

# (In)Voluntary Admissions:

A Petplay Story By Trinket

Chapter one: The Long Haul (Part one)

**CONTENT WARNING: Non consensual sex and drug use, brainwashing and mental conditioning, Stockholm syndrome, mental illness and depression, scenes of entrapment and heavy forced petplay.**

Original art and Concepts By the ever lovely [NimbleTail](#)



## Foreword and Introduction to common terms:

I am not the only person who writes content for this universe and a few others have already laid some groundwork for our story, therefore there are a few common terms and concepts I want to introduce now to reduce confusion as well as mention that I will not be explaining them within the plot itself and will be simply treating as common knowledge from now on. Consider checking out other content in this universe and supporting Nimble.

**Compulsory Pettification:** AKA **ComPet** is a government run program that was initially highly scrutinized by the public but grew to be wildly popular after its slow successful integration with society over the last several decades, it sees a percent of the world's 20 year old female population (**10%**) **drafted** into "Pet Service" **for a term of two years** to serve as state owned "pet girls" or "**ComPets**". They therein forfeit all human rights and after a rigorous term of obedience training these pets are then leased to a variety of owners for the remainder of their service and used in various applications before returning to everyday life.

**The FBP** or "**Federal Bureau of Pettification**" is the government agency tasked with all human pet processing and training as well as housing several smaller departments like the **HPPS** or "**Human Pet Protection Service**", an agency that works with the police department and is devoted to performing welfare checks, providing **HuVet** veterinary care, and ensuring proper pet handling procedures for service animals. The FBP has deep connections with government officials and involvement in its programs can be anything but pleasant if they are crossed, trainers are taught to treat pets like animals and some of the country's greatest criminals are tortured by its brutality.

The **PetSitter** is a highly advanced piece of technology that every ComPet is equipped with when they are processed at an FBP facility, the prescribed gear varies per pet but the general collection of gear is intended to control a pet remotely and normally include a collar capable of delivering **behavioral shocks**, restrictive paw mittens that force a pet to crawl on all fours and unable to stand or use their extremities, a set of ears and a matching bionic plug tail, and advanced breast and c-string crotch coverings that all link to a **control remote** available to any handler. To accompany this every **PetSitter** is equipped with an onboard AI that naturally trains every pet into a state of constant submission by administering appropriate shocks and vibrations as well as audio and visual reinforcements.

**F.E.R.A.L** or "**Freedom, Equality, Revolution, and Liberty**" Is a known terrorist organisation operating within the country that aims to free as many pets from FBP custody as possible and thwart its future efforts by exposing the injustices it brings upon its pets, they have a deep network of spies and often recruit young impressionable college age revolutionary types. Their leader **Sapphire** is a known fugitive and has launched several attacks on state-run facilities in the past with lethal force, the FBP has had several known members of the group tried publicly and incarcerated as garbage eating **Pig Girls** in its extreme **experimental division** and have been known to subject them to excruciating horrors.

**Federal Bureau of Pettification Index pull: VOLUNTARY ADMISSIONS**

Request date: 2/9

Approved by: Chairman Abernathy

Pet id:0007



Name: Trinket

Id#: V0007

Age: 21

Hair Color: Brown

DOB: 12/1/2002

Eye Color: Brown

Breed: Australian shepherd

Weight: 110lbs

Height: 5'2

Build: Slender

Legal status: Human Pet

Internment date: 12/2

Current caretakers: Abernathy, Honey, Barry (med)

**General Medical Information:**

**Notable Medical Conditions:**

- Depression: Lack of ambition, thoughts of self harm, breakdowns
- Anxiety: Overstimulation, performance anxiety
- ADHD: Lack of concentration, constant need for praise

**Prescription and PPE (Pet Protective Equipment) information:**

**Current Prescriptions:**

- Acepromazine (sedative): 100ml administered orally twice daily
- Fluoxetine (antidepressant): 30 mg orally once daily
- Amitriptyline (behavior stabilizer): 15 mg orally twice daily
- MemPet™ (amnesic/ Mimetic<sup>1</sup>): 50mg orally twice daily
- Chlorpromazine (anti-nausea): 25 mg orally twice daily
- Mirtazapine (Hormone controller): 35 mg vaginally twice daily
- PetLite™ (Electrolyte/ vitamin sup) 1 pouch via enema with AM meal

**Prescribed PPE:**

- PetSitter™ Mk3 Standard Vital Monitoring System
  - SmartCollar™ with electrical behavioral control module
  - Protective paw restraints (Terminal effective 12/9!)
  - Chest cover with shock and vibration pads
  - Modular Crotch Cover with Canine Knot training Plug (M/L)
  - InstantTail™ bionic tail with Canine Knot sanitary Plug (L)
  - Safety Ring Gag with opposable muzzle
  - Safety Limb and Posture restraints (Rarely necessary)
- Pet finds comfort in a simple blindfold to curb overstimulation
- Pet maintains the nipple and clitoral piercings she arrived with

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<sup>1</sup> "The Profound Effects of Training on the Human Pets Psyche", Federal Bureau of Pettification Medical Journal. "In a study completed on 1000 human pets before and after their training it was found in nearly every case that there was a significant rise in endorphins output after training was completed. In a different sample group of girls diagnosed with depression it was found that the symptoms of said mood disorder disappeared nearly entirely post training completion. Our theories point to the fact that the reduction in brain function of human pets has positively affected their physical and mental health. This study advises that the Food and Drug Counsel on Pets increase dosages of 'MemPet' on all pet girls" (p. 145-146)

