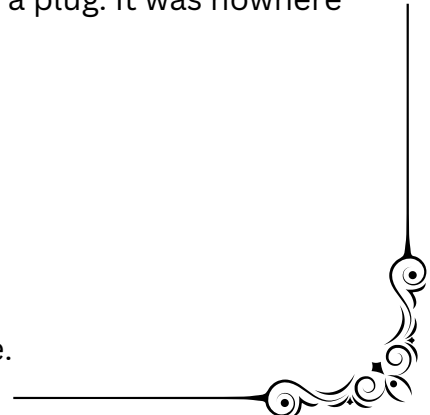
I grabbed a toy I had left under the pillows before.

It was a thick dildo with soft spikes and a flared base, so it could work as a plug. It was nowhere near as long as a demon's member, but the girth was similar.

—I'm not going to force you to put this in today if you want to rest.

I said, placing it in front of him.

—But, it would help you with getting used to... well, being used I suppose.





He cocked his head to the side

—Does Master want Sol to put it inside of him?

—I think it will make it hurt less the next time if you keep it there for a while at least, but as I said, I won't be mad if you don't want to do it today.

—Does Master want Sol to hurt less?

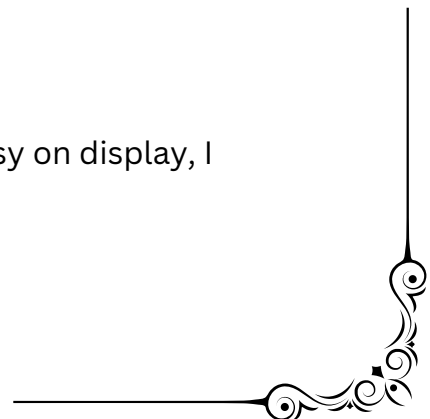
I sighed. He truly was taking my previous words to heart, wasn't he?

—Yes Sol, I told you already that I don't actually enjoy seeing you suffer, I don't want to be in pain forever.

—Then...Sol will put it in.

He said, opening his legs obediently. Upon seeing his still reddened pussy on display, I instinctively caressed his clit.

—Good pet, Sol.





I pressed the plug against his entrance and it went in pretty easily, his hole still slightly stretched from before. He whimpered a bit but quieted down quickly.

—Can you handle this, pet?

—Sol ca-

He faltered for a bit.

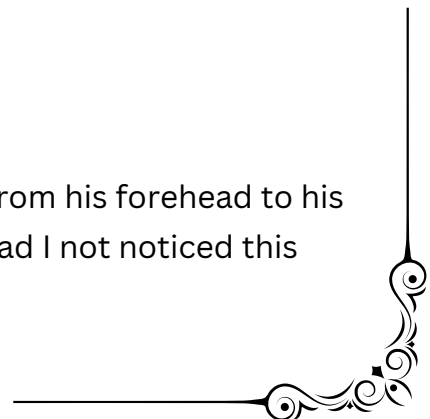
—Sol will handle it, Master.

