

Her Body His Mind

Part
2 of 2

Amelia Stark



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Part Two of Two.

By Amelia Stark

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Introduction.

James is coming to terms with his new identity – the body of a curvaceous young woman! His consciousness has been switched with Juliet's and he is having to adapt to living in her body, at least in the short term. He wants to switch back, somehow. He is thankful that the body he has inherited is that of a fit and healthy, gorgeous young white woman.

The problem is the profession that Juliet chose. She is a high-end escort, working for the violent and aggressive owner of an escort agency. She has to do as she's told, 24 hours a day. Wendy is her flatmate and it's her job to keep an eye on the Agency's number one girl.

Juliet and Wendy have a visitor from the flat below. His name is Jack and he's a wealthy millionaire type. Wendy encourages the 39-year-old visitor to become a member of the agency. As a carrot, she suggests that Juliet shows Jack a good time.

In her bedroom, the bondage items come out and Juliet is soon naked and incapacitated. That is when Jack sheds some light on the James/Juliet switch. To discover his role in the mystery and what happens to Juliet, read this final episode of Her Body, His Mind.

Because this book contains descriptions of sex acts and punishments, it is only suitable for mature readers over the age of 18.

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2.1 ~ Black and white.

Tom placed the empty cup on the side table and got to his feet. He wasn't fully erect which suggested that he had reached his limit. "Better get dressed before I get kicked out," he said with a chuckle, then placed his hand on my naked ass and pushed me toward the door.

I hurried along in front of him, pulling my top down, covering my tits. I pushed open Wendy's bedroom door to find the black beauty lying across the bed, studying her phone. She immediately tossed it on the nightstand, rolled and squirmed into position, so she was lying on her back with her head on the pillows. I walked toward the bed, while Tom headed for his clothes. However, when Wendy parted her legs and raised her knees, he stopped to appreciate the view.

And, what a view it was. Her smooth, plump, black lips and slither of pink clitoral meat was ripe for munching. I'm sure that Tom and I were having similar thoughts, but I was the one climbing on the bed and getting in position. As soon as I dipped my head and pushed my mouth against her firm lips, Wendy started to squirm down the bed. I had hardly started sucking her pussy and I was on the move.

As soon as my feet and ass were hanging over the end of the bed, Wendy patted my head, then issued an invitation. "Tom, if you can see anything you like, it's on the house this time."

"Thanks, I'll remember that..."

Moments later, he placed his huge hands on my rosy, red cheeks and gave them a squeeze. My nose was pressed against Wendy's mons while I vigorously

ploughed her furrow, so I couldn't see what Tom was up to, but I knew what was about to happen.

The hand on my head exerted a little pressure. "That's nice, kid, I like your enthusiasm," Wendy muttered.

The hands gripping my cheeks, prised them apart and gave them a squeeze. "No, Wendy, this is nice. Dip your back, Goldilocks..." He released my right cheek and slapped my ass. I complied and pushed my peach back aware I was acting like the dirty slut in his imagination. "That's better..."

He stoked my ass and played with my plump, thrusting lips, while I sucked on Wendy's and nibbled her stubby clit.

"Uhhh," I moaned softly when he eased his cock into my quim.

"Any idea if Goldilocks is available during next week, Wendy?" he asked casually as his huge knob burrowed deeper and deeper into my velvet tunnel.

His action inspired me to follow suit. "Mmmm," Wendy sighed, when I plunged my tongue into the soft whirlpool of flesh, guarding her vaginal entrance. She luxuriated in the pleasurable sensations for a minute before replying. "Maybe the week after. Her diary is full next week."

Tom thrust his hips four times, then withdrew and slid his knob up my perinium to the one hole he hadn't visited.

“Fuck, what about during the day?”

“Uhhhhhhh,” I groaned, when without delay, he attacked the obstinate barrier with the slimy domed head of his rejuvenated cock. “Uhhhhh.” I complained again when Tom blasted past my tight muscle and powered his way into my rectum and the bottomless cavity beyond. He continued until he was hard up against my rounded ass cheeks.

“We do promotional work, exhibitions, launches, a lot of corporate work. The big companies like afternoons...” Her words trailed off.

Tom’s powerful thrusts were causing my face to slide back and forth on Wendy’s labia, and with both of her hands pressing down on my head, she was making the most of the intense activity. She started writhing, beneath me, in time to the distant music, obviously in the throes of a powerful orgasm.

“Juliet,” she sighed. “Yessssssssss, oh yeeeeeeessssss...”

Meanwhile, Tom’s thrusts became more urgent. He then upped the tempo to such a degree, I had to lift my head off her pussy.

Wendy allowed me a respite, while Tom groaned his way through another ejaculation. He ground to a halt and left his cock buried deep inside me. “I’m guessing that you two work together at those events.”

“We do usually, Tom. If you want us for a meeting, a birthday party or a barbecue and you need some entertainment, say a dom/sub combo, or two tarty sluts, Terry will arrange something for you. A word of warning. We don’t come cheap.” She pointed at a door. “You can shower in the en-suite.”

“Oh, okay...” He slowly (Reluctantly?) withdrew his cock and headed for the bathroom.

I watched his naked muscular body retreat from the room. “Missing his black cock already?” Wendy asked.

I shook my head and became aware of Wendy’s juices on my face. “Nah, I’ve had enough for one day.”

“Tom was just the warmup act!” She drew her knees up onto her body. “You missed a hole.”

I studied her dark star and glistening labia. The girl had a beautiful body. “My mouth is tired, Wendy.” I started crawling forward, but she tried to stop me.

“Juliet, I said you missed a hole.”

I fought her hands and legs as she twisted her body. “I want to kiss you,” I blurted out.

She righted herself and let me crawl forward until I was leaning over her. “Alright...” She worked her butt back and climbed to her knees, then moved forward, until out tits were touching. I lifted my hands to her shoulders and gazed into her stunning brown eyes.

“Well?” she said.

I leant forward and kissed her gently on the lips. We both had full wide lips. Hers looked natural but I wasn’t sure about mine. When I exerted pressure, she responded, then gradually opened her mouth and let my tongue in. That was the start of a lengthy snog, me with my arms around her shoulders, while she held my waist. We twisted our heads in opposite directions, first one way then the other.

I heard the door open, but I was looking away, so I just continued kissing Wendy until she broke away.

“Phew,” Wendy said as we both drew our breath in.

“Don’t let me disturb you two horny creatures,” Tom said.

I looked over my shoulder to see him drop the towel and pick up his shorts – black, close hugging. The man was a show-off. With a body like his, why not?

“Let me take your top off,” Wendy suggested. “You can have a rest from being daddy’s little slut.”

I held my arms up while she lifted the garment off, before chucking it on the floor to join the rest of our clothes. She dragged me down onto the bed, then pushed me onto my side so she could lay behind me. In that position, we were able to watch Tom dress.

He started buttoning his shirt. “What else do you get up to in the board rooms?” he asked.

“What’s in our repertoire kid?” Leather, latex, schoolgirl. You name it and we’ll provide the service. It’s all show, though. Lap dancing, entertainment, but no group sex.”

He sat down to slip his shoes on. “Well, I’ll try and drop in to see you on Tuesday morning anyway.” He stood up.

I looked over my shoulder. “What does he mean?”

“Oh, he owns the Premier Gym chain. That’s how the brothers know him.”

“Yes, I’ll let the mad German know I’m popping in. Ten o’clock, wasn’t it?”

“Wendy nodded. That’s right.”

“Do I get a goodbye kiss?” Wendy started to move, so I scrambled off the bed first. “Black and white, my favourite combination.” He said, just before we both went up onto tiptoe and let him kiss each of us in turn.

Naked, apart from my ankle socks, I followed the black pair to the front door. I stood back, behind Wendy just in case someone was on the landing. I needn’t have worried because we were on the top floor and we only had one neighbour.

I waited for Wendy to close the door and turn. “Who is the mad German?”

“Haven’t you heard Karl being called that?”

I shook my head slowly as I put the pieces of the puzzle together. Wendy walked past me, so I followed. “Do you think Karl will mind Tom interrupting out fitness session?”

She shrugged. “He’s the boss. He can do what he wants.”

We entered her bedroom. “What time are we going to see Terry?” I asked.

“We’ll leave here at four. Jack’s coming up at one...” she bent over and picked up a skirt, giving me a spectacular view of her cunt. “...so, give me a hand to tidy the flat.”

I helped her collect the items. I picked up my top and a thong. “Who’s Jack?”

She rounded on me. “Are you trying to wind me up?”

“Sorry, Wendy.” I sat down on the end of the bed and decided to do some explaining. “When I came out of Paul Jennings’s house, this morning, I was feeling terrible...”

She stood with her hands on her hips. “Did you snort too much while you were there?”

I shook my head. “No, I took the usual amount. Paul might have given me something more powerful. Anyway, when I got in my car, I couldn’t remember stuff. Like, what I had planned for tomorrow or the whole week...”

“Are you shitting me?”

“No, I swear. I remember you and this place. I know what I do, but not who I’m doing it with. I can’t even remember who I was shagging yesterday.”

She sat down beside me. “That’s not a bad thing kid. I wish I could forget a lot of the cunts I’ve shagged.”

“It’s not funny, Wendy. My mind is blank. You’ve got to help me.”

“Alright, Jack Winter is the guy who lives in the flat below. Ring any bells?”

I glumly shook my head. “No, sorry.”

She gave me a hard stare. “If you’re shitting me, I’ll hogtie you and beet the crap out of you.”

“I’m deadly serious. Something happened to me last night in my sleep.” I was so focused she began to take me seriously. “Wendy, I’m sure if you fill in some of the blanks, stuff will start coming back to me.

She took a deep breath. “Alright. We invited Tom and his wife to our first party when we moved in about a year ago. You know, get to know the neighbours. Butter them up.”

“Because we make a racket, or we have lots of men up here?”

“Both. Do you remember him? White, well-built, thirty-nine I think he said. Greying prematurely like that football manager you fancy.”

“Jose Mourinho?” It was a stab in the dark.

“That’s the one. You do remember.”

I shook my head. “No, sorry, Wendy.”

Her eyes narrowed. “There is something different about you. You’ve never munched my pussy or kissed me so passionately. Not even when we’re working.”

“I don’t think that’s connected. I think we’re entering a new stage in our relationship.”

“What like lovers?” she asked.

“Maybe?”

“Huh, you and your strap-on will never be a substitute for the real thing,” she said boldly, but I detected a softer response than I had received earlier.

“Anyway,” she continued. “Jack was married to Kim until about a couple of months ago. We didn’t see them that much. He works for the WHO. Always jetting around the world.”

“So, they came to our parties?”

“Maybe half a dozen times. He was fine. Flirty, you know. I could see that Kim

didn't enjoy herself."

"Why. Wasn't she a party girl?"

"She drank and danced but she was jealous of you."

"Me? Why me and not you?"

"She caught you kissing Jack in the kitchen. She's the blonde bimbo type, like you." I instinctively grabbed her like a man would and pushed her down onto the bed.

She looked surprised as I leant over her as though I was about to kiss her.

"Wendy, I'm not a bimbo."

"You are most of the time. You're a younger version of Kim, that's why..."

"He hit on me?"

She nodded. "The flat was full of couples dancing and snogging. She left and he followed soon after."

I assumed from what she said that we didn't have sex which would have been

difficult in a packed flat.

She put her arm around my back. “Can’t you remember kissing him?”

I leant down and kissed her on the lips. “Like that?”

She licked her lips. “More passionate.”

I kissed her again, but with more fervour. “More like that?” She nodded. “No, sorry. Has he been up since Kim left him?” I sat up and she followed suit.

“No. I bumped into him the other day and asked him up for a cup of coffee... Mmmm, he might have invited himself, now I come to think about it. I want to keep him onside. A friendly neighbour. Maybe even a client.” She held up a handful of clothing. “Help me put this stuff in the washing machine.”

We tidied the flat, then Wendy led the way to my bedroom. We were still naked, a state I was becoming used to. However, Wendy wanted me to wear something sexy to impress our neighbour. Once again, it looked as though I was the one having to do all the heavy lifting...”

2.2 ~ The handsome visitor.

I stood back while Wendy pulled a drawer open. She chose a red basque, a matching tulle thong and a sleeveless tunic that had fancy lace edges. As soon as Wendy had thrown the items on the bed, I picked up the basque. “This is a nice bit of kit. Is all our underwear this exotic?”