## **Standard Containment and handling protocols:**

### **Training information**

- pet is responsive to clicker training<sup>2</sup>, use is highly encouraged
- Normal obedience and behavioral training is more than enough

### **Diet and nutrition information**

- Pet is to be fed a strict 2 meal a day ritual to control weight
  - ComPet standard puppy kibble with occasional wet food AM/PM
  - One 100ml of Human or Canine Semen via K.N.O.T Trainer™ 12:00pm
- Pet is prescribed electrolyte enema with morning meal
- Pet should be walked at least twice a day to maintain proper toning

### **Handling and Housing:**

Pet was complacent with standard facility Kenneling initially and attempted shared living space with other pets but had been kept sheltered since due to her often fluctuating mental and emotional state, pet was granted a more comfortable private kennel upon request to avoid overstimulation in general population and has remained there ever since. Pet seems to generally tolerate no more than two caretakers handling her at once especially if they are male, pet can easily become overwhelmed and proper handling procedures like blindfolds and restraints should be used pending pets daily complacency with faculty members.

Despite the typical more comfortable set of bedding having been provided upon completion of her first month of training pet requires protective plastic or rubber sheeting given her frequent accidental nighttime urination if given excessive electrolyte supplements or water<sup>3</sup> and is prone to excessive vaginal leakage given her hormone supplementation, proper protective equipment is advised during handling. Pet has never shown hostility toward any handler or other pets but should be on strict observation when left alone given initial reports of threats of self harm prior to voluntary interment, pet agreed in therapy that padded mittens without the need for use of her extremities does aid her in feeling more safe and comfortable so under no circumstance should they be removed.

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<sup>2</sup> "The Reduced Brain of The Human Pet", Federal Bureau of Pettification Medical Journal. "Through extensive medical research it has been found that human pet girls respond extraordinarily well to what has been dubbed 'clicker training' due to their innate lack of mental development compared to non pet humans. Research has shown in 99.9% of cases that pet girls will abandon all former supposed moral values to earn 'clicks' from trainers after sufficient psychological training" (p. 492)

<sup>3</sup> Handler: Chancellor Abernathy - Please ensure that we are giving pets the correct amount of fluids on a daily basis, any more and we are undoing valuable training! "Proper Care for the Human Pet", Federal Bureau of Pettification Medical Journal. "Human pets should only receive around 2.5 Liters of water per day supplemented with .125 cups of provided electrolyte additive" (p. 256)

## Standardized Concurrent status summary:

Opening summary:Pet internment Date:12/2

Pet arrived at processing facility voluntarily upon the behest of her family and academic caretakers following documented mental instability that saw her struggling to maintain proper mental acuity post a series of short self imposed stints in traditional controlled psychiatric facilities, pet displays no faculty for dangerous behavior toward others and is evaluated behavior class tame however documentation shows a history of self harm and threats of self violence requiring full TERMINAL restriction of pets appendages to paw like restraints is a necessity for safety and behavioral control. Pet shows a tendency to be easily overwhelmed by difficult thoughts or situations and is not to be included in the general pet population unless blindfolded or otherwise subdued for transport until further notice, reintroduction is planned barring 2 week behavioral training checkup and prescribed clicker therapy.

Standard One month checkup Date:1/2

Pet has effectively completed prescribed first month of behavioral training with the aid of a clicker and results from MemPet procedures have returned noticeable impacts on pets ability to associate new learning to or recall established long term memories, pet has expressed recognition of expected symptoms of LTML and lack of ability to stay focused and should continue regular training to reduce mental acuity even further in order to maximize effective relief of mental disorders. Pet has been fully complacent with continuous use of paw restraints<sup>4</sup> and speech restrictions for extended periods, citing during her last monthly allotted speaking time that "I guess it makes things easier if there's less to think about." Pet has expressed some lessening of symptoms relating to depression and anxiety and is showing less rampant overstimulation when handled publicly but remains in isolated housing for safe containment, caretakers have noted fewer examples of pets originally displayed night terrors and occasional difficult behavior as she becomes more acclimated to facility life and personal.

Standard Three month checkup Date: 3/2

Pet has completed a three month general training evaluation and is now considered fully trained, pet has not been administered shocks as punishment for some time given good behavior and pleasantly modified behavior. Pet is showing good progress with alleviation of symptoms of mental disorders given continued use of MemPet, citing at her monthly allotted speaking time that it makes her feel all "fuzzy and warm" in her head and helps her "Not think about the bad stuff as often." Pet is being held in a facility for use in further 'Voluntary Admissions' programs instead of a normal private contract.

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<sup>4</sup> "The All in One Owner's Travel Guide", Federal Bureau of Pettification Owner's Manual. "When traveling with your pet it is imperative both you and your property are safe at all times. When taking public ground transport such as trains and buses pets need to be secured by leash to a designated attachment mount... When a pet travels alongside their owner they must wear class 2 restraints at ALL TIMES, including a muzzle. It is recommended that pets be blinded in some way as well to prevent overstimulation of the sensory systems. Finally, We implore owners to check their pet's bindings periodically throughout the trip. It is advised you tighten straps tighter than normal, the last thing you want is to receive a fine because your pet isn't properly secured"

**Personal Caretaker Notes and reminders:**

Chairman Abernathy - Elizabeth Honey: 3/7

The Northern branch of the FBP is relinquishing custody of this pet to the ever lovely Miss Honey for a trial period of 3 months to aid in a new project we have been working on, this pet is from a wealthy family known for attending prestigious practical psychology university 'HCU' in Central City and could be a valuable asset if we can show the parents or the university (or both) that our program has a real basis in the field. She is here on a voluntary admissions contract and is in no position to be leaving intensive care for a personal contract due to her volatile and often depressive nature but she can often be a quite lovable thing, I met with her personally a few months ago and I think our program is doing real good for her. I have hopes we can be doing the same for so many more prospective pets on the fence about joining by showing what good it's done for her.

