

INFERNA

Soleil's Story



introduction



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Twice a year, the pet market would open. Today was one of those days.

I looked around, with little faith that I would actually find a suitable one this time either. At my age, I should, in theory, already have gotten my first a long time ago. Maybe this was due to my job, maybe it was just due to me being way too picky about this.

The reason didn't truly matter. The fact was that I just hadn't managed to find a pet I truly liked. Money wasn't exactly the issue, it was more an issue of, well, finding the right one.

My job revolved around training pets and, although I, regrettably, took some private clients from time to time, the brunt of it my job was getting Public Reliefs to behave. They were usually the ones that didn't sell and ended up in government possession. Saying they were hard to work with was an understatement. But were still leagues better than working with than Personal Pets. Dealing with stubborn owners was way worse than dealing with pets.

But that was why I didn't want a pet that would feel like taking on more work.

Obviously, angels didn't come here as pets on their own free will. They had their own systems to determine who was an actual person and who was to become breeding stock, but I wasn't particularly interested in the ins and outs of the whole thing.

Why would I, anyway?

I only needed to know the most basic info. The stuff that everyone is vaguely aware of and is common knowledge, you know? Actual angels, the ones considered people, were different from those that became pets.

Apparently they were chosen-

Actually, "chosen" wasn't the word they used... It was something along...discovered? Outed? Didn't really matter.

Anyway, it was believed that those selected by the pet draft are soulless, thus, were always meant to live as pets and not as regular people. According to this system, they were never fully a person to begin with, so there was no personhood to be lost.

Of course, most of the chosen ones tend to... disagree with the results of the draft.

Which means they are angry, defiant, hellish to actually train and get them to obey.

Sometimes, I wished the continuance of both of our species didn't depend on such a convoluted system with so much work around it, but there wasn't much I could do about that.

I took a deep breath.

The angels had it good, hadn't they? Once they were out of draft age, they would never need to interact with a pet again if they chose, with little to no consequence. Maybe I had just chosen my profession poorly.

No, no, I couldn't think that. I didn't really regret getting into pet training.

I...couldn't, really.

And honestly, deep inside, I **did** want a pet. Yes, they could be troublesome, but they could be good company if properly trained. Maybe it was a little pathetic of me to want to rely on a pet for companionship of all things but I didn't care about the opinions of others.

I don't think I ever did... maybe that was why I didn't have my friends.





And there was also the fact that I also wanted to have kids and without a pet, it would be next to impossible. I kept on walking.

The main thing I was looking for in a pet was, at the very least, one without sheer anger in their eyes. Easier said than done, but it was possible, but I had seen those before. They were the ones that would tremble in fear and sometimes even wet themselves just by the sound of someone approaching.

The other big factor was a decent level of self-healing. All angels possessed the ability to self-heal from most injuries, some more, some less. A number of training methods could end up quite violent and, the quicker the pet physically could recover from it, the easier it would be on me.

The only downside was that more effective healing also meant more maintenance upkeep, but I was confident enough that I could teach this hypothetical pet to do this by themselves eventually. So it would only really be extra work at the beginning. Some years, maybe months, down the line and this would no longer matter.

Most people have no idea how to properly train their own pets. It was no wonder even the Public Reliefs seemed more well behaved than most Personal Pets these days.

If your pet's collar muscle weakening features need to be on at all times, then it isn't properly trained. It may be a very usable pet, sure, but it is not trained. At least it's what I thought. Most people either wouldn't agree or just didn't care enough.

It was sad really. Untrained pets had terrible quality of life. They got sick more easily, their pregnancies were harder, which might make their babies less healthy. Not to mention the constant stress, which ususally ends up shortening their lifespans. And, to be quite frank, having an empty husk of a pet that does absolutely nothing would be not only boring, but quite cruel as well.

I never understood people that treated their pets as completely disposable. They might not be people, sure, but surely they had feelings and could feel pain. If even dogs and cats had those why wouldn't pet angels? It might be a bit of work at the start, but wasn't it better to have a happy pet by your side? They could be good, lifetime companions once trained, I knew that. I just wished others did as well.

That was why I didn't take the process of choosing a pet lightly. If pets were meant to be pets, then, eventually, their true nature would come out and they would be happy in their new life. They just need a little training and coaxing.

...

The day was coming to a close, and, as expected, I hadn't seen any pet that fit my prerequisites.

Again.

Ah well, there was always next month...

I walked around the place one last time and saw a pet I was sure I hadn't seen before. It was likely I had just missed him the first time around, as the stand used to have many more others next to him.

But now, he sat alone there.

