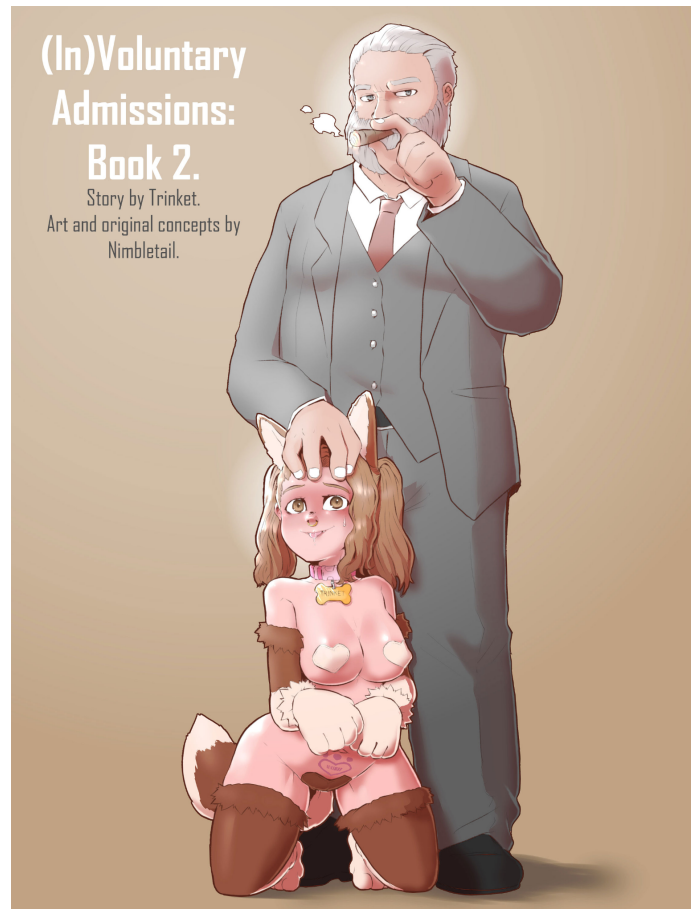


# (In)Voluntary Admissions:

A Petplay Story By Trinket  
Book Two: The Presentation



Art and ComPet Concepts by: [Nimbletail](#)

**CONTENT WARNINGS: Non consent, Themes of suicide and self harm, Forced petplay, Coercion and Blackmail, Entrapment, Human Trafficking, Non-Consensual Drug Use, Psycallogical Torture, And Depictions of Strong Verbal Degradation.**

Reminder that everything I write is fiction, none of it reflects the image or actions of real people, and all characters are consenting adults over the age of 18. If you enjoy my content, please consider supporting me on [Subscribestar](#).

## 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 organization 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.

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## Prologue: Maid Of Milk



*This prologue story takes place a few decades before the events of our main (In)Voluntary Admissions story and is set during the early days of the existence of the Federal Bureau Of Pettification, when its reach and sinister nature were not as widely known to the public and Hupet based services were relatively new and basic.*

“What the fuck Theo?! So you're just going to make decisions without even asking me now?” Maddison Halver stamped her foot down on the linoleum floor of the apartment she shared with her boyfriend Theo, knocking some of the loose leaf notes she had been taking off of one of her college textbooks and onto the ground in the process. “Two weeks to plan a whole operation and mobilize that many people? If you think i'm going to spend two weeks of my summer vacation running around begging for supporters so that you can get us both arrested or shot, or worse, you're out of your mind!”

She shot her boyfriend a look of disgust, insulted that he would have even considered giving an order to the other members of their group without even consulting her. The two of them had always made decisions together about how they would operate the protest coalition turned human rights organization they had founded together, but this

time, he had made a decision without her, risking both of their necks if his plan had fallen through.

They had been for a while, working on a raid and takedown piece on the Federal Bureau Of Pettification, a government office solely devoted to passing off the slavery of women as "Voluntary Hu-Pet Services". Something she and her organization despised to the utmost degree. The look on his face told her he was serious, and his charming smile was trying to be as persuasive as ever. She couldn't be more appalled.

Her boyfriend Theo had always been passionate about human and animal rights, just like she was. It was actually one of the things she had found most attractive about him when they met. Having formally first spoken to each other while at a protest and having realized they attended the same university, the two of them spent countless hours attending and organizing political and social movements for various causes in the four years they had been together.

Never in that time had she doubted his decision making skills, but now this proposal was pure madness. Raiding a government office with force was something she detested by itself, let alone a branch as new and unruly as the FBP. Using lethal force went against everything she believed in, and for that matter, it went against everything they had been building toward. For months they had assembled their underground network of political activist friends and journalist compatriots to try and bring to the public the horrors of their countries leadership to justice and now he wanted her to risk her reputation on a whim?

Worse yet, despite all her years of hard work on her degree and tireless hours spent organizing these events, another unseen circumstance threatened to inhibit her from the goals she had strived so hard to achieve. First had come the morning sickness she thought was a bad cold, then, a missing period, then two. Then with shaky hands and the dread of failure creeping into her mind, she had hidden the positive pregnancy test from her boyfriend for well over a month now, certain at this point that she must have been almost 6 or seven weeks pregnant and unable to hide the truth forever. Nervously, she dug her fingernails into the sides of her head as she tried to process everything she was dealing with at once.

Theo spoke again, ignoring his girlfriend's razor sharp gaze. "I'm serious Madds'. You, Marco and I will all show up in the database to get in the front door. That girl you recruited with the coder boyfriend managed to get some idiot Fed to plug a dummy USB into one of the computers at the facility outside the city and stick our names in their database as new night shift cattle hands. We can set up at a hotel nearby and scout the

place while we gather evidence and plan a route. Then, when we have what we need we hit them hard with the raid we've been planning, PETA style, and have the rest of the group storm the place while we livestream the whole thing for everyone to see. That way even if the raid fails because we get caught we still have the evidence we gathered while solo. It's foolproof.”

Maddison paused, holding the annoyed look on her face. Even if his plan did work out in the end like they planned, he had still made a major decision for their organization without her approval, and that was something that he had never done before. It came as much as a surprise as it did a betrayal. Clearly, he was fine with assuming command and risking everything they had built without her direct approval. That infuriated her, and made her think less of him as a potential father for her child.

Her voice was tense, holding back the snarled bitch attitude she wanted to rip him apart with. “I don't care who goes with us or what fake fucking name is in their system. I care that you did this without asking me. How am I supposed to believe you can be a good Fath... leader if you don't even consult me on wrecking the foundation we built, TOGETHER. Freedom, EQUALITY, Revolution And Liberty. F.E.R.A.L, OUR name. Making decisions together, that was the deal, otherwise the whole fucking thing is pointless and there is no way were going to be able to pull something like this off. Do you not even care about what we stand for anymore? Or do you just want to see your mugshot all over central city for trespassing a government facility willy-nilly like an IDIOT? You'll get off with a men's prison but me... You know as well as I do that these farms are filled with people they're trying to make disappear.”

She can't help but raise her voice, sinking to a seat in a kitchen chair and holding her head in her hands in a failed attempt to quell her growing headache. Though admittedly, the look on his face after she called him an idiot made her feel a little bad. For a while she and the rest of her organization had tread the line of good public faith, keeping their identities concealed and preferring to work in the shadows rather than organize on mainstream social media to avoid personal publicity. To that note, no one had ever come forward as a figurehead for the movement, instead framing themselves as an autonomous collective without a single centralized power.

Though she genuinely believed what she and her cause are doing is for the betterment of society and not for personal gain, young impressionable revolutionary types tended to see the rallies and protests they held as a canvas to spread other political beliefs, not all of them completely in line with the main message of the groups namesake. Communists, anarchists, and other radical movements all used the anonymous nature

of the group to their advantage, and the public often saw any number of solo actors as being a part of the greater group even if they never claimed membership.

This takedown piece was set to fix that public perception, and to be one of if not the largest single leaking of government malpractice since Wikileaks in the time of her grandparents. People needed to see what was going on right beneath their noses to believe it, public laws and regulations legalizing human slavery in the guise of "Pet Service" were becoming all too common lately, and due to the ever distracted public, were going relatively unnoticed outside of major cities like Central.

First it was legal to sign yourself into the care of another, voiding your rights as a human for a contracted time. Many of such participants were female prisoners, offered special contracts with promises of shortened sentences. Then bureaucrats discovered legal loopholes that allowed one to be deemed unfit to maintain such human rights. Now, whispers of a draft-like program were said to be gaining popularity among the higher class, many of which paid millions in bribes to get their deplorable self interests passed through the courts faster than she could organize any protest to deal with.

It made her sick, the monsters of the world she was born into saw her and the other young women of her generation as nothing more than pets to be played with for their amusement and financial gain. Was that the world she was expected to bring a child into? Until this point she hadn't even thought about wanting a family. What life could she give a child as a broke college student who funneled all her money into her activist work? She came from a wealthy family, sure, and had a brother, a proud doctoral psychology major around the same age as her, who had no problem spending that family money. But she considered herself above all that and had always funded her endeavors herself by working odd jobs and Theo could barely hold down a 9-5.

No matter what she did, the cases kept piling up, and new vile claims that an even shadier subsection of the FBP was coercing prisoners into selling their bodies to be milked as Hu-cows in a large scale human dairy farm outside of Central city were startling enough to warrant hasty action from her supporters. These same vile claims seemed to imply that women were even volunteering to being kept as whorish dog and cat themed slave pets to the most unsavory of individuals, and that not only was this new form of treatment likely to be pushed as an acceptable part of society over the coming years but that it was being viewed as positive way to punish the vulnerable and disobedient; dissonant types like herself surely at the top of the list of targets for these programs should she ever be jailed.

If it were to happen that she got jailed, would her parents even think twice about letting their delinquent daughter rot in some cell so they could finally be rid of her? Would her brother even care? She hadn't spoken to any of them since they had practically disowned her for refusing to go to a church based rehabilitation center to get help for her mental health struggles after she had called her brother during a bad stint of depression and confessed some feelings of self harm she was having after a bad breakup. She didn't trust anyone in her family, or anyone for that matter save for Theo. Why did he have to pressure her further at a time like this?

If they acted now without planning the whole thing out properly, the plan might backfire and get them arrested or worse. But if they acted now, who knows how many potential lives they could save by showing the horrid conditions of these government run human trafficking rings to the world stage with the livestream they were planning. If she couldn't interrupt national politics, they would at least make their country look like savages to warn others about the breach of human rights. If they wanted to take her rights, she promised herself that she would never go softly into chains. That she would never let herself give up on the war that so many before her had fought so that she could have a better life. She thought Theo believed that too, the last thing she needed was to be doubting the judgment of her other half on top of everything she was dealing with.

Theo let out a long sigh, breaking the silence that hung in the air and moving behind her to rub her shoulders affectionately. He moves in close, wrapping his arms around her from behind and hugging her tightly. "I'm sorry... I know you wanted to wait until the end of summer so we had more time to plan. But it's not getting any easier to fight these assholes, and if the big bill that's getting voted on this weekend goes through like it looks like it will, the FBP budget will double and who knows how high tech the security of these facilities might become once the fed money starts to roll in. The time to act is now, we can do this Maddie".

There was yet another long pause, silence filling the air again as she took a deep breath before beginning to speak the words she had been wanting to say but couldn't for over a month now. "Theo... I'm... I love you. But if you ever try to undermine me like that again I'll make sure it's the last time we ever speak." She rises, brushing past her boyfriend and into the cool evening air outside for some peace and quiet.

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There was a stifling silence hanging inside the old van as it pulled down the long, dark dirt road toward the large industrial complex. Nervously, Maddison Halver played with the zipper on the front of her FBP emblazoned jumpsuit, a feeling of utter shame

filling her head for having agreed to infiltrate the milking facility dressed this way instead of just storming the place with a larger group like she had wanted to. But Theo had insisted they needed to go in personally before to get the lay of things, she had no idea after all what the inside of one of these places actually looked like and had not intended to find out until they exposed it to the world.

He was right though, it was always good to have a backup plan, but she didn't know why she had to be the one to go through with it beforehand. She supposed it was only right that if she were going to ask others to risk their reputations to invade and expose such a place as this then she might have at least been willing to be the one to do it first. But now that they approached the parking lot of the large, secure looking government facility she couldn't help but bite at her fingernails anxiously. They only had one shot at this, that's why making sure they got what they needed the first time was crucial.

The past few weeks of planning felt like a blur as she had desperately rushed to mobilize and inform as many of her compatriots as possible that the raid at the specific milking facility they had chosen, most of her waking hours spent conversing with and organizing the rather large sum of people she could convince to show up to the main event. It was likely a bad idea to spend much time snooping around before the main event, which they had scheduled for exactly one hour after they were set to enter themselves. So the plan was instead for the three of them to go in initially in secret to ensure there was good quality footage for later, unsure of how many people would actually make it through the door and stream the footage online.

By her reckoning, once word had gotten around that it was a real event, she had spoken to around 25 people herself and convinced them to assist her, but with how word of mouth spreads they were expecting something more like 50 people of various levels of trust to turn out on short notice. A group of people that large was sure to get national media attention, but still something a trained group of police could easily deal with and disperse should they fail to make it through the door and get footage inside the building. All they had to do was get in at night and take some video, then whenever they were ready they could let everyone through the breach before the morning shift of workers showed up. Hopefully that would give them enough time to stream them freeing and extracting some of the captives to get their perspective.

Despite how nice the building looked from the outside and the barbed wire fence that surrounded the place, she knew for a fact that the building hadn't been there 8 months earlier, and the security from the underfunded government branch meant it was as easy as spoofing some RFID security cards and the gate had opened without a hitch. The rather sizable parking lot was empty, save for two pedestrian cars and an FBP



branded white van that looked like it might be used for transport. Theo pulled the van to a halt, and killed the headlights, waiting a moment as the three of them readied themselves.

She took a deep breath, trying to calm her nerves a bit and failing miserably. Each of them was equipped with a discrete chest mounted camera, each of which would output the video recording to a secure cloud somewhere so that even if they tried to take the sim cards from the cameras they would still have the footage. It was foolproof, they had thought of everything, now she just needed to actually do it. She is reminded again of how intense it all felt in the moments right before action, this was the quiet before the biggest storm she had ever caused, pun intended, and her actions today could very well land her in prison as quickly as it got her photo into the history books for saving lives.

The morning sickness she had been dealing with for weeks now was ceaseless, and this morning she couldn't tell if that was what was making her nauseous or if her nerves had finally gotten the better of her. Either way, she didn't think her insides had ever been this twisted up before. Her hand felt the inside of her jumpsuit, fingers lingering on the 9mm handgun she had tucked in a holster under her arm. Hopeful she wouldn't have to use it for anything, but she had a bad taste in her mouth from just carrying the thing.

"You okay Madds'? We go when you're ready. There's still time to call it all off. If..." Theo's voice broke the silence, snapping them all back to reality and reminding her that this mission was time sensitive, they only had around an hour to get in and look around before they would need to double back to a door to meet the other raiders before the morning guard shift came in. Hopefully, if all went well, the three of them could ditch their disguises and blend in with the rest of the crowd to hopefully just be kicked off the property, there was no way they could arrest all 50 of them at once right?

Maddison cuts him off rather sharply, her voice barely restraining her apprehension. "No, I'm not okay! You know as well as I do that we can't quit now. This is our one shot remember? If we call it off now we're going to lose our supporter base. They need to see that we are willing to sacrifice something as well if we are asking for it from them." She took another deep breath, closing her eyes as she felt both of the men's affirming gazes fall upon her in anticipation for an order. It felt like they both wanted her to give them some sort of pep talk, but she had no such words in mind. "Let's just get this over with."

Without another word, the three of them exited the van and made their way to the front door, pulling their FBP branded hats down to obscure their faces and chest mounted cameras from the blinking red security camera mounted just outside. For a moment, the

three of them just stood there, looking at each other and confirming their readiness. Without hesitation, she took the leap of faith, pressing the RFID key card to the scanner and cringing slightly as she waited for its response. Miraculously, three small beeps accompanied a flashing green light on the door panel and the magnetic lock released.

The moment they broke through the entryway, a flood of adrenaline coursed through her to keep her focused on her mission. Before she knew it, the three of them had already committed the big crime by entering the building, and at this point she needed to make damn sure that their plans didn't end up being for nothing. Silently, the three of them trudged through the empty, dimly lit corridors, the click of their boots echoing through the halls as they neared the wing of the building labeled 'Milking Cells'.

After another security door, and another grimey tiled hallway, they finally arrived at their destination and swiped the same card they had used on the front door. To her relief it continues to work, allowing them entrance to the main attraction they had come to capture evidence of. Appallingly, the first thing to greet her when she pushes open the large metal door isn't the sight she was looking for, but the locker room like stench of sweat and feminine body odor.

The stench in the long room made her nose wrinkle with disgust, watering her eyes as she tried to make out the large space. What catches her attention next is horrifying to say the least, the condition of the facility just as horrendous as she had imagined. Along either side of the barn-like room, chained to the floor and ceiling to keep them in place are two rows of women restrained in movement restricting cow printed bodysuits and blindfolds to keep them from seeing their surroundings. The skin tight, black and white cow themed bitchesuits gave her the chills, each of the women having had their limbs bent at the elbow and knees sealed within the suit so they were useless and all their weight rested on the four hoof-like caps on the ends of each restrained limb.