I've arranged for you to oversee her transfer to our department and Dr. Barry will assist you in giving a presentation at HCU about the practical applications of Compet procedures as a possible treatment for Depression and Anxiety. Pet has a long history of depression and trauma related to emotional abuse so ensuring she is in the best condition both physically and emotionally is going to be key for ensuring we get the attention of some of the elite alumni of this college. It should be noted that the pet herself tried on more than one account to attend the university and was rejected by an admissions system I am told is rather brutal and strenuous, it might be best to keep her blindfolded or blackout contacts and give her a little extra sedative so she's not overwhelmed. Remember, this is important stuff. Keep up the good work Honey, and I will get you that much earned vacation.

Sincerely

-Chairman Henry Abernathy, FBP-

## Part 0: Prolog

Elizabeth Honey had always intended for her life to be quiet after she got her degree, truly, she had never really taken a liking to anyone personally and always imagined herself getting to place in her life where she could finally afford to be alone. All her life she had been a part of some system she never felt comfortable in, the orphanage she stayed at after her parents died, boarding school after boarding school that based her value on her exam scores, two colleges she had to take on copious student loans to afford. Could she be a part of something like the FBP? She was here at the interview, wasn't she? Why was the decision bothering her so much now?

It wasn't like she hadn't heard of it before, she'd heard a story here and there about humans being trained to be pets by the government while she grew up. She saw billboards with vacant eyed pet girls eating bowls of glorified dog food when she first came to Central City for university, she remembered wondering if they liked it or not, why would anyone ever like something like that? She couldn't ignore it in the more urban cities like this one. It had become a lot more popular lately, when someone explained that there was a sort of draft system all women had been entered into and her birthday had come she worried she might get the dreaded letter like some of her new schoolmates. Yet no such letter ever arrived for her, and she was able to finish her masters degree at 26.

She politely listened to the old man in his big cushie office at the bureau yap on about the program and how it worked, in great detail actually, She flicked a piece of her wavy auburn hair behind her ear as she flattened a wrinkle on her pencil skirt. She had taken the interview purely because it was the most well paying position she had been offered, no more unpaid internships at medical wards, she had a masters degree now and the days of her working at coffee shops to earn extra cash were a thing of the past as far as she was concerned. Yet when she arrived at the FBP headquarters for her interview the sheer amount of Compets she had seen here astonished her, the way he explained the process to her with such detail made her appreciate for the first time the fact that she had never gotten that letter.

The way he spoke with such pride about the terrible things the FBP did made her stomach turn a little bit. She still had no idea where exactly her psychology degree fit into it all, would she be counseling Petgirls? Would she be counseling pet trainers? She cleared her voice when there was a pause in the man's incessant rambling, trying to get a word in with this guy felt like a challenge in itself. "So... the job is what exactly? I get that I will be working here at the facility but what exactly will the job entail? Am I counseling these... pets? Or is it more of an administration job? Forgive me, I'm just failing to see where my specialty in Depression and Trauma counseling come into play here."

"I'm glad you asked, your job is actually a rather new opening that was just created here." The man's husky voice pauses for a moment as he pulls a cigar and lighter from his desk drawer, sticking the uncut end of the cigar in the corner of his mouth like some sort of 50s mobster and chewing on it with his yellowed teeth. From what she could deduce the heavier set,

raven haired man must have been somewhere in his late 50s or early 60s but other than the slight beer belly he sported he didn't look a day over 40. His long beard and charming blue eyes gave him a distinguished gentlemanly look that was accented by the tailor made suit he wore, his title "Chairman Abernathy" gleamed again at her from his shiny golden nameplate. it was clear to her that he held himself in quite high stature.

"As I've said before, it's a common misconception that all our pets are here against their will. We actually have a decent amount of girls who choose to join the program voluntarily or who decide to sign extended or lifetime contracts upon their release day. Some people, myself included think the program really does wonders for helping many of the young women we care for live a more fulfilling life as a service animal, it does wonders for society in general for that matter. As such we aim to expand our recruitment methods and present that care to as many prospective pets as possible, we have targeted a demographic for a trial and want to do a research study we think we could really lay the groundwork for a revamp of our Voluntary Admissions program to include a basis in the psychology field."

He pauses again, lighting the cigar as the thick stench of tobacco smoke filled the air. "I know i'm rambling kid, ill get to your point I promise. More specifically, your job would entail you working here at the processing facility with the ladies in the salon in evaluating and building profiles on the mental health for a number of pets in order to better ensure every pet is happy and healthy. The data we collect will allow us to meet a pets needs on a more personal basis, tailoring the program to each pet to ensure the best treatment and care."