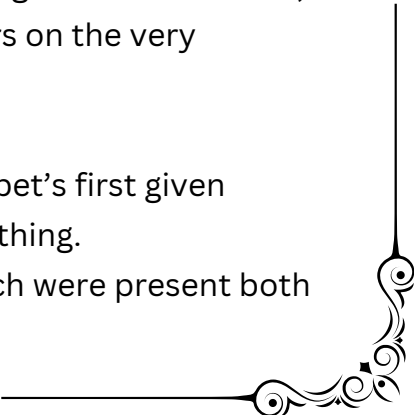
Of course, the pet couldn't move. Not only did the collar on his neck severely weakened his muscles, he was also physically restrained. He was trembling, recoiling as soon as I approached.

The angel's file was displayed in a sign right next to him. He was indeed male, like I had thought at first glance. If the obvious markings on his chest didn't give that away, then his size would. This one was very small, and girl pets tend to be way bigger.

Actually, even compared to the average male angel, he was on the smaller end of the scale. It was kinda cute, in a way. His face was hard to see in-person due to the gag and the blindfold, but he looked pretty in the picture at the very least. Written in small letters on the very bottom of the document, was what his name used to be.

Soleil.

That information was there just because some people liked knowing their pet's first given names, some even went as far as using them, but it wasn't required or anything. Officially, they were referred to and identified by their numbers only, which were present both in their documents and branded on their skin periodically.





But most importantly, his healing was...

Well, impressive. I didn't even know S++ was a thing, I had only ever encountered an S+ once and thought it was the maximum. The one angel with the S+ had abilities so absurd it took her barely a fortnight to completely regenerate a whole leg.

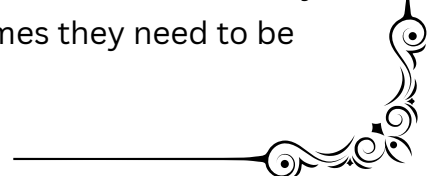
The average pet took months to do the same. Poor thing would go through hell if he ended up becoming a Public Relief.

It seemed that, the more healing potential, the more cruel people were to them. Well, it made sense. The chances of permanently harming or even accidentally killing an angel that will likely heal in a day is much less than one that will take weeks.

Clearly, It would feel safer to "go all out" in these situations.

The pet's eyes were also listed as pure black, which was one of the rarer colors. That and pure white. However, because pure black eyes look super similar to any dark variant (namely, dark blue, which was the most common), it wasn't super coveted.

However, even with his absurd healing, he wasn't super expensive. I theorized it was mostly due to his size. Pregnancies were hard for the smaller ones, owners need to be careful so they didn't end up with more than one fetus at a time, and even then, sometimes they need to be admitted to a vet clinic on their last weeks.



Abortion was borderline physically impossible, so, accidentally killing a particularly small pet with too big of a litter was a real risk. That, and also the aforementioned issue of constant maintenance.

Extremely good healing was helpful for Public Reliefs, but for personal pets, an A+ level was usually more than enough. This level gave them both relatively fast healing but also didn't require constant re-branding.

Size, however, could prove to be a big problem to me in particular. Actually, not to me only, but to any male demon. We tend to make more demons, and the women, more angels. The problem was that demon fetuses were double the size of angel ones.

Due to that, it was usually recommended that guys get bigger pets which, usually, meant going for females or larger males.

Well, maybe with healing this absurd, it might not be such a big deal...right?

At the very least he should be able to carry at least *one* fetus at a time.

He was an angel after all. That was his purpose, wasn't it?

I wanted to at least give the pet a chance, since he did fit most of my requirements. Slowly, I touched the angel's face, making him shiver.

Soleil seemed so scared, I almost felt bad for him. But that also meant that his temperament was exactly what I was looking for.

I moved my hands down to his chin and lifted his head up slightly.

The blindfold was wet around the eyes, small tears escaping through the humid fabric and slowly dripping down his cheeks.

I wondered if he would scream or ask for mercy if he could speak.

Of course, the collar blocked not only his movements, but his speech as well. All of this could be deactivated eventually, but this was the default state for merchandise. Said collar worked partly due to magic, partly due to it being directly connected to the pet's nervous system. It was impossible to remove it without killing the angel, and also served to mark them as pets forever.

It was also a vital tool in training.

I signaled to the shopkeeper, asking if I could remove the pet's blindfold and gag.

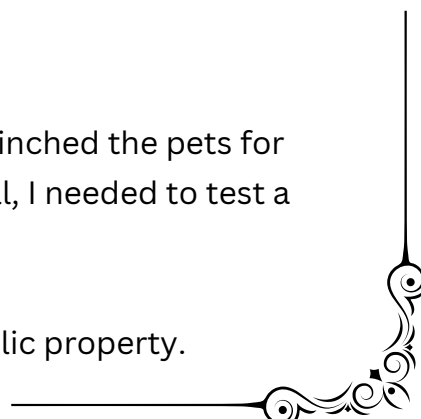
Considering how soon closing time was, it wasn't a surprise that he gave me the go ahead.