There must have been at least 30 women lined up along each wall, and the fact that they had passed 2 other similar rooms before opening this one told her that she had vastly underestimate the amount of people they were keeping hostage here, and had vastly underestimated the time it would take them to free a decent number of them from both the restraints and the terrifying bitchesuits they were also trapped in. The monsters that ran this place had set up a backup plan by bitchesuiting their hostages, that way even if they managed to escape from their holding cell they were still blind, deafened, and unable to do more than hobble around on their hoofed appendages like an animal.

Each of the cow suited women had both of their visibly engorged breasts hooked up to suction cups that resembled those used on real livestock so much that she assumed

they might have just been using the same devices. The long tubes that ran from the suction cups and connected the output of one woman to another were all full of a murky white liquid she could only assume was milk, all feeding together into one large pasteurization vat at the far end of the room. Despite the amount of people in the room, it was dead quiet save for the occasional moan from one of the women from behind the humiliating gags that were shoved in their mouths. To her, it is a scene straight out of a horror movie, and she instantly goes from horrified, to a visceral feeling of rage the likes she has never experienced.

She is speechless, and by the looks on their faces, so are Theo and Marcus. For a moment, the three of them just stood there in awe, arms raised to their faces to cover their noses from the stench. “Fucking Monsters. Who could do this to another human!? Fuck publicity, we need to get them out of here!” Maddison holds back a bit of bile that sneaks up her throat, genuinely almost about to vomit from the mixture of the smell and just how terrible the conditions are. No prison in the world was supposed to treat its victims this poorly, let alone citizens of the country she called home. Was this the fate of every woman who stood up to the system she was born into? Is this what her unborn child had to look forward to? A world where they could be subject to such horrors purely for being a woman? Not if she had anything to do about it.

“That’s a lot more than we thought. How are we gonna get that many people out of here though? We just set them free and let them run into the forest outside?” Theo’s voice cuts the room, the same anger she had in her voice mirrored in his but with the addition of some apprehension.

She thinks for a moment, pinching the bridge of her nose to relieve the headache the stench in the room was giving her while she formulated a new plan. Gone from her mind is the civil headed planner of protests she had once been, this wasn’t something that merely bringing attention to the situation would fix. This was a genuine attack on human rights itself, and the people who orchestrated it would need to pay one way or another. Radical times called for radical measures, and she was now willing to take them. Fist clenched at her side, seething with rage, her voice turns from the once timid girl she was, to a commanding leader with a cause for action.

After a few more moments of silence, the commands fly from her mouth like a drill sergeant. “Marcus, run back to the truck right now, radio the others on your way, and get as many of them into the building as possible. I have a feeling once we pull the restraints off the whole building is gonna go loud so I want you there to let everyone in, that way it’s less likely to get ugly. Once enough people are in, I need you to lead them to the other two holding rooms and get to work letting them go. Focus on freeing them

from the stupid fucking costumes so they can help once they are free. And Marcus...” She pauses, waiting for him to look her in the eyes. “If the feds go hot, so do we.”

The look on Marcus’s face told her everything she needed to know, he was just as ready as she was, and also knew the implications that came with committing a crime this large in scale. With the danger it posed to them, the firearms they had packed as a backup might now be crucial if they weren’t able to get everyone out in time. She had never wanted to hurt anyone, nor had she ever fired one of the things outside of a range but the feds always showed up with pistols on their hips, and cover fire was always an effective means of diversion. “Yes Ma’am.” Marcus misses no beat, pulling the cell phone from his pocket and returning to the hallway they had come from with record speed.

She turns her attention toward Theo, the same charming, political revolutionary smile that had made her fall in love with him years earlier plastered on his face as he watched the love of his life blossom into the leader she was supposed to be. Her voice is just as commanding to him now as it was with Marcus, fully taking the situation into her hands. “Are you ready my love? It’s showtime! Do you think you can find a way to drain those vats? Might as well flush their profits down the drain while we are at it. I’m going to try and free one of the victims and see if we can even get them to walk, god knows how long they’ve been cooped up in here.”

Theo nods, moving to the end of the long room to inspect the vat as she finally moves closer to one of the captive women, long blonde pigtails sprouting from her head. She whispers under her breath, unsure if the person behind the blindfold could hear her or if they were even awake. “God, dont these fucking heathens have any respect for decency. They could at least let you lie down.” It made her bones ache to think about being stuck in one of these prisons for an extended period of time. She didn’t even know where to start with releasing the bound girl, pulling the razor blade she had from her pocket and quickly slashing the leather strap that was holding her to the ceiling.

With the distinctive clop of the girl’s hooves on the floor, she watched the person behind the mask stabilize themselves as if it had been some time since any real weight had been placed on their joints. Though her eyes were covered, the girl stirred, shaking her head frantically and lowering it to the ground like she was confused and expecting to be punished for being free. The next thing Maddison turned her attention to was the chain that connected the girls collar to a thick D-ring on the floor below them, quickly unclipping it and letting it fall to the floor with a loud clang. She pulled the suction cups from the woman’s nipples, watching as her breasts continued to leak slightly with nothing to catch the milk.

Along with the blindfold, she removed the ball gag that filled the woman's mouth, seeing her sputter and gasp for air as her frightened blue eyes darted around the room. As if the first few steps had not restrained the girl enough, there was barely enough room for her to fit the seatbelt cutter on the back of her razor around the thick leather collar, taking her close to thirty seconds to make a cut deep enough that the collar could be snipped off. "W-Who are you?" The girl's meek voice was barely audible, shaky from having spent a decent amount of time in disuse.

"They call me M. We are F.E.R.A.L, we're here to get you out of this nightmare. But I'm going to need your help if it's going to work." Maddison forces a confident smile, trying and failing to find any sort of zipper or opening in the cow printed suit so she could free the girl's arms and legs. Frustrated at the lengths they had gone to to keep their subjects locked up, she once again uses the seatbelt cutter on the back of her knife to easily cut away at the leathery artificial skin clean down the spine to expose the girls back. With little more effort, the suit slipped to the ground and the girl was free. One down, she didn't want to think about how many were left.

unexpectedly, once the blonde girl was free and stretching out her limbs for the first time in god knows how long, the odd stillness and quiet of the room remained for the moment, no flashing red alarms or sirens like she had predicted. The timid girl before her mumbles again, limply trying to use her arms and legs now that she is free and finding the task difficult. "Get me out? Is the contract done? What did you do to me? My head hurts." The blonde shakes her head back and forth confused, speech slurred and clearly in some sort of drug induced haze. Her hands immediately move to cover her exposed breasts and privates, finding them both still leaking uncontrollably.

"I didn't do anything to you. You've been being held as human livestock for... I actually don't know how long. But that doesn't matter, we're going to get you somewhere safe comrade." The clang of metal meeting metal rings loud through the room, catching Maddison off guard and making her hand dart to the handgun in the holster under her jumpsuit instinctively before she realized what had happened. The loud noise was followed by a splashing sound, like someone had turned on a big faucet. As she turned to spot Theo and make sure he was okay, she watched him swing the sharp end of a fire ax against the giant milk vat a second time, creating a second large hole for the milk to spill out onto the floor from. Anxiously, she releases her white hot grip on the handle of her gun, instead turning back to the blonde girl in front of her, watching as the poor girl struggles to comprehend any complex thought. "Can you walk?" Maddison pulls the girl's attention back to hers, realizing that she would need to move faster if she had any hope of freeing the rest of the women.

“W-Walk?” The blond meekly tries to rise as Maddison stabilizes her, the girl's knees as wobbly as an infant walking for the first time. One thing became immediately clear to Maddison, they would be struggling to get any of these girls to the truck and she could forget about employing their aid in freeing others. Clearly the FBP had planned for every contingency they could think of and would continue to undermine her at every turn.

“Theo! They're Drugged! I don't think we are going to be able to get them all free.” She lowers the blonde girl back to a seated position, letting her rest for the moment and hoping the drugs would wear off eventually. Instinctively, she moves to the next girl, repeating the process she had used to free the first girl and trying to be quicker than before. By the time Theo had made it back to her, she was pulling the second girl from her suit and snapping her fingers in front of her eyes to wake her up, the second girl seemingly in a worse stupor than the first by how she was helplessly drooling from both ends and barely cognisant.

Theo's voice met her ears again as he began working to free another one of the prisoners. “Fuck! It's gonna be a struggle, but I'll start helping girls into the hall so the others can get them to the vans. Just get them free. I'll move them if they can't walk. And hey, I love you. You're doing great babe, stay focused!” The couple shared a look of passionate adrenaline, each egged deeper and deeper into the dangerous situation by each other's drive for the freedom of the people unjustly trapped here. The ruckus they had made had unfortunately elicited a response from many of the now startled cow girls that were still bound and had woken from the loud noise, Theo's strategy seeming to be to get the more active prisoners free first.

Both Maddison and Theo spring into action again as the thing they had been waiting for finally happened. All at once, the flashing emergency lights and wailing sirens of the building sprang to life and intensified the situation, each of them riding an adrenaline high the likes they had never experienced as they diligently continued cutting prisoners from the hellish restraints and trying to bring them to consciousness.

By the time they had freed around 15 or so of the 30 girls on one side of the room, there is a commotion in the hall, and Maddison assists Theo in helping one of the girls who can walk to the door. Having convinced a few of the girls who hadn't been restrained as long to aid them in freeing as many others as possible, the scene in the hallway was a mix of the camouflage and black tactical gear wearing revolutionaries and cowering naked women. All of which looked as confused as any of the others as to how they planned to transport a group of people larger than they had anticipated and still have to leave some behind, leaving the whole scene in a state of panic as she

emerged.

Tactfully, she takes the front of the hallway, getting everyone's attention by whistling to silence the chattering crowd and organize a plan. "OKAY LISTEN UP! If you can walk, grab someone who can't and help them back toward the door! If you've got a full van, head for extraction. I expect the moment we make it outside whatever security has shown up will radio for the big guns and they will be on us in droves. Do not appear armed! Until they press lethal force we remain neutral. I doubt even savages like these will fire at us if we are among a crowd of unarmed civilians. If you are free and willing, rendezvous with me and we will press back in. The rest of you keep letting people go, even if we can't get them out at least we can give them a good chance at making a run for it! LETS GO!"

She waves her hand in the air, and the crowd springs to life again, bodies moving everywhere in an almost dizzying amount of motion. Quickly, she and a group of her operatives helped carry the first 30 or so girls toward the door they had come in through, now propped open with a folding chair that had been nearby so anyone could come and go as they pleased. The outside was considerably lighter than it had been earlier, and more time had passed than she had thought in the time they had spent inside. Luckily, her camera was still live, and that meant that she still had work to do.

As they pushed through the breach she couldn't help but notice the flashing light of two police cars that were barreling down the long dirt road toward the complex, finally pulling into the parking lot and springing from their cars to bark orders at her and the other protestors. They pushed on to the fleet of vans the demonstrator reinforcements had arrived in, trying to ignore the three officers until they approached the vehicles and aggressively tackled one of her operatives to the ground for trying to block them from getting closer to the van.

In a flash, the situation turned from bad, to openly hostile, as she watched her operatives overpower the three officers and disarm them brutally before they could draw their guns. She knew that just like her, all three of the officers were equipped with a body cam that was transmitting video to their HQ, and that it would only be a matter of minutes before a second and much bigger wave of officers would show up in military gear to deal with the situation.

She came to a realization at that moment. The people they were loading up now, would likely be the only real people to escape before the imminent firefight broke out. She was, in theory, supposed to leave at this point in the operation to save herself from a lengthy prison sentence. Though if she did, she would likely have to spend the rest of

her life on the run as a political dissident, and with the child inside her soon to be past the point of no return abortion wise, her child would in turn have to live the same life of danger she would be imposing on herself. If she were to get caught however, the government would surely put her baby in foster care, or at best put them in the care of her delusional parents or close family. It was now or never and she was locked in a decision paralysis.

Maddison gritted her teeth, deliberating with the crew and urging them to leave as soon as possible. She lets out a long sigh. With a pain in her heart the likes she had never felt, she turns to her lover, the father of her child, and utters a mouthful of words she despised the moment they left her throat. "Theo... I know it's not the plan, but I need you to go with the extraction team and make sure that the rebellion continues even if I can't be the one to do it. I'm going to risk it and try to make it out on the next round."

Theo looks shocked, grabbing ahold of Maddison's arm and stopping her from turning away. "Hey! You can't be serious right? You just want me to leave you here. You've seen what they will..."

Maddison waves her hand in his face, turning her head to silence him, trying to hide the tears that were welling in her eyes. "Just do it. For me. Please. So there is someone who can speak for all the people who have been silenced here." She pushes Theo off of her making a mad dash back toward the open door of the building and signaling for the vans to leave without her. With no chance to react, she watches as the rest of the operatives pull an angry Theo into the back of the last van before it speeds away. Pit welling in her stomach, she passes back through the door and into the chaos once more.

The blaring alarm in the building seems somehow louder than when she left it, forcing her ears to quickly adapt to their surroundings again after the brief respite of cool outdoor air. Back down the long hallway she ran, toward the holding rooms, passing many of the now empty and vandalized rooms that lined the business section of the building. The place was dirty and dingy before sure, parts of it were a barn after all, but the amount of spray paint that covered the walls and broken furniture made the building look like a proper war zone.

With restraint no longer on her mind, she drew the 9mm pistol from the holster under her arm and switched off the safety, moving cautiously through the building as she followed the sounds of yelling and commotion until she finally reached the hallway where she had given her speech minutes earlier. There in the middle of the hall, helping another group of naked women toward the exit, is Marcus, SMG hanging from his



shoulder on a one point sling as he combat carried an unconscious girl over the other.

She shouts their code phrase as she approaches, quickly assessing the situation and urging the party to continue toward the exit while she tried to continue to get as many girls free as possible, and the rest of her crew continues down the hall as she rounds the corner into one of the two rooms she hadn't gone in before. Surprisingly, many of the restraints were now empty, something that made her feel a little better, but on the other hand, the people who were freed were chosen at random and the ones that were left continued to thrash around in their cow shaped prisons unaware of what the commotion was even about.

There were a few of the formerly imprisoned women still there, either unwilling to do anything but sit on the floor in shock or helping to free their other compatriots by any means necessary. She got to work again, discharging three rounds from her pistol into the side of the milk vat in this room to empty it before returning to cutting the poor prisoners free from their captivity. It took her a moment, but once she had freed a decent amount of people again she rallied them all together and motioned for everyone to make their way back to the exit with her again.

She had assumed that the feds would have infiltrated the building by this point, but the sound of muffled gunfire from outside the building told her that Marcus and the rest of her crew had successfully held the feds off for long enough that they had completely trashed the place and gotten most of the prisoners free, but now it was time for the final standoff. This would be it, she could very well lose her life over this, was that what she wanted? To be a martyr? The unfortunate truth was that she had made up her mind about that when she had pushed Theo into the van, and it wasn't getting any easier to cope with her imminent demise.

She gripped the handle of her pistol with a white hot rage, taking a formation by the front breach next to Marcus for cover as she fearlessly hopped into the firefight that had erupted in the parking lot. Marcus laid down the cover fire as they pushed toward the last 2 black vans that remained in the parking tragically finding all four of the tires on each strategically blown by the feds to eliminate their escape, there was only one choice after all. She emptied all but one of the rounds in her magazine at the barricade of police cars that had positioned themselves to block the long dirt road that headed away from the complex.

She and Marcus shared a look of mutual respect as they held their ground, both understanding that the other could die at any moment, and that it would be for the cause they were willing to die for. She didn't know what it felt like to be shot, or to die for that

matter, but it didn't scare her anymore. As the rotary blades of a helicopter quickly approached and encircled them, she pulled the still live camera from her chest and turned it around so that her face could be seen, no longer wishing to be anonymous and unaware of how many people were actually tuned in to watching the event live on all the platforms they had it sent to.

Her tone is prideful, carrying an air of superiority and sarcasm to the utmost degree. "Hello world, Mom, Dad... every fucking rat fed bastards who ruined my chance at life. My name is Maddison Halver, I am the founder of FERAL. And I will die willingly by my own hand before I let myself fall into a system that does this fucking madness. But that doesn't mean the movement ends here. The truth is, FERAL has no leader because we are all the leaders if we choose to be. There is always something to fight for, even if you are the only one left to fight. Thank you all, and stay strong. FREEDOM, EQUALITY, REVOLUTION, LIBERTY!"

She smiles as she raises the loaded handgun to her head and closes her eyes, willing a moment of peace and serenity upon herself as she pushes her final thoughts to be about how the world will remember her for all of the good she has done, that she had truly been acting selfless all along and would rather die than end up like one of the poor people imprisoned in a facility like this. Her hands shake, tears running down her face as she screams at the sky in a final act of rage, waiting for the endless nothing that would follow her next action.