One last drag of his cigar saw the man near half done the thing already, the impressive cloud of smoke he exhaled into the air made her cough a bit. He continued. "You would be a fully certified ComPet trainer in under a year and able to travel all over the country for work if you wished. There are also a number of pets that suffer from behavioral issues and are dealt with on a case by case basis, the pay and benefits are much nicer than up here but our experimental program deals will deal with more of our... unsavory treatments. Should you find it compelling, we could find you a position there. But you don't seem the type to be dealing with piggies to me."

She thought for a moment as the man puffed on his cigar again, she would be doing evaluations just like when she worked in a psychiatric ward. Only now her patients would be helpless little pet girls, how could anyone ever benefit from a life like that? Maybe it was a sex thing? It had to be, some of these little hussys must get off to the thought of sexist old pigs like Abernathy walking them around on leashes and showing them off. Still, the way they talked about the girls in the program really made it easy to forget that they were once humans with goals and ambitions.

Maybe at least with a licensed clinical social worker like her around she could do some good by helping these pets with their feelings until they were free to make their own decisions again. Also, did he say... piggies? She was in no place to unpack that one at the moment even if she was being offered a job she already knew she was going to take. She steadied her voice

to speak again, trying to sound as professional as possible. "I see. So it's just psych evals but for pets? I had a colleague at university who went into the HuVet field, I never looked into it because I didn't want to work in the medical field. What kind of doctor would I be working with? I'm licensed as a social worker, and I'm able to give care personally. It doesn't seem many of my new patients would require talk therapy though."

"Precisely." The man clears his throat, the room heavy with cigar smoke as he continues to puff away at it. "Most of my docs are Psychologists or HuVet certified primary care physicians. I read your qualifications, mighty impressive for a lady of your age. I was very impressed. If you could write a prescription you might have gotten a role higher along the chain but we are still highly interested in having you take a position here. In the future there is even a chance that you could go back to school while working here to finish a degree where you could do things like prescribe training and medications. And like I said you'll be a fully certified compet trainer, which is a pretty decent feat on its own."

It was always like that, she knew she needed to go back to university to finish her doctorate if she were to really get a high paying job. That's all they really cared about, and he was right that she could. She was already 26 and had never had a real job, all that time in university while she sat there studying the human psyche never granted her any real people skills. He was flattering her, and she didn't know how to feel about it. She tried to will some emotion into her next statements, she had made up her mind but she still couldn't ignore the gravity of the situation. It was a big Job.

"Thank you Sir, the nature of my questioning was more personal in nature. As I've studied the human brain I've found it more and more fascinating the lengths people will go to fulfill their own happiness. If it is like you say and I can help any of my clients pet or otherwise be one step closer to that, I will gladly accept the position." She smiled the most sincere grin she could muster, trying not to force it too much. She did want a real job, this was a really real job for the government and THEY wanted HER. She felt just as startled in that moment as she thought any of her prospective clients might feel the first time they meet a powerful man like Abernathy, but she was stronger than that. She could do this job.

"Wonderful! We can start next week if you feel comfortable, I was just about to take my lunch break actually. What do you say I take you on the tour to meet a few people and sign the paperwork, I think you might get along with the gals in the salon where you'll be working. Might even catch Donna during a puppy grooming and you can meet a few of your future clientele. I'm very excited to have you on board Elizabeth. I think you're going to do well here." The Chairman's voice was heavy with the rasp of his just finished cigar as he led her out of his office. Elizabeth Honey wondered for the first time in a long time if she had made the right decision, was she stronger than a system run by men like Abernathy? For once she wasn't so full of herself.

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## **Part 1: The 10:20 to Central City**

“Since you are a special case and our program is just getting up and running, once your training is complete you will be given a very special choice, Puppy. One not many in your place are given. Whether or not you decide to live out your next few years quietly under personal contract with one of our lovely benefactors or stay with the ‘Voluntary Admissions’ program to aid in our recruitment methods. You have been an exemplary demonstration of the growing interest in voluntary ComPet programs among one of our target demographics! If you stay here as a sort of role model I think you could do some real good in spreading the feelings of fulfillment you say the program has brought you, after all what more convincing a word could come than straight from the horse or in your case Puppy's mouth?”

The Chairman had never minced words when he had spoken to Trinket in their conversations and for that he had always been more trustworthy to her than the rest of the staff she had met at in the program, the words from their last conversation echoed in the pups head as she lazily lifted it to shake the grogginess of sleep from her mind.

The muffled clatter of the trains wheels on the track was almost overshadowed by the consistent downpour of rain that had accompanied them for the majority of their long journey by rail, the pleasant pitter patter against the window having lulled the pup too and from more than one quite blissful nap in the spacious first class cabin they had been given. Still half asleep she would quietly brush a few locks of her curly brown hair from her face with the back of her paw and peep one eye open to look about, her new so-called manager Miss Honey deep in thought on the adjacent bed reviewing those notes these new caretakers so loved to take.

Trinket swore if she had made a more pronounced movement the overbearing woman might have noted down the time she woke for the day already in her little notes, at least they had not stuck her back in the kennel car like her trip to the processing facility and The Chairman had upheld his word that the pup would be well cared for even if it was at the cost of the last of very last of her privacies. Since she had taken her new role everything was something to be noted down or recorded, rewarded or punished, and given she needed almost everything done for her now it left her feeling utterly helpless in an undeniably arousing fashion.