Wendy looked annoyed. “You modelled it for the catalogue. Apparently, you mentioned your starring role to Jack at the Easter party.”

“Catalogue?”

She crossed the room to one of the bedside tables and pulled out a thick magazine from the top drawer.

She threw it on the bed. “Look through that. It might jog your memory. I’m guessing that he got hold of a copy of ‘Fabulous Lingerie’ and has been wanking off, all over it, ever since.”

“Yes, guys do that...”

“Well, they don’t often get the chance to shag the girls in the mag and there’s no doubt in my mind he’s a potential customer. If we sign him up, we each get two hundred pounds.”

“Is this the first time... I mean has he been up since his wife left?”

Wendy got to her feet and pulled a face. “I can’t believe you can’t remember stuff. The answer is no, but I want you to be ready if he shows any interest. This will be the first time we’ve had a chance to talk to him about becoming a client. I could see it in his eyes and hear it in the tone of his voice. ‘How’s Juliet? Is she just as gorgeous?’, was his question.

“What did you say?”

“Why don’t you come up and see for yourself. The first time is always free.”

“You didn’t!”

“I did. I wanted him to know that we work for an agency, so I told him about the brothers. It didn’t put him off knowing that the only relationships we have with men is strictly business... Okay, we’ve got to get ready. You can leave your bunches in this afternoon. Terry likes them, so when you shower, wear a cap.” She pointed at the mirror robes. “Your shoes are in the bottom of that one. Forget stockings but the red kimono will go nice with the lingerie. I’m going to get changed.”

I wondered what Wendy was going to wear. Maybe, she had her own exclusive lingerie. I picked up the catalogue and flicked through the pages. I spotted myself modelling three lines and thought that the photography was of a high quality. Seeing my new self, looking so amazingly beautiful had a calming effect on me. I didn’t spot Wendy among the two or three black models used and wondered why.

During the shower, I thought about Juliet's torrid existence, in comparison to my old life. I started to worry about my estate agency business and what would become of it with a prostitute running it. The girl only knew how to sell her body. Houses were a completely different kettle of fish. James's wife Kelly would help, but her experience was limited but unfortunately, she had little knowledge of the financial side of the business.

Dressing in ultra-sexy items was unsettlingly strange. I was never able to afford anything close in quality or sexiness for Kelly. It was going to take me a long time to get used to dressing in them, so I had to do something to solve the mystery that had so cruelly engulfed me.

The soft satin corset with its under tit support, fastened easily down the front with a strong zip. I squeezed my jutting orbs, causing a shiver to run down my spine. The corset was tight but comfortable. I hated the way the thong pulled up between my butt cheeks but loved the tunic/top because it covered my tits – just. The frilly hem was ludicrously short and designed to leave the lower slopes of my ass showing, along with the tiny 'V' of my semi-transparent thong.

While looking for the kimono, I discovered that the other wardrobes contained dozens of outfits, most of which were kinky and not suitable for outdoor wear. I wasn't sure if I had taken them to clients or wore them in the flat. Whichever it was, the outfits were all designed to titillate clients before they thoroughly screwed me. Almost all sexual fantasies were catered for, including baby, schoolgirl, rubber and many more.

I found a pair of red stilettos and was once again surprised when I balanced and easily walked in them. The Kimono was short but covered my ass. I examined myself in the mirror and decided I was ready to meet the man who had the hots for me.

When I pushed open Wendy's bedroom door, she was putting the finishing touches to her outfit. And, what an outfit it was! She had squeezed herself into a red latex cat suit. She too was wearing red stilettos and she had combed her black hair so that it tumbled around her shoulders. The catsuit had a black zip that ran down the front and disappeared between her thighs.

"Wow," I exclaimed. "You look fantastic." I walked up to her. "Can I touch the material?"

"Touch away."

I cupped her boobs and as I squeezed gently, they swelled in the 'V' of the neckline. "This feels... er..." I nearly forgot myself. "You have great tits and I love the smell of latex."

"Mmmm, you used to complain about wearing latex. Now, you're a sudden convert? Look, Juliet, I'm the dominatrix. You do as you're told, or I'll give you a whack. Got it?"

I nodded. I had just noticed the black glossy collar, remote controller and riding crop laying on the bed. "Is that necessary?"

"Absolutely. We will put an act on for our neighbour while he enjoys his cup of coffee." She picked up the collar. "Turn around."

It was just a collar, but having it fitted around my neck had a strange effect on

me. Suddenly changing my physical appearance from a strong male to a weak female was bad enough. The collar made me feel even weaker and subservient. I also didn't like the way it hinged at the front and clicked shut at the back.

"That's tight, Wendy," I complained. "Can you slacken it a bit?"

"Stop complaining. It has to be tight so the metal contacts on the inside touch your neck."

"What... Why?" I gripped the collar and could hardly move it.

"Terry likes you collared so I thought you can wear it for Jack."

I glanced at the remote. "It's one of those punishment collars, isn't it?"

She nodded. "Memory returning, heh?" The doorbell rang. It was exactly one o'clock. "Go, answer the door, Juliet, and show him how pleased you are to see him."

I walked down the hall elegantly in my stilettoes and satin kimono. I knew that Jack looked like Jose Mourinho so when I opened the door, I wasn't surprised when I found a tanned, greying, 40ish, handsome man standing before me.

"Jack, it's good to see you. Come in."

He looked at me as if I was a stranger, leaning his head one way and then the other. Then, the moment was gone. He stepped over the threshold, slipped an arm around my waist and kissed me gently on the lips.

“You look good in red, Juliet. Where’s your gorgeous flatmate?” He was carrying a gift bag which interested me. He dropped his hand, slipped it under the hem of the kimono and gave my naked ass a squeeze.

“Cheeky! Wendy is waiting for us.”

“Did I catch you in the middle of dressing, Juliet?”

“No, more like undressing...” It was a daring retort, but in character, I hoped.

Again, he looked at me with a frown, then smiled. “You’re full of surprises, Juliet.”

“Come on, Wendy is waiting for us...” I squirmed out of his grip

As I led him down the hall I was struck by his easy-going, relaxed manner. I on the other hand was anxious about my role in promoting the brother’s agency and ultimately having to have sex with the man.

“Oh, wow!” Jack exclaimed when we entered the lounge. “You look stunning in red latex, Wendy.” He strode over to her, then kissed her on the lips. However, he was much more respectful to my provocatively dressed flatmate and kept his hands to himself.

“Is that a present for me?” Wendy asked as soon as they parted.

If there was one thing I had learned in my male lifetime, it was that women loved gifts. My curiosity was also piqued when I saw the bag, which made me wonder if there was some of the real Juliet left in my brain.

“I have something for both of you.” He walked over to the table and placed the bag on the surface, then removed two flat packages. They were wrapped in gold paper and tied with fancy ribbon. “I bought your gifts during my last visit to Geneva.”

He handed them over. The final item out of the bag was a bottle of champagne. “Shall I open this while you girls open your presents?”

“Go ahead, Jack.” Wendy couldn’t wait to open her package. “It has to be lingerie.”

It was a dead heat to discover the contents. “It’s underwear!” I declared as soon as I had pulled the top off the box. I was excited at first, but then disappointed for some reason. I wasn’t sure what I was hoping for, but it wasn’t more sexy lingerie.

“It’s Charmel. This is gorgeous.” Wendy sorted through the contents of the box.

Hers contained a full set of pink, lacy lingerie, including bra, panties, thong and corset. My set was dark blue. I picked up the panties which had a lace front and satin back. “Charmel? Is that an expensive brand?”

She nodded. “Huh! He’s spent a cool thousand pounds on us...”

“What’s that?” Jack asked as he entered holding the bottle and three fluted glasses. “Did I hear the mention of money?”

“You shouldn’t have spent so much,” I said, just before Wendy elbowed me.

Wendy waited until he had placed the glasses on the table. “We were just saying how delighted we were with our presents, Jack. We have nothing as fine as Charmel in our wardrobe.” We both went to him and kissed him again, briefly on the cheek.

“You two deserve the finest clothes money can buy,” he said boldly, then started to pour the champagne.

“What are we celebrating?” I asked.

“The culmination of a project I’ve been working on. It’s nice to have two such

stunning beauties to share my success. I won't bore you with the details though." He handed out the glasses, then raised his. We followed suit and sipped the sparkling wine. "Here's to the impossible dream..."

He was thoroughly enjoying himself and totally relaxed in our company.

I wish I could have said the same for myself.

2.3. ~ Dropping a bombshell.

I had no time to think about having sex with Paul Jennings. Then, I had no option but to perform oral on my former self because I desperately needed the information. When I returned to the flat, another client, Tom wanted to fuck me, despite it costing him a wad of cash. I was learning that a prostitute's life moved at a rapid pace. Looking back, I hardly had any time to catch my breath since waking that morning.

The arrival of Jack Winter was different though. I was subjected to a slow build-up, so consequently I had plenty of time to think about what was going to happen when he arrived. We each drank two glasses of champagne. The sparkling wine helped – a little. I needed it more than the other two because my nerves were frayed.

Wendy was in charge though and had steered Jack and me to the sofa, while she sat in an easy chair. “Jack, the presents were very nice, however, like I said before, I don’t want you to think that either of us are looking for a personal relationship with you.”

He placed his hand on my thigh. “I totally understand, Wendy. You two are businesswomen and provide a service to well-off men like me. I get it. I’ve used prostitutes in a dozen cities across the world. I’m sure I’ll be willing to pay your agency’s price, once I’ve sampled the quality of their young ladies.” He slid his hand up my thigh until his fingers were able to gently caress the triangle of my thong. “I’m especially looking forward to sampling this young lady’s delights.”

“Then, you shall get your wish. Juliet, stand up and show our guest why you’re the number one girl at the agency.”

“Number one, heh?” he responded. “I’m not surprised.

As I stood up, Jack ran his hand up the side of my body, then I was out of range. I turned and after unfastening the kimono’s belt, I slipped it off and threw it on the sofa. I had seen several men lusting after my body since I woke that morning. There were three at Paul’s house. Then, there was me and a couple of other men in the restaurant.

Jack’s expression was far more intense. I knew what he was thinking because I thought like a man! He was desperate to see me naked, then he wanted to screw me, every which way he could, until he couldn’t get it up anymore. I silently cursed Wendy for offering me as a sample. He had gifted me £500 worth of exclusive lingerie, but the guy ought to be handing over cash to me or the agency for using my body.

Wendy got to her feet. “Would you like to watch me dominate Juliet while you have another glass of champagne, Jack?”

“Maybe when I book the pair of you for the night, heh?”

“Suit yourself.” She put her hand on my shoulder and looked Jack in the eye. “The agency absolutely frowns upon rough stuff without permission. You will be expelled from the club if you step over the line...” She turned me around, then stroked my naked butt cheeks. “Juliet’s last client paid to spank her. A caning will cost you an arm and a leg. If we have any trouble with our clients, the brother’s make sure they never come near us again.”

When Jack got to his feet, I hoped that the veiled threat had put him off, but that wasn't the case. "Wendy, I made my wealth when I was a young man. If all the girls at your agency are like you two, then I'll be happy to pay whatever is necessary. And, by the way, I have no intention of spanking her stunning ass." Instead, he patted it gently.

Both were treating me like an inanimate object – a vessel for men to shoot spunk into. Mistreat the object and someone will mistreat you. I was shocked by the baseness of my occupation and the implied violence associated with it.

"Okay, Jack, Juliet will take you to her room and entertain you for forty minutes. You have until two o'clock. We will be going out soon after that."

"Tell me, Wendy, does my freebie include some mild bondage?"

"Sure, Juliet will show you what's available." She gently slapped my ass. "Go and have some fun, kid."

I led the way out of the lounge to my bedroom and closed the door behind me. He stood looking around. "This is a nice room." He turned. "Where do you keep your bondage gear?"

I had to think. "Um, Wendy has just moved all my stuff around. I... I think it's in one of the bed drawers."

"Of course..." He walked to the side of the bed and opened the first one.

It contained bed linen, as did the second. I went to the other side and hit the jackpot. “She’s moved it to this side,” I said lamely.

He came around and looked down at the assortment of leather and metal restraints. “Get undressed while I find what I’m looking for.”

“Oh, I thought you liked girls in lingerie.”