There is a moment, when she expects there to be surrounded by the nothing that comes with death, but instead, the fast prick of a bee sting like impact meets her neck making her gasp back to reality for a moment as she perceives that she has been hit by a stray bullet or something. Adrenaline, shock, fear, all course through her as the gun is knocked from her hand in the confusion, her free hand jumping to the side of her neck to stem the perceived bleeding and finding nothing of the sort. Instead, dangling from neck by an attached needle, is a feathered dart that quickly falls to her lap as she brushes it off, confusing her more as her vision begins to blur. Her hand goes to reach for her gun again, lying next to her on the ground, but she quickly finds herself unable to even lift her arms. Another two impacts meet her chest, right above the left breast, but by the time she realizes the second shot has even hit her, the world fades to a hazy black.

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Maddison Halver is shaken back to consciousness by the sensation of multiple sets of hands gripping her roughly and holding the bare skin of her face to the cold concrete floor of some unknown location. It took a moment for her to remember anything but the terrifying darkness that had been the state of unconsciousness she was just in, before even opening her eyes, she tried to move her hand to wipe the hair from her face, finding it withheld behind her by some unseen set of rough hands, easily able to pin both of her wrists to her back with one hand and giving her no ability to lift her head from the floor to look around.

She groaned painfully, all of her joints beginning to ache from being pinned down so long. Where was she? A police station? Was she still in the parking lot? She had obviously failed to take her own life the way she wanted, and that whatever fate had in store for her was much worse than death. The grunts of the men that were restraining

her slowly turned back to audible words as her brain managed to focus on one of the voices, a man, gruff and assertive. "Fuck if I care what you do with her. Little bitch and her group of delinquents broke hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of equipment. We'll all be lucky if we get to keep our jobs. String her up like the fucking rest for now."

The rough hands continued to assault her, ripping the clothes from her defenseless body and easily overpowering her feeble struggles. Realizing what was happening to her, she let out a blood curdling scream, trying once more to free herself and failing. "Fucking rat fed bastards! Ill slit your fucking..." The moment she opened her mouth the space inside it was quickly crammed full of silicon, a thick ballgag the likes of which she had been freeing prisoners from before she had passed out silencing her with ease.

Tears continued to streak her face, keeping her vision blurry and dim as she thrashed against the workers hands. "Fucking stupid Bitch. Hold still or i'll tranq you again so help me god." The vicious words assaulted her from somewhere above, taking the last of her dignity with them as the men worked to shove her into one of the horrifying, cow printed prisons she had tried to take her life to avoid. She had figured there would at least be some sort of trial she could make a public appearance at before anything like this happened. But for some reason, it seemed like no one intended her to be going anywhere anytime soon.

The thick rubber bands they laced around her wrists and ankles forced her hands tight against her body, restricting her movements as they pulled the thick leathery substance of the suit around her shaking body, spreading it tight over her skin and stretching it until it had no more give. They pushed her flat onto her stomach to seal the back with some unseen force, knocking the wind from her as she splayed out on the floor like an animal exposed genitals and breasts pressed against the cold concrete floor beneath her painfully.

Without so much as another word, two of the sets of hands pick her up off the ground entirely, carrying her exhausted body toward another unseen destination and plopping her onto the hooved legs of the suit where she struggled to stay upright. Moments later, the same set of floor and ceiling chains that had been used on all the people she freed pulled her back to the humiliating position, finally allowing her to see her surroundings for a moment as one of the gruff looking workers groped her D-cup breasts roughly, attaching two suction cups to her nipples and chucking at her dismay.

His voice cuts her like a knife through his toothy grin, the last thing she hears before he pulls her blindfold into place and blinds her entirely. "Sit tight darlin', you've got a lot of milk to make to pay back all the product you wasted. You know what they say about

crying over spilled milk though.” The worker's greedy laughter fills the long hallway as she hears his boots cross the hall again, followed by the slamming of a metal security door, and she is left with nothing but the jingle of the bell around her neck for company.

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## **Chapter One: Punk Rock Paradigm**

The rays of bright afternoon sunshine fell over Trinket with a warmth that reminded her of a blanket straight out of the dryer. She romped around the sunny dog park with a carefree attitude and nothing to keep her from maintaining the happy smile she felt lingering on her lips, sniffing and playing with human and natural pups alike while she entertained herself with what felt like the best day she had experienced in a long time. She looked behind her to see her master sitting on a nearby bench, happily chit chatting with a pretty brunette woman that looked alot like Miss Honey. It all felt so wonderful, the tags of the permanent silver collar around her neck jingled as she darted over to him and instinctively nuzzled at his hands and lap for attention.

His firm hand rested on the top of her head after a few breathtaking moments of petting, his conversation with the pretty woman unbroken by the pup's presence. There was something about the way he talked above her without really acknowledging her at first that filled her with a deep sense of submission, she continued to nudge the man's hand again desperately to get his attention at any cost. She made her best puppy dog eyes and stuck her tongue out to pant from the heat, there was nothing she wanted more in that moment than for his eyes to grace her with his attention.

He broke his conversation for a moment and their eyes met, there was nothing that made her feel better than the way he looked down at her. It was such a perfect love told in a simple glance, it told her she was safe, loved, cared for, owned... It meant that no matter what, that hand atop her head wasn't going anywhere. She was putty in his hands, lavishing in his gaze for what felt like a beautiful eternity. Her eyes slowly faded closed as she felt his voice wash over her the same as the warmth of the sunshine had. “There's my beautiful little puppy, did you have a nice day at the park?” She tried to bark once for yes, tried desperately to reply and earn his gratifying touch one more time. Instead, she awoke abruptly in her cold kennel with a puddle of drool beneath her cheek.

The little pup rubbed the sleep from her surprisingly well rested eyes, without all that extra gear she had been stuffed into on the train that morning she could actually sleep comfortably and stretch out her legs without getting zapped if only a little more than normal. Her habit of sleeping on her stomach and her inability to close her legs in lue of a shock forced her to learn to sleep in an odd position she had only recently gotten used to. It however left her no ability for her to hide her newfound habit of leaking from her puppy parts at all hours, the way she slept meant she would have left a terrible wet spot on her bedding had the lining not been waterproof.

The dream she had been having didn't help her stem the leakage, it was the same dream she had been having for weeks now but it still made her head spin to think about how good it felt. She groaned as she felt the warm soaked liner of her petsitter pressed against her ever aching crotch, It was that warm tingly stuff they fingered her with every morning that always made her so FUCKING HORNY! She really was just a little bitch in heat wasn't she? Drooling from both ends at the thought of someone petting her like a dumb dog. For the first time in a while they had left her without her vaginal plug, and for once she almost missed its presence. If it were there she might have even been devious enough to hump out an orgasm.

Was she really fantasizing about life as someone's little pet? It had only been four months and she was already finding herself lost in some dystopian fantasy she might have read as a teenager, and she liked it? It was hard to remind herself that this was all about her mental health in the end, it was to make her happy. If she was fantasizing about something this much it would be a disservice to not allow herself to experience it right? She still wasn't sure how anyone could see her like a human again after how soul crushingly dehumanizing it was to be treated with no more rights than an animal, it was humiliating. So why did the thought of being owned turn her on so much? What kind of fucking failure gets validation from institutionalised slavery? All the other pups seemed to hate it, why didn't she?

She was lost in her darker thoughts again, she could feel the absence of the medication that normally filled her brain with that fuzzy feeling and kept her focused on only the things in her immediate vicinity. What was she even doing here? Back in the city that caused her the problems that plagued her for so long. She could have just stayed in the north and lived out her time as someone's personal pet, she might have even liked it. It might have even been good for her self esteem like they said. But no, she had to try and fuck this up too by getting herself in over her head again. She hadn't been good enough to fit into highschool, she couldn't get into college, she couldn't find a job after her parents threatened to kick her out. What made her think this would be any different?

She tried to push it all from her mind but it clung with a viscous grip, tonight would be the big night. Where she could show everyone how good she was at following orders and doing tricks. She did like the way following orders felt. When she was in training she had succeeded rather well when it came to learning basic commands and being rewarded with treats, the simple command followed by a reward was enough to make her feel like she had done well and had genuinely encouraged her to memorize all of the instructions. Part of her hated it, but she was ready at any moment to do one of the tricks they taught her, and she knew it made her feel good to be praised when she did well.

Something she desperately lacked in the months leading up to her admission was a sense of belonging, the thought of having pleased everyone earlier that day and the way The Chairman had welcomed her made her smile to herself as she rolled over onto her back. She looked around the small space again, If the kennel she was used to before had been properly sized to

her so-called "Near Toy Breed " classification she figured her new kennel had been sized for someone near twice her size. If she tried, she could extend her legs all the way while laying down and only barely touch the walls. No matter the size it was still a kennel, complete with the standard pet bed and a locked steel gate, but she couldn't help but feel like she had been privileged with a larger cell given her good performance. Why did that make her smile so much?

She stopped for a moment to ponder how utterly villainous it felt to have been stripped of her humanity so brutally that being pet like an animal or having a larger cage to sleep in than everyone else made her feel better about herself. No matter where she went it was always the same left loathing when she was alone with herself, this was probably what she deserved for having gotten herself into all of this in the first place. She should have never come here, how much more stupid could she have been than selling herself into literal slavery for the sake of her mental health? Why did she think anyone could help her let alone the type of establishment she had vehemently protested in the past with the few friends she had left behind?

God, what would her old friends think of what she was becoming? All of the people she used to call friends at the grungy punk rock venues and political marches she had attended would label her an absolute sellout if they could see her now, and they would be right. The truth was, she had sold out for a promise of happiness. How was it so easy for her to flip her morals for the sake of her personal happiness? She really was a poser. The exact thing she had feared becoming manifested in her eager compliance with her new life.

She thought of her one and only ex-boyfriend, Lyle, his gruff anti-authoritarian visage playing in her mind as she thought about the last time they had spoken and separated on less than good terms, well over a year ago at this point. If he could see her now, would it be pity she found in his eyes? Or would it be pure malice? She knew the answer to that question and didn't like it much. Something told her he was still exactly where she had found him, drinking PBR in some shithole dive bar somewhere.

She herself had never been much of a drinker, that much of her old scene she could part with. But, she did have to admit to herself that a nice fat joint, or going to a venue to listen to music and let loose with a little dancing might have done her mind some good by putting her mind at ease. Weed was another thing she had left behind for the sake of her happiness, however not as easily as the rest, that at least her family might have been proud of her for although she hadn't heard a single thing from or about them in the entirety of the 4 months she had spent in FBP custody. She figured she would have heard at least something about them, it was her father's idea that she sign up for the program after all, and her father did know chairman Abernathy personally.

She groaned as she tossed and turned in the metal cage, anxiously flopping from one side to the other as the never ending flow of thoughts raced through her head. She **WOULD** fuck this up, there was no doubt in her mind. "*Just smile and bark*" the words played in her head over and over again as she thought about the severity of the punishment she could receive for

fucking something like the presentation up, an image of the gruesome procedure that took Pepper's limbs flashing in her mind as she tried to stop the tears that began to well in her eyes.

No! She could do it! She WOULD be a good puppy. HAD to be. If she got rewarded for it then it would be a bonus that she deserved for being good, if she could manage to be good that is. She genuinely liked how good their praise felt, it was the only straight forward path to happiness she got these days. As long as she kept doing what she was told she would be fine, once it was done she could even add it to the growing list of things she could convince herself she had done right for once. She was capable, at least, of following orders. That much she knew. Was that anything to be proud of herself for?

Trinket took a few deep breaths, calming herself by controlling her breathing the way Miss Honey had taught her. Taking deep breaths through her nose and letting them out slowly through her lips until her anxieties began to quell. Tonight would be her big chance to show everyone that she was capable of something, that she had learned for them even if at the end of the day it was just being a good prop for them to demo new tech on in front of an audience. It didn't matter that she would be naked in front of the crowd, they wouldn't see her as human anyway.

Maybe if it went well Chairman Abbernathy would tell her father and family how well she was doing, she still had no idea if they even knew where she was let alone the extent of the humiliation she had endured in such a short time. She knew her father and Abbernathy spoke, albeit she had no idea how regularly they did so, her father and The Chairman went way back. Both graduates of the same University she had failed to achieve entry too and old friends from before she was even born. Would her father have been so insistent that she join the program if he had known what she would go through? Had the Chairman told him and he was persuaded anyway? That thought made her a little sick again.

Did her mother know as well? Her sister? Her brother? She scoffed at the idea she could ever live down her time in paws in the eyes or her siblings, having endured their humiliating torture her entire life over far, far less. Her sister Madoline had always mocked her for not being the same overachieving A+ student and wonderchild athlete that she and her brother Adrian both were. Choking her dabbles into art and creative writing as nothing more than childish attempts to live up to unreachable standards they had set for her. But her mother, she at least was normally kind, even if it was only to please her own overinflated ego about being a good mother and had never garnered her any real sympathy. She was still her mother. She must care right?

Why did she think that doing tricks or looking pretty for the audience would change any of that? Nothing she had done to this point ever had. So why did she still want their validation so bad? She was tired of trying to appease her family, maybe it was a truly unwinnable battle. But that didn't mean she couldn't impress the people in her life that she had not failed yet, people like Miss Honey and Abbernathy at the FBP wanted her to succeed and gave her ample opportunity to do so. Why did it matter what her family thought of her if someone far more powerful than her father, like Abbernathy, saw her as something to be proud of. All she wanted was validation, at



this point she didn't really care who it came from. Did that mean she had grown, or that she was more desperate than ever?

Alone in her kennel there was no way for her to tell what time it was, she had no idea if her nap had lasted only a single hour, or five. At first that had been wholly disorienting, the first month of long and boring sleepless nights had been pretty lonely. But at least at the facility she was held at in the north they eventually placed her kennel back in the main room with all of the other girls so the occasional tossing and turning or whimpering of another pup made her feel like she wasn't alone while she rested. Something about the comradery of a fellow pups sympathetic eyes in those intimate little bonding moments she shared with pups like she had with Sue Sharp that afternoon made her feel that much more comfortable, and simple human comforts like that weren't something she was willing to throw away these days like she had in the past.

This new kennel, though it was much bigger, didn't seem to have any other pups staying in the other three kennels around her in the more private, four cell room. The buzz of the dim, yellow fluorescent bulbs and the light it produced illuminated the space outside her kennel and was the only real stimuli that made it through the thin slats in the kennel door. It showed a light in her Kennel that was enough to see by, not trapping her entirely in darkness, but if she wanted to see or hear anything she would have to turn herself around completely from the way she slept and press her face to the slats to see anything outside.

Other than the soft bedding, which she knew was a privilege that could be taken from her, the only thing she had found as a reliable source of entertainment during her free time in the kennels was depriving herself by sucking on the gaudy, cock shaped hamster feeder like water dispenser that hung on the inside of the kennel door. The feeder, like the KNOT feeders she had been forced to train with, required her to practice her, as they put them, puppy skills, in order to get any relief in the form of water. Whenever she took the feeder deep enough into her mouth, her pet sitter would praise her a few moments later, and she found that if she did this continuously that she could entertain herself by tricking her pet sitter into giving her near endless praise.

They were obviously consistent with their regulations like the feeders, more so it seemed here than where she had been previously, she didn't remember the last time they had let her drink from a bowl let alone anything else. She had almost gotten used to quenching her thirst that way, it had certainly helped her get rid of her awful gag reflex. Now, she didn't even gag when she had to use her throat, and any time a man like Abbernathy told her to pleasure them with her mouth, she was somewhat glad things went as easily as they did now. She giggled, thinking about how much better at sucking cock she was than someone like Sue, who wouldn't have been able to quench her thirst if it hadn't been for her help.

She rolled over onto her paws, stretching out much like a real dog would to keep her balance in the small space. Luckily turning around in such a large kennel was still easy for someone of her size, and she did so without problem, not even forced to stoop her head down when she was on

her paws like she had in her last one. She shuffles her way to the cage door, ignoring the water feeder for a moment as she pressed her eye to the slit in the door to peer outside.

The space outside her kennel is still, but the air near the kennel door is much more fresh and less clouded by the scent of her own body. She takes a few breaths, focusing on the slats to try and find the boundaries of what she could see from where she would be kept. It wasn't like she knew her way around the building at all, in fact it had felt like they led her deep into a maze to bring her to where she was, too many twists and turns for her to remember the way. Nonetheless, it gave her a mild comfort to know her general surroundings, and that she was safe to be alone with her thoughts within the walls of her kennel. Though, she was never truly free of her PetSitter.

She found that if she ducked down just right, and squinted out of one of the far slits in the kennel door, that she could catch a glimpse of the small glass window in the electric security door the room was secured with. Much beyond it she couldn't see save for the same, foam tile ceiling every room was made of, but she was certain if she stared long enough or someone came to open the door that she could see them coming before they were upon her. Something she was likely not supposed to be able to do.

Part of her felt more than a little devious for partaking, but then again, when was the last time she had really done anything she wasn't supposed to do. She hadn't so much as sneezed the wrong way in the last four months, and that somehow made her happier than she had been before? She didn't know the answer to that question, or rather, wasn't ready to admit it to herself.