She knew her former life and its responsibilities had become too much for her and started threatening her mental health and she reminded herself this was what she knew was best for herself even if it wasn't ending up exactly as she had expected, all she had ever wanted was to feel safe and loved, a life without so much sadness and bad thoughts, they had given her exactly what she had asked for and it seemed she wasn't alone in her sentiment given all of the other seemingly happy petgirls she had met in her stay at the facility.

Before she had signed up to be a ComPet her life was so troublesome, multiple brutal rejections from the elitist college her family was known for attending, lovers and friends all moving on from her hometown for better things, her inability to find a job due to her crippling anxiety, all of it building and sending her into a nasty depression spiral time and time again as she whittled away her time isolated in her parents often vacant house. After a few months in her

new role as a puppy things had become a lot more clear to her when she really thought about them, she genuinely enjoyed all the praise and attention the life of a pet garnered her.

A feeling deep in the back of her brain told her it was better to only have things like when her next meal and playtime were to worry about, and she tried not to dismiss it anymore given the fulfillment the program was bringing her. The therapists had told her it would take some time and effort for her to realize that but the treatment was genuinely working this time. No more endless trials of antidepressants or long talks with therapists about her past, just happy little puppy thoughts and the voice of her PetSitter filled her brain now if she didn't think too hard.

She tried try her best to stretch out with a large yawn but was quickly reminded of the extremely short leash they had been required to use for the trip, new rules for traveling pets meant even in first class ensuring that every pet be muzzled and constantly secured to one of the bolted D rings in every cart when not under direct handling was a new government standard given so many new individuals being granted legal pet status. This specific train happened to have a more rigorous rule about her hind legs needing to be bound further for transport if she wasn't kenneled, causing Miss Honey to have to apply a more full set of restraints for her until they arrived.

She hadn't gotten used to it but it was still better than the kennels she thought again as she lifted one of her paws to scratch an itch where the strap of her muzzle rubbed her face, the motions coaxing a few light jingles from the bells that hung from the girls collar. She had awoken achingly horny already, the fullness of the extra large knotted training plug Miss Honey had stuffed in her puppy parts over night combining with her normal tail plug devilishly to keep her in the mindset of a horny little bitch in heat. She desperately wanted release and let out a few desperate whines to get her mistress' attention and inform her she was awake.

Her new caretaker finally looked up from her papers for a sip of coffee as she peered over at the pup, quickly noting the time she woke and clearing her throat. "Good morning Sunshine! We've got a big day today so I figured I would let you sleep in a while. It looked pleasant, you didn't have any more of those scary dreams did you puppy? We wouldn't want you worrying your little head about anything upsetting." The woman's chipper voice always had that sickly sweet tone that cut straight to the pup's brain as a reinforcement and command. She was a trained psychologist and knew exactly how to talk down to girls like Trinket to elicit the response she wanted.

The pup naturally let a small happy bark escape her in response and the woman made a few notes on a fresh piece of paper, it did seem whatever they had been giving her for sleep was genuinely helping and the pup was always quick to respond when asked a direct question like that given the praise it normally earned her. She had learned rather quickly in her obedience training sessions that good behavior was in her best interest, only ever having to earn a few shocks for "non puppy approved responses" before she got the hang of communicating with barks and whimpers. The soothing mechanical female voice of her pet sitter rang in her head for

the first time of the day, rewarding her for answering so quickly. *“Good Puppys answer with a happy bark and a smile.”*

“And did you enjoy the nice padded bed Little One? A Lot nicer than those yucky plastic covered mats they have at the facility, huh? If you keep up the good girl attitude you've had the past few days and this presentation with Dr. Barry goes well I am sure there will be plenty more nice toys and treats like that coming your way soon. Wouldn't that be nice, Puppy? Yes it would!” Miss Honey's voice washed over her again and gave the pup's timid mind just the reinforcement she needed early in the morning to spark her continued complacency.

Trinket barks again sharply with a more pleasant expression and a few seemingly natural wags of her prosthetic tail, the sleepiness and difficult thoughts starting to fade to her normal chipper and well trained attitude as the woman uses a few of the pups command words to remind her of her place with minimal effort. Given her voluntary admission to the ComPet program and how well she seemed to be taking the treatments as they had predicted, Trinket was showing that she was becoming content in her newfound role as a pet rather quickly. The same robotic voice played in her head again. *“Good puppy, well done.”*

The woman rose from her seat with the audible click of her heels on the floor, moving across the room to shower Trinket with a few fond scratches behind the ears and pats on the head for her cooperation. The pup is still sleepy and half awake and the professional knows to reinforce the pup's conditioning now with a heavy dose of patronizing to ensure full submission, something the pup nevertheless seemed unable to get enough of especially at times like these. “What a very good girl you are being for us on this trip. You and I both know you're the most well behaved pup we have isn't that right my precious girl. Just the sweetest Little thing you are! Are you hungry sweetie? Let me get you some fresh yummys.” She gives the pup a few clicks from the plastic clicker training device, a reward she knows will bring her some ease.

The pup lavished the attention like always, pressing her face back against the woman's hand for more as she barked again happily a few more times at her owner's questioning. Her muscle controlled prosthetic tail wagging happily, another indication that the pup was learning to control it quite well. In order for it to work however, it required the long knotted sanitary plug to be connected inside at all times and ensured she could never escape the rampant heat that lingered in her puppy parts.