I cupped the angel's head with both of his hands, feeling the ghost of a sob on the him.

—You poor little thing... Did many people poke and prod at you today?

I knew Soleil couldn't answer, not that it mattered. People touched and pinched the pets for sale frequently, so it was obvious the same was likely done to him too. Still, I needed to test a couple of things before making a decision. I finally took off the his gag

—Now, now, you listen to me. If you don't get bought, you'll end up as public property.





More tears were now flowing down Soleil's face.

—But... If you prove that you can be a good pet, maybe I'll take you home. Can you be an obedient little pet?

He couldn't answer, obviously. I slowly inserted the tip of my fingers on the pet's mouth and waited. He didn't even try to bite.

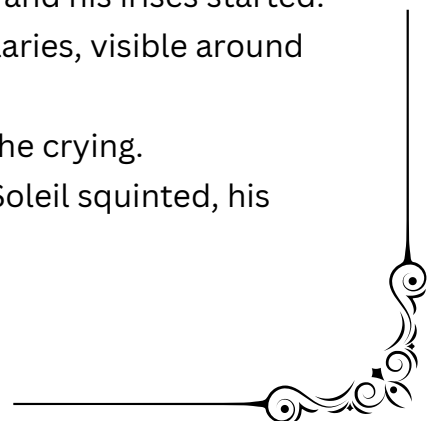
Good.

He wasn't aggressive either, and I was grateful for that. I had almost lost a finger doing that once.

I decided to remove the angel's blindfold. As it came off, his face finally became visible. His eyes were truly jet black, I couldn't even make out where his pupils ended and his irises started. The whites of his eyes displayed red and pink hues with lots of little capillaries, visible around the edges.

His the skin around them was puffy and reddish too. Probably due to all the crying.

I absently minded ran a thumb along his cheek, wiping away some tears. Soleil squinted, his eyes trying to adjust to sudden brightness.





He seemed frightened by my presence, but that was expected. Most angels don't ever see demons face-to-face until they are either drafted as pets or completely out of draft pool due to the age cutoff.

We, demons and angels, looked quite different from each other and the fact that we are much bigger than them didn't help.

Especially for this one. He was *tiny*, after all.

At least the picture was pretty accurate. He was adorable and his eyes were super expressive. It seemed he was the type to blush easily too.

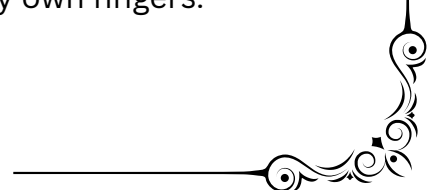
I slowly wiped the more of angel's tears from his cheeks, then took another look at him.

His face was flushed red and he bore a startled expression.

I wondered if this the embarrassment of being spread open this way in public had already worn off.

As I continued to stare, the pet wouldn't stop averting his eyes, likely still feeling ashamed. His inner thigh muscles kept spasming, probably cramping after sitting in the same position for a whole day.

I gently touched in a soothing manner, his skin a soft little thing under my own fingers.





—Are you cramping, little thing?

He stopped looking down and now directed his eyes to be, still avoiding my face. I pressed my thumb against the cramping muscle.

—There, there, don't want any pain in your legs to get in the way now, right?

I gently held his clit between my fingers, the pet flinched as soon as I touched it

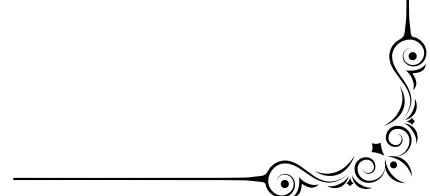
—Sensitive, are you?

Soleil had a very pretty pussy. It was reddish and he was already leaking a bit. How honest!

—Well, little thing, you just have to do what I tell you to convince me you'll be a good pet. First of all, stop averting your eyes and look at me.

He quickly obeyed. The discomfort in his face was visible, but he kept on looking.
Good.

—"Pretty easy, no?"





The pet kept his gaze, eyes watering again.

—I'll play with you for a minute, if you manage to cum in that time, I'll buy you and I even promise to treat you very nicely! However, if you can't do that, I'll just leave you here. The market will close in a few minutes, no one else will buy you and you'll become public property.

The pet looked terrified.

—And, with healing abilities as good as yours, I'm pretty sure you can guess what kinds of horrible treatment you would receive from everyone who would use you.

The angel's tears were finally flowing down his face and his trembling resumed. I slowly caressed his puffy labia, his little entrance contracting with each touch.

—Shh, don't fret, I'm sure you can do it. You truly want to be a good pet, don't you?

If he had any objections, there was no way for him to voice them. He had no choice but to accept anything that was done to him. And yet, he was somewhat given a choice. Somewhat. I ran my nail across his vulva, gently, I didn't want to actually hurt him. Not now, anyway. I swirled my finger around the his clit, pinching softly in sequence.