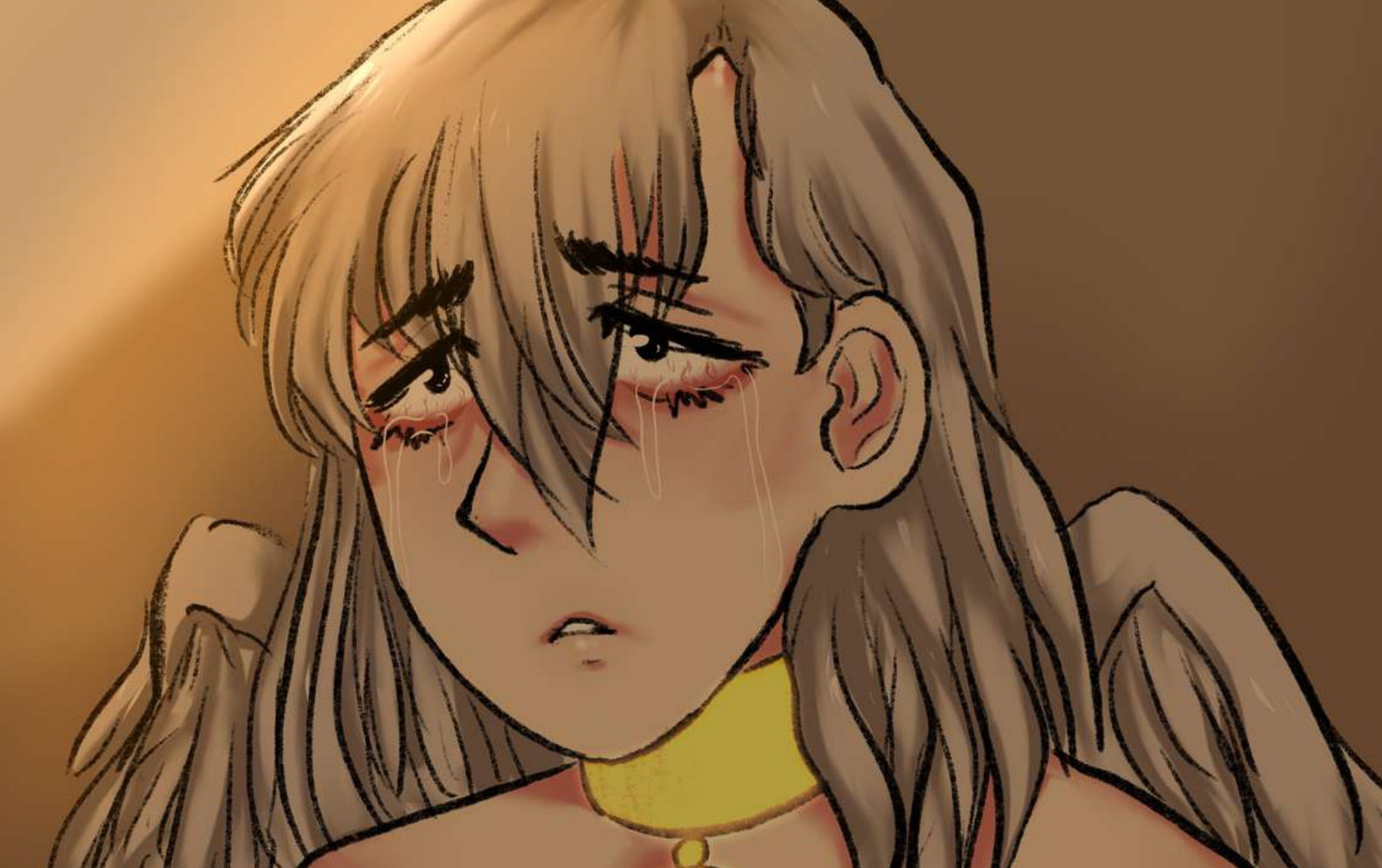
He seemed to settle on it after taking a few sharp breaths.

—Now that you agreed to it, no taking it out unless I allow you, ok?

—Yes, Master.

I used both of my hands to pull his hair back and run my thumbs down from his forehead to his scalp. Suddenly, I noticed. Tiny, almost imperceptible little nubs. How had I not noticed this when shampooing his hair?





It wasn't uncommon for male angels to have stubby horns or other underdeveloped demon features. Just like girl demons had more angel blood, male angels had more demon blood.

This was pretty normal overall, but I had never seen angel horns quite this tiny on any pet. They were usually at least partially visible through hair, but Sol's could barely even be felt. Still, they were there.

How adorable, secret little horns.

—By the way...

I continued, before getting up and leaving him alone for the night.

—Yes, Master?

—You can touch yourself as much as you want, but remember what I said about cumming.

—Sol must keep his legs wide open!

—Exactly, pet. If I catch you playing with yourself with your legs closed, you'll get punished. Understood?

—Yes, Master!

—Sleep well, now, little thing. You need to rest.

—Master too!

I ruffled his hair one last time before going to bed myself.