She gave the pup a few more gentle headpats to praise her for being so cooperative on such a long train journey, after all 36 hours by train was a lot for anyone let alone a little pet like Trinket and they had been lucky the girl had slept most of the ride. This evening they would arrive at their destination and give a presentation at a the same college the pup had been rejected from in the past on behalf of the program, something they hoped would go well and convince the elite alumnus to release a significant amount of grant money to reinforce the program's base in the medical and psychology fields. Miss Honey was just as anxious about the meeting as she was sure the pup was, so she did the best to calm the girl's nerves with a kind tone and a pleasant hand on the head, something she knew the girl liked.

With a few movements she clipped a second small leash to the pups collar and pull it taught to her tail so forced her head back and made it more difficult for the pup to eat quickly, leaving her for a moment to fetch a fresh bowl of food and water and returning to place them on the floor in front of her. As Trinket moves Miss Honey can see the wet spot left by the mess the pup had made of herself while she slept, evidence that the hormone supplements they had her on were working to provide the pet with the results just as they had been prescribed.

“Good thing your little bed has a waterproof lining, I swear they might as well bring me a mop with all the mess you make of yourself. I'm not sure why they didn't just send me with pet diapers for you like I requested. Wait there!” She chirped as she gently unclipped the girl's muzzle and placed it on the floor nearby, giving her another quick pat on the head as she gave the girl a cursory inspection. The pup seemed to have long since gotten used to the long arm and thigh high paw mittens that accompanied her state of the art Pet-Sitter but it was always good to check that all things were in the right place, surely enough the Pup's PetSitter and locking mittens had not been tampered with since her last inspection.

The pup waited in anticipation of her meal as she watched her owner return to her seat, looking over the bowl of warm food and finding it actually making her quite hungry as she waited. It was nothing compared to what she remembered eating as a human but something about its interesting flavor and especially the way they praised her for eating it regularly had made her quickly grow used to it, this was an especially delectable treat as she saw the addition of something warm and tasty mixed together into her normal crunchy kibble. She hated how much she wanted to chow down on the delicious slop, she couldn't help but see that she was drooling all over her chin in anticipation. But it was all they gave her now, and she reminded herself that this was a treat.

“Eat!” Her mistress's words came with a click from a training clicker and the pup immediately went to work on her food, munching away at her meal happily as she wagged her tail now without even thinking about it. *“Good girl! Good puppies wait until they are told to eat.”* Her PetSitter egged her on almost subconsciously now, she had been relying on it for moral reinforcement for some time now and she genuinely enjoyed its praise. For a long time the only voice in her head was her own and it told her she was worthless and unwanted, now it told her she was a good girl. She liked that improvement.

As she returned to her notes to document the few things they had discussed, Elizabeth watched the pup eat, ensuring she consumed the entire bowl this morning. The Doctor said it was okay to give her a little extra sedative today. She hoped that at least it would keep her calm for the time being and help quell some of her anxieties. Hopefully this all goes well and she could get that time off, she hadn't had a day off since she started work with The Foundation six months ago and some good news and paid time off would really help to ease her mind as well. She stared over her note cards for the presentation for a moment before taking another swig of the horrible instant coffee the train had provided, she couldn't wait to get back to some civilized place and get a nice iced one.

She marked a few more things down in her notes, the prescription dosages, her food amounts and petgirl hormone regulations, the time the pup had woken up. They had tasked her with ensuring the pup was monitored and well taken care of day and night and she was nothing if not meticulous, once she was credited with it this work and research might be just the kind of thing that was groundbreaking enough to win her a Nobel prize in her later years. Returning her vision to the pup she found her still fast at work on her bowl, the slop she had gotten accustomed to serving the pup still giving her the heebie jeebies if she watched the pup eat for too long.

When she had been contacted by the program she was in disbelief that any of these unorthodox procedures were being hailed as a tentative method for relieving the side effects of mental illnesses like depression and PTSD, but after meeting Trinket and reading her case file she had become enamored with seeming effectiveness of the new treatment. She always tried to do the best for those in her care and Trinket was to be no exception, pulling out all the stops to ensure the pup was cared for at every turn even if she did have her reservations about the program but they had buttered her up with promises of paid time off and room for advancement. Where was that now? She pushed it from her mind and tried to focus.

She admits her methods could be a bit strict, but it was what the job required of her, she had to remind herself again and again that these pets were no more than that, pets. The Girl was here voluntarily and the treatments were working even if the lucivity of it repulsed her. She knew what they did to those girls in the program, she didn't care, in her mind many women like Trinket were destined for their fates. She was only half way through her ComPet trainer courses but she had long since looked at any of these pets as human, in her mind her job was all about keeping pets like Trinket happy and healthy. If she did that she got paid, and the checks certainly kept clearing even if she had no time to spend them.

Trinket looked up from her recently finished food bowl and licked her lips, having failed at cleaning the mess from her face by washing it all down with a few laps from her water dish. *"Very good girl! Good puppies always finish their food."* Her PetSitter Cooed lovingly. Her head was feeling pleasantly fuzzy already and she found herself lost in pleasant thoughts as Miss Honey wipes the mess from her face with a towel and re fastened her muzzle in place a little looser this time having noticed the pet's slight irritation earlier. Suddenly she didn't feel so uncomfortable about her predicament, her restraints felt like nothing more than an extension of herself. She found herself wishing someone would pet her though, or relive the aching in her puppy parts.