After having conceded herself to following orders and smiling about it, even the chance to do something that deviated from the approved norm the FBP was more alluring than she thought. Maybe there was still some of her old ripped skinny jeans and dark makeup self left, she still hoped that whatever the case, she could be self aware enough to know the things about herself that had changed. That way, she could see the growth. Maybe that would help her feel a little better about it all.

She pulls her eye back from the slit in the cage, sighing deeply as she collects herself again. Her gaze fell back upon the gaudy, cock shaped water feeder that hung from the kennel door. With minimal hesitation she wrapped her lips around the head of the feeder, sucking a few times to produce a small stream of warm, stale water with every suck. Like she normally did, she tried to push from her brain the absurdity of just how sexualized every aspect of her "Therapy" was, and furthermore, just how accustomed she had become to it all.

Sure, before the program she had slept with more than one person, but the girl she was before would have been openly judgemental toward the same type of "Dumb Slut" behavior she judged all the popular people in her age group for partaking in. Regardless of what she thought of herself, every day she did the same sexualized monotonous tasks to appease her trainers, and every day she woke just as happy and healthy as she had ever been. Moreso even, she had

never been this healthy and well feeling in her life. There was an undeniable method to the conditioning they were putting her through, and somehow, it was working.

As she sucks the last few drops of water from the feeder, quenching her thirst and finally bringing some relief to her dry mouth, the sound of someone fitting a key into the room's door snaps her back to reality. She had really done nothing wrong, but a pure panic set into the pup's brain for a moment, tensing up like she had done something wrong and whoever it was at the door was coming to scold her. She practically dove back onto the small padded bed, lowering her face back to the mat and shutting her eyes tightly as creaky metal door pushes open.

The click of heavy boots on concrete is accompanied by a whistle, and the jingle of a keyring on someone's hip. As she lay there, waiting for the footsteps to get closer, the tune the person was whistling caught her attention above all else. Not because it was a common tune, quite the opposite. She was pretty sure whoever was coming was whistling the melody to the song "Where is my Mind" by The Pixies, an old post punk favorite of hers from decades before she had even been born. It was, at this point, a song that had faded well with the grungy rock bands of the 90s and the turn of the last century, well over 50 years ago now and practically classical music to someone her age if they weren't into music like she was.

Sure enough, as the boot clicks came to a stop outside her kennel, so too did the melody of the song with a flourish; Cut short like the lives of her old punk idols who regularly joined what they called the 27 club. But it had been the song she was thinking of, she was certain of it, and what an odd song to have been reminded of while she was deep in her own thoughts. Now more than ever, she knew what the singer meant when they said "*Your head will collapse, and there's nothing in it. And you'll ask yourself. Where is my mind?*" It was the same verse the person outside her kennel had been whistling. She wondered at that moment if the singer had ever found his mind in the madness of the world, and why the mysterious kennel attendant was searching for his.

There came a few oddly respectful raps of a knuckle on her kennel door, coaxing her from the fetal position as a man's voice echoed slightly when he knelt down to speak into the small space. "Nap time is up Pup. I let you sleep a while longer than they like and I gotta get you to Grooming for your big night or Donna will have my ass." The voice was stern, but not at all carrying any malice. Despite the fact that he seemed to know who she was, the pup had no idea who the voice came from. Her curiosity was soon quenced however, when the door to her kennel creaked open to reveal the man squatting just outside the entrance.

Once her vision adjusted to the harsh fluorescent light outside the kennel, her eyes met the soft brown eyes and charming smile of a well built FBP pet handler. He wore the same plain green jumpsuit they all wore, but he seemed to air a bit more on the casual side of the dress code. Most of the trainers she had seen kept their hair short, mostly buzz cuts and the like given the FBP's tendency to hire ex-military personnel for its programs, but atop the head of the man that stood before her was a half styled mop of wavy brown hair, buzzed on either side to create an almost mohawk like effect that fell toward his forehead and backward onto his neck.

The top three buttons of his jumpsuit hung open, exposing what seemed to be a printed t-shirt beneath it though she couldn't make out the design. Along with the full sleeve of tattoos that covered his left arm, she could see the hints of more tattoos peeking out of the collar of his shirt, clearly meant to be covered by the jumpsuit but seemingly exposed to the world anyway without a care as to who saw them. The long pants of his jumpsuit were tucked stylistically directly into his worn, shin length, black Dr. Martens combat boots.

He looked a lot like any of the rowdy punk rockers she might have hit on at one of those venues she had been thinking about, and his presence seemed something right out of a dream. For a moment, she wondered if she had hallucinated the charming and rather cute trainer, but when she blinked a few times he remained the same. Did she really find the kennel attendant here cute? Certainly with all the boorish and heavy handed lunks that they hired to manhandle pups around all day there weren't many people that had handled her recently that she had found remotely attractive. So with him being even remotely cute and her age, it was interesting to experience the thought of being attracted to someone that was her immediate authority.

"Come on, no need to be shy." The man reaches his hand slowly into the kennel, finding the ring on the front of her collar effortlessly and tugging her authoritatively to the cage opening. Their eyes met again and she couldn't help but feel a bit vulnerable as the stranger coaxed her from the only real safe space she had. He cracked a warm smile as their eyes met and they could see each other's faces fully, but it only lasted a moment before his hand found the back of her head and guided it lower so that he could find the leash loop at the back of her collar.

There is a metallic click as the leash attaches to her collar, and the hand that had been resting on her head patted her pleasantly a few times as his voice washed over her from above. "There, good puppy. They told me you were easy but they didn't say you'd be such a little cutie." She smiles as he praises her, even though she really hasn't done anything but be complicit. "Now let's go get you a nice trip to the salon, the nice lady there is going to give you some special puppy makeup for your big night. My name is Ezra by the way, I'm kinda like... your intermediate trainer for when Lizz, I mean Miss Honey isn't around."

Trinket moves her head to look up at him again as he rises from the squat he has been holding, making eye contact with him and trying to smile to show she is eager to comply with his commands. Maybe it was the drugs, his compliments, or the fact that her puppy parts still dripped with her own juices, but Ezra was certainly her type, or rather the type of person the girl was before signing up for pet service would have fallen for. It was interesting now to think that what she wanted in a man didn't really matter anymore, even if she liked someone like Ezra he probably only saw her as a dumb pet like all the rest and she probably wasn't even on his radar as a potential romantic partner like she often fantasized about. That thought made her more than a little sad.

"Trinket, **Heel.**" Ezra's calm voice broke the small moment of eye contact as he tugged on her leash gently, his command only lingering in the air for a moment before she took her

place at his heel as he led her through the doorway. Ezra set a brisk but easy to keep pace, never tugging on her leash too much or too little and keeping his eyes on the long hallway ahead of them. The only sound that broke the silence of the empty, after hours hallways of the FBP headquarters was the jingle of the tags on her collar and the heavy thunk of Ezra's boots on the hard tile floor.

Her mind had almost drifted off into thought again when Ezra's whistle returned, the same tune as before. Naturally, her eyes drifted up to look at his face as his whistling continued, but he did not look down at her. She wanted to tell him somehow that she knew the song he was whistling and how odd it was that they both would know it, but unfortunately she didn't have much of a way to express her 'non puppy emotions' without getting zapped for it. For a moment she thought about whistling along, she had never thought about if whistling would set off her collar before but once she contemplated it fully she was certain it would.

As he led them to the end of the hall he paused to press the elevator button before leading them inside, without even thinking she sat in the **sit** position at his side to rest while the elevator took them up a few floors. Trinket looked up at him again as the two waited in silence, watching as he pulled his phone from his pocket and tapped away at the screen for a few moments. She had never seen a trainer use their phone in front of her before other than miss honey, and even she had done it sparingly. She judged it was protocol to make sure she had no idea what time it was or had any contact with the outside world that was unapproved.

The more she stared at him, the more attractive he became in her eyes for some reason. It was as if after having been forced to comply with the wishes of oafish trainers above her for months the mere visage of someone who defied the basic structure the FBP had superimposed onto her was that much more attractive in her eyes. She tried to place his age, he couldn't have been more than six or seven years older than her. He was clearly younger than most of the normally 40 plus year old trainers that treated the bureau's work like an extension of the federal prison system and he seemed to have far less respect for its red tape. If she had to guess, he was probably around the same age as her twin siblings, 27.

She didn't mean to stare, just like she didn't mean to loll her tongue from her mouth and drool on herself as much as she did, but she often had a habit of doing both at the same time, so when Ezra's vision finally moved from his phone screen down to look directly into her eyes it pulled her from her trance with no time to hide the soft blush on her face or the trail of drool on her chin. Much to her surprise, she finds the same calm smile on his face that he had given her earlier, and he even gives her a quick wink as he slides his phone back into his jumpsuit pocket, worsening the crimson blush that is growing on her cheeks.

She can feel his smirk intensify as her eyes dart timidly to the floor, clearly amused by her embarrassment from being caught literally drooling over him. She felt a few drops of her heat escape the confines of her petsitter and drop to the floor beneath her, no doubt making a small puddle as it mixed with the never ending drool that dripped from her tongue. He chuckled a few times as his hand found the back of her head, scratching the area just behind her faux ears a

few times as he spoke down at her. "Aww don't worry, Pup. You wouldn't snitch on me even if you could. You're too busy giving me those lustful little puppy dog eyes like the rest of you little bitches do when you want someone to alleviate your heat for you. I have to admit though, those little hearts in your eyes are so adorable its almost sickening."

She had just begun to push her head back against his hand for more attention when he reminded her of the new heart printed contact lenses she had been fitted with earlier that day and how they made her look like a pathetic little slut whether she liked it or not. Now she could never stare off into space anymore or people would think she was fantasizing about them. Even if she actually was, she didn't want people knowing. She took a deep breath, trying to keep herself calm. Did he just call her a bitch? Maybe he wasn't so different from the other trainers after all. The ding of the elevator doors opening again as they came to a halt at their destination broke her thoughts.

There was a slight tug at her collar as they resumed their pace, she took her place at his heel as he led her down another long hallway. This one at least had windows, and from one of them she caught a glimpse of the Central city skyline. It was much prettier at night than it had been when she had a few moments to get some fresh air earlier that day, its massive skyscrapers now lit with the flashing lights and nightlife that populated the busy city.

Sure the city she grew up in had a few tall buildings, but she had always lived in a suburb and given her family's wealth and her lack of social skills she never really got much practice in the ways of navigating life in the fast paced world of a big city. All three of the times she had been to Central City before she had never had much time to actually go out and explore the city, always hurriedly reviewing the practice tests she needed to memorize to pass the entry exam alone in her hotel room like she was told instead of enjoying the small time she had away from her parents stifling grip on her life.

It was odd to see the FBP HQ so quiet in its after hours form, earlier it had been so lively with a mix of pups, trainers, and administrative staff alike but now you could hear a pin drop. She supposed like any government office it took a mountain of people to maintain, and like any government office the work day ended at 5pm for most of them and they likely didn't stick around. Maybe there was something to be said about just how many people were complacent in the horrible actions of the FBP, but she wasn't the one to linger on it.

Ezra briefly paused outside a door with a sign that read "Grooming", giving a few hasty raps of his knuckle on the frosted glass pane in the door and waiting for a response. The light inside the room was the only one that they had passed so far that was lit, and sure enough after a few moments a woman's voice beckoned them inside. "Finally! Come in." Ezra pushed the door open and led her inside, pausing in the center of the veterinary exam type room. Behind a small metal desk in the corner a smiley blonde woman lowers her feet from their resting position on her desk back to the floor, sliding them back into a pair of matte black high heels and placing the phone she had been scrolling through on her desk.

The woman's voice cut the air again before Ezra spoke, somewhat pointed at him more than her. "Finally. There you are. You couldn't have at least tried a little bit to let me enjoy what little time is left of my Friday night? Liz has text me three times asking if things are on time." Her tone was sarcastic, but not too pointed. Clearly Ezra had not been lying about letting her oversleep, she wondered if he had really done that for her or if he had just gotten distracted and wound up behind schedule?

Ezra chimed in with a similar sarcasm. "Don't act spoiled, Brat, It's only 8:06. I'm sure there's an expensive bottle of ros  with your name on it at any of those fancy little clubs on the east side and you probably already made dinner reservations. What's his name this week? Brian? David? Robert?" He smirked down at her where she still sat at his feet, clearly amused at himself. Both she and the groomer rolled their eyes at the same time without trying, eliciting a small smirk from the groomer as both she and Ezra looked down at her for a moment.

The woman shut him down immediately, ending their little bickering by moving closer to them and snatching her leash from Ezra's hand as she spoke. "If you were a postal pet you'd have missed your dinner. And I have plans with my sister. Its my Birthday on Monday, BRAT. Just help me get her onto the table and you can go back to wherever it is you skulk around in the kennels at night." By the way they bickered, she wondered if they were lovers, or ex lovers by their tone. But they certainly didn't seem to be eachothers type on paper.

Without hesitation, Ezra scooped her off of the floor and into his arms, moving a few feet before plopping her back down onto the cold steel veterinary table in the center of the room. The way they controlled her diet meant that they kept her at an easy to handle weight, and trainers like Ezra could easily lift her off the ground like you would a real animal with relative ease. Even though several different staff had lifted and transported her this way, it still gave her butterflies to be tossed around by the staff the way they often did, and even more so to be handled that way by someone she found relatively attractive.

She couldn't help but let a small whimper escape her as she is so easily put into a helpless position. Making no effort to fight them off, she allows the two of them to pull her limbs into the soft leather restraints at the corners of the table. She was almost getting used to being groomed at this point, though the memory of the first time she had ever been forced onto a table like this still replayed itself in her mind now and then when she looked over the brands that now permanently marred the skin on her ass and just above her puppy parts.

Once she was secure, her weight rested more fully on her elbows and knees than it did the soft pads in her paws. At least it was better than the first time, the cold steel beneath her longed to suck the heat from her already unprotected skin like it had the first time they strapped her into these god forsaken tables. At least now she had the extra long paws she wore that went over her elbows and knees, she had to admit now that her body had become more accustomed to crawling on all fours the paws themselves were actually quite comfortable and she was often grateful for what little parts of her body they did cover.

The groomer woman stepped in front of her, snapping Trinket's attention to her pretty blue eyes as she crouched slightly to be on the pups level. "Hey cutie, my name is Donna! I'm your new groomer. I'm gonna help you get all prettied up with some extra special puppy makeup so you can be the cutest little puppy there is at the show tonight! Would you like that" Donna hand found the top of her head and scratched behind her ears a few times, her touch incredibly practiced and well mannered.

Trinket woofed once for yes, cracking a small smile and lolling her tongue from her mouth as Donna talked down to her with the same sickly sweet, motherly voice Miss Honey used to comfort her. Donna's hands were more comforting than she imagined they would have been, and the pup had never minded being handled by other women. In fact if she thought about it, she would have probably preferred even a judgemental eye from one of the female trainers than the rough hands of the oafish men that littered the staff. Grooming times were normally a relaxing enough endeavor, and tonight she would be getting the high status treatment, whatever that meant for someone in her position. It was genuinely a treat for her to be handled so warmly.

"Good Girl. Now give me just a moment to deal with our little friend here." Donna winked as she broke her eye contact moving back to her desk to grab a small manilla envelope and hand it to Ezra. "Now, make yourself useful and drop this off at the mail room on your way. All the postal pets leave at 6. I've got to get our little pup of the hour ready for the ball." There was a stern and almost commanding tone to Donna's voice, but it was clear by the smirk on face that the two of them had a rapport where they teased each other like this constantly. Maybe they were lovers after all?

Ezra snatched the envelope from Donna's hand, looking it over for a moment before doing an overly chauvinistic bow like he was just given a command by royalty. "At once, Your Highness!" He clicks the heels of his boots together sarcastically as he turns a point, marching over to the door and opening it. "Boy I sure hope I don't get distracted and forget to turn this in, it seems really important. I wonder if someone with nothing else to do should be handling this confidential paperwork and not me, the lead overnight kennel attendant." Ezra's sarcastic musings fade into the hallway as the door slams shut behind him.

Donna scoffs audibly, straightening her pencil skirt as she readied her makeup supplies. "Pig." she whispers under her breath, just audible enough for Trinket to hear. Donna takes a deep breath, a forced smile on her face as she crosses the room to where Trinket was still strapped to the table. "Now, let's see what we can do to make those cute little eyes really pop! I must admit you're already quite the pretty little thing, it won't be hard." Donna's finger came down on Trinket's nose, booping her once as a small smirk grew on the pup's face.

Donna pulled up a small stool, tapping the excess makeup from her brushes as she went. The pup had never seen any of this "Puppy makeup" before, and was deeply curious to what it would make her look like afterwards. Even before she had joined the program she was never huge on makeup, and never wore it regularly, but the seeming high quality of the groomers brushes and makeup actually had her a little excited. It was certainly the most human thing they



had let her have since she started her treatment, and something that she never expected the FBP to allow a pet to have.

Trinket tried to hold still as the woman's soft hands wiped her face with a cleansing wipe and Donna got to work smothering the pup's face in foundation, humming slightly as she worked. She held her face as still as possible, opening and closing her eyes when told for the thick black eyeliner and mascara she could feel the groomer apply. It actually caught her a little off guard when Donna spoke to her again, outright asking her a question or two that didn't seem like one-sided small talk. "You must be some important pup for them to pay me to stay after hours just to do your makeup. Are your parents famous or something? Don't worry I won't tattle."