“No, kid, take it all off. I prefer to see you as naked as the day you were born.”

I started with the corset while he removed four leather cuffs, chains and padlocks. The bed had metal bed ends obviously bought with bondage in mind.

As soon as I was naked, he pointed at the cuffs. “Put those on your wrists and ankles.”

I sat down on the edge of the bed and began the task. “Is bondage your thing, Jack?”

He gave that strange sideways nod of the head again. “I’m the client, for now, Juliet. Just do as you’re told. I want you lying in the centre of the bed with your head on the pillow.”

Naked, apart from the collar and cuffs, I climbed on and laid down while he watched and studied my body. He was standing at the bed head so I found myself offering my hand to him. He attached a chain to the cuff with the locking hook on the end, then attached the chain to a convenient eyelet on the metal corner post.

“Go easy on me, please, Jack.”

He just smiled down at me as he secured my wrist. “These bed manufacturers think of everything,” he muttered, then went around and fastened my left wrist to the other post.

After he padlocked chains to the ankle cuffs, I was expecting him to attach them to the bed end, but that wasn’t the case. Instead, he started to lift my right foot. “Juliet, I want you in the tuck position...”

“Oh,” I exclaimed. “That’s a bit extreme.”

“Nonsense, you told me that you were a gymnast for eight years.”

“Well, yes...”

“So, you must have had sex in every conceivable position.”

I didn't have any choice but to allow him to chain my ankle cuffs to the same posts as my wrists, forcing my legs wide apart. I had to lift my ass and expose every detail of my nether region to him. The position left my plump cunt horizontal and in the perfect position to be roundly fucked. He wasn't ready though, for he had one more item to fit – a rubber ball gag.

Once he had pushed the ball into my mouth and fastened the leather strap behind my head, he started to undress. I wasn't uncomfortable. My body was supple and young. At 39, Jack was 18 years older than me, but in remarkably good shape.

He climbed on the bed and moved forward until he was upright on his knees and his thighs were pressing against my taut buttocks. His balls pushed into my ass crack and his impressive cock sat along my pudendal cleft.

“Juliet, nod if you agree and shake your head if you disagree.” He showed me his arm muscles like Popeye would after eating a tin of spinach. “What do you think? Am I in good shape for a thirty-nine-year-old man?”

I nodded because he was fit and also handsome.

He looked down, leant back and eased his cock into my exposed succulent entrance. “Ahhhh, I sighed as he used his thirteen? stone to drive it in to the hilt.

“Close your eyes, Juliet, and soak up the sensations.”

I preferred to watch. He put his hands on the exposed backs of my knees and

began a slow piston motion, using virtually the full 10” of his solid shaft. Back, forth, back, forth. A thrill started to build in my belly, only for him to slow and stop.

“Juliet, or should I call you James? Does that feel good?”

It took a moment for his question to sink in, then his words hit home like a thunderbolt. The man behind the diabolical plot to switch my mind was in the process of fucking me, not once, but twice over!

2.4 ~ The story unfolds.

I couldn't think clearly at first because he resumed his powerful thrusts as though he hadn't just dropped a bombshell. His question had instantly killed any pleasure I might have enjoyed. He was okay though and appeared to be getting a huge kick out of the situation.

"Uhhhhhhh," I complained.

He put his finger against his lips. "Shhhh... I'm going to explain everything to you in a minute. First though, try and enjoy yourself.

He upped the tempo and pounded my tight, juicy quim while thudding against my taut buttocks with his powerful body and swinging balls. I was unable to enjoy the fuck because my mind was focusing on other things, like how did he manage to strike a deal with the real Juliet Savage. But, there was a more urgent question. Why would he do such a thing to my old self – James Conway?

I was miserable and confused by the time Jack emptied his balls deep inside my battered womb. He withdrew, slipped off the bed and disappeared into the bathroom. When he returned a minute later, my mind was still in a spin. He crawled back on the bed and resumed the same position against my ass. I noticed he had cleaned himself and his cock was dry, but soft.

"Juliet, I'm going to tell you what's happened to you and how I helped the real Juliet escape from this body..." He patted my tummy. "Then, I'll tell you how and why I did it. You, James Conway, was chosen by Juliet and I had no say in the matter. You were unlucky that the prostitute you used was a friend of the real Juliet. Apparently, your prostitute friend boasted about what a nice guy you were and how you visited her in the afternoon on Fridays."

He let that sink in for a minute. Somehow Megan, my old friend had helped with the switch! I was devastated.

Jack continued. "I have known Juliet for five years, but we kept it a secret when she moved in here with Wendy. My wife caught us kissing in the kitchen at a party and that was the final straw for our marriage."

"Urrrrrrrr..." I shook my head, trying to make him take the gag off. I had so many questions.

He shook his head. "No, Juliet, your questions can wait. Just listen for now. The real Juliet and I have been meeting and plotting the swap for several weeks. It was much easier when my wife was gone. Juliet was careful only to come and see me when Wendy was out. I decided that I wanted to test the potion, for although I had seen the results in Tibet, I wanted to see it work before I risked my life. Juliet suggested that she swap with you, for she was desperate to get out of her body and the sex trade. Becoming an estate agent appealed to her. Huh, it would be my last choice of a profession!"

"Rrrrrrrrr!" I exclaimed, furious at the glib way he discussed the way he had ruined my life.

He stroked my thrusting pussy. "It meant of course that you inherited Juliet's body." His cock looked as though it was rock hard again. "And, my god, what a body. Anyway, let's get to the opportunity, then I'll tell you my motive. Once Juliet's friend had slipped you the potion in a drink, yesterday afternoon, Juliet drank her part of the potion..."

“Rrrrrrr!” I raged when I remembered what happened when I dropped by Megan’s flat for a quickie.

I had accepted a large vodka and orange and never suspected it was laced with a potion.

“We were betting on you having a good night’s sleep, while Juliet’s was hit and miss. Anyway, it worked. She, er, James phoned me this morning to tell me that the switch had worked and that he had spoken to you after leaving a client’s house. He said you were shocked but handling the situation well. He was right. When you opened the door to the flat, I wasn’t sure for a second which mind you were in. However, I needn’t have worried. You didn’t recognize me. I saw it in your eyes. You didn’t even know where you kept your bondage items. But, you were fucking cool and so gorgeous... It turns out that you’ve got your head screwed on which should make the next step of my plan run smoothly.”

He leant back and eased his cock into my juicy vagina. He didn’t need as much power to fully impale me on his second visit. With his body hard up against my upturned ass, he reached forward and gently fondled my tits.

“Nice of the brothers to enhance the parts of your body that matter...”

As soon as his hands returned to the backs of my thighs, he began to shaft me once again. He used a slow tempo, as though he was savouring the feel of his cock sliding back and forth in my sore quim. He wasn’t staying long, for there was a vacant, tighter hole, just an inch or two lower.

“Kid, you are so juicy, a rivulet of cream has reached your pucker,” he muttered as he prodded the obstinate entrance.

“Uhhhhh,” I groaned when he exerted ample pressure to breach my defences and continue on in, until my butt cheeks halted his heavy body.

“Anal sex is a pain for the girl, don’t you agree, Juliet?” he asked as he picked up speed.

“Uhhhhh.” I nodded in agreement, although it wasn’t as painful as I expected.

He threw himself into the fuck with animal ferocity, as though it was his first sex for months. When he came, he grunted through his orgasm until he stopped, still skewering my rectum.

He ran his hands over my body, seemingly caressing it lovingly. “Juliet, I’ve known since I was a boy that I was born in the wrong body. I won’t bore you with any of my thirty odd years of misery and the effect my dysphoria has had on me. I turned my mind to business and made my fortune in the fashion industry. Mainly lady’s fashion. When I came across the story of mind transference in Tibet, I investigated it. If you have enough money, you can buy anything. After befriending a Tibetan monk and building him a monastery, he prepared enough potion for me to find the perfect body for my mind.”

When my eyes widened, he nodded, withdrew his cock and hurried to the bathroom. Then, he returned for a third time and assumed the same position.

“So, I know the potion works. All we need to do now is both take the potion on Monday. While we sleep, during the night, you’ll become me, a multi-millionaire and I’ll become Juliet Savage, a beautiful young prostitute. I will have the female body I have craved for so long and you will have enough wealth to buy your old company a hundred times over. I sold my company over a year ago and since then I have been jetting around the world promoting the World Health Organization. My expenses are eyewatering and they pay them without question. I don’t know how fit James Conway is, but you’ll be inheriting a healthy body. I think I just proved that.”

He leant forward and released the buckle on the gag and eased the ball out of my mouth. “Ahhhhhhhh!” I gasped.

“Sorry about that, kid, but we didn’t have long for me to explain everything. Any questions?”

“Yes, one big one...” I rubbed my aching jaw. “Juliet..., me..., er, I’m a prostitute. I can understand you wanting to change your gender, but why did you choose a prostitute?”

“Juliet and I have known each other on and off for years. Our paths have crossed several times, like ships in the night. We were friends, not lovers. I gave her money when she was down and needed help. I only married Kelly for appearances. I never loved her. I’ve never loved a woman. However, I have lusted after this body for years.” He stroked the convex lips of my pussy while he talked. “When I came back from Tibet and bought my flat downstairs, within a month, fate brought us back together again.”

I wasn’t sure If I wanted to put him off the idea, because in his plan I was the winner, hands down – if I went along with it. So, I toned my question down. “So,

you want to be a prostitute with two aggressive black guys running your life?”

He shook his head. “Kid, don’t you think I’ve got an exit strategy? I’ve spent the last month creating a new identity. New passport, driver’s licence, airline ticket, bank account. Everything I need, including a suitcase full of clothes. It will be packed and waiting in my flat. The new Juliet owns a flat in New York, so I’ll have everything I need to live in the US. Juliet was very obliging and helped me get all the documents, providing fingerprints and photographs.”

“How much will I have in my bank account?”

“The same as me, over a Million pounds. All you have to do is come down to my flat on Monday morning, alone, for a drink. We’ll share the potion and when we switch during our sleep, we’ll be set for life. Wendy and her boss will have to find themselves a suitable replacement, but no one else will be impacted by our actions.”

“Juliet takes smack. I’m hooked on cocaine.”

“I know about your habit, kid. I enjoy a line from time to time. With me at the helm, I’ll soon have it under control. My phone number is on your cell phone so ring me if anything crops up.”

It sounded like the perfect plan. “Why wait until Monday? Why not do it tonight?”

“I fly on Tuesday and I still have some loose ends to tie up. Besides, I don’t fancy your weekend life. No, I want you to come down on Monday morning. Your boss gives you the day off and relaxes the shackles, so it would be best then. If Wendy wants to come down with you, it doesn’t matter, she won’t know what’s going on. Then, when you go to bed, set the alarm for 5 AM.”

“Hang on you’ll wake up in my body.”

“Correct and you will wake up in mine. I will simply get dressed, leave the flat, knock on my door and pick up my bags from you. Then, I’ll jump in a taxi and go straight to the airport. I’ll leave all the instructions, in my flat, on how you can continue my millionaire lifestyle.”

That meant I had to endure nearly 48 hours of Juliet’s life, but I had a way out that I wasn’t expecting. “Okay. Are you going to release me now?”

“In a minute...” He climbed off the bed and started to get dressed but he didn’t take his eyes off my exposed buttocks and my thrusting sex.

He had just put his pants on when the door opened. It was Wendy, looking stunning in red latex. She stood in the doorway, studying my splayed posture. “Jack, your time is up.”

“Okay, do you want me to release her?”

She had a smirk on her face. “No, leave her like that. We can talk business

without her getting in the way. I'll sort her out later."

"Wendy, at least release my legs," I pleaded.

She spotted the gag lying beside me. "Anymore and I'll shove that back in."

Jack picked up his shirt, stepped into his shoes and left the room with Wendy. I wasn't uncomfortable, but I was stunned by the information that Jack had disclosed to me. Was there a flaw in his plan? I began to wrack my brains for one. I had plenty of time, or did I?

2.5 ~ Back to work.

About ten minutes later, Wendy, still wearing her red catsuit, returned to the room. She had a broad smile on her face. “Another satisfied customer. He’s signed the membership forms and paid the joining fee. “Well done, kid.”

“Is there any champagne left?” I asked.

“Nope, we drank it.” She climbed on the bed, but instead of releasing me, she dipped her head and started to perform cunnilingus on me.