"Who's a good girl that always finishes her food? That's you! Always making such a mess of yourself for Miss Honey to clean up. Doesn't that feel all better with a full tummy?" Elizabeth teases the pup relentlessly, seeing the almost vacant complacency in her eyes. "Now what do you say we get you say we get you ready for your day and take a little walk outside so you can potty? I just need to finish the rest of our morning Tasks. Get into position and i'll give you your electrolyte supplement and adjust your toys." Patting her on the head again she

unfastened the girl's leash from the floor and showered the pup in affectionate petting once more. She didn't know if it was empathy or pity she felt for the little pup, maybe both. Either way, seeing the girl happy was what it was all about for her at the end of the day.

The little pup let out a few more mindless yips politely as she is praised again, the kind words making her brain melt with a deep feeling of gratification. Her tummy had ceased its gurgling for now, and she was finding it a little easier to get lost in the moment like she often did. The command came with another click from the plastic clicker and the pup reluctantly spread her legs and presented herself as ordered, face down ass up. It wouldn't be without a few desperate whimpers in response, the little pup's prosthetic tail instinctively twitching as if it intended to go between her legs but she stops it dead in its tracks out of fear of getting a shock from her PetSitter.

Now if only Miss Honey would help her with the aching she felt in her crotch, she hated how often she thought about begging for her little cummies as they called them. Before her Interment she had never shyd away from sex sure, but the way the humiliation and patronizing they gave her made her feel in combination with her constant restraint was on another level of arousing, something the old Trinket likely would have judged her for if there was more of her left in her little puppy brain after all the drugs they gave her. She almost didn't care, it was so much easier to just behave and be rewarded with treats and kind head pats. She didn't know how she had ever thought any other way.

"I know you don't like your morning enema sweetheart but its for your own good. Just close your eyes and it will all be over soon and I'm sure you will feel much much better just like always." Miss Honey went about her daily inspection without another word to the pet, quickly covering her hands with gloves and unfastening the latch on the pup's PetSitter. Just as always she found her little pet dripping with her own excitement, the large knotted training plug she had inserted in the pets cunt the night prior slick with the girl's juices as she removed it to be cleaned. "My My, look at the little mess you've made of yourself today, Pet." Miss Honey lays on the patronizing thick as she wipes the pup's dripping heat up with a wet wipe, administering the correct amount of the girl's hormone supplement paste to her gloved finger and working it into the girl's now vacant Puppy parts.

Trinket whined desperately again, a mixture of pleasure and disparity building with the slight tingle the medication left inside her and the knowledge of the effects that were soon to come. She shamelessly pushed her hips back against Miss Honey's fingers more than once as they explored her, the cool air hitting her privates and making her shiver as she clenched her muscles tightly. She was so desperate for release and satisfaction, the current regime of orgasm denial completely unbeknownst to her.

"Such a horny little thing I have on my hands, perhaps it was a good thing I secured you with an extra plug last night. Wouldn't want my little puppy thinking she's going to get her little cummies before she's earned them and giving herself the paw." She leans in close, talking directly into the pup's ear now. "Soon Puppy, you've been so good for me. Just a little longer."

She coos lovingly again at the pup, tearing the cap off of one of the bags of enema fluid and attaching the hose to a small port in the base of the pup's tail plug. "Now just your enema, you're doing so well. Such a good girl." She gives the girls a few more clicks with the clicker as a reward for being good up until this point, watching the girl's mind ease with every press of the button. Once all of the medication was applied Miss Honey returned the girl's vaginal training plug to its place, pushing the knotted toy back inside her tight little hole with an ultimately futile resistance.

Trinket was lost in a mixture of pleasure and humiliation, the thick plug filling her up again with that almost unbearably frustrating warmth. She was growing used to this kind of treatment and part of her hated it, the other knew it turned her on too much for her own good. Her whimpers and cries were indistinguishable to that of a little bitch in heat, begging for more and pushing her hip back against the woman's hands again as her little crotch flap was sealed again with no relief. There was nothing she could do but whine, knowing if she moved to cover or touch herself it would be met with a debilitating shock from her PetSitter.

Without so much as a warning Miss Honey flicked the little lever and watched as the baggie drained its contents deep into the pup's bowels, more than a few gurgles and desperate whines escaping the puppy as she drooled on the floor with a desperate cry. "Almost done, you're being so good for Miss Honey. Yes you are!" She drives the patronizing home as she rested her hand on the back of the pup's head once more and lightly squeezed the remnants of the enema into the pup; she felt her settle down having succeeded once again in her goal of keeping the pet in her place. Before her was nothing but a whimpering animal, exactly what she wanted and exactly what was expected of her. She clicks the little clicker button a few more times for posterity, training the girl to associate her daily enema as if she did anything befitting a reward.

"There, all done! You were so good! You definitely earned yourself a treat at lunch time!" She pats the pup on the head again, smothering her in affection once more. As they felt the train slowly grinding to a halt at their final stop before the big city, Miss Honey gathered her things and took Trinket by the leash. In reality Miss honey couldn't have cared less about the little slut, signing up for Compet like a little whore. She knew the pup liked all the special treatment and constant attention, she deserved to get what she asked for in her opinion.

She tried to hobble along, stomach gurgling, continuing to drip from both ends helplessly, the rampant arousal that the hormone supplements caused filling the rest of the pup's already crowded mind with lewd thoughts. She hated these enemas and they way they tried to force her to like them, she would do anything to be rid of them but had come to accept them as a part of her daily life, it wasn't like she had much choice in the matter. The contract she had signed revoked her rights as a human for two years and there was no use in looking back now, soon she could be rid of the yucky enema just as they were helping her do with her unpleasant thoughts.