The pup looked up into Donna's eyes a bit confused, squinting and pausing a moment to make sure she was actually supposed to respond and that the question was not rhetorical. She barked twice for NO, happy to be talked to like she understood the question for once and that her input was desired. "Woof, Woof." Her bark was almost a soft yip and much more quiet than she wanted it to be, being the first real time she had used her voice since waking up.

"No? Dang, I thought they might have actually bagged another celeb for marketing. You know, I almost got to do Snowdrop's makeup once because her production team was running late. Could have been my big break." Donna giggles. "That is if I could ever bring myself to leave and let a little pup come through those doors without trying to put a smile on their face. But we could never let that happen could we." Donna's finger boops the tip of Trinket's nose again as a more honest smile lingers on the pup's face.

Donna seemed tired but her work was methodical, that of a trained professional, and she never once reached for a makeup remover wipe to fix a mistake in the 15 or so minutes it took her to finish the pup's makeup. As she finished by smothering the pup's lips in a thick, dark nude lipstick, she turned a small hand mirror toward Trinket's face to show off her work, a satisfied smirk on her face as she spoke again. "Well, what do you think, Pup? I think the crowd is gonna eat those cute little puppy dog eyes of yours right up and ask for seconds. Not bad for a groomer huh?"

Trinket stared into the mirror, looking over the subtle but incredibly well done makeup that covered her face. To her surprise, she did look somewhat more canine. The way the eyeliner wings subtly changed her eye structure and drew more attention to the hearts in her eyes, the warm gold-brown shade of eyeshadow that matched her fur and hair color perfectly, the way the highlighter and blush made her face look that much more embarrassed and desperate, the subtle gloss that the lipstick gave her her already wet mouth, it was all so intentionally placed to make her appear as docile and submissive as possible. She looked... Well as Ezra would put it, so adorable it was sickening. Did they have to make her look so pathetic? Trinket forced another smile, not wanting to diminish the groomer's hard work.

Donna saw right through the pup's fake smile, the groomer's soft eyes finding the pup's as she lowered the mirror and gave her a reassuring look. "What's wrong? I would have thought a

pretty little thing like you would love to have some gorgeous makeup time for once. It's not every day they let little pups like you wear this stuff you know?" Donna paused, continuing to stare into the pup's eyes as she looked a little dejected. "I know what's wrong, you're nervous about your big night huh?"

Trinket stared back into the woman's eyes, not really knowing how to respond. After a long moment of eye contact, her eyes darted to the ground, trying to avoid the question altogether. The anxiety that had been growing inside her for almost a week since they had told her of the presentation made her stomach churn inside her, making her shut her eyes tight in a futile attempt to make the thought go away entirely. To her surprise, the woman's kind hand found the back of her head, petting it a few times to comfort her as she tried to keep herself calm.

Donna's soft voice met her again from above, much more comforting and relaxed than it had been moments earlier. "Aww, it's okay, Pup. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to bring it up. Don't stress yourself out over it too much, you're going to do great!" Donna's hand atop her head was genuinely comforting, finding just the right spot behind her ears to scratch and caressing her face in an incredibly kind display of affection for a stranger. "Shhh. There there. Here, I've got a little something for you since you were oh so good for me." Donna reaches into her pocket, producing a small, bone shaped treat and waving it in front of the pup's face a few times.

Trinket had come to learn in the past few months that there were a few different types of treats the FBP gave to pups, and each of them served a very different purpose. There were the small, slightly bitter but ultimately tasteless training treats they gave to postal pups and used to train newcomers, the slightly larger semi sweet ones that they used to administer chemicals and medications, and the genuinely delicious shortbread cookie like treats they gave you when you did really well or when they wanted to make sure you would happily eat whatever they wanted you to take. She had only ever seen two of the last ones in her life, and the treat in Donna's hand was one of them.

Her entire demeanor completely changed, maybe it was because she hadn't tasted anything but bitter puppy chow and cum for the last 4 months, but the last time she had been given one of these treats it was genuinely one of the most delicious and intoxicating things she had ever consumed. Trinket blinked a few times as she looked between the treat and Donna's grinning face, her watery puppy eyes going wide with excitement and trepidation almost immediately. She remembered thinking last time that it was probably a good idea she didn't have access to more, because she could have seen herself eating a whole box and the intoxication and euphoria she felt after she had eaten the single one made her feel like that would have likely been a very bad idea.

There was no doubt in her mind that the cookie before her was dosed with some sort of drug, likely to keep her calm and docile for the presentation, and her hesitation hung in the air for a few moments as the groomer held the treat before her. On one hand, she liked being able to think for herself and formulate complex thoughts, and she knew that taking the treat would make

her brain fill with that familiar comforting fuzz. But on the other hand, did she really care? It was what she wanted right? A distraction from the enormous weight that rested on her shoulders.

She felt Donna's free hand pat the top of her head again a few times as she licked the small treat from the groomer's hand, letting the delicious cookie melt in her mouth for a moment before she crunched away at it happily. It was just as delicious and instantly intoxicating as she remembered, of all the poisons she had picked over the years, this one certainly went down the easiest. The next thing she knew, there was a knock at the door, and Dr. Barry helped Donna load her into a travel carrier. Her curtain call was quickly approaching, and for some reason, for once she didn't feel worried. Then again, she didn't really feel anything at all.

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## **Chapter Two: Milk And Honey**

Elizabeth Honey woke abruptly to the sound of the alarm on her phone, rubbing her eyes as she tapped away at the screen to end its damned screeching. She let out a long sigh as she spotted the time, had she really slept the whole six hours she had set the alarm for? The exhaustion of the journey must have finally gotten to her. Laying there for a few more moments of peace she flipped through the news app on her phone, taking a look at the current events and weather in the city while she was gone. Same boring place it always was, same boring stories and celebrity gossip.

She tapped away the messages on her screen, ignoring the ones from her boss, Chairman Abbernathy, and her coworkers for the moment to give herself a small modicum of self autonomy. All she ever used the damn black mirror for was work, an infernal device buzzing away in her pocket at all hours to summon and command her like one of the electric signal collars they used to correct per behavior. She hated it, even as someone who liked working and enjoyed the field her work was in, the often suffocating commands and assignments they gave her at work kept her just as busy and performing for reward as a postal pet. If it wasn't one thing, it was the next. Trying to ignore the imposing red notifications, she lets out a long groan.

She had never cared for wasting her time with the news, or social media for that matter. But recent reflections about how monotonous her days had become outside of work since joining the FBP made her feel a strange drive to whittle away what small free time she had scrolling through silly videos on the internet. Was it loneliness she felt or just pure boredom? Without the pressure of academic success she had tried to load herself down with a heavy workload from her new job but the work was steady, she simply couldn't see more pets than the groomers could groom in a day and there wasn't any work to take home with her. When she was alone now it just felt... she supposed lonely was the word after all.

Her mindless scrolling broke as she paused on a video and her vision locked on a scene that frequented her mind these days, a beautiful wedding. She could tell by the decorations it was some rich influencer's million dollar dream wedding, nothing but a fantasy for someone like

her, but the feeling hit her all the same. She thought about it often, something about imagining herself gliding down the aisle toward her dream husband in a beautiful dress made her shiver with excitement. The things she thought about him doing to her during their honeymoon made the situation all the more worse, thinking to the last time someone had touched her that way made her feelings fade again.

It had really been years since she had even tried to approach a man let alone try to get one in bed with her, those things always got too complicated for her anyway. Where was she even going to go? A bar? Date one of the brutish trainers she watched manhandle young women into submission daily? No, She was meant to be alone, meant to live out her days pathetically fingering herself to the thought of something as milquetoast as marriage. Yet still, she felt a lust she couldn't deny. Her mind knew how to keep the most professional of vices, but her toned body knew what it needed.

Her hand drifted to her ordinary, white cotton panties to find them wetter than she had thought. Something about the scene played in her mind again, striding down the aisle at her wedding into the strong arms of her loving husband. She allowed one of her fingers to start a clockwise rhythmic rubbing against her needy clit, her free hand finding her left nipple and giving it a pinch as she arched her back and let out a few out moans. She imagined her lover bending her over in bed and taking her by the hips or pinning her down to the bed, holding and cumming deep inside her in the thralls of passion.

She let one of her fingers slide inside herself, feeling her body grab it tightly as she desperately tried to relieve herself. She quickened her pace, groping her c-cup breasts in ecstasy as she finally managed to find a rhythm that felt pleasurable. The sweat clung to her soft, milky skin, soaking the sheets beneath her in a mixture of her bodily fluids as she continued. A symphony of soft moans escaped her, the pleasure in her body building and making her arch her back slightly.

She flicked open her phone once more, quickly convincing herself she was in the mood to watch porn and navigating to the search before realizing she didn't really know what she was doing. Her fingers hovered over the search bar on the explicit website, a small animation of some lusty looking anime girl begging needily throwing her off guard as she thought about what to look for. She looked over the cartoon girl's large breasts and tiny waist as the animation beckoned her to click an ad that would no doubt get her phone infected with a virus, was that all men wanted in a woman? She sighed thinking about how easy it was for a man to pleasure himself while she sat there unpacking months of lust.

What did she even like sexually? She hadn't thought about that question in a long while, remembering that last man to have really turned her on to be some jock at a bar a few years back. He was tall, and she remembered seeing his bulge swelling in his pants as another girl rubbed against him on the dance floor. It made her think about what it might taste like to suck on, or feel like to have thrust deep inside her needy privates. But she had always been too shy

and prudent to ask anyone for anything like that, even if she mustered the courage to ask they would probably just see her as the prude everyone knew she was.

Into the search bar she typed the first thing that came to mind 'Big cock', rolling her eyes at having just actually searched what she did. Immediately her screen is filled with 100s of video thumbnails, all showing her unrealistically tiny and slender models being ravaged by hunky men. Her free hand continued to rub her needy clit as she scrolled through the endless heathonus smut that filled the screen before her, trying desperately to find something that didn't look like it was made for a college fraternity boy.

Into the search bar she typed again, adding to the search terms, "wedding night" and grinning as a few videos of women in beautiful wedding dresses splayed out on heart shaped beds filled her screen. She tapped open the first one she saw, quickly tapping away the same ad she had already seen 100 times and watching as the video started with a reception. She knew that there was a decently well known trope about the acting in these kinds of videos being atrocious, but nonetheless she found herself paying closer attention to the foreplay that led up to the main scene than anything.

She wondered if it was a video from a real wedding the couple had just edited later, the crowd, the groom, the bride, they all looked so happy and carefree as he whisked her down the aisle in the same way she had fantasized about again and again. Her body responded to the stimuli, making her arch her back again as the scene transitioned and she watched the hunky husband carry his newlywed wife to the soft bed and slowly undress her. A few more moans escaped her as she found the same pleasurable rhythm again, picking up the pace as the couple in the video began to moan and rock thier bodys together in extacy.

At this point, she couldn't ignore how wet she was becoming, her own juices serving as a decent lubricant as she slipped a second one of her fingers inside herself, rubbing her clit in circles furiously as she felt her orgasm grow and grow. She was making such a mess of herself, her bedsheets beneath her soaked in sweat as she writhed in pleasure. The man in the video took his partner from behind, grabbing the fictional bride's hips and pounding his flesh into hers as her moans filled the speaker. She moaned along with her.

Elizabeth's hands furiously stimulated her clit as she closed her eyes, letting just the audio play as she used her free hand to grope her tender breasts. She felt her orgasm nearing, for the first time in months her body was willing to let her pleasure herself without judgment, and she wasn't going to throw that away. Months of sexual repression while working for such sex industry monsters had made her almost forget that people were supposed to like sex and masturbation. After almost six months of psychoanalyzing desperately horny little sluts at work, she was almost disgusted by the thought that some of the little pets she crossed paths with liked being used the way they were.

Was it moral for her to masturbate with free will while 10s of thousands of women suffered at her hand? Was it okay that working for the FBP had been one of the better jobs she had ever had

and that she was complacent? Did her job make her a bad person? She shoved the thought from her mind, body drenched in sweat as she writhed with pleasure. Finally, after what felt like an eternity of build up, something changed within her, and her lustful little moans could no longer be controlled as they escaped her.

Just at her moment of climax, she hears the video she has been listening to cut out, the desperate moans of the would-be bride quickly replaced by the happy little jingle of an advertisement. It was too late to stop and change it though, so she let herself fully cum anyway, continuing to power through her orgasm and finger herself furiously as the add played in her ears. She came hard for a moment, her entire body shaking with the power of her orgasm as she felt the incredible pleasures that came with stimulating herself that she had only granted herself a few times in her life.

For just a moment, she was lost in her self pleasure, enjoying her body and letting her natural responses take her. She panted as the advertisement caught her attention, pulling her attention to her phone screen. Still reeling from her orgasm and desperately fingering herself to keep the feeling alive, she couldn't help but overhear what the person was selling. *"Richter brand pet food is the most yummy! Even better than silly human food, and it helps me stay healthy."* The sweet, overacted voice of a girl forcing a tone filled her ears and pulled her further back to reality.

The hand that had been groping her breast found her phone beside her on the bed and pulled the screen back into view, the brightly colored screen catching her off guard. She rolled her eyes as she saw what was before her, an ad for the same Richter brand pet food she used regularly to feed pets at work. She couldn't have thought of a worse add to have played, and it had completely ruined her chance of pleasuring herself further. She watched the dumb eyed puppy girl in her white poodle outfit take a big, needy mouthful of the disgusting kibble and chew it with a smile on her face. It made her want to vomit to think about how awful it must have tasted.

The pet before her was instantly recognisable, after all if the young girl's face wasn't plastered all over every place you could buy gaudy pop music it was almost always pictured shoved into a bowl of pet food at the feet of famous pet food brand owner Tim Richter. The face of famous pop singer turned ComPet Snowdrop, was almost everywhere these days since she had signed a deal with the FBP and Richter's pet food company. Elizabeth wondered endlessly about why someone who already had such a life of luxury would trade it in to be someone's pet or make some extra money eating from a bowl. Whatever they paid her for doing ads like that, it clearly was worth her dignity, and clearly it sold products.

"The voice of Mr.Richter met her ears, accompanied by Snowdrops again. "Try the new 'Frisky Mix' while supplies last." She watched his hand pat the top of the lusty looking puppygirls head, her vacant eyes staring back at her for a moment as the ad ended and the moaning of the video she had been watching resumed. She quickly tapped the video away, more than slightly disgusted as she panted slightly to recover from the earth shattering orgasm she had just given herself.

She took a deep breath, wiping the sweat from her brow as she tried to calm her body, her heart still racing 100 miles an hour in her chest. Suddenly, all her shame rushed back on her, flooding back into her mind to fill the void she had pushed it from for a few moments. She felt disgusting, pleasuring herself freely while so many innocent women were assaulted in front of her and held captive by the organization she worked for every day. The oafish men she worked with and the slobs that were sick enough to adopt a petgirl were nothing better than the pigs the experimental division kept the poor inmates they held captive down there entertained with, she knew what she had signed herself up for when working with them, but it still made her stomach turn to think about how easily she could have ended up as a helpless little pet like Trinket.

She let out a deep sigh, spying the time on her phone again and groaning. If she wanted to make sure she had enough time to get herself a nice hot cup of hot chai tea and get a shower before Dr. Barry came to pick her up for the presentation, she would need to get a move on. Stretching out, she rises and let her feet slip to the floor, quickly stuffing them into her fuzzy slippers to keep them warm. Slowly, she shuffled her way to the kitchen, pressing the start button on her electric kettle before moving to the bathroom to start a shower.

As the shower slowly worked itself up to a usable temperature, Elizabeth caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, auburn bed head still stuck to her face in its natural state. She admired herself for a moment, doing a spin to get a good view of her ass and curves. Running her fingers down her curves to her hips, a vision of the attractive model-like woman in the porno she had been watching flashed in her head, making her feel a tad self conscious as her mind compared herself to the unattainable beauty of the actress.

She knew she was attractive, blessed with fine features and a metabolism that allowed her to keep a healthy weight with only a jog here and there and a healthy diet. So why did she never have men fawning over her like they did whorish puppy girls and the other women she worked with? As far as she knew, she was the only woman of 11 that worked in the grooming rooms to be without a boyfriend or love interest. Maybe it was her disposition? Maybe people thought she likes other girls? The girls she worked with in the grooming rooms were always gossiping about this guy or that, recounting her their stories of the blood pumping fun they had slutting around clubs and bars downtown. She didn't understand, having never really experienced the night life of the city that had practically raised her.

One of the nicer of the girls she worked with, an attractive blonde named Donna who had just finished her 5th year at the bureau, had even asked her on multiple accounts to go out with her and a few of her friends for a night of drinking, but she had never found an interest. Or rather, the one time she had psyched herself up to go she had realized she didn't really have anything to wear to a place like that and made up an excuse about not feeling well to cover, for some reason she felt like Donna had seen right through her guise. Regardless, she hadn't been asked since, and only caught offhand comments from the others about her lack of partner these days. She hated to admit it, but there was a tentative animosity between her and the other girls she worked with, making her struggle

to fit in or even maintain a conversation with most of them. How was she supposed to ask for fashion advice and go out drinking with them if she couldn't even hold a conversation?