While the pet couldn't make any sounds, the quickening of his breaths and the way the muscles on his legs spasmed from time to time were a dead giveaway that he was trying hard to enjoy it.

This whole ordeal must not have been easy for the poor thing. It was likely that, merely days ago, he still lived a regular life. And now, he had to deal with the reality of being made into pet, likely against his own will.

It was hard not to genuinely felt kinda bad for the new ones. Their adaptation period could be tough, especially without proper guidance. In that regard, Soleil was lucky, though. He would either be my pet, which means he would actually be properly trained, or he'd become a Public Relief. That also pretty much guaranteed he would receive decent training too.

—You know... If you do end up as a Public Relief, you'd be kept spread open like that all day long. Anyone would be able to touch and use you, in any way they see fit.

After a bit of stimulation, he was already visible harder and wetter. Adorable, really.

—You see, Public Reliefs aren't even considered pets...they are more like... Well, objects. Pretty decorations, really.

I caressed his face again

—Lots of people like to torment those pretty decorations, you know?

I wondered if making him scared of the alternative was motivating or if I was making it harder for the pet to actually cum. I pinched Soleil's clit with more force this time, instantly making his entrance throb.

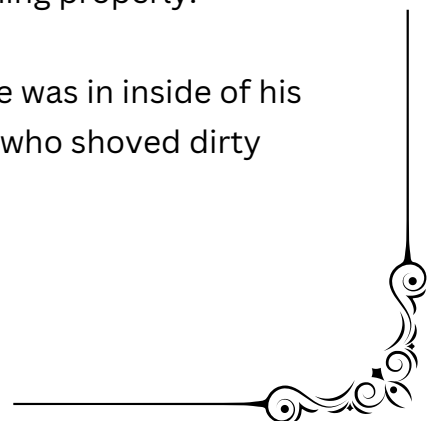
I had already started, so might as well proceed with the strategy. It wasn't not like I was lying anyway.

—You know, I've seen some pretty horrible things happen to those poor pet angels. I worked with one who looked a lot like you, you know?

The pet was letting out some small sobs, clearly having a hard time breathing properly.

—People had grown used to stuffing all the trash of the public restroom he was in inside of his holes. But at that point his mind was so broken that he thanked everyone who shoved dirty toilet paper inside of him.

He let out small, pained gasps.





—Ah you see, he was so heavily pregnant that fucking him was impossible, so people had to find other ways to have their fun with him, after all. Good thing he was so well-trained, right? He ended up genuinely liking being used by everyone, I suppose.

I loosened the grip on Soleil's clit and used my thumb to graze over his opening. Using his juices as a sort of lube, I rubbed the head of the angel's clit while simultaneously stroking him up and down.

—Are you getting turned on by that, little thing?

He gasped, tears flowing down his face. He was trying hard to speak, maybe scream or protest, but we both knew it was impossible.

—Well maybe I really should leave you here, since you seem so eager to become public property.

The desperation in the angel's eyes upon hearing that was now clearly visible. His eyes, full of tears shone quite beautifully against the sunlight.

Of course, I was just teasing him, but he didn't need to know that. I knew he was close, so he kept I kept pace. Scare tactics seemed specially effective with this one.



He quivered even more and, feeling him growing closer to an orgasm, I gave one last, strong squeeze on his already abused clit, twisting it a little for good measure. Soleil let out a silent scream, his opening contracted and the muscles on his thighs spasmed again, even more intensely.

Finally, the test was over.

As soon as it dawned on him, a mixture of horror and relief was splayed across his face.

—Well... You did it!! Almost, actually. You took two whole minutes.

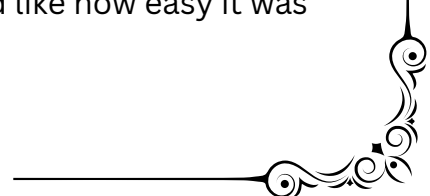
The angel's face now looked even more full of despair. I truly felt bad for him this time.

He did put in the effort, right?

He was really trying to be obedient, wasn't he?

He hadn't shown a single sign of aggression or defiance and also had the good healing abilities I was looking for.

His size wasn't ideal, but it also wasn't impossible to deal with. At this point, I had to accept I wasn't going to find a pet that perfectly ticked all the boxes. This one at least ticked the most important ones. Not only that, he was very cute, and, I had to admit, I did like how easy it was to make him cry and whimper.





But on the other hand...I did say one minute. Rules were rules. That went for myself and for pets. Wouldn't it be detrimental to start his training by giving concessions already? I wasn't sure what to do...

Should I buy him and finally get a pet of my own, or leave him to his fate as a Public Relief?

INTRO END