

Petgirl Training

Crimson Rose

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Lauryn hated conference calls, but given the state of the things she had little choice but to make them over discord which was her program of choice when it came to video conferencing because it was the only one she knew well enough to comfortably use. Which is what she was currently doing with seven of her friends who were desperately seeking more of her money. “Alright, now that all the bugs are worked out and everyone can hear and see everyone else let’s get this meeting underway,” she began. “I’m not going to beat around the bush. Four years ago when I hit the lottery I did what I said I’d do. I gave everyone I know enough money to splurge on buying a new house and car and still have enough to comfortably live off the interest so it came as no surprise that virtually everyone I know quit their jobs and did just that. What did surprise me, however, was just how many friends and family members squandered that money on frivolous bullshit and are now broke and asking for more. I...”

“I didn’t waste it on...” her friend Scarlett started to say before being cut off.

“I’ll just stop you right there,” Lauryn interrupted her friend. “You absolutely wasted the money. As did everyone else present. Or do you really need a different car for every day of the week? I gave you each five million dollars. Even if you spent a million of that on a new house, furnishings and a car the remaining four million should have generated around a hundred-twenty-five grand a year or more in interest which is more than enough to live comfortably on in this and many other areas of the country, if not the world. But like I said, I’m not going to beat around the bush.”

Taking a deep breath, Lauryn slowly exhaled and then continued. “I have no desire to see anyone starve or tossed out on the streets. I also have no desire to flush money down the proverbial drain by giving it to those that will just waste it thinking I’m just going to continue supporting their horrible spending habits. So, after a great deal of consideration I’ve decided that I’ll give each of you one more chance to prove you’re not just using me as your personal bank. I’ve made no secret of the lifestyle I’ve chosen to live. You all know what I used to do before winning the lottery and what I continue doing from the comforts of my own home. If you want more of my money then you’re going to have to earn it. If you want another penny from me you’re going to have to let me train you as my newest petgirls.”

Seeing them all about to go nuts, she held up a hand. “This is not up for negotiation. You’ll agree to three years of training covering a wide variety of bdsm-related topics as well as money management classes and in exchange I’ll set up trusts in each of your names for one million dollars. You’ll be able to access enough to cover all your monthly expenses plus a modest discretionary fund. The rest will sit in the account drawing interest until your training is complete. I know this is an extreme measure, but I’m not your personal bank and I will not continue handing money over to people that’ll just waste it. You have one week to give me your answer. If you say no then you will never get another penny from me.”

“That’s some seriously fucked up bullshit!” her friend Allison complained. “I’ll be god damned if I’m letting you or anyone else treat me like a damn dog, let alone train me as a submissive to be walked all over. If our places were reversed I wouldn’t hesitate to help you out.”

“Would you give me a million dollars a year? Would you let me drain you dry because I don’t know how to manage money?”

“No, but that’s...”

“Exactly what you’re attempting to do to me. I gave you five million dollars, Allison. You blew and now you’re asking for five million more. If that’s not the definition of greed then I don’t know what is. If I gave it to you what would you do with it?”

“I’d buy...”

Shaking her head, Lauryn cut her friend off. “Like I said, greed. You’ve learned absolutely nothing and I’d be a damn fool to give you anything.”

“Then I hope you’re happy when I’m living on the streets!”

“Sell that three million dollar home and buy something a little more modest. Or, you know, since everything is bought and paid for you could get an actual job.”

“I’m not working in a pandemic!”

“There are plenty of jobs you can do from home. But that’s not the reason for this meeting. Does anyone else want to accept to decline now or do you need time to think about it?”

“As humiliating and degrading as it’ll be I’ll do it,” her friend Paige accepted. “But only on one condition. I don’t want access to the full amount after my training is complete. I want you to maintain the trust so I can’t spend it all like an idiot.”

“That can be arranged. Anyone else?”

“Does it have to be three years?” her friend Elliana nervously asked.

“That all depends. Do you want another million dollars? If not then I’ll happily knock a third off per year you don’t want trained, or add a third for every additional year. Your choice.”

“What exactly will we have to do?”

“We can go over the particulars in person. Which reminds me, due to the already mentioned pandemic all training will be done at my personal dungeon. And since I have no desire to get infected you’ll have to live here for the duration to minimize the risk. Again, that is not negotiable.”

“Fine, I accept as well,” Elliana sighed.

“Me too,” Scarlett said to everyone’s surprise. But I want my money when it’s over.”

“And assuming you complete the training you’ll get it. I should also mention that once you agree to the terms, and there will be a contract to sign by the way, if you stop early for any reason you forfeit the remainder of your payment. So, if you’re thinking about doing it for a few weeks or months and then walk away with a million dollars, yeah, that’s never going to happen.” As she spoke the cameras for Allison and two other friends went black as they left the conference call, leaving only Katrina – the youngest of Lauryn’s friends, remaining undecided.