Sometimes working in the grooming department felt like she was back in middle school, teased by all her classmates for not being interested in .especially with the sights she had been exposed to at the FBP and having grown up a solo woman in a crime ridden city like Central. All she could think of when it came to men was how they would likely prefer one of the whorish little animals she worked with, and how degrading herself by flaunting her beauty at them to get their attention made her feel like nothing more than a little pet-slut herself.

She had to admit to herself, she wasn't getting any younger, in a few years she would be 30, and with the society she lived in only really giving her value in relation to the men in her life, she knew she would eventually need to settle down and start a family if she wanted one. Having children had always been the last thing on her mind, but it was something she wanted. Maybe it was her lack of mother figure in her life that had driven her to the thought that she would be a good mother, it wasn't even like she had really ever held a baby so much as raised one, but there was something that told her it was something she wanted someday. There was no way she would find herself falling for one of the oafs she worked with though, the grizzly, tattoo bearing trainers no doubt having a terrible taste in women anyway.

She pulled her gaze from the mirror, looking down to the neatly trimmed bush that sat just above her still wet pussy and sighing. Finding the water finally the right temperature, she slips into the shower and quickly cleans herself, running the special product she uses through her auburn locks to keep her hair nice and shiny for the event and wrapping herself in a towel as she exited again.

As she dries her hair she strolls back into the kitchen naked, pulling her fancy electric kettle off the station and pouring the hot water over the teabag in her mug. While she lets it steep, she returns to the bathroom, wiping the steam from the now foggy mirror, and checking her face scrutinously for any blemishes or imperfections and finding none, other than the light freckles across her nose that she had bore her whole life. Being a redhead, she had always hated the way her imperfections stood out against her milky white skin, never skimping when it came to buying herself cosmetic serums and makeup to make sure she always looked her best.

Sometimes, her whole life felt like a game of keeping face amid the chaos that surrounded her. Makeup helped her maintain that facade for sure, but under it all, she remembered what it felt like to be just as scared and confused as any of the poor pet-girls she worked with. Growing up without parents, hopping from boarding school to boarding school with what little money the state had given her as inheritance, she had never considered herself particularly fortunate with her lot in life. But when she looked over the 100s of dollars of makeup that covered the counter of the spacious bathroom, clearly she had done something right along the way.

Squirting some onto the back of her hand, she covers her face in foundation, rubbing it and her concealer anywhere she sees her dreaded freckles and blending it all smooth so it masks her



perceived imperfections. Normally, after a little lipstick and eyeliner she would be done. But, tonight she wouldn't just be trying to look good at the office and would need to try a little harder, many of the guests at the presentation tonight being graduates of the university that gave diplomas to some of the top clinicians in her field. Worse yet her main client and demonstration pet Trinket, was the daughter of one of the physicians in attendance, an uncomfortable discovery she had made upon reviewing the pup's documents that morning on the train.

She knew the FBP withheld information from specific people, she was even appreciative of it when turning a blind eye to the horrors that went on under her feet in the experimental wing while she worked. But not telling the pup that she was to be naked and on display in front of a crowd that contained both her parents, and the graduates of a university Trinket had failed to attend multiple times, seemed cruel. Then again, there was no way the girl would have agreed to do it if she knew where she was going. These were the sort of 'Necessary Truths' The Chairman had been trying to bring to her attention, something he told her she would have to come to grips with if she were to truly succeed at the Bureau.

She didn't know why, but chairman Abbernathy, the man who had hired her and was technically 3-4 levels of command above her in the chain of command, had taken quite a paternal liking to her over the half a year that she had been working there. She didn't hate it, truly never having had a memorable father figure in her life, but it also made her uncomfortable to have so quickly grown a liking to the caring presence of someone who otherwise helped organize a criminally vicious company. Sure the suave, barrel chested, 60 something, Ernest Hemmingway look alike would spend his afternoons visiting her for lunch to talk about case files and talked to her more like a daughter than a colleague, but she had her reservations about trusting anyone that worked at the FBP.

She eyed over the last piece of her attire, still concealed in the dry cleaning bag that hung on the back of her closet door. Chairman Abbernathy was so intent on making sure that everything was to his specification for the event that he had even picked out her outfit, sending her the rather skimpy uniform a week in advance for her to make sure it fit. She unzips the dry cleaning bag, pulling the skin tight uniform skirt up snug over her hips and shimmying to get it fully in place. Turning to admire herself in the mirror again, her pious mind reminds her of just how short the whole thing was, leaving just enough room for her ass to be covered and putting her dangerously close to flashing the audience should she need to bend over all the way, unaware that the uniform was designed to accentuate all the parts of her body she wanted to feel modest about.

Along with the skirt, the blouse they had sent with it was very well made, but did not do much to conceal her large breasts, forcing her to button the entire thing up and look like a librarian if she didn't want to show off her cleavage. Remiss, she leaves the first few buttons open, the black bra she is wearing standing out under the white blouse in a way that was actually rather attractive, reminding her of all of the strict teachers at her boarding school the boys had always commented on the appearance of. She had no idea how any of it was professional attire, down to the set of FBP childish standard issue panties they supplied, nothing she would be wearing

tonight was of her own volition, and none of it was her style. There was one thing she had agency in, the bright red she chose for her lipstick would hopefully stand out against her fair skin while she was on stage and draw people's eyes away from her body.

She waited to put the lipstick on until after she drank her tea, returning to the kitchen once more and adding a liberal amount of milk and honey to the steaming mug. With her set of shiny black, 4" mary Jane heels, she looks in the mirror one final time, somewhat admiring the attractive silhouette she sees. She is ready for her evening, and she once more forces a smile as she sips away at her tea while she waits to be picked up. Maybe, if she wanted to attract a man, she needed to dress like they liked more often.

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### **Chapter Three: The Presentation**

The thin streaks of light that managed to make it through the gaps in the stage curtain created a dim twilight as it shown through the cigar smoke filled back room behind the stage, the light that made it through was limited but the curtain did nothing to dull the chatter of what must have been 100s of viewers eagerly waiting for her to be lead on stage so the presentation could start. The thick fog of the medication they gave her clouded Trinket's brain more heavily now than she had felt since they had isolated her and kept her under observation during her first few weeks of her training. Whatever it was, the stuff on the treat Donna had given her must have been an extra dose because she was struggling to keep even the simplest of thoughts from slipping out her dumb puppy ears.

That was how it made her feel, dumb, but happy, numb to the feeling of anything that wasn't earning praise or being obedient. If she was honest with herself she was growing to like that feeling more and more, less thoughts meant less worries and that was a genuine sense of relief from the pup's tendencies to overthink things and stress herself out over humanly expectations. At first, the lack of power she had over her life anymore had filled her with an endless anxiety as they took her humanity from her bit by bit and replaced it with a need for command, but now it practically relieved her of the same feelings; her newfound cravings to serve and be rewarded for doing so facilitated a deep seeded need for approval that had been ignored by others almost all her life.

Trinket sat on the floor in her usual well trained 'Sit' position as Miss Honey and Dr Barry did something she had not expected at all. At the last moment they had stripped her piece by piece of the restrictive pet gear she normally only had freedom from once a week for grooming. She felt like her brain might have slid out of her ears with the drool that dripped from her lolled tongue as she looked around with a dumb smile, her timid eyes searching the faces of the caretakers and onlookers that surrounded her for praise without really acknowledging her change in clothing. Even the part of her ego that would have screamed at her about how

anxious she should be for being naked in front of 100s of people was somehow absent, she was the most calm and relaxed she had been in years.

Though they had commanded she remain on all fours and that her collar was still active, she couldn't help but wiggle her fingers and toes and stretch out a bit while she had the chance; giving her back a good crack by stretching out in a way she normally could not. She hadn't had a moment to deal with the odd serenity she felt in her submission that evening when the metallic click of the leash meeting the ring on her collar abruptly forced her back to reality, Miss Honey's soft hand finding the top of her head and giving it a few pats as her sickly sweet voice filled the void in Trinkets head. "Are we all set puppy? Excited for your big night? This little puppy looks like she couldn't keep from drooling if she tried."

Miss Honey giggled as she wiped the trail of drool that ran down Trinkets face from her exposed tongue with a napkin only to find it quickly replaced with another, the pups dumb, vapid gaze telling her everything she needed to know about the girls empty little head. Trinket watched as her caretakers talked over her like she couldn't understand them, an odd sensation coming over her for a moment as she realized her empty little puppy brain failed to register the words as anything but utter gibberish. "Jesus christ Bill if you gave her any more of that Mempet we'd be able to watch her brain leak out her ears. They're not kidding about those side effects, if the little thing ever manages to stop drooling again maybe we should get her a better gag to seal that muzzle of hers."

"Its by weight Elizabeth, you know the rules. Besides it looks like it's doing its job quite well, we shouldn't have any problems and the little thing can't be dumb enough to get zapped by her collar in front of everyone since we turned it off. That said if we could get the bitch to put on some weight maybe it wouldn't make her so stupid and she wouldn't look so malnourished but Abbernathy never approves a third bowl of kibble for these sluts." The gruff voice of her other caretaker Dr. Barry failed to register as comprehensible just the same as Miss Honey's had, the pups gaze lazily trailed the room as she rested rather uncomfortably with her exposed knees on the hard wood of the stage.

Miss Honey butted in again, giggling slightly as she spoke. "That's a bit harsh don't you think Bill? Little thing can't keep from leaking from both ends let alone worry about what she's eating. I'll try to talk some sense into him but I won't get your hopes up." Trinket watched both her trainers' attention fall on her again, both watching her stare at her exposed hands as they waited for the right time to bring her on stage.

It was only when she was let out of her gear for the occasional grooming that she really noticed the void it left in its absence, no paws meant no padding between her knees and the hardwood floor, no crotch or nipple coverings meant the cold air bit at her exposed puppy parts and stiffened her nipples to an almost painful level, and worst of all, the lack a complete PetSitter meant the pleasant electric humm and praise from its virtual trainer that she relied on more than she realized was also absent. While the gear was on her all she could think about

was all of the things it took from her, with it gone her mind couldn't help but realize how much she was truly beginning to rely on it for its support.

Just as suddenly as the quiet contemplation had come it was broken by the tug of her leash. It took a moment for it to set in that this was really happening, every movement she moved bringing her closer to the gap in the curtain and her certain humiliation at the hands of what sounded like 100s of people. It was like her body was defying her conscience and moving without her, every inch of her being screamed at her that this was a mistake, that all of it was a terrible, terrible mistake.

Her mind raced, juxtaposed with the thick fog of the drugs that was meant to keep her calm. She didn't feel calm, she didn't feel anything save her old friend self loathing and the thought of the severity of the punishment for fucking something like this up just like she did everything else. They'd make her like pepper, or worse. It was another prison of her own design, trapping her beneath the weight of her own failure once again. No matter how many times she thought about it the words stung just the same, it wasn't anyone else that was causing her problems it was her. It always had been. She hoped the ground beneath her might open up and swallow her whole just so she could have a few more moments of time to ready herself, but that was just another hopeless daydream.

The bright heat of the stage lighting hit her face and instantly made her break out into a cold sweat, the clammy feeling clinging to her skin as they dragged her out onto the center of the stage toward a typical stainless steel FBP processing table. All at once it hit her that it was all real and the gravity of the situation would no longer let her shove it the back of her mind, the chatter of the crowd fell to a low murmur as she felt the eyes of what felt like the entire world on her naked frame. Her exposed hands trembled with her welling anxiety, even the medication failing to keep her calm in the moment.

Her eyes darted around the dark and hidden visages of the crowd, the seating no more than 10 feet from the edge of the stage completely shrouded from her view by the bright lights that shined down on her from above. She tried to take a deep breath to calm herself, but the mixture of her eyes adjusting to the harsh light and Dr. Barry pulling her front and center stage immediately continued to keep her panting more than anything visibly human. "**SIT**" The Dr's voice registered as a command and the pup instinctively dropped her knees onto the hard wood of the stage without hesitation, the pudgy fingers of his left hand finding their way to the top of her head and resting there as she continued to look around frantically.

There was nothing but utter disgust for having gotten herself into this situation playing in her head, a million tiny voices screaming at her about her failure and its repetition; how it was all her fault and she deserved to feel terrible about it. SHE had failed the tests, SHE had gotten herself fired from her mediocre job, and it was HER that would fuck all this up too. She was sure of it, the hand on her head would have normally comforted her if only she could steady her thoughts. Moments earlier she couldn't think of anything, now she thought of everything in excruciating detail.

For the first time since she had donned her padded paw mittens 4 months ago the pup stared down at her exposed fingernails and fought the urge to stick them in her mouth to chew them all off just like she had a habit of doing. They were so well kept now given her weekly grooming and inability to access them with her teeth, an odd feeling staining her mind with a subtle reminder of her having grown since she started pet service. That was at least something right? A distinct modification of her behavior for the better? Was that what it felt like to change for the better?

She was so caught up in her own head that she hadn't even noticed Dr Barry was already addressing the crowd and beginning his speech, his thundering raspy voice pulling her back to reality and captivating the audience as she felt the room had now fallen to a deathly silence. "My dear Alumnus, my name is Dr Bill Barry and it is my esteemed pleasure to be presenting to you tonight what I and my colleagues believe could be the single most important development in psychological Healthcare since the eradication of the lobotomy. I think you will find after our demonstrations tonight that our research supports a strong claim to the productive use of ComPet and other FBP training in treating underlying symptoms of conditions like Depression, Anxiety, and Post Traumatic Stress Disorder."

The man's meaty fingers lifted off her head to gesture with his words as he continued, the pup's mind barely able to hang onto anything but the shame. Her vision was pulled to the crowd once more, feeling their piercing eyes still upon her with their scrutinous gazes. Shame was all she had left now, shame that she was naked in front of so many people, shame that she couldn't keep her thighs free of her own dripping heat even in front of 100s of people, shame that she was a traitor to all women, shame that she had ever believed it was okay to like her new treatment, shame that part of her did genuinely like parts of it. Was she really no more than a frightened animal caught in the headlights of her own failure?

The medication did help to make it so initially only the surface level thoughts broke through the fog that clouded her mind just like she assumed it was supposed to do, if she focused hard on the same thing long enough she could still push through to the barrier but it took all of her concentration. She knew there was also something in her medicine that was attempting to soothe her thoughts, urging her to just give in and accept that she would be fine even if they continued to embarrass her in public. For some reason she couldn't seem to convince herself of it enough for it to seem real.

She tried to listen to the voice in her head but it was hard to believe. No one knew who she was, to them she was just an animal named Trinket so why should she worry right? Something about how she still had no idea where she was or what this presentation was even really about continued to sit uneasily in her stomach. Part of her knew it was probably better this way so at least she could have some semblance of a normal life once she returned to two legs, another part of her knew that there was no way the presentation or the photos they had taken earlier could manage to not be seen by at least someone who knew her.

Never before had she wanted so terribly the comfort that the meager conservation of her dignity a PetSitter provided, never before had she realized how truly safe she felt with the 4 walls of a kennel surrounding her and no humanly expectations to weigh her down. Her mind flip flopped over and over again, the steady mix of self disgust and a deep spiritual need for command and praise more intoxicating than any of the drugs they had given her. There must be something truly wrong with her to like the treatment and tactics the disgusting Bureau of Pettification forced on its unwilling participants. How could she like something so terrible?

Trinket's mind snapped back to the horrible reality of her circumstance, broken by a raucous laughter that quickly spread through the crowd and echoed off the vaulted ceilings. Dr Barry, now joined by Miss Honey and having continued his presentation while she had been staring into space, stared down at her with a devilish smile. His tone instantly validated her impression that whatever joke he had made was definitely at her expense, almost like he had been waiting for her to hear his joke and react and that her having been too distracted to do so was somehow comical.

She forced a dumb smile as a chill ran down her spine and she felt the entire room's eyes on her again, this time much more cynical and judgmental. She hadn't noticed till now but a visible trail of her drool had formed on her chin while she was distracted, running down her exposed tongue and forming a small puddle on the stage beneath her along with the neverending drool from her puppy parts. Dr. Barry's words dripped with that condescending tone every FBP trainer employed as he spoke again, the humiliation amplified by the similar look of enmity that fell upon her from Miss Honey's normally patient eyes. "See, my point exactly. Little thing is just DROOLING over her new life." Barry continued much to the growing amusement of the crowd.

Before she even had time to react he was speaking over her once more, the jokes fading allowing the pup another few breaths of solace alone in her head. "Our programs and treatments produce real, Tangible results and only the most well behaved little pups like Trinket here are brave enough to sign themselves up for what they know they need. Waiting oh so patiently until she is told what to do next so she can feel rewarded for following even the simplest commands. Our draft program has been so successful in helping wayward young women better themselves with our guidance in fact, that many of our service pets find lifelong use for the skills they learn under our care or choose to sign lifelong contracts."