“Oh, fuck, that feels sensational, Wendy.”

My plump labia was spread wide and my clitoral ridge was an easy target for her tongue and lips. She sucked and pulled it with her lips, then rapidly lapped it from side to side. My senses sparkled with thrills and energy, when a powerful orgasm consumed me. For a few minutes, I forgot about ever being a man and that I was only temporarily occupying Juliet’s body. There was no comparison to the depth and intensity of what I was experiencing, to the brief, explosive climax men experienced.

“Wendy, you are so good at that...” I pulled on the chains and squirmed endlessly, until she finally lifted her head and slipped off the bed.

“Now, let’s see,” she said examining my restraints.

She released the ankle chains so that I could unfurl my body, then grasped my ankles and pulled me as far down the bed as the chains attached to my wrists would allow.

“What are you doing...?” She attached the ankle chains to the bed end corner posts, spreadeagling me on the bed.

“That’s better, kid.” She unzipped her catsuit and eased it off her shoulders, then slowly started to peel it off her black, beautiful body.

“Wow, you have an amazing body, Wendy.”

“So do you for a white bitch...” She had to sit on the bed to remove the suit completely, then she was ready to do her thing.

She climbed on and manoeuvred her legs so that she was kneeling on my shoulders and her feet were beside my head. Then, she gently lowered her ass until her cunt docked with my mouth. She had decided to ride my face and tethered the way I was, I had no option but to serve my black mistress with as much gusto as I could manage.

Her plump lips were even more fulsome than mine, and her clitoral meat chunkier. I had a lot of pussy to suck, lap and nibble, but I could tell from her response that she was loving my efforts.

“Kid, that is fucking cool...”

I soon learnt when Wendy wanted me to plunge into each of her orifices. She paused her movement for a minute and squirmed while I penetrated her as far as my tongue could reach. Then, it was back to lapping her black pussy while she applied more weight and increased her rocking motion.

“I need more...” she said after lifting her ass.

“Your pussy is so sumptuous, Wendy.”

She clambered off the bed and delved into the drawer. “You did good, Kid, but munching has its limitations...” She held up a huge black, double ended, ribbed dildo. “This is what we need.”

“My god, Wendy, those cocks are enormous!”

“All the better to fuck us both with!”

After climbing between my legs, she inserted one end into my succulent vagina. “Wendy, that’s...”

“Good?”

I nodded. I could feel every ridge rubbing against my internal walls as it burrowed deeper and deeper. “That’s it, I gasped when I felt the blunt tip nudge my extremity.

She stopped pushing and started to impale herself on the other end. As soon as just a few inches of the centre were visible, she began to gently thrust her hips. “How does that feel?”

I hated to admit it, but I loved the rippling sensation that just an inch or two of movement created. “It feels good, Wendy. Is this something we did often?”

She shook her head and leant forward. She grabbed my nipples and twisted. “You really can’t remember anything can you?”

“Owwwwwww. No; I can’t. Stop doing that, please.”

She leant further forward until our noses were nearly touching. “What else would you like me to do?”

“Wendy, you’re fucking me and twisting my nipples. I want you to kiss me.”

She did and put everything into it. Somehow, she maintained a grip on my nipples and moved the dildo throughout the snog. I just laid back and soaked up the pleasure. We came together and shared a massive orgasm for what seemed like ages. Wendy exhausted herself and eventually collapsed on my spreadeagled body.

She lifted her head. “Do you know what, kid?” I shook my head. “Like you said, we are entering a new phase in our relationship.”

“We’re good together.” After what I had just arranged with Jack, our relationship was going to be short-lived, but I meant what I said.

After waiting patiently for Wendy to release me, we showered together and washed each other’s bodies. I had never experienced such intimacy as I did while Wendy ran her soapy hands over my lush body. I was discovering that women had so many erogenous zones that it was difficult being touched anywhere without feeling excitement.

I liked the way she ran her fingers down my back, then between my butt cheeks. My tits were hypersensitive, while my nipples were alarm bells waiting to go off. Then, when her massaging hands arrived at my belly, mons and thighs, I was in seventh heaven. She avoided touching my sex because we had to move on, but there was time for me to reciprocate by washing her body.

Then, we had an hour to get ready. Wendy was very much in charge so I had to wear what she chose from my wardrobe. She didn’t want me to wear a corset which was a godsend. The stunning dress was a baby doll style, made from stretchy mesh fabric. The material had been printed with an all-over, pink and purple leopard print. The dress had a ruffle trim hemline and tied spaghetti shoulder straps.

Wendy said it was a baby doll because the material gathered under my tits, giving them support and causing them to bulge out of the scoop neck. The gossamer thin material didn’t flair out, it hugged my slim body, accentuating my

slim figure. The strong colour went some way to cloud the fact that the material was translucent. However, the discerning viewer would easily see I was wearing a tiny pink gauze thong, especially if I stood still with the light behind me.

Wendy handed me a pair of lilac hold-ups. They matched one of the colours in the dress. “This dress is far too short to wear stockings,” I said as I sat down on the edge of the bed.

“Kid, it’s the fashion. You’re supposed to be flashing your thighs.”

“Huh, that’s not all I’ll be flashing if I bend over. Where are we going, Wendy?”

“I don’t know. Terry said he wanted you in this gear so I’m guessing we’re meeting him at a showroom for a shoot. Joshua will tell us where we’re going when he arrives.”

“A shoot? Like for a catalogue?”

“Yes, I’ll show you in a minute, come, I’ve got the shoes in my bedroom.

I followed her through and waited while she removed two boxes from the bottom of a wardrobe. She opened one. “Fuck,” I said. “Are they part of my outfit?”

The box contained a pair of glossy pink platform shoes that had, what looked like, five-inch heels and two-inch soles. “They are. You can put them on just before we leave.”

The box also contained some accessories. Purple ribbons to tie my hair, pink bangles and a pair of pink gauze gloves. “It’s the bimbo look again, isn’t it?” I suggested.

“Well, ‘Seriously Crane fashions’ only sell extreme, whacky clothes and accessories. I looked through their catalogue on the internet. Their gear is supposed to appeal to a new generation of just turned twenty somethings. Do you want to start your make-up while I get dressed?”

I lifted one of the heavy shoes out of the box. “I’ll try, Wendy, but I need you to help me again.”

“Alright, go and make a cup of coffee. Joshua will be here soon. He likes to leer at us while we get dressed.”

“Is he allowed to touch us?”

“Touch us? That man can’t keep his hands off us.”

“What about sex? Does he try it on?”

“Uncle Josh? Not when he picks us up, because he’s usually taking us somewhere where we’ve got to work. But, if Josh is on his own when he drops us home, he’ll be all over us like a rash.”

“So, it’s Uncle Josh and Terry likes to be called Daddy?”

“You got it in one. They all have the hots for your sweet ass but those two in particular have the clout and have to be respected. Henry, the other brother, is abroad on business. Germany, I think. He lets Terry run this side of the business while he promotes the brother’s motor sport team.”

With that information, I returned to my bedroom. I lifted the tray out of my jewellery box and discovered that my secret debit card was where James said it would be. Then, I retrieved the slip of paper he gave me, from my bag, read it and placed it with the debit card. After opening up my laptop, I put the password in and watched the desktop come to life.

That was when I realized that my hands were shaking badly. The prospect of meeting another unpredictable black guy was deeply worrying me. I hadn’t got time to delve into my bank accounts, but the dry run was useful for when I had more time. After closing the computer, I fished the box of snow out of my bag and cut a small line on the desktop. Then, after rolling a sheet from a yellow notepad, I snorted it quickly.

The effect was startlingly instant, but I was more prepared for the rush of bright lights and vivid colours, the loss of control and the overwhelming thrill. As soon as the initial rush had passed, I headed for the kitchen. I put the kettle on, then searched for three mugs.

I had just placed them on the counter, when the doorbell rang. Once again, I, a scantily dressed white girl, was heading for another confrontation with a black guy, and hadn't got a clue how to handle it...

2.6 ~ Bodyguards and bosses.

Joshua was a man mountain and almost blocked out the light from the window on the landing. He remained rooted to the spot and held his arms out.

“Princess...”

“Uncle Josh,” I exclaimed. I could tell by the way he bent his knees that he expected me to jump into his arms, so I did.

As soon as I had wrapped my thin, weak arms around his neck, he placed his hand under my naked butt and lifted me higher. His move encouraged me to wrap my legs around his waist, then he entered the flat and closed the door with his free hand.

“Baby, I love the dress and stockings. Come on, give me a kiss before I get my cock out and show you a real greeting.” He moved his fingers lower and fiddled with the narrow thong strap where it partially covered my hot, sticky entrance.

I kissed him briefly on the lips, as we entered the lounge, but the bodyguard was more interested in my lower lips. “Uncle, you’ll mess up my lingerie.”

Slap! “Watch your mouth, girl. Give me a proper kiss.”

The blow stung my ass, prompting me to do as I was told and give the man a huge passionate kiss. The last thing I wanted was to make such a huge brute angry at me. Then, just as I feared, the hand he had used to slap my ass, unzipped and released his cock.

Moments later, he pulled the strap of the thong out of the way and steered his cock to the fleshy spot where his finger had just discovered a juicy entrance. It appeared as though he intended to fuck me while he stood in the middle of the lounge, but that wasn't the case.

“Uggggggg,” I groaned softly, as once again my overused quim was stretched by an even thicker torpedo-like invader. “Oh, Uncle, that hurts,” I complained softly.

I was holding myself up with my arms around his neck but when he relaxed his hand supporting my ass, I slowly and inexorably sank onto his massive prong. When I was fully impaled. It felt as though the huge, burrowing intruder had wedged itself deep inside me.

“Of course it hurts, Princess. Your hole is tighter than most virgin's. I've told you before that you are without doubt my number one favourite fuck.”

He turned and approached the only blank piece of wall in the room. He pushed me against it, then began to withdraw and thrust, withdraw and thrust. The movement was only a couple of inches to begin with, then as soon as the piston was lubricated, he struck up a smooth, long powerful stroke.

“Oh my god!” I exclaimed, “You're going so deep...”

“Uh, uh, uh,” he grunted as he continued to try and drill deeper and deeper into my petite body.

He was using his powerful arms to pin me against the wall by holding my body under my armpits. The man went crazy, thrusting his monstrous dick up into me at a furious rate of knots. I clung on to his massive body, with my legs around his waist and my arms around his neck, despite shuddering and moaning through a violent, nerve jangling orgasm.

When he reached his big moment, he leant against me and thrust his hip upwards about ten times, ejecting as much jiz as he could spurt inside my petite body.

“Princess, you never disappoint.” He kissed my forehead, then carried me over to the table and perched my butt on the edge. After withdrawing and tucking his tackle away, he placed his hands on my thighs. “Thanks, Princess. Where’s Wendy?”

“In her room, getting dressed.”

“How about a cup of coffee?”

“Sure, I’ll go make it now.”

“Good. I’m going to have a chat with Wendy.”

I returned to the Kitchen, made the coffee, then visited the loo to have a douche. When I returned to the lounge, Wendy and Josh were waiting for me. Wendy was

wearing a similar dress to mine, but hers was off-white with an embroidered sheer mesh overlay. The multicoloured flowers stood out against the light background. It was a stunning bit of kit. Her hold-ups were dark gold and had a sparkly sheen.

While we drank our coffee, Wendy explained that Josh was taking us to a small studio in Elstree for a photoshoot. The company was called ‘Seriously Crane Fashions’. We would meet Terry Lloyd later, but the fashion company’s managing director, Ian Crane would be there to meet us.

Wearing platform shoes, a black leather jacket and carrying a matching clutch bag, I followed the other two down to the car park, where Joshua had parked a stretched Mercedes. There were clearly two sides to our profession. In the bedroom, we were used like common prostitutes, but publicly, for appearance’s sake, we were treated like Princesses.

The car with its sumptuous leather seats, and the chauffeur who had just shafted me, delivered us to a modern building on an industrial estate in northwest London. Joshua who had donned a smart black jacket and cap, escorted us through the main entrance and spoke to a young white girl on reception.

Moments later a tall black guy, dressed casually in brown slacks and a beige, short sleeve shirt, emerged from a corridor and came over to greet us. He held his hand out. “You must be Wendy and Juliet.”