“I’m not completely broke like some, so I think I’ll take a few days and think it over,” nineteen year old Katrina said.

“That’s fine. Just get back to me within the next week or the deal’s off. As for the rest of you, I’ll need a few days to have my lawyers draw up the contracts but until then we can go over a comprehensive list of fetishes to determine what you’ll be trained to do. Just understand there will be certain things like obedience, etiquette and petgirl training that are required and may not be refused.”

“Um, can I stick around for this or should I go?” Katrina asked.

“You may stick around and make your own list but I ask that you please mute yourself so as not to interfere with the others,” Lauryn answered.

“Thanks. Um, can I at least unmute myself if I have any questions about particular fetishes or other aspects of the training?”

“Only if you accept the offer. Otherwise I ask that you remain a silent observer so that we can get through this as quickly and thoroughly as possibly with those agreeing to be trained.”

“Understood. I’ll just go ahead and mute myself now.” A second later her mic was off but the relatively shy brunette continued watching and listening as her older friends transitioned from talk of money, to discussing their training as submissive petgirls.

“Okay, before we get started I’m going to ask one more time if you’re all absolutely sure you want to be trained as submissive petgirls,” Lauryn asked as she prepared to upload the documents they would be going over.

“I’m one hundred percent certain I want to be trained as a submissive petgirl,” Paige answered.

“As am I,” Elliana agreed.

“One hundred percent? No, but I’ve agreed to let you train me and like it or not that’s exactly what I’ll do,” Scarlett said.

Unmuting her mic, Katrina chimed in. “I have a quick question if I may ask.”

“Go ahead,” Lauren answered.

“Thanks. Actually, two questions. First, is it possible to come to some sort of arrangement to only be trained as a petgirl and nothing else and if so how long would said training take?”

“It is possible but I don’t offer such services as I find it makes for rather poor pets. In that they don’t tend to know all the fundamentals necessary to, in my opinion, live as a convincing pet. Which is why I have certain things I train all pets in that take approximately one year to complete on average. Does that answer your question?”

“It does. Thanks. I’m going to remain unmuted now because I totally agree to let you train me as a petgirl for one year. If that’s okay.”

“Absolutely. Alright, I’m going to upload a form that I want all of you to download and open. It’s a form-fillable PDF listing every fetish,” Lauryn explained as she hit the button to upload it to discord. “When you open it you’ll see several items at the top of the list that are marked with a five and greyed out so you may not alter them. Those are the absolute bare minimums you will be trained in during your first year. Everything else listed alphabetically is negotiable. So, the way this works is very simple. We’ll go down the list starting with abrasion and ending in wrestling. Yes, those are actual fetishes people really have and we’re not here to judge. You’ll mark each fetish on a scale of zero to five with zero meaning a hard limit – that’s something you would never do under any circumstance short of a death threat, to five which means you’ll do it without question. There are two-hundred-sixty-seven fetishes on the list so this will take some time. If you have any questions please ask. Also, keep in mind that every fetish you mark above a zero will add time to your training.”

“How long if we were to mark them all?” Katrina asked.

“If you marked everything you’re basically agreeing to be a no limits sex slave for a minimum of seven years. And by no limits I mean you will have absolutely no say or control over your own body. You will essentially belong to me to do with as I please for seven years or until you decide you no longer wish to be my slave. If there is even one zero then you’re not a slave and you’ll have the use of safewords which we’ll go over once you’re all done with your lists. And finally, if there’s something you’ll do but only under certain circumstances that’s a soft limit. If it applies then please place an SL next to the number so I know.”

“Um, can you clarify what you mean by certain circumstances?” Elliana asked.

“For instance, if you’ll do face slapping but only when in restrictive bondage. Or you’ll do gang bangs, but only with black men. If a condition applies to you performing the fetish them

please make a brief note of it. For the record, I will never put you through one of your hard limits, but I will push soft limits so you'll do them at least a few times during your training."

"What do we do with the file when we're finished?" Paige asked.

"Make sure to put your full name at the top and then you may upload it here."

"Good to know because I'm finished," Elliana replied.

"Already?" Lauryn asked with understandable skepticism.

"I like the sound of you controlling me so I just marked everything a five," Elliana said as she uploaded the file.

"I'm not going to accept it just yet so please remove the upload. While I appreciate the gesture, I think you should at least take the time to go through the list and make sure that's what you want."

"As the four of you as my witnesses, I don't care what's on the list. I'll do it all if it means being your property."