EXTRA

sol's pov

I didn't remember falling asleep but, when I woke up, I felt groggy and disoriented. My body no longer ached but it felt just as heavy as those last days. I tried to stretch, but every movement made me tired. It was as if there were stones tied to my limbs. My mind was still foggy and, for a moment, I expected to open my eyes and see my own room. But, just as quickly, I remembered that I no longer had a room of my own. Or a life. I somehow still held the smallest hope that I would eventually wake up back home and realize all of this was but a bad dream, but as more time passed, the less likely this seemed.

It didn't take long before I recalled the events of the last few days. It still felt somewhat unreal.

No, it's not that. I just didn't want to believe it.

...

I wanted to cry.

They were *right*, weren't they??

The memories of the last hours replayed in my head, but it felt like it had happened to another person somehow. And yet, I could see that it was me laying naked on pillows, on the floor, this damn collar around my neck and in a stranger's room.

I... those things...

They happened. They were real.

I got permanently changed. I'm a pet now.

I'm a pet.

Not a person. Just a pet.

...

Where was he anyway?

I looked around the room. It was probably morning already, but because the curtains were drawn, the bedroom itself was dark. The demon didn't seem to be in his bed. Maybe he left?

I took a deep breath and turned, now laying down with my back against the pillows. My bladder felt full and it was beginning to hurt. I dreaded the thought of having to relieve myself in those pet pads. maybe if I waited for him to come back he'd make me do it in the bathtub again?? It wasn't something I really wanted to do either, but it was somewhat less humiliating.

...

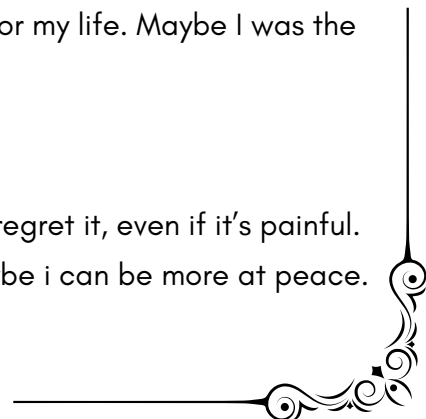
...at least I was able to save my sister. It was the least I could do. She was so nice to me and not only that, she had an actual future ahead of her. I never had much hope or perspective for my life. Maybe I was the one supposed to become a pet all along. Not her.

I did the right thing...

I know I did...

I can't regret it, even if it's painful.

I'm a pet, I was always meant to be one. If I believe this, then maybe i can be more at peace.



I felt my holes burn.

They felt warm

Too warm.

But I no longer felt pain.

...

It didn't hurt???

But...

...that thing was so big!!

Sol feels so full...

Why doesn't it hurt???

It has to hurt!!!

...

My...

...my down there is

.. twitching?

It felt *weird*.

I'm supposed to feel **pain**. I want to **hate** this.

Please let me hate it. Any normal angel would hate it!!!! Please let me hate it!! I just want to be normal!!

I'm not a pet!!!! It's so warm... Nooo!! I need hate!! Please I need to feel pain, not...this!! Why is it so warm and good and-

N O O O O O ! !

But...

...but...

Being filled up like that...

No, I have to hate it!!!

Ah no...

...if im to be a pet, I have to like, *right???*

it feels nice.

So *nice*... and **full**...

Sol likes feeling full??

I'm truly a pet, aren't I?? I...I couldn't never have ran away from this.

Aaaah, my walls keep trying to close around it, it's like it's massaging it...

I want to touch it!!

No, I... I can't!!

No, I'm a pet!!!

H a h a A a h A H a h a

I'm a pet!! Sol is a pet!!!



Sol will be a good pet!!

Sol will-

N N N N N G ! ! !

Sol is so full!!!

So warm!!!

Sol rolled back his eyes. Sol must remember to *open his legs*, Master said he **had** to!!! Sol *will* open his legs!! Sol will cum with his legs *wide open*!!! Sol's fingers are gently rubbing Sol's clit, it feels so stiff under Sol's fingers and it twitches so much too!!! It feels good!! Sol liked being a pet!!!