Only one small thought bounced around in Trinkets head now, why did it all turn her on so fucking bad? Another silly question that wasn't for a little puppy like her to be worrying about. As her mistress quickly placed a blindfold over her eyes to help with her overstimulation and gave the pup one final scratch under the chin she was led into the train hallway belly sloshing, the buzz of the important day had already begun and nothing but little puppy thoughts filled her brain.

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## **Part 2: The Phonecall**

The gentle familiar buzz of her cell phone ringing in her pocket would pull Elizabeth Honey back to reality, she had been deep in thought while reviewing her speech for tonight's presentation as she waited in the hallway for the doors of the train to open. She smoothed out the front of her freshly pressed pencil skirt and modest white button down as she pulled the sleek cell phone from her pocket and grimaced noticeably as she saw who it was, Chairman Abernathy, her boss and head of the Voluntary admissions program was ringing her personal line and it was hardly ever for anything good. She rested her free hand on the back of Trinket's head to calm her as she felt the pup rubbing her face at her heels for attention, she felt like she never got moments of peace to herself since she had taken on her new role as Trinket's full time manager and caretaker.

She had been ambitious for her age, finishing her masters in psychology at the ripe age of 25 and taking a paid internship with the FBP right out of her final semester to ensure she would make a career for herself. She had prided herself on her work ethic and intelligence all through her life, abandoning any hope of a normal social life at every turn by building walls between herself and anyone who tried to care for her. She had always seen herself as relatively attractive but never saw a need in companionship even when it showed itself, all the men in this world were perverts or worse and most of the time it felt to her that the promiscuity she saw among the members of her own sex only enabled it further. Everywhere she looked she saw the holes in society, if men exploited them so would she.

Miss Honey let out a long sigh, flicking a piece of the curly auburn hair that was desperately trying to escape her tight professional bun behind her ear before tapping the screen to accept the call. Despite all she had accomplished so far, she knew that men like Abernathy would have her in a kennel right alongside Trinket if they had the opportunity. She had not yet earned their respect and still tried to get her footing with her colleagues. "Go for Honey." She says in a calm, well mannered tone. There were never any warm conversations or even a 'Hello' or 'Good morning' from anyone at the FBP let alone her direct supervisors so she never tried to return the courtesy, not that she felt the need anyway, she found it best to keep things curt and professional when speaking to the higher ups.

"Yes, Liz! Just the little lass I needed to talk to! I already spoke to Dr. Barry and figured I would catch you up while you had service since I know you're a good girl and always pick up.

We got a little change of plans for the schedule today!” The gruff voice of the middle aged man cut through the phone's speaker, reading as closer to direct orders than a conversation and not giving her any time to respond to the dripping condescension in his tone before he continued. “Instead of taking our little puppy of the hour directly to the kennels you're going to take her to meet Barry to get her groomed and have a little photoshoot at the processing facility downtown. I'm having engineering send over a special little addition for her PetSitter and wanna get some pictures of her playing with another pup we can use for publicity. You think you can do that kid?”

She grimaced harder, she hated it when he addressed her like that, not even her mother called her Liz. She could brush past the condescending comments about her age but she detested the way he dismissed her credentials because she wasn't a doctor like his precious Dr Barry, why did he feel the need to rub it in that he went above her head to approve things with him before even running it past her. Was it because he didn't trust her? Was it because she was a woman?

After all, Trinket was legally in HER custody not Barrys, if something were to ever happen to the pet the repercussions would fall onto her long before they made it to that smooth talking piece of shit. Someday she would get her Phd and no one could hold that above her anymore, until then she bit the inside of her mouth to stifle a snide remark and steadied her tone. “Yes Sir! She's been exceptionally good on our little trip and i'll ensure she's in a good mood for the shoot! We were just finishing up our morning routine. I'm sure she would benefit from some play time before her big day. Thank you for letting me know Sir, I will handle it.”

“That's what I like to hear, Honey. You're one of the good ones! Keep up the good work and ill get you that vacation you keep asking for when you get back. Oh and hey, remember you're helping with some important stuff here kid. Keep your chin up! This is the kinda stuff careers are made of!” He pauses a moment, words caught between an obvious drag from a cigar. “Before I forget, happy birthday Liz. I made sure the bartender at the HCU lounge had a little present for you after the presentation. Its entirely possible the superintendent might want a more... personal presentation after the initial one and I figured you might want something to pass the time.”

“Thank you Sir. Im happy to help.” Was all she could get in before the phone call ended without another word and a pleasant silence returned. She hadn't spent any of her birthdays different than this one really, always having to work or study through them most of her childhood and adult life boarding at elite schools. Everyone always acted like it was a huge deal when another year passed, but each time it came it only reminded her of how quickly opportunities could come and go. Neither of her parents had been alive for a long time to celebrate it with her, she often found herself wondering why anyone celebrated such a trivial thing as the day you were born anyway.

She was 27 now, and she still didn't feel like she was any closer to the image of a comfortable life she had always envisioned for herself. It didn't matter, she had ambitions and no sexist pervert like Abernathy or Barry was going to stand in her way of the career she had been

preparing for her whole life. The whole world had gone to shit anyway, she took what she could get. As the train came to a halt Elizabeth Honey tasted blood in her mouth, the sickly metallic liquid starting to trickle into her senses as she caught herself chewing on her cheek where she had bit it before.

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