"You do understand that means no limits, right? If I wanted to whore you out I could. It would be well within my right to brand you my property or to let a hundred men use you as their personal breeding cow. Those are just a few of the things you're agreeing to if you go the route of slave so you had better be damn sure because once you're my slave the only way out is to quit and forfeit the money."

"I'm going to let you in on a little secret," Elliana said, heart ponding in her ears. "I overheard a conversation you had with your parents a few months ago about what you'd do if people kept asking for more money and I thought it was hot as hell. So hot, in fact, that I spent the following month or so looking into the lifestyle and if it was for me. The truth is, I still have more than three million dollars to my name so I don't need the money. I'm just here for the training and the money is an added benefit. And before you ask, yes, I can show you my accounts to prove it. I want to be your slave, Mistress. The question now is: do you want to own me?"

"A slave would do it for free."

"Like I said, Mistress, I still have over three million dollars so keep your money."

Her friend passing the test, Lauryn smiled. "Very well. But if you stop your training for any reason short of death or a debilitating injury then that's it between us. And if that's not clear enough, I mean we will no longer be friends."

"Understood, Mistress. I don't know when you plan on starting our training, but I'll need a little bit of time to set things up here. My sister Brianna is looking for a place to stay now that she's eighteen so I'm going to see if she wants to spend the next seven years taking care of my place."

"Once I have everyone's forms I'll need a few weeks to go over them and plan out a detailed training schedule. I'll also need to have my attorney draw up the contracts so let's say training will begin one month from now."

"That works for me, Mistress. And for the record, I've never been with another woman in my life, but I've had actual dreams of you having all kinds of sex with you and I'm honestly looking forward to it."

"And I'm looking forward to training you."

"I have a question, Katrina said. What id fantasy bestiality? Do you mean having sex with actual animals?"

“I do not. You will, however, be fucked by men and women dressed up as animals and using animal-shaped dildos and plugs. And by that I mean dildos and plugs molded after actual animal cocks for the most realistic look and feel you’ll get without doing the real thing.”

“Thanks for the clarification,” Katrina said as she placed a five next to the fetish with a note reading: SL. Only in restrictive bondage.

“And electricity?” Scarlett asked.

“I mean electro-play. The intensity of the shock will vary from a slight tingle to a painful jolt but nowhere even close to causing any serious or permanent damage,” Lauryn explained.

Deciding to take a page out of her older friend’s book, Katrina took a deep breath, slowly exhaled and then marked everything with a five. “I think I want to be your slave as well, Mistress,” she said, uploading the form. “And before you ask, I may be younger than the rest of you but I’ve never been surer about anything in my life.”

“Well if you’re going to be her slave then so am I,” Paige replied. Going back to the beginning of the list she started changing numbers to five.”

“This isn’t a competition,” Lauryn warned. “Being a sex slave isn’t as easy as you think and should never be taken lightly.”

“I’m a virgin, Mistress, and I want you to be my first. And then I want you to whore me out to a hundred, a thousand...god, I’d fuck every man and woman in the world if you commanded it. Anything to break me out of my shell.”

“Well, if the three of you are going to be slaves then we might as well make it a foursome,” Scarlett said. “Give me a minute to change a few numbers, Mistress.”

“You’re all insane!” Lauryn exclaimed. Not that I’m not flattered, but I don’t think any of you truly understand what you’re asking for.”

“I spent a month researching the lifestyle, Mistress, not to mention what you’ve told us over the years so I know exactly what I’m asking for,” Elliana replied. “I knew within a few days that I was ready to be your submissive and after reading hundreds of stories and watching even more porn I knew that would never be enough. I want to be your slave and I’ll do anything to prove it.”

“Alright. If you’re all so hell bent on being slaves then I want you all here in the next hour so that I may mark you as such. You’ll then have one month to get your affairs in order and to heal before your training begins.”

“Mark us how, Mistress?” Scarlett asked.

“As a slave it shouldn’t matter. If I don’t see you by eleven-thirty then I’ll consider you a liar and you’ll never get another penny from me.”

“I’m actually at my aunt’s place right now, Mistress and it’s about a four hour drive back home so there’s no way I can be there in an hour,” Katina said.

“Then I’ll give you until three. Actually, I’ll give you all until three so that I can mark you all at the same time. I’m going to go ahead and end the session for now and I sincerely hope you’re not liars. I’ll be in paradise when you get here.” And with that Lauryn closed discord and exhaled. She figured at least one of the seven would agree to be her newest submissive so four came as a shock. And for them to all ask to be her slaves damn near gave her a heart attack and not because it was going to cost her twenty-eight million dollars. Which was a ton of money, but only a fraction of the nearly three-hundred million she still had. Rolling her chair back, she got up and went out to her dungeon to set things up to test just how serious her friends really were.