...

Will master see sol like this?? *This is so embarrassing...*

Sol's little cunt is twitching so much!! Sol can feel the texture of the dildo in his walls!!!

S o l l o v e s i t ! !

Soleil would **never** do this. He would never even **think** such filthy things.

But **Sol** would!! Because **Sol is pet!!**

I closed my eyes. I will be a pet. *Sol is a pet. A pet. Only a pet.*

Focus.

I wanted to cry.

Focus.

You're a pet.

It feels so good... It's because *you're a pet!!*

Be **happy**!!!

Sol **must** be *happy*!!!

Sol's bladder hurts...Think like *a pet*!!!

Sol kept rubbing his cute little pet clit. Sol will have to pee on the pads soon. It's embarrassing but it's ok because Sol is a pet and it makes his little pet cunt twitch when Sol thinks about being a pet *hahHahaah*

Did master wake up already??

Would he notice Sol is doing this?

I can't believe it...

...what happened to me??

It's my first day and I'm willingly spreading myself open like that!!!

Sol truly is a pet!! Soleil never fucking existed!!! Right????? Right?????

Sol can't control himself!! Sol is moaning so much because being a pet feels so good!!

Will Master see Sol like that?????

Please...let Sol become a pet.

I just want to forget...

It feels so good!!!! Sol wants to keep feeling good!!!

H a H A h a H a

Sol's pussy is throbbing so much!!

What a *disgusting pet*!! Being disgusting makes Sol *so much wetter*!!!

Sol is so wet because he is **a pet**!!! Sol will be a good pet!!!



He ran his hands through Sol's hair, suddenly yanking at it when he reached the nape of Sol's neck. Sol was forced to look at Master's face.

"And why didn't empty it before playing with yourself?"

Master looked at sol with a neutral expression.

He didn't seem angry.

But he didn't seem happy either.

"Sol was embarrassed...Master?"

Master started to laugh.

Sol was confused.

Why was Master laughing?

"Peeing is on the pads too embarrassing, but masturbating until you pee yourself isn't?"

"Sol is--"

"shh"

Master pushed Sol's head down until it reached the soiled *precaution pads* and pillows.

Master roughly rubbed Sol's face on Sol's pee.

It was gross, so Sol quickly closed his mouth and held his breath.

"You are a pet, you don't get to feel embarrassed"

The laughter in Masters voice was now gone.

But Master still didn't sound angry.

"You will empty your bladder regularly on the pads. If any accidents happen again, I'll make you clean it up with your tongue. Do you understand?"

Sol could no longer hold his breath.

The smell of pee stung Sol's nose. It was so disgusting.

Sol started crying.

T h i s i s h o r r i b l e , I h a t e i t .

Why did this happen???

"Sol is sorry, Master!!! Sol is so--"

Master pushed Sol's face further into one of the soiled pillows and held him there.

Sol couldn't breathe. Sol was scared!!

Sol doesn't want to be a pet!!! Sol wants to go home..

a a a a h !!

Sol's little pet cunt was throbing again...

"Do you understand? This is a simple question, Sol."

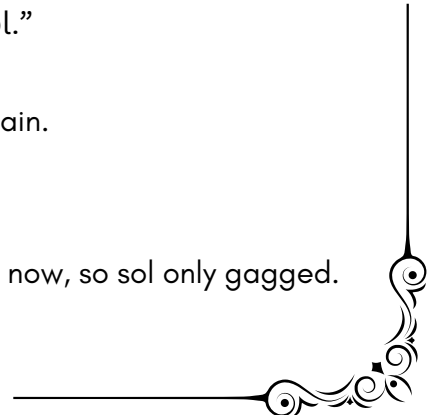
He pulled Sol's face up. Sol was glad to be able to fill his lungs with fresh air again.

Sol's face was wet with piss and tears.

Some got into his mouth and it tasted terrible.

It made sol want to vomit, but sol hadn't had anything in his stomach for a while now, so sol only gagged.

"Sol understands, Master."



INTRO END



thank you for reading!