Miss Honey's voice followed after, continuing the presentation by switching the crowd's attention to the metal processing table that sat menacingly center stage. "In order to reinforce those skills and keep our pups happy and healthy as can be, we utilize a myriad of treatment processes that involve assignments ranging all the way from civilian and service sector use to greater military and government applications. More recently we've found growing evidence that our processes could be adapted and used in the treatment of mental health conditions, teaching young women better coping and emotional skills through strong self discipline and utilizing an environment that already reinforces their continued success."

Trinket felt a tug at her collar, Miss Honey in control of her leash now and beckoning her toward the cold steel table. Every part of her wanted to fight it, wanted to run now and make a scene, scream about all the thinly veiled lies and humiliation they were implying she enjoyed. But she wouldn't have even if she had the chance, they would shock her into oblivion with terrifying speed and send her to the experimental wing to be with Pepper for certain if she embarrassed them with such a spectacle. "Trinket, **COME**." Miss Honey's voice joined the tug at her collar. She bit her tongue, following at the woman's heel without hesitation the moment she was given the command to show her compliance.

"Good girl Trinket! What a good puppy you are!" Miss Honey was clearly forcing a more pleasant and excitable tone, the small treat she produced from her pocket making its way to the pup's eager tongue in record time. They were really playing it up for the crowd and emphasizing the reward part of her training, they had never rewarded her this much for such a simple command but she wasn't about to refuse a free treat and a few comforting pats on her head. She did genuinely enjoy the positive reinforcement even if they were neglecting to mention that she had received far more shocks for bad behavior than they had ever reinforced her for being good and doing 'What was expected of a puppy', commands like **SIT** and **COME** were often just expected of pups like her and not often rewarded with treats or praise.

As soon as she had let her guard down for a moment the gruff hands of Dr. Barry scooped her from the ground and dumped her onto the cold steel of the veterinary table, she had been genuinely enjoying the way that Miss Honey's hand had expertly found the spot behind her ears she could never get enough scratches in. The table sapped the heat from her like it always did, her exposed elbows and knees sitting uncomfortably on the steel surface as her caretakers quickly strapped her limbs into the restraints at the four corners of the table and continued their presentation without missing a beat. She couldn't help but whine as she looked at how pathetic she looked, her c-cup breasts hanging beneath her as she tried to hide the burning shame on her face from view with her front legs.

Miss honey took the lead again as she gestured to Trinket, now completely restrained, both of her caretakers stepping aside so that she was completely exposed to the audience in her vulnerable state. "When one of our lucky little pups makes it to us at a facility there's a few things we establish during their first grooming to ensure we can produce a treatment plan that can be tailored to each pet individually in order to guarantee results. Each pet is evaluated with a modified version of the same standardized mental health screening that alumni of the great university we are standing in today revolutionized the system by implementing, then we prescribe a set of protective equipment and a treatment plan that suits the individual's needs."

Miss Honey continues as she produces the stocking length, padded paw mittens Trinket had become oh so acquainted with, freeing the pups front left paw and opening the clasp that locked them with a small key. "Our grooming process is an almost spa-like experience for a pup and can do a good deal to help them feel comfortable and get acquainted with their new equipment, sometimes it can be scary for the little things so these restraints are to help her feel as comfortable as possible and also keep everyone safe. Normally you would never see a patient

like Trinket here allowed outside of her prescribed gear for so long especially with her history of self harm, but our little puppy here has waited patiently so we can give you a demonstration of some of the specific applications we use to treat her initially crippling Depression and Anxieties.”

“These paws in particular for Trinket here are modified from the standardized ones to include a padded covering that runs the length of her arms and legs given her aforementioned threats of self harm and suicidal ideation.” Miss honey pulled the pups' freed forearm into the light, exposing a set of neatly arranged self harm scars that dotted Trinket's forearms and thighs. “Not only does this inhibit any sort of future issues that could arise on the subject but it also keeps the physical reminders of past trauma out of general view for both her sake and the sake of others, replacing the markings of an unhappy past with a soft, furry exterior.”

While Miss Honey spoke, Dr. Barry assisted her in sliding the pup's paw restraints into place, locking each of them tightly around her forearms and forcing her hands into useless little fists inside the oversized paws. It was a feeling Trinket knew well now, the complete helplessness of having her dexterity taken from her. The oddly stiff restraints quickly reminded her of just how free she had been moments earlier, just how safe she was beginning to feel when she had all her little rights taken away and no one expected anything of her except compliance. Even if she wanted to now she wouldn't be able to stand or walk with how the paws worked, an odd feeling of relief came over her as she realised that with her paws returned to her there was less she could possibly fuck up. Was she really starting to believe what they were saying? Was it possible it was all really for her own good?

Doctor Barry's voice snapped her back to attention once more, unable to wipe the ceaseless drool from her chin with her paws still strapped to the corners of the table. “As important as our treatment plans are in ensuring each success, our emphasis on excellence when it comes to hu-pet based technologies is unparalleled. Imagine for a moment if instead of using the valuable time of hard working psychiatric physicians like Miss Honey here, you could instead outfit every pet with a personal artificial intelligence capable of delivering care and reinforcing positive pet behavior at a moment's notice. This is the future our technicians have already granted us the privilege of setting an industry standard for care with here at the Federal Bureau Of Pettification.”

There is a small pause as the crowd gives the display a small round of applause, giving her a moment to think as each of her trainers smiled to the crowd. With what little snippets she had managed to keep from slipping from her mind, she gathered that whatever the presentation was for, they were clearly trying to put on their best face to earn some type of reward. Likely money, or funding for their program, she stopped for the first time to think about just how much money the FBP could likely make off her image. Sure, she had considered it before, but with how nice the auditorium furnishings were here, she judged wherever they were it was a truly high class establishment.

Dr. Barry continued, gesturing to the large screen on the wall behind them that now began to show pictures of the various pieces of tech that make up a Petsitter. “With the



revolutionary Petsitter mark three now a reality, every single one of our pets can be monitored and treated with the same care to ensure we maintain our yet unbroken 100% success rate when it comes to turning troubled young women into productive members of society. Our technologies are currently proprietary and not available for pedestrian use outside of those leased to pets with private contracts and are still monitored with strict, weekly checks by an FBP official. Tonight however we would like to present you with a little more insight into how our technology is changing lives for the better.”

The doctor produces the rest of the pups gear from a nearby stainless steel medical tray, gesturing to the screen as each of them comes up to explain its purpose before applying them to her one at a time. “Arguably the most important piece of technology we've created is concealed within the ears, capable of using a special neural technology to link with the other pieces and monitor the pet for us wirelessly.” Dr. Barry slid the steel band of the pointy faux ears onto her head, securing it tightly with the durable clips that held them in place.

As he continued to speak, she heard the familiar humm of the petsitter’s trainer fill her head again with its comforting presence. “Quite a fascinating piece of technology, this device projects a personalized trainer directly into the patient's head so that they always have a companion if they are ever in need. That way we can ensure those helpful little life lessons make it that much more deeply into the subconscious.” Dr Bary’s demonstrations elicit a hushed murmur from the crowd, curious about the new and highly advanced tech they were being shown.

“Our main system can link with the other pieces that make up the full PetSitter system and allow us to easily monitor the subject's vital systems, allow the pet to express their feelings and needs with non verbal tail cues, and is capable of providing instant positive behavioral modifications through other external stimuli. Which our little pet here is going to demonstrate.” From behind her Trinket can hear the distinctive snap of someone donning latex gloves, followed by a plastic cap flicking open as Miss honey walks past her with a bottle of lube in her hands. At once the two of them rotate the table with her still on top of it so that her puppy parts are on full display and pointed at the crowd, still visibly wet with her own juices.

All of her shame flooded her brain again, making her shake a little in her restraints as she tried to calm herself. Dr Barry’s hand found the back of her head, noticing her fear and petting her pleasantly a few times to try and keep her calm. With little warning, she felt a finger press a cold dollop of lube against her tail hole, making her shiver. Much to her surprise, instead of shoving her tail plug in full send like they normally did, she felt Miss honey's finger slip inside her and loosen things up a tad before she felt the much larger intruder pressing against her tight asshole.

She let a long breathy moan escape her as they pushed the first bit of the knotted tail inside her, feeling the thick knot now pressed against her as Miss Honey slowly inched the toy further and further. With a slight pop, her well trained rear takes the rest of the tail like a champ, filling her with that familiar “full puppy” feeling she was given the pleasure of forgetting about for a few minutes. She couldn’t help but shiver again, the parts of her naked body that were still exposed

to the air now covered in a thin layer of cold sweat once more.

“Trinket, can you wag your tail for us?” Miss Honey’s syrupy voice met her ears as a command, eliciting the response she wanted from the pup momentarily as the tail connected to her. With a few swift wags back and forth, an audible, “Awww” can be heard from a few of the female members of the crowd, no doubt finding the feature adorable as the pups tail immediately jumped timidly to cover her wet pussy.

Ignoring her whimpers, her trainers continued to talk above her and address the crowd, gesturing to her FBP branded ass and the dripping heat between her legs as they continued to use her as a live specimen. She couldn't see much of what was going on behind her in the crowd, nor did she really want to comprehend it, continuing to hide her face from the audience as much as possible as she shook slightly. It was an insane feeling, like every inch of her wanted to run off or be swallowed up by the earth to hide from her shame. Yet somehow, she didn't think she had the energy or coordination to do anything but lie there in the clutches of the people antagonizing her and shiver, the drug high she is experiencing keeping her from processing too many stimuli at a time.

The scene on the projector changes again, catching her attention as something she has never seen before flashes across it. Along with a meter that displays her heart rate, are several other seemingly live charts and graphs displaying information about her, all of which spring to life with activity as the tail syncs with her other gear. A few moments after she feels the plug sink into place inside her, the robotic voice of the virtual trainer inside her head speaks again. **“Gear sync at 80%, calculating. All tail functionality returned to Pet. INCREASED HEART RATE DETECTED, switching to de-stress mode. Positive vibration stimuli apparati NOT CONNECTED... Trainer alerted... Stay calm and remember to breathe. Good Puppy!”** Without further notice, she is startled for a moment to find that her entire field of vision has been taken from her again, replaced by the same deep darkness that they had demonstrated earlier when they had activated the blackout feature on her new contacts.

She doesn't panic, in fact, like the blindfold normally did for her, the darkness the contacts provided was more calming than it was jarring, removing her ability to see the faces of the crowd she was worrying so much about. However, the feeling that her contacts had been activated so that she couldn't see what was on the screen also lingered in her mind. She takes a few deep breaths like she is told, unable to really differentiate the robotic trainer from her subconscious in her state of intoxication. Tuning back in to the conversation, she tries to listen to what they are talking about, still only able to really focus on one thing at a time. Much of what they are saying was no doubt intended to go right overhead with all the medical jargon they used. The disorienting nature of it all is enough to make her a little nauseous, clearly designed to make her feel as helpless and animalistic as possible.

Miss honey's voice catches her attention mid sentence. “Hormone levels, neural signals, health and vitals. All of this and more is easily monitourable from our easy to install phone app and the onboard control device that comes with every set of gear. With both pre-programmed settings,

and custom training lessons easily able to be added by a remote operator, the PetSitter MK3 and PetSitter Instapet are being developed alongside world renowned tech companies to ensure the utmost respect to cyber security and effective adaptation of cutting edge tech. Lastly, our patent pending c-string stimuli covers provide the actual means of administering positive reinforcement via preset vibration patterns. And allow us to, for the most part, cover publicly unsightly areas of the pets body”

Trinket feels the cool lining of the lower PetSitter cover pressed to her puppy parts, finally concealing them from the crowd by covering her ever leaky privates. Relieved, she sighs a bit and continues to focus on her breathing, once again losing her concentration on whatever it was Miss Honey was saying about her as they continued to poke and prod. She had all her gear on now, surely they would be finishing up soon right?

As if on queue, the pup is startled slightly in her blindness to feel the restraints that were once holding her to the table now released. Promptly, she is swept off the table by an unseen force, cradling her in the same way they always did and plopping her back down on the floor. Along with her ability to move her limbs, her sight is returned to her moments later, and she is facing the crowd again.

Until she was sitting on the hard stage floor again at his feet, and his hand was resting atop her head, she hadn't seen that Chairman Abbernathy had also joined them on the stage, but once she did his presence immediately encouraged her to continue giving her best behavior. As much as her predicament was embarrassing though, the drowsiness and boredom from the technical chit chat they were having was almost enough to put her to sleep where she sat, making her lean against his leg slightly for stability.

The Chairman spoke to the crowd now, his smooth and charismatic tone reminding her of any public speaker her overactive mind would have blocked out during a school lecture. If anything, she knew at least it would all be over soon. “With gracious donations from alumni like you, and a grant from the National Health Organisation, we hope to work with Hawthorne University elite to deliver the world into a new era of Psychological studies. Thank you all for coming, and please feel free you come see me at the downtown office if you have any questions.” With that, he takes a bow, and the curtains begin to slowly inch their way back across the stage to end the presentation.

Suddenly, as the crowd erupts into raucous applause and cheers, it all comes together in her head. It takes her a moment for her to put the whole thing together, and honestly, she was surprised she had. But she had been conscious enough to hear the last few words the chairman had said and formulate her awful conclusion. They had tricked her, again! The beautiful architecture, the blue and gold coloring of the decorations, the nature of the psychological science behind the presentation. They were at Hawthorne University, and her nightmare came true. They had taken her to the same school she had been rejected from so that they could use her as leverage for some kind of program, likely to show how much she had changed to any of the snobby teachers and faculty that had judged her unfit for attendance. She had been nothing

more than a joke.

She felt defeated, tears welling in her eyes as she begins hyperventilating slightly, falling to the fetal position as the curtains continue to close and she finally gives in to her emotions. It hadn't been a random crowd, there were likely people she knew in the crowd. Her brother, sister, hell even her father and mother could have watched the humiliation she just endured and acted like she was enjoying. She gripped the sides of her head, mind pounding with an onset headache from the stressful situation. If she had access to her fingers, they would have been deeply wrapped in her hair by now, her whole body rocking back and forth with a panic attack as her trainers rush to carry her off stage.

Moments later, someone manages to lift her from the stage floor, their large hand finding the back of her head as they cradle her like a baby in their arms. At the same time, the rewarding vibrations from her nipple and crotch coverings sprang to life to torture her with pleasure during a moment where she had all the right to be angry. "There there." The chairman's words met her ears, her tear stained face pressed against his white cotton dress shirt and no doubt making a mess of it. "Shhhhhh. You were great, Puppy. You're always such a good girl for me Trinket. I knew you could do it. You did so good! Let's get you back to your cage so you can relax. I've got something special waiting for you back at the station."

His voice does a good deal to calm her, but not enough, and despite her success tonight she is still stuck with the painful memories of her failure. No matter how much she tried to be angry, the tears and makeup that likely streaked her face and covered the chairman's shirt, or how much she wanted to run away and hide, the pleasure in her crotch grew and grew as she is carried away. Her brain is unsure of whether to accept the stimulation as a reward, or view it as the clever distraction it was. Her brain chooses anger, but her body ached for the building release in her puppy parts. Unable to decide for herself, she lets the calming voice of her PetSitter and the chairman's words drag her toward a feeling of accomplishment, no matter how small it feels in the moment, convinced for the first time in a long time that she hadn't fucked everything up.

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#### **Chapter Four: A sheep in wolf's clothes.**

"Thank you." Elizabeth Honey nodded slightly as the bartender in the cigar smoke filled room handed her the very expensive looking bottle of scotch, clearing her throat softly and gripping the bottle with both hands. She slipped from the barstool, finally noticing her boss, Chairman Victor Abbernathy, be ushered in through the large double doors of the parlor with an entourage of people behind him. Moving to wait by the seating area the bartender pointed to, her palms began to sweat as she noticed a distinct lack of separate arm chairs, the seating in the area only containing a small loveseat like couch and a single high backed chair around a small table. Either she would be getting personal with the father of her client, or her boss, and neither seemed preferable.

She grit her teeth as the men strode their way through the crowd toward her, looking over the bottle in her hands again and sighing. The gift the chairman had been talking about on the phone earlier that morning was in reality a gift for himself and not for her birthday. At least she hadn't gotten her hopes up. She hated whisky, especially scotch, no matter how old or expensive it was, it all just tasted like nail polish remover smell to her. Her eyes fixed back on Abernathy, he was an intimidating man, even in his 60s the 6'5 man stood remarkably tall and carried himself with a dignified cadence that commanded the attention of those around him.

Even though he did not waver in his conversation with the similarly aged portly gentleman he was entertaining, many a head turned to look at the arriving party as they made their way over to where she stood. Their leisurely stroll came to a stop in front of her as their conversation broke and the gazes of the two powerful men fell upon her. The chairman's voice boomed above her, making her feel rather small as she stood in the shadow of the two men. "We'll Marc, I'm sure you saw her up on stage, but this is the lovely lady we entrust with the care of your daughter. Elizabeth, this is Dr. Marcus Halver, Trinket's Father. Marc, this is Elizabeth Honey, she's one of our rising stars in the new psychological health services division we are building here in Central."