I was immediately struck by Mr. Crane’s warm personality. I also noticed that he didn’t look at me with that lustful expression I had seen from most men since the switch. I took his hand first. “I’m, Juliet...”

“And, I’m Wendy,” my companion said hurriedly, almost taking his hand out of mine so she could shake it.

“Mr. Crane, I’ll leave the girls with you,” Joshua said. “I’ll see you later.”

“Thanks, Joshua. Tell Mr. Lloyd, I’ll ring him when we’ve finished. I’ll feed the girls then bring them down to the racetrack.”

The belligerent minder seemed surprised but accepted the plan and headed back to his car.

Our host turned to us. “Girls, we’re all on first name terms here so call me Ian.” We nodded, then followed him down a corridor and into a large photographic studio.

There were two backdrops, one white and one blue. There was also an impressive amount of tripod lights and photographic equipment. Two youngish guys, one white and one black appeared to be examining the lights. Ian introduced them as Steve and Mike, then they went back to what they were doing.

“All our clothes are manufactured in a factory in Essex, but this is where we design the outfits you’re wearing. We also create the internet catalogue and promotional material here,” he informed us. “The clothes that you’ll be modelling this afternoon will be on sale on Monday across the world.”

“Wow, that’s impressive, Ian,” I responded.

He smiled at us warmly. “When I saw your portfolios, I knew you two would be perfect for the new range I’m launching this summer...” He stepped back and examined our clothes. “You both look fabulous in my creations, so I think we’ll start with the outfits you’re wearing, after Steve has done your hair and makeup.”

So, started a two-hour session of being photographed under bright lights, in one outfit after another. Wendy and I were mostly snapped on our own, but Ian wanted to take pictures of us together on four occasions. We changed in the open, in front of the three men and although they watched us, none of them seemed creepy or lecherous. Instead, they were more interested in the clothes and whether they fitted us properly.

Steve was an accomplished make-up artist and Mike a skilled tailor. The later had to make some adjustments to two of the dresses which slowed the shoot down. However, overall, I enjoyed flouting my body, whether it was while wearing a pleated skirt and crop top, a winter dress or skimpy lingerie which didn’t leave anything to the imagination.

We had been working for about two hours and had just stepped out of the glare of the lights, when Ian approached us. We were wearing satin bra-thong sets, suspenders and stockings. Wendy’s kit was white and mine was black. “Girls, that’s it. You’ve worn everything in the new collection, now it’s time for your reward.”

“Oh, reward, we weren’t expecting anything,” Wendy said.

“Come...” He saw us hesitate, because we were only wearing scanty underwear. “It’s Saturday. No one is around.”

He led us to his office and over to his desk. I spotted the two large white boxes as we approached. “Presents?” Wendy asked.

“Sort of. The contents are for you.” He lifted the lid of one to reveal it contained a black dress and a pair of stilettos. “This one is for Juliet. You can keep the underwear and put the dress on over it. When you’re ready, I’ll take you to dinner.”

Wendy lifted the lid of the other box to discover that her dress was white. She held the tiny minidress up, then dropped it back in the box. She was the first to go to him and kiss him on the cheek. “Thank you for the present. It’s lovely.”

I went and kissed him too and was okay with him putting his arm around my waist. “It’s nice to meet such a nice gentleman,” I said.

He dropped his hand to my ass and stroked it gently. “Juliet, I didn’t get where I am by fooling around with the models.”

Wendy pushed herself against him, inviting him to fondle her ass. “Ian, we don’t consider it fooling around. Juliet and I are serious about what we do.”

I liked his hand on my ass and the way he held me against the side of his body. “I appreciate that you two are multitalented and I admire that, but first, I’ve got

to get you fed and then to the racetrack for seven. I think you should get dressed. I'm going to get changed."

"Would you be interested in having us tonight?" Wendy asked. "Terry normally takes us to his club on a Saturday night, but he always puts the client's first."

His hand gripped my ass tighter. "Mmmm, we'll see. Terry might have something to say about the arrangements though. We'll see. Get dressed."

The mundane life I used to lead was on another planet, in another universe. I would have normally spent Saturday afternoons watching my favourite soccer club, either on the telly or at their ground in Watford. As it was six o'clock, I had a deep desire to find out what the result of their match was.

So, in my new world, I found myself excited about putting a little black dress on and stepping into stiletto shoes. The dresses fitted us like gloves and apart from the colour, they were identical. There were other accessories in the box. A black velvet choker and black lace gloves were a nice addition to our outfits. There was also a lace rose to put in my hair. Wendy's accessories were white and she loved them.

"After we've eaten, he's taking us to the racetrack where we'll be expected to promote the Lloyd race team," Wendy explained. "We, or another pair of Terry's girls, do it most Saturday evenings."

"What does Terry race?"

“Saloon cars. Old Ford Escorts. Terry and Henry used to race formula two, but crash-car is more fun. The owners and drivers are a bit older and it’s not so expensive. They call it crash-car racing because the cars are all beat up.”

“Are there many crashes?”

She nodded. “Sure. There are lots in every race. The guys like thrills and spills. I kinda like it as well.”

Once again, I was reminded of the differences between the sexes. Men were much more into motor racing, so it was only natural that I found myself looking forward to seeing the cars hurtling around the track. I was also looking forward to spending some more time with the considerate and charming dress designer...

2.7 ~ Thrills and spills.

The racetrack was in slough, so we had a half hour journey ahead of us. Mike the tailor, another black guy, joined us. He had shown a distinct attraction to Wendy, so Ian suggested they sit in the back of his BMW while I sat in the front with him. It was getting dark, but the motorway was well-lit, so I was able to study his handsome features. We had been on the road about ten minutes when Ian broke the silence.

“Juliet, I noticed during the shoot that you’re very supple. Do you do a lot of fitness training?”

“I used to be a gymnast, but I should exercise more.”

“Oh, what level did you reach?”

I looked over my shoulder for help, but Mike had his tongue down Wendy’s throat. “Um, I competed for my club. What about you? You look like a fit and healthy guy.”

“I look after myself, Juliet, and work hard.” He wasn’t very expansive.

I judged that he was feeling unnerved sitting next to a prostitute who was showing an awful lot of leg. I know I would have been uncomfortable in his position before Jack organized the switch.

Behind us, Mike was exploring Wendy's body and trying to keep as quiet as possible. I twisted my body a little so that my right knee was near the gear stick and my thighs slightly parted. If Ian looked, he would see my bare white thighs and the triangle of black satin covering my hot sex.

The fact that I was behaving like a slut, almost passed me by. I could have sat straight and pulled my skirt down, but I felt emboldened for some reason. I was beginning to think that there was a piece of the real Juliet's personality left behind, after her consciousness had been replaced with James'. Or, it could have been that I was exploring more of my feminine side.

The next time his hand dropped off the wheel I moved my knee nearer, giving him a clear invitation to touch me. He took the bait and moved his hand onto my left thigh. "Juliet, do you like younger guys or older men, er, that's a bit of a crass question. Sorry."

"No, not at all. Would you consider yourself old or young?"

"Well, in the scheme of things, at forty, I suppose I would say that I'm youngish."

"Then, I would say that I prefer youngish men."

He chuckled, then moved his hand up until it made contact with the satin. My thighs were parted so he was able to feel where the material adopted the shape of my plump lips. He had touched me in the same spot during the shoot with the excuse of making the material flat, but the sensation was much more intense in the car.

I had a reaction under the lights but not strong enough to dampen the material. There, in the car though, a deep tingling sensation began to well in my pussy as he pushed the material into my cleft while gently rubbing it. I felt my sex reacting and preparing itself for penetration.

Unfortunately, he had to return his hand to the wheel as we approached a junction, but the ice was broken and the desire noted.

He steered us off the motorway and stopped at a restaurant for dinner. Ian was generous to both of us but more attentive to me. My limited experience of being a prostitute hadn't prepared me for a charming suitor and I soon realized that I was entering dangerous territory. In a day and a half, I was going to be a different person and the girl that Ian was chatting to would be gone.

However, during the meal and the conversation about fashion, I came to terms with the temporary nature of the relationship. It would be my last chance to sample attraction from the female point of view. I kidded myself that it was a form of research and that I would learn valuable lessons if I spent the night with him.

When we arrived at the racetrack, Ian was able to drive his car into a small compound which the Lloyd racing team rented. There was a line of identical fenced off units, all with a group of men feverishly working on their battered old cars. The Ford Escort, one of the most popular cars of the 70s won a lot of rallies and the interest was obviously still going strong.

We all climbed out of the BMW and had just gathered together when a black guy in dark blue overalls emerged from the garage at the end of the small compound.

“Terry,” Ian exclaimed, then went to meet him.

My boss peeled off a pair of surgical gloves and shook Ian’s hand. “How did you get on with these two muffins?” he asked, then held out his arms for us. I followed Wendy toward them and kissed him on the cheek. “Careful, girls, I’m a bit mucky.” He didn’t hug us, so as soon as we had kissed his clean-shaven face, we backed off to keep our dresses clean.

“The girls were perfect, Terry. They proved to be photogenic and performed brilliantly.”

“I hope one of them really performed for you, heh?” He chuckled.

“Terry, the girls have been working their socks off modelling my new summer line. They’re both very talented.”

We both stood listening to the pair discussing the shoot and were relaxed until Terry realized he should be somewhere else. “I’m pleased my girls did a good job. Have you decided which one you want for the night?”

Ian was embarrassed. “Shouldn’t we discuss this later?”

“Fuck no. All my bitches know the score. You’ve paid for twenty-four hours. You’ve had two for four hours. That means you’ve got sixteen hours left in the

tank. It's eight o'clock now, I want my bitch home by midday tomorrow. Which one do you want?"

Wendy spoke up. "I'm going to watch the race with Mike, Terry, if that's alright with you...?"

My boss rounded on the guy. "Mike?" He nodded. "Lay a finger on my best girl and it'll cost you. Got it?"

"Yes, Sir. I 've come to watch you race, not play around."

"Okay, that's settled. Put some money on number five. I'm going to win." He turned back to Ian and hooked a thumb at me. "Take good care of my princess. She complains more than most of my girls. If she gets another headache, you have my permission to give her another good thrashing."

Ian smiled at me. "I'll take good care of her and have her home before the clock strikes twelve."

Terry saw the pun and laughed. "Hang around," he said. "The cars are going on the grid. I want my girls by the car for a few minutes, for the cameras, then Kelly will take you up to my box."

Wendy signalled to me to follow Terry into the garage where the racing Escort was standing. The red bodywork was in a state, but all the main dents had been dinged out. The car had an internal crash cage and there was only one seat. We

stood aside while Terry climbed in. Joshua was standing by the door with a beautiful dark haired white girl who was wearing a red minidress similar in style to ours.

Wendy elbowed me and nodded toward the girl. “That’s Kelly. Terry’s latest acquisition. She’s sly, watch out for her.”

The doors were open so when Terry started the car, the deep rumble of the supercharged engine didn’t magnify too much in the confined space. When we joined Kelly, she picked up a couple of satin sashes, bearing the legend, in bold red letters, ‘Lloyd Motor Sport’, and handed them to us. Once all three of us had donned the sashes we followed Terry’s car to the grid.

“Have you recovered from your headache this morning, Juliet?” Kelly asked.

We followed the car across a wide concrete pit lane, then onto the actual track where Terry positioned his car within the marks on the tarmac. She was referring to the difficulty I had with Paul Jennings early that morning.

I looked at the cocky young woman and gave her a smile. “I was out of order, Kelly. It won’t happen again.”

“Terry’s not happy about it.”

“Okay...” I walked away from her and around to the driver’s door. There were no windows in the car, so I was able to lean on the edge of the side window

opening. “You be careful, daddy...”

His eyes dropped to my tits which looked as though they were about to tumble out of the dress. “Kid, careful is my middle name.”

Cars were being driven into position all around me and engines revved. Girls in skimpy outfits, like mine, were doing what I was doing, flashing their butts for the photographers and fans.

“The engine sounds good, daddy.”

He was fiddling with his safety harness. “What do you know about fucking engines?”

“I like the sound, daddy. Can I have a real kiss before you race?”

He leant toward me and let me give him a sloppy kiss. “Don’t take your eyes off this car, kid, cos I’m going to win.”

“I’ll cheer you on, Daddy.”

“I’ll be seeing you after the race. Ian will look after you tonight. The lesson you need to learn is that clients don’t want to know about your headaches. Your shenanigans give me a fucking headache! If you get another fucking headache,

take some fucking paracetamol.”

“I’m sorry, daddy, it won’t happen again. Good luck...” I leant further in the car and gave him another kiss.

“I’ll see you later.”

I backed out of the car, hoping I had put my transgression behind me. If the switch didn’t work out, then I had to get along with the guy until I came up with a plan to disappear.

Kelly, Wendy and I, stood around the car looking gorgeous and sexy for the cameras and the crowd. The stand on the other side of the track was almost full, with mainly male motor fans, so there were plenty of cat calls as Wendy and I strolled around showing off our bodies and advertising the Lloyd Motor Team.

When the cars were almost ready, Kelly led us into the stand and up a steel staircase at the back. We three girls took our stilettos off until we arrived on a landing. The guys got an eyeful of our naked asses on the steep staircase but wouldn’t get a chance to relieve any excitement they felt on the journey until later.

The Lloyd brother’s box was cramped with two rows of five seats. The seats were uncomfortable, but we had a good view of the circuit. There was also a huge video screen opposite the main stand to show highlights as the race progressed.

The race started at nine o'clock, to a roar of twenty supercharged engines and loud cheers from thousands of spectators. In my old life, I wasn't a great motorsport fan, but sitting there in the stand I enjoyed watching the battered Escorts roaring around the track. I kept my eye on Terry's with the number '5' on the roof and gasped every time he sideswiped one of the other cars.

My heart was in my mouth a dozen times during the hour-long race. Unfortunately, Terry didn't make it to the end. His car was involved in a five-car pile-up with about ten minutes to go. We all jumped to our feet and watched on the big screen anxiously as the wreckage was pulled apart. Thankfully, Terry was pulled to his feet and walked away, but straight to a waiting ambulance and was then driven away.

We met Joshua and Kelly in the garage after the race to get an update on Terry's condition. Word came back from the hospital that he had a concussion but had suffered no other injuries. He was going to spend a night under observation and would probably be back on his feet in the morning.

The journey back to Elstree where Ian and Mike lived was a quiet one. I was surprised by Wendy's reaction. She was clearly attached to the man and said that she planned to go and see him in hospital in the morning, if they wouldn't release him.

Wendy didn't put any pressure on me to go to the hospital, which was strange, but I was relieved because I wanted to spend some time with Ian while I had the chance. During the day, I hadn't met a single man who didn't lust after me until I met Ian. The strangest thing was, I was encouraging him when I could have acted coy.

Did I understand my feelings? No and for the time being, I didn't care...

2.8 ~ The costume.

Ian dropped Wendy and Mike off at the young tailor's apartment, which wasn't far from where he lived. Ian had chosen to live in an up-market district of Elstree. Once again, as we entered the spotlessly clean lobby, I found myself trying to guess the property's value. When the lift doors closed, I stood back against one side while he stood against the opposite wall.

I noticed, for the first time, that male expression of lustful interest in his eyes. Something had changed in his mindset. He was without doubt, imaging fucking me after stripping the clothes he designed, off my body. I was wearing a black leather jacket over the black dress so felt emboldened, but I still felt diminutive in comparison to his six feet plus athletic frame.

"Juliet, I've brought a lot of models back to my flat, but I've never brought one with a skillset like yours."

"I'm just like any other girl," I responded.

"No, you can be every man's dream. That's why you're such a hot property. That's why Terry has spent so much money on you. He doesn't think you appreciate what he's done for you."

"Well, I do..."

The doors opened on the sixth and top floor to a landing serving three flats. His flat was number 63 and was a penthouse suite. I looked around admiringly after entering the flat and when I walked the length of the hall to his bedroom with

him. All the other doors were closed which was strange and I thought I sensed that we were not alone.

“Do you live alone, Ian?” I asked as soon as we had entered the bedroom.

“No, I have a flatmate. Take your clothes off, Juliet, and place them on the bed. Then I want you to shower and put your hair in a ponytail. You’ll find some hair ties in the medicine cabinet. Lastly, I’m your master tonight so no more first names.”

I took my jacket off, laid it on the bed with my bag, then went to him. “Master, do you want me to lie on the bed or come and find you?”

“I want you to do as you’re told. Go and shower.”

His abrupt attitude kind of disappointed me, but my day had started in the bedroom with a black man bossing me, so I accepted his brusqueness as being normal. He left the bedroom and didn’t watch me undress, so I showered alone. When I stepped out of the shower cubical, the bedroom was still empty, but I could hear activity and voices beyond the door.

I hurriedly dried my body and returned to the bathroom to dry my hair and tie it into a ponytail. I was increasingly anxious about Ian’s motives. I didn’t have much experience to draw on, but I was bright enough to realize he had misled me.

I heard the far bedroom door open just as I finished my hair. I took a deep breath and walked through to discover Ian had returned. He had changed his top to a black mesh singlet which made him look more aggressive. He had dumped an assortment of restraints on the bed including a riding crop. Also, he had placed a cardboard box beside the bed.

He picked up a tall, pink leather collar that had a couple of 'D' rings attached to it. He held it up. "Juliet, do you know what this is?"

"Um, Master, what are we doing tonight?"

He picked up the crop and advanced toward me. Switt!

"Ahhhhh," I cried, when he managed to hit me on my hip as I tried to dodge out of the way. "That hurt!"

He raised it again. "Do you want some more?"

Naked and trembling, I shook my head. "No, Master."

"Stand still then and tell me what this is."

He held it closer. "It's a shock collar, Master,"

“No, it’s a slave’s shock collar. It distinguishes between speech and other sounds like moaning or crying. Understand?”

“Yes, Master.”

“No more talking or you will be punished.” He stepped forward, placed it around my neck and pushed the two ends together, at the back; whereupon it locked in place with a click. He then unfurled a pink latex corset and spread it out on the bed.

“Lay on the corset, Juliet.” I could no longer question his motives, so I reluctantly complied.

I had worn a tight corset earlier in the day, but the experience didn’t prepare me for the extreme strictness of the rubber one that Ian fitted on my slim body. I was sure that he overtightened the laces down the back of the corset.

I could bare being so tightly constricted while I lay on my front. But the moment he hauled me to my feet, the tautness almost overwhelmed me.

“Sit, girl,” Ian commanded. “I’m going to fit the rest of your costume.”

He opened the box and lifted out an odd object which I identified as a pig’s trotter. In fact, it was a shoe designed to look like a pig’s trotter. A roll of pink

latex had been rolled and overlapped the shoe. He knelt down and guided the shoe/trotter over my left foot. It was long, covered my ankle and made me point my toes. He fitted the other one on my right foot, then told me to stand up.

Once I was standing on my toes, Ian unrolled the thin, pink latex stockings up my legs, right to the top of my thighs. Then he did a similar thing to my hands and arms. The 'glove' that fitted over my hands and looked like a trotter, was soft and had two short 'fingers'. My thumb, forefinger and middle finger fitted in one and my other two fitted in the other. It was the most bizarre outfit I could image, but it was about to get worse.

The next item out of the box was a pink latex hood, made to look like a pig's head, complete with big ears and a piggy snout. "Sit still while I pull this over your head." Ian commanded.

The only think that could be said in favour of wearing the hood, was that it gave me anonymity. However, it took all of Ian's strength to pull it on, while making sure my ponytail stuck out of a hole on the back. He managed it – just and rolled the neck down over the shock collar.

"Stand up, Piglet..." he ordered. "...and walk around the room."

It wasn't too difficult to walk on my toes/trotters because of my gymnast training. So, I managed to do it without stumbling. When I saw my reflexion in the mirror, I was horrified. Ian had transformed me into a pig! I had little piggy eyes and a solid little snout that fitted over my nose. The mouth hole fitted outside my lips and hardly noticed because my lips were naturally strawberry pink.

My shoulders, tits, belly, mons and ass were light pink compared with the brighter pink of the piglet outfit, however, Ian planned to change that.

The tall clothes designer laid out a pink latex sheet on the bottom of the bed. "Lie on the sheet, on your back," he ordered.

I nervously did as I was told, whereupon Ian fetched a can of spray paint from the box and a pair nipple clamps that when fitted, covered my areolas as well. I grimaced when the clamps ignited sparkly pains. As soon as the clamps were fitted, Ian proceeded to spray my tits and shoulders with pink paint.

"This spray paint dyes the skin and will wash off after about twenty-four hours," he informed me. "Lift your knees and spread your thighs wide."

He then pressed a canoe shaped piece of plastic over my clitoral ridge and vaginal entrance, then sprayed my mons, my labia and a couple of inches of thigh that showed above the latex stockings.

"Don't move, Piglet. I'll do your ass when this side is dry. In the meanwhile, I'll tell you why you're going to be our piglet for the night. Terry is angry about you upsetting the clients. What happened this morning was the last straw."

"Urrrrrrr," I whimpered pathetically.

"I've just had a chat with Terry. He's going to be okay, but he can't make tonight because of his concussion, so he told me to deal with you as I see fit. Also, he'll

be up on Zoom later to see how you're doing."

I lay stunned and utterly miserable and could feel tears welling in my eyes. I had misjudged Terry completely. I thought I had smoothed things over, but his disciplinarian streak ran deeper than I could have ever thought possible.

"Piglet, you're going to learn tonight the consequences of your indiscipline and hopefully change your ways in the future. Oh, by the way, Wendy knows what's happening and will soon be here to enjoy the spectacle with Mike."

The door opened and in walked a tall, young white woman, wearing a dark blue latex skater dress. She was wearing matching stockings and blue knee-length boots. She stood beside Ian and put her arm around him. "Our very own piglet for the night." She held up a black marker. "Is she ready?"

"This side is, Sadie."

"Right..." She took the top off the marker, leant over me and read out what she was writing on my belly. "Fuck my sow cunt." She then wrote the number 4 beneath it on my mons. Next, she removed the clamps gripping my nipples, then rubbed them and the skin around them. "The paint has dried," she confirmed. Sadie, then started to write across the top of my tits. "Spear my piggy mouth." Once again, she wrote the number 4, on the side of my right-hand breast.

"Roll over, Piglet," Ian commanded.

I was sobbing with embarrassment when I performed the simple manoeuvre, then buried my face in my arms. It was Sadia who pulled my cheeks apart so Ian could spray deep in my ass crack, then he was able to complete the job on my buttocks, the back of my thighs and on my back. He sprayed my shoulders above the corset to finish the job.

They had to wait for the paint to dry before writing the final insult on my lower back and ass cheeks. She wrote some big letters first... "P... I... G... L... E... T..." she spelt out, then on my left cheek. "Pork my piggy ass." And, finally the number '4' on my left cheek. There was one last accessory to add, a curly pig tail that fastened to the bottom of the corset.

"That's it. It's photoshoot time," Ian exclaimed.

When I rolled over, he was waiting to clip a chain leash to the front of the collar. He suddenly gave it a yank. "Uhhhh," I grunted as I scrambled off the bed and found my balance on my trotters.

Even on my toes, Ian towered over me. Sadie was more my height but a couple of sizes larger than me. Ian pulled me over to the mirror, where I burst into a fresh flood of tears. I was all one colour and looked like a real pig standing on her hind legs.

Even my sex lips and tits were piggy pink! It was the realistic head though that was the real shocker. Terry really knew how to punish his prostitutes when they stepped out of line. The legends written on my skin in indelible ink were awful and the three number fours ominous.

He picked up a camera from the dressing table and started taking pictures of me. “The pictures will be online, Juliet, to remind you and the other girls the consequences of disappointing Terry.” He made me crawl on all fours and took snaps of my ass and what he called my piggy cunt.

When he had finished, he tugged on the leash and led me out of the bathroom. A black guy was standing in a doorway and blinked in surprise. “Fuck, Ian, man, what the fuck?” he exclaimed.

“Go in the lounge with the others. Sadie and me are gonna give this sow some training.”

“Fuck, man...” The guy couldn’t take his eyes off my bright pink tits.

He grabbed a black girl’s hand and pulled her into the hall. Her eyes were like saucers.

“Shit, what you doing to that bitch?” the girl gasped, eyeballing the writing blazoned across my body.

“Get in the lounge you two. We won’t be long.”

Ian led me to the toilet and made me kneel beside the pan while Sadie looked on. “Tonight, if any of the men want to take a piss, they’re going to bring you in here, if you’re available. You must take their cock out and aim it in the pan. When they’ve finished, you’ll spend thirty seconds cleaning their dicks. Got it?”

I nodded glumly. “Then, if they want to use one of your holes, you do as you’re told. When you’ve performed, come and tell me which hole and I’ll mark the number down one, provided I can see the evidence it’s been drilled. That means I want to see cum oozing from your holes. Now help me take a piss.”

It wasn’t the way I had expected the evening to go. I was shocked and devastated, but there was no escaping my fate. I was a weak prostitute and Terry owned me and my body. I reached up for Ian’s zip with my front trotters and started to pull it down...

2.9 ~ Twelve holes.

Ian had a bladder full of piss and when it gushed out in a long stream, some sprayed on me. However, that was the least of my worries. When he turned towards me, I had to steer his knob into my mouth. Sadie stood to one side and as I began sucking, she reached under her skirt and started to masturbate.

Suddenly, Ian slapped me on the head between my piggy ears. “Enough, sow. This is a demonstration. Sadie will now show you what the girls are going to expect. Kneel and wait.” The pretty young woman pulled her thong down and peed in the pan. She farted as well!

“You hear that?” Ian asked. “That means you’ve got to clean both of your mistress’s holes.”

Sadie was up, bending forward and aiming her bare white ass at my face before I could get my breath. When I hesitated, she picked up the leash and pulled my snout up against her ass. “Get on with it, piggy,” Sadie snarled.

I got to work lapping her anus and then when I thought the thirty seconds were up, I moved to her cunt lips.

“Oooo, Ian, this bitch is good.”

“Yes, Terry speaks highly of her.” He tugged my leash. “That’ll do. Give me a couple of oinks!”

“Oink oink!” I replied.

Sadie quickly hauled her thong up. “Pigs squeak as well, Ian,” she said, trying to humiliation me even more.

“Give me a couple of eeks, piglet.”

“Eek, eek!”

“Come on, time to go and introduce you to my guests.”

We were on the move again. When he led me into the lounge, the dozen or so guests were already primed by the couple who spotted me in the hall. There was uproar, especially among the guys. Most of the girls were stunned because they were probably Terry’s prostitutes and were looking at their future if they stepped out of line. My face must have turned a darker pink than the costume as everyone gawked at me and read the messages on my body.

They all wanted to examine me, but Joshua called a halt and cleared a path to me. He grabbed my tits and gave them a squeeze. “Fuck, she looks horny, or should I say porky, don’t you think?” he asked, looking around the black and white faces in the room. All the men responded in the affirmative, but the girls weren’t so sure. “Whenever I shaft you in future, Juliet, I’m going to be imagining you as a pink piggie.”

“What are the rules?” One guy asked.

“He pointed at the number 4 on my mons, then at the one on my tit and finally turned me around to show them my ass. “Boys, we can use her holes twelve times. A quick dip doesn’t count, but if you fill one with cum, Ian will mark that hole down one.”

Ian then stood up and explained about my toilet duties. “Sucking you clean, don’t count on the piggy score,” he added. “Girls, use the sow, cos pigs love to snuffle in holes. You know what I mean?” There was uproar at Ian’s joke, while I just wanted to curl up and die.

All of the men suddenly wanted to go to the toilet. First though, Joshua quietened the room and contacted Terry via zoom. He was in bed, in a private room, in hospital. He was using his phone, but he could see me via the ap.

“Juliet, you’ve been a bad girl again so it’s twelve holes today. Next time, it will be fifteen and so on until you stop fucking the clients around. Do you understand?”

I nodded. “Oink, oink!”

All the men burst out laughing again, including Terry. The girls sniggered. Then his demeanour changed. “You’ve got your work cut out f tonight. You are off then until Tuesday afternoon when I expect you to be raring to go. I have a special client who wants to meet you so after tonight, get your shit together. Let this be a lesson to all you girls. The clients come first and we don’t upset them.” The screen went blank.

Joshua grabbed the leash and gave it a tug. “I’m first in the queue. Come on, get a move on, sow.”

To say that what followed was the worst experience of my life would be the understatement of the year. Putting a number four against each hole was a joke when there were eight black guys capable of visiting all three of my orifices, twice, over a four-hour time span.

When I trotted back to Ian, who was usually as high as a kite, he dipped his fingers in the orifice and as often as not, shook his head and waved me away. The numbers did eventually reach zero, leaving my skin covered in crude remarks and scrawling numbers.

Ian had hung a crop in the bathroom for the guys to whip me if I was slow to perform for them. Of course, most of the men used it, making me crawl around so they could whack my ass and thrusting labia. I cried a thousand tears and no one man had any sympathy for me.

When I was pulled onto the men’s laps, my tits and nipples were subjected to dreadful abuse. They chewed and sucked my nipples and bit my tender orbs, leaving bite marks all over them.

I was numb with fatigue and hurting all over, when Ian, drunk out of his mind, dragged me to the bathroom and padlocked my chain to the radiator pipe. He left me lying there on the ceramic tile floor and went to bed. I guessed the last guest left the flat at around three o’clock in the morning; and that Ian went to bed soon after.

As soon as the music was switched off, I was out like a light.

Then, it took a kick in the ass to wake me.

“Juliet, get up...” I struggled to my knees and found myself looking up Ian’s naked muscular black body. He had taken a shower and smelt of soap, but he looked rough. His cock was semi-hard and hovering over the pan. “You know what to do.”

I reached up with my trotters and steered it down so that his piss went in the pan, then I had the unenviable task of cleaning his tangy knob. Like so many times before, it stiffened as I sucked and licked it.

“Good, girl, show me your skills. I need a wake-up fuck.”

I went further and gradually took him into my throat before I started bobbing my head, Then, like so many others during the evening, he grabbed my piggy ears. He took control and pummelled my head so that his stout cock forcibly stretched my tight oesophagus over and over again. He kept going until once more I was forced to devour the full length of his cock and another load of hot sticky jiz.

Ian resisted splattering my face, like most of the men had during the evening. I spent a lot of time in the bathroom, so I managed to keep my latex clad body relatively clean between being shafted in one hole or another.

“Come on, girl, time to get you changed.” Blessed relief washed over me as I

followed him to the bedroom where he pointed at the bed. “Sit.” I noticed my clothes, bag and jacket had been placed on the bed.

He unrolled the latex on my arms and released my hands, then dropped those parts of the costume in the box. “Juliet, you can remove the rest of the costume yourself. Put everything in the box because it’s going back to your flat. Terry thinks it could come in useful in the future. Your piggy performance is on the web site, so clients may well want to see you back in the costume.”

When I touched the collar, he clicked his finger and hurried away. When he returned, he unlocked it and threw it in the box along with a set of keys. Thankfully, I had endured the whole night without triggering it once.

“In the shower, there’s a bottle of carbolic soap which will help remove the writing on your body. I’m going to make a cup of coffee.”

Left alone to remove the awful costume, I began to sob with relief. The front busk fastening of the corset was tricky but I managed it, then I had to wrestle the hood off. The solution was to pull the back up first, then, pull it off. After removing the stockings and trotters I was free from the dreadful costume.

I rushed into the shower and started to feverishly scrub my body free of the awful slogans that Sadie had written on my body. Unfortunately, the pink skin paint and the indelible ink were obstinate, and, in the end, I had to stop scrubbing because I was making my skin sore. My lower orifices were also sore, especially my anus, which wasn’t surprising considering the amount of black cocks that had speared it.

My tits and nipples were so bruised from the biting, they were almost untouchable, while my ass cheeks and pussy were red raw from where they had been slapped hundreds of times and beaten with a crop dozens of times. The bruises were going to take some time to disappear. Ian had made sure that I would be reminded of my 12 hour stint in a latex piglet costume. every time I sat down, for at least a week.

When I emerged from the shower, my skin was smarting and red, but mainly from scrubbing. I had let my hair down and was once again able to admire my stunning image. However, the black slogans and scribbling on my skin killed the enjoyment for me.

I had just stepped into the thong when Ian entered and placed a cup of coffee on the dressing table. "There you are kid. It's eleven o'clock so as soon as you're ready we'll go."

"Alright, thanks," I muttered.

He came to me and lifted my chin. "Don't be like that. I'm the client, remember?"

I did. "Sorry, Sir. Thanks for the coffee," I said more eagerly.

"Better..." He left me to get dressed and dry my hair.

The coffee was handy to get the taste of cum out of my mouth. As soon as I was

dressed, I went to the mirrors again to examine my appearance. In the little black dress and stockings, I looked smart and respectable apart from the sentence 'Spear my piggy mouth' which was still visible across the top of my tits.

If anyone saw it, they would assume that I was nothing but a common prostitute. They would be right...

2.10 ~ Recovery.

I wore my black leather jacket and buttoned it up to hide the evidence of my shameful night. Ian was overly friendly, so I had to respond in a similar manner, lest he reported my attitude back to Terry. The crime I had committed that landed me with a 12 hole punishment had been mild, in my estimation, so the man obviously had a temperament with a hair trigger.

When Ian dropped me off on at midday, I went back to bed and stayed there until the evening. Wendy, diplomatically, avoided talking about the events of the previous 18 hours and steered clear of me. When I got up, I moped around, had some food, then returned to bed. I wanted to cleanse my system of drugs, clear my thoughts and recharge my batteries.

I felt better when I woke on Monday morning, at ten o'clock, which was a relief. Wendy brought me a cup of coffee and rubbed my back. I was naked and lying face down on the covers. I liked the rub and the coffee, but I couldn't bring myself to be friendly toward her. She had sat and grinned at me for most of the time I was wearing the piglet suit and that hurt.

She had no sympathy for me and didn't offer me any smack when all the men were shooting lines around me. I came through without taking any, but the lack of the drug worsened the experience.

After Wendy stopped massaging my back, she left me with my thoughts. I needed something for a genuine headache, so I went to the medicine cabinet for paracetamol. That was when I saw what I needed for the coming night.

I showered, put my hair in a ponytail and pulled on a pair of normal white cotton panties, which on reflexion were probably part of the schoolgirl outfit. They

were tight, but they covered the bruises and faint writing on my ass. What I really liked about them was that they cupped my sore pussy lips snugly. When I examined the contents of my wardrobe, I discovered a yellow and white floral summer dress with a higher neckline. It was short, but so was every other dress in the cupboard.

I donned it, along with a pair of white ankle socks and sandals, then went in search of Wendy. I found her in the kitchen cleaning the rice. She did a double take. “Huh, I’ve never seen you wear that. Going to Sunday school?”

“I’m going down to have a drink with Jack. He invited me the other day”

She frowned at me. “Terry doesn’t want you going out on your own until he sees you on Tuesday afternoon. Defy him and there will be consequences.”

I suspected she was going to try and block me from going out on my own. The box containing the piglet costume was sitting in the hall and would remain a constant threat if I upset anybody. Hopefully, I wouldn’t be around for long.

“Look, if you want to come with me, fine, but I’m only going to have a drink with the guy.”

She put the pot in the rice maker and wiped her hands. “Give me a minute, I’ll go and get changed.”

I took a deep breath, then poured myself another cup of coffee. Wendy donned a

denim skirt and yellow t-shirt and applied some makeup. She looked nice, as though she was expecting to have sex with the guy.

We decided to take the stairs. “What are you going to do if he wants to have sex with you?” I asked Wendy. “I’m off limits until there’s no trace of what happened to me the other night.

“I’m going with you to make sure he doesn’t expect a freebie. We can be friends with him and advertise the agency.”

“Don’t forget he’s a paid-up member.”

“He still has to pay like everyone else.”

I knocked on the door. Jack answered within ten seconds. “Ladies, come on in. I was just mixing a cocktail. There’s plenty for all three of us.” He gave both of us a hug and a kiss after ushering us in.

“Juliet, you look fabulous in that frock, and Wendy, you’re as gorgeous as ever.”

Once he had closed the door, we followed him down the hall. His flat was identical to ours and had similar furnishings, leading me to guess that they were both rented. As soon as we entered the lounge, Wendy started nosing around, looking at the photographs on the wall.

“I’ll get your drinks,” Jack said and left the room. I spotted a picture of a temple with several people standing in front of it. It was a photo of him standing in the centre of a line of Tibetan monks with a backdrop of a gleaming new golden temple. It affirmed the story he told me the previous day.

We wandered back toward the coffee table where Jack had placed the three glasses filled with his special pink cocktail. Jack caught my eye and separated a drink. I nodded, unnoticed, because Wendy had spotted a picture of a sleek yacht.

“Oh, is that your boat?” she asked.

Jack went with her to the picture. “I used to own ‘The Silver Surf’. I sold her about two years ago,” he informed her.”

“Juliet is off limits for a couple days,” she said in a matter-of-fact tone.

I picked up my drink and joined them. It was almost too easy. Wendy never suspected anything was going on between me and our host.

“Do you know it it’s a pleasure just to have your company,” he replied.

As we roamed around his lounge looking at the photographs, hanging on the wall, and sipping our special cocktails, Jack entertained us. He flirted with Wendy and she loved it.

He talked endlessly and shared with us, several stories from his travels around the world. However, his story about Tibet was different from the one he confided in me, the day before. He had packed a lot into his life and was a very interesting person. It wasn't lost on Wendy that he was wealthy and single. He didn't make a move on either of us, which I think disappointed my flatmate.

We stayed an hour, chatted like old friends, then after a kiss, he fished out a set of keys on a keyring. "Girls, do you think you could look after my spare set of keys for me, just in case a delivery comes when I'm away?"

"Sure," Wendy agreed. "We'll look after them for you."

He thanked us and we returned to our own flat. "What do you think of him?" Wendy asked as soon as we were sitting at the breakfast bar in our kitchen.

"A fool and his money are easily separated, so they say. I think he likes you more than he likes me."

"Do you think so?" she asked wistfully.

I didn't mention him again. "Wendy, I think I'll watch some TV. "

"I'll join you," she replied.

“I spotted a series on Netflix that I’m going to binge-watch after we’ve eaten.”

“Wendy was being nice to me, trying to mend fences. She made a tasty curry which I ate heartily.

Afterwards, we got crisps, dips and popcorn ready. We had a bottle of Bacardi, a bottle of coke and a bucket of ice beside the snacks. Wendy had her stash, while I decided to get drunk instead. She said it wouldn’t last and that I had tried dozens of times to kick the habit. I shrugged her concerns off.

We put our feet up and started series one at three in the afternoon. By the time we had reached series two of the zombie saga, it was eight in the evening. I was halfway drunk, while Wendy was almost there. I staggered off to the bathroom and when I returned, I poured her a drink and dropped a couple of sleeping pills in it.

She lasted two more episodes and then she was out of it. I switched the TV off, then sat her up and got her on her feet. It took all my strength to haul her to her bedroom and flop her down on the bed. I undressed her, then positioned her in the centre of the bed.

I used the same restraints that Jack used on me, to secure Wendy spreadeagled on the bed. The cuffs and the chains were extremely strong. I found a ball gag with a huge hole through the centre, just in case she threw up. After buckling it in place, I turned the light out and went to my room. I set the alarm for 5 am then sorted out a nice outfit for travelling in. After laying everything out carefully on an easy chair, I took my clothes and went to bed. The booze was just as good as sleeping pills and I was out like a light within minutes...

2.11 ~ Complications.

When the alarm went off at five o'clock, I sat bolt upright. I put the light on, toileted, then quickly dressed. I had chosen another pair of white cotton panties, a lacy white bra and the yellow summer dress I wore the day before. It made me look a bit frumpy but that suited me down to the ground. White ankle socks and slingbacks with cork soles completed my outfit. I was going to take my black leather jacket and a larger shoulder bag on the journey.

I quickly dressed, put my secret credit card and the paper with the passwords in my wallet, then put my computer in my shoulder bag. After donning my jacket. I carried my bag to the front door, picked up Jack's spare set of keys, then took the stairs down to his flat. I listened at the door but there was no sound from within.

Something was wrong. Wendy should have woken in Jack's body at five o'clock and wondered what the fuck was happening. When I switched the drinks, I realized I was taking a risk that something could go wrong, but if there was a fuck-up, I was glad that I wasn't involved. Maybe the alarm hadn't gone off and Jack/Wendy hadn't woken yet.

I carefully opened the door and let myself in. A man doing undercover activities had a chance if confronted with a formidable enemy, but I was tiny and would easily be overpowered. When I switched the light on, I found I was trembling like a leaf. I put my bag down and went in search of his bedroom.

When I found it, I switched the light on and crept over to the shape in the bed. I knew without touching his face that Jack was dead. His eyes were open and were staring blindly at the ceiling. His skin had paled to a sickly off-white and there was an odd smell. I sank to my knees and put my head on the covers. I was experiencing a complete brain freeze and my body was trembling uncontrollably. For what must have been ten minutes, I sobbed my heart out and struggled to cope with the situation.

What had happened to Wendy? I wondered. One thing crystalized in my head. I had to get out of Jack's flat. I stood up and looked to see if I had disturbed anything. My male brain was starting to kick in. It looked as though he had died of natural causes, so if I could get out without being noticed, then I was in the clear.

It took me two trips to take my stuff, and the bag he had prepared for the new Juliet, back to my flat. I also took the instructions he had left for me so that I could live his old life. After locking his flat I returned to mine and closed the door. My mind was still scrambled, but I had to go and check on Wendy and see if she was okay.

I opened the door and switched the light on. I was holding my breath but let it out when I saw that her chest was rising and falling. However, I didn't know whose personality lived in the body. If Jack's potion was successful, then my brain would have expired instead of Wendy's. Anger welled in my chest.

I needed to know, so I went to the side of the bed, leant over and slapped her face. She woke and looked around wildly until her eyes locked on me. There was a moment of confusion, then there was hate and fury. She started to pull on the chains and roar through the gag, but the chains were strong enough to hold a man four times her size.

"Did you know Jack was going to die?" I asked.

She just lay there, staring at me. "Urrrrrr," she said softly and shook her head. She/he was calming down, assessing the situation. Yes, the cold, calculating playboy was inside Wendy's head. Whether or not he knew what was going to

happen to his old body, I had escaped death by the skin of my teeth.

I leant close to the furious black girl's face. "I'll ring a guy named Joshua this afternoon and tell him to come and release you. While you're waiting, don't make too much mess on the bed. Oh, there's a latex pig's costume in the hall. I suspect, you're going to spend a while wearing it..."

I walked away, turned out the light and closed the door. He was history as far as I was concerned. He had caused me terrible heartache and taken the life of a young woman, all in the pursuit of changing his gender. Well, the guy was discovering the meaning of word Karma and in the short term, was in for a miserable existence.

It took me an hour to sort through his paperwork. I didn't have the passwords to Juliet's new American bank account, nor her new phone. As sure as eggs are eggs, he wasn't going to divulge them to me. I might be angry at the results of his actions, but I wasn't capable of torturing him/her.

However, if I took everything with me, Wendy/Jack couldn't get his hands on the money without a form of identity or his phone or computer. When I arrived in New York, I planned to tell the bank that I forgot my passwords and with my fingerprints and identity, I would get access to the money. Just in case, I would leave it to midnight to ring Joshua. That would be 4PM in London. Yes, that would give me plenty of time to get to the bank in the US and transfer the money.

I discovered that the scumbag only left fifty thousand pounds in his own account, which confirmed to me that he suspected he was going to die. He had kindly left me the passwords for that account, so I promptly transferred the money into my secret bank account.

The plane was leaving at 8:55 so there was no hurry. I had a new bank account in the US, a copy of the deeds to a flat in New York and a passport, all in the name of Juliet Swan. I had sixty thousand pounds, spending money and a business class airline ticket to New York.

I didn't have time to sort through the bag of clothes Jack had bought, so after calling the taxi, I struggled to the lift with the bags, leaving Juliet's old life behind. The Taxi driver was very helpful and got me to the airport in good time.

I arrived at the British Airways check-in with over an hour to spare, then went and sat in the business lounge. The liquor and snacks were free, giving me a taste of my new life in New York. I got my old phone out and rang James Conway. It was eight o'clock on a Tuesday morning and he should have been on his way to one of the branches by now.

'Juliet, what do you want?' were his first words.

"I want to know how you and Kelly are getting on."

'She's okay, it's me who's a mess. I managed to get some blow yesterday and it's fucking me up.'

That was strange because I was finding it easy to kick the habit. "James, take good care of Kelly and lay off the snow."

‘By the way, did you meet up with a guy named Jack Winter?’

“No, never heard of him, why?”

‘He’ll look you up one day soon. Don’t listen to him. He’s a sick man.’

Now you tell me, I thought. “Alright. Look after Kelly and maybe one day we can be friends.” I cut the line because they wanted business to board.

Once I was aboard the flight and we had taken off, I was able to finally relax. The flight was going to take eight hours and the plane should land in New York at midday. I had a couple of complimentary drinks and checked through my paperwork to make sure I hadn’t missed anything. I found a bill and a receipt from a company called ‘New Location, Travel and Holidays.’ NLTH for short. It was for \$100,000 dollars which suggested it was the company that assisted Terry and Juliet with a new identity.

I had decided to reject the life of a forty-year-old man for many reasons. Having inherited the body of a 21-year-old, I would have a much longer life. The second reason was that I liked the idea of starting a new life in the US. There was no going back to my old life but I thought I had a good chance of making a success with the experiences contained in my male brain.

I hated being used like a sex toy, but that was behind me. I had discovered that females actually have longer and more intense orgasms. I planned to have lots, maybe with dildos until I find a nice guy.

The flight was wonderful and we landed on time. I hadn't bought anything in duty free and thankfully, I wasn't stopped at immigration. My new Identity was dual nationality so I could stay in the US for as long as I liked. When I emerged through the arrival gates, I naturally looked around the faces of the people waiting for their relatives or friends.

I chuckled and then admonished myself. I was in a new country and no one knew me. I was an attractive, single 21-year-old young woman and the world was at my feet...

For a happy ending read no further.

For the sticky ending, read on.

2.12 ~ Look before you leap.

I hadn't pushed my trolley more than six feet further when I spotted a black guy holding up a sign with my new name, 'Juliet Swan' on it.

The young man was staring at me and waving, so I pushed my trolley over to him. "Welcome to New York, Miss Swan," he said enthusiastically.

"Um, thank you. Who are you?"

"My name is Edward. I'm from NLTH. I'm here to take you to home."

"Is this normal?" Do you know where my apartment is?"

"Yes, Miss. It's in Manhattan. Three hundred and ten West, one hundred and fifth Street. My company takes good care of all of its clients."

Being met by a stranger was unnerving, so as I followed the young man, who had taken over pushing my trolley, I began to worry. I had hoped to start with a completely clean slate and not have companies chasing after me. Then again, it was probably the American way...

We approached a black limousine with blacked out windows. He parked the trolley near the back, then took two paces back and opened the rear door for me. I slipped my bag off my shoulder and bowed my head, then realized that there were two black guys sitting in the back.

“Oh, er, should I be getting in here?” I asked politely. I was half in and half out.

“Of course, Juliet. We’re here to meet and welcome you to the Big Apple.” He pointed to the seats opposite him. “Sit your butt down and relax. Edward will take us to your apartment.”

I was feeling seriously overwhelmed as I sat down opposite the silent, younger man. The sound of my bags being loaded into the trunk unnerved me. Once the car was on the move, the three black men could take me anywhere and do stuff, even murder me.

“Please. I need an explanation.”

“Don’t you recognise me, Juliet?” the older man asked. Seeing my blank expression, he continued. “Oh, of course. You told me about your condition.”

“Condition?”

“Short term memory loss. Huh, I didn’t believe you at first but now I do.”

“Oh, yes, of course, sorry. Please tell me who you are.”

The trunk slammed and the driver's door opened. I was sitting behind the driver in a plush leather seat, opposite the younger, quiet man, and diagonally opposite the man who had a lot to say. They were both smartly dressed in almost identical grey suits. The older man had a briefcase on his lap.

"Juliet, fasten your safety belt." He waited while I complied. "My name is Gary West. I'm the MD of NLTH. New Location, Travel and Holiday. Ring any bells?"

I relaxed a little. "Yes. I paid one hundred thousand pounds to you a couple of weeks ago."

The car pulled away and entered slow moving traffic.

"Correct! Of course, you don't need your memory for that. Our services are all documented. We arranged for the purchase of your new apartment, your furnishings, a car and a set of clothes for your wardrobe. Our specialist service caters for people overseas who have wealth and would like to