Elizabeth, hoping to employ some sort of professional courtesy while in the presence of her client's father and her boss, curtsied politely as she felt the scrutinous eyes of Trinket's father continue to judge her. "Thank you for the compliment Sir, and it is a pleasure to meet you Dr. Halver. I've read your books on Hindsight Bias and found them fascinating. It's an honor to meet you, Sir. Might I interest you gentlemen in a drink?" She smiles awkwardly, tilting the bottle back and forth in her hands a bit to show it off.

The smile on Dr. Halver's face grew a bit less imposing as he narrowed his eyes on the expensive bottle in her hands, letting out a slight chuckle before speaking. Ignoring her compliment entirely, he turned his attention back to Abernathy. "Macallan 18, really Vik? You did not buy a 900\$ bottle of whisky just to butter me up. You know I can't tell my elbow from my ass when it comes to liquor, spill it Abbernathy. You want something from me." He chuckles as he teases Abbernathy in a playground type of teasing, being the first person she had ever seen talk to her boss in such a playfully disrespectful tone. "I have always said though, for what you pay, it should come with a pretty little thing like her to pour it for you." Dr. Halver's eyes returned to undressing her thoughtlessly as they fell upon her again, clearly not viewing her as anything more than a pretty face and pair of tits to pour his drinks.

Elizabeth held back the angst she felt from being disrespected and maintained her fake pleasantries and smile, trying to not sneer or show her disgust for the pig she saw Dr. Halver as after his rude introduction. The Chairman's eyes were on her again as well, just as calm, patient, and reassuring as they had always been. There was something else lingering there too, the same sort of reassuring trust in her unwavering confidentiality that he displayed when he shared with her those few unpleasant 'necessary truths' that came along with being someone of his status at the FBP. For this reason, she felt like the conversation they were going to have was one that easily could have been, and maybe even was supposed to be, withheld from her for the

sake of national secrecy. Regardless, the casual, easy going attitude her boss was displaying was something she had never experienced from him even during their free time spent together, and his lack of professionalism while in her presence was somehow even more intimidating than when he was playing the big scary boss role at the office.

The Chairman spoke. "Drinks first, then business. But I'll have you know I will have nothing but the best for our shining examples of scientific ingenuity like Elizabeth here on her birthday. It's actually a gift from myself and the rest of the board for all the hard work she does for us, that, and your vacation." The chairman winks at her, noticing her slight change in body language and trying to comfort her a bit with his calm demeanor. Without another word, he gestures to the double seat for her, and to the free chair to Dr. Halver, and the three of them take their seats.

As she slides into the seat next to the chairman, they become much closer than she was originally anticipating, the large barrel chested man taking up most of the seat and practically leaving her seated almost half in his lap as she became comfortable. Without being asked, she flips over the three identical whisky glasses, using the special tongs to get each of them a perfectly spherical ball of ice from the ice holder before breaking the seal on the expensive looking bottle. She pours a drink for each of the men first while they both light up their cigars and finishes by pouring herself a much less strong drink than the ones she made for them.

Once they were all full she handed the glasses to each of the men, smiling politely as she waited for the chairman to speak again, still rather unsure of what her presence in this meeting was for other than to pore their drinks. To her relief, the chairman took the lead of the conversation again, his imposing size making her feel rather small in comparison. He raises the glass, insisting on the three of them toasting. "To health, and good fortune on our esteemed lady's birthday." The clink of the glasses was followed by a short silence as they all sipped their drinks in sync, the smooth and velvety texture of the iced liquor catching her pleasantly off guard by not being the worst thing she has ever tasted.

The chairman speaks as she takes a second sip, trying to take the edge off a bit by enjoying the so-called present. "Peggy didn't want to come on the trip Marc? I saw Lindsey and Adrian earlier in the parlor, my my do they look dashing in their graduate sweaters."

Dr. Halver sips his glass a few times, taking puffs from his cigar between sentences. "Peggy doesn't like flying with her bad hip, and she's writing a new book actually. No way in hell I'm getting my head ripped off for disturbing 'the artistic process'." He quotes the last sentence with his fingers, clearly mocking his wife. "I am proud of those kids though. Adrian is in discussion with the national center for psychological studies about becoming an administrator there. Low six figures and the kid is only 26, lad will retire before us at this rate." Both men chuckle, and she joins in awkwardly, smiling warmly as the liquor starts to loosen her up a bit.

The chairman stifles his chuckle, taking another moment to puff on his cigar before speaking. "Certainly a go-getter, you know that there is always a place for him with the FBP should he want it. Our work is more a labor of passion than a bid for wealth though. I'm happy to report

that Molly has been a valuable asset to our program so far as well, I think our presentation tonight really sold some of the more hesitant members of the alumni on the good our program is doing. All thanks to her. I think she has the potential to be one of our brightest stars with how pretty she is."

All of the names the two men were dropping was a tad confusing to her, but she tried to follow along as best as possible, losing the conversation completely when the chairman mentioned someone named Molly. Moments later realizing the two were talking about Trinket, and that up until this point, she had zero knowledge of the pup's real name. In an effort to dehumanize the pets they process, the pet documents that she produced and read daily only referred to pets as their pet name, something that helped distance her from her patients and made her feel a little less like what they were doing was anything less than enforcing slavery. Having not even looked into the real name of her prime new client, the small amount of empathy she had for the pets she oversaw was prominent now, making her feel a little bad.

In response to the chairman's mention of his daughter having been valuable, Dr. Halver chuckled the same authentic bellow he had moments earlier, perceiving the chairman's words as a joke. "Valuable, a welcome first. You lot are certainly not making use of the tens of thousands of dollars I spent on her education when you have her up there fucking drooling all over herself though. If my sister were alive to see that I think she'd have a stroke. At least she's making someone back all that money, her having something to do is probably good for her. Having her out of the house has been refreshing but it's kind of odd not having a kid at home you know? Peggy gets a little sad when another one leaves the nest. We did try our best to raise her, you know? It's not my fault she's just like her mother. You're not gonna tell me she needs some commissary fund or something right?"

The blatant disregard that Dr. Halver had for his daughter's well being and almost uncompassionate attitude made her stomach churn. Honestly making her feel a little sad for Trinket, having also grown up without much love from those around her. She tries to remain as poised and modest as she can, unknowingly leaning closer to the chairman by keeping her legs crossed as she realizes how easily the chairman could reach over and rest his hand on her leg should he want to. Dr. Halver's words were perplexing though, why would his sister care about his daughter enough to have a stroke? Maybe Trinket was close with her Aunt? Maybe Dr. Halver's sister had been a ComPet herself or disliked the FBP in some way? Anyone who had seen the inside of one of those cages would certainly want to keep their family from the same fate.

Nonetheless, she stays quiet, knowing not to really speak in such a boys club type scenario without being questioned first. More and more she was reminded of the place young women like her had in the world. Had the chairman been a pervert the entire time and planned to abuse his power over her? She had to admit, she was basically no better in her current position than a pet waiting to be played with in their owners lap as she just sat there in the warmth and oddly comforting presence of the chairman. Never having sat on the same side of the table as him let alone been inches from practically sitting in his lap, the closeness one shared with another on a

loveseat like this had never been something she had experienced before. Nursing her drink, she tries to stay focused on the situation, trying to understand why the chairman wanted her here and follow along.

The chairman's voice rumbled in his chest again, making her feel quite small as the men continued to talk over her. "No, no, no. No commissary, she's not in prison Marc. I'm telling you your daughter is doing well, can you have a little drink and talk to an old friend? Be happy, for once everything is working out. I'm here to remind you of how much your undying loyalty has meant to us over at the board. And how much we value your ongoing discretion once we start using her image for our promotional material." He pauses, taking a long drag from his cigar before reaching into his breast pocket to pass Dr. Halver a pale green envelope similar to the one she got her paycheck in only much fancier with a large golden FBP logo.

The air in her general vicinity became stifling as she averted her eyes from the envelope, feeling like it was something she almost certainly wasn't supposed to see. Much to her surprise, once he had handed over the letter, he actually placed his free hand on her upper thigh, seemingly to comfort her, patting her leg a few times and motioning to the bottle and their now empty drinks. She immediately snapped back to reality, realizing that she too had finished her drink and the effects of the smooth liquor was beginning to get to her. "My apologies. I'm a little... tired. I don't drink much." She manages an apology. She had intended to nurse her first drink all night so she wouldn't have to refill it, but now that hers was empty as well she filled hers only half as much as she did theirs.

The chairman whispers under his breath to her as he again places his hand on her thigh, pausing as they both watch Dr. Halver open the envelope and remove the contents within. "Fret not my dear, piercing the veil of true responsibility can be frightening without a guide. I will show you the path, remember to keep your eyes open." His breath was hot, mixed with the body heat he exuded; it was enough to make her considerably warm, forcing her to strip off her jacket and therefore expose the low cut blouse he had picked out for her. She felt vulnerable, more vulnerable than she had felt in a long time. All of her regret for working with the FBP flooded her mind at the same time as she watched the chairman, someone she had begun to look up to, bribe a man for keeping him quiet about letting them use his daughter in borderline pornographic and evil propaganda.

Her head swirled, reminding her of just how much of a lightweight she was when it came to alcohol. She raised the glass to her lips as the others did, but did not sip. Not fighting the chairman's advances as his hand lingered on her thigh, Dr. Halver's voice breaking their moment of intimacy as it snapped them both back to the conversation. "Vik this is... I don't know what to say"

The chairman butts in, naturally commanding the conversation like he usually did by being assertive. "It's Substantial. I'm aware. I wrote it myself. This is the kind of high faith I have that our work will succeed and that Molly will flourish under our conditions once we get going. We want to make sure however that you've been well repaid for all the years of service you've



dedicated for us in taking care of her. As you and Peggy both well know, the girl is in good hands now. And your services as stand-in parents and advisors are no longer necessary. Consider it an early retirement bonus. You and Peg should take a long vacation."

Dr. Halver continues to look confused, maybe a little sad even for some reason, unsure of what the money is really for. To her, the entire thing is even more confusing, the strange tone and word choice the chairman is using making it hard for her to follow. "You want me to just... cut ties? No birthday card or anything? Are you serious!? Vik, I know i'm a little forward with my disappointment for the kids' direction in life." Dr. Halver shoots a side eye to her, unknowingly making her avert her eyes as he continues talking. "But she's still a Halver, we always raised her like our own. Its just been so hard watching her fall into the same patterns that took Maddison from us. You told me you would help her Vik. I believe you, but she's the only part of my sister I have left. However little."

The somber tone Dr Halver took was unsettling enough to lead Elizabeth Honey to her conclusion, having gathered enough context clues to better understand the situation, even in her haze. She and Trinket were more alike then she had originally thought in that they were both orphans, if her theory was correct, Dr. Halver was in fact not the trueborn father of the little puppy girl, but her uncle, taking care of his sister's kid after her assumed passing away. If this was to be believed though, what had happened to this mysterious Maddison Halver? And no less, if Dr. Halver wasn't her father, who was?

Moments like these, where for a brief second she saw through the thick curtain the FBP used to hide their misdeeds, that she reminded herself of how terrifying the power of men like Chairman Abbernathy truly was; able to hide entire lives from public view and manipulate the lives of people like Trinket before she was even conscious. That didn't sit right with her. Nonetheless, why would the FBP be paying Dr. Halver for taking care of his sister's child, wouldn't that be the social systems job to do? She swallowed hard when she realized that even though the pieces of the puzzle had begun to fit together a little better, she was still only working with pieces, and unable to see the full picture without the box for reference.

The chairman followed up, doing his best to quell Dr. Halvers concerns. "We think it is best to allow her some time without the social pressure of trying to impress you as her mentor figures. And therefore, we think it's best if we end the contact until the end of her time with us, at which point she has the right as an adult to choose to see you again should she so please. I know from her accounts personally during her regular therapy sessions, that achieving your approval is one of the main roadblocks she has erected to stand between her and her success. These kinds of roadblocks are what we are trying to overcome for her sake. The less negative inputs she has, the closer we get to establishing positive behaviors for her successful reentry into society."

Dr. Halver took a much more somber tone, one of the first times she had ever seen a man show genuine concern or regret for how their own actions affected the child they raised; nurture always being far more important to her in theory than the biological DNA one is born with when

it comes to shaping a person. "Damn Vik... I mean I don't want her to resent me for the rest of her life for abandoning her. I knew this would happen eventually but... fuck. I'm not a bad father you know, I gave that kid everything she asked for just like my oldest 2 and they turned out fine. My stubborn sister just finds a way to torment me with her glowing indifference even through Molly." The sudden tension in the situation was enough to raise even her nerves, making the hair on the back of her neck stand up. The envelope that was still in Dr. Halver's hand had begun to get a little crumpled as he tightened his fist reflexively.

The chairman stirred a bit, washing down the tension with another hefty swig from his glass before relaxing again. "No one is saying you were a bad father Marc. Quite the opposite. We are thanking you handsomely for all your hard work. That, and it's only 6 weeks till the start of the football season. I hope you know you're not getting out of sharing those season tickets with me this year." He chuckles, having noticed a slight grin spreading across Dr. Halvers face after the mention of the tickets.

The conversation between the two men continued for a long time, long enough for her to finish her drink, sober up slightly, and contemplate pouring herself a third glass like she had the men. She refrained however, looking over the now slightly more than half way full bottle of liquor and noticing the rosiness of each of the mens cheeks, clearly inching ever closer to the type of drunken stupor that makes anyone yearn for the relieving grasp of sleep. She caught herself trapped in the same cycle, trying her best to keep her eyes open as she watched the hours creep ever onward.

Distracted the whole evening, she tries not to stare off into space too much, but she is thoroughly in her own head still thinking about all of the rather secretive information that had been shared with her this evening. With still no real answer to the question of why her presence had been required at the meeting in the first place, she is relieved when the chairman finally checks his wristwatch for the time and spies how late the hour has become. As if to apologize, the older gentlemans kind eyes feel upon her as she blinked away the sleep, wordlessly promising a swift retreat to the large black suv the chairman was always driven around in.

After a brief few parting words, and a hearty pat on the back from Chairman Abbernathy to Dr. Halver, the chairman offered her his arm for her to hold onto as he escorted her to the car where the driver held the door for them. The drive wasn't far to her apartment, but for some reason it felt like it was taking forever; leaving her alone in the oddly comforting silence the car provided. The chairman did not speak much, tonight was the first time she had really seen him chat it up with someone that casually. She didn't want to bother him more, but she still had burning questions from the conversation.

"Chairman?" She speaks again, voice unsure of itself as she readies to ask a loaded question. Breaking the comforting silence, the chairman does not stir much.

"Yes my dear?" The Chairman replied, calm as ever, moving his gaze to let it linger on her as his eyes flashed in the moonlight.

"Where is Trinket's real mom and dad? What happened to them? Why does Dr. Halver not care about his sister?" Elizabeth's eyes met the chairman's again, the cab of the car only illuminated by the dim light of the street lamps and the glow of the near full moon. She knew she was asking questions to which the answers were out of her level of clearance, but she had already seen enough tonight to put anyone away for years were they to be uttered from the lips of a whistleblower and she needed some closure.

He sighs, ruminating for a moment before he speaks. "Maddison Halver was a problem we dealt with nearly 25 years ago. In those days, we did not operate with the same grace we do today. As many do still to this day, undesirables see the unfortunate price we pay for progress as an attack on their personal freedoms. Maddison was such a case, and her brother, a dear friend of mine as you've seen, was luckily willing to save her baby child from foster care when she unfortunately..." He pauses, the first time she has ever seen the chairman truly treading his words lightly.

"Maddison Halver took her own life, after attempting to raid a bureau facility with a group of protestors. I plead you know though Elizabeth, that it goes without saying that my personal relationship with you doesn't void our professional one. And I hope you understand that just because I see you as a daughter, that doesn't mean my diplomatic immunities extend to you as such. Information is the most dangerous weapon of them all, Child. As you and I know it to be, Maddison Halver, like us all, was a pawn in a game bigger than one individual can see. And unlike her, you and I are on the winning side, dear child. I advise you to heed the word of your commanders when you're ordered to make a move."

A thick layer of goosebumps ran up her neck, making her shiver slightly as the intimidating older man's eyes glinted in the moonlight. How could one man's presence make him feel so safe and yet so incredibly scared at the same time. The way the chairman spoke about his power and the might of the FBP so casually, was more than a little terrifying, reminding her in plain terms of just how unimportant and disposable she really was as a woman in an industry led by villainous men. She fumbles her words a bit as she speaks again, starting to get a little tired in her intoxicated state. "I... I understand, Sir. My apologies, I won't ask again. Thank you for being so... honest with me. It means a lot. I never had a dad or anything so It means alot. "

The chairman's charming smile creeps across his face again, making her feel a little better. "My pleasure. Honesty is only valuable if you employ trust first. I trust you, Elizabeth. Stay curious child, it's ingenuity like yours that's going to help us continue our important work long after crusty old men like me are dead and buried. You are the future. Don't squander your potential by worrying about the past."

There was another long silence as the car continued down the long highway. Unabashedly, Elizabeth Honey rested her head in the corner of Chairman Abbernathy's arm, using the large man as a pillow as she dozed off in the comforting protection of the older male, thinking about the relief of her soon to be vacation.

End Of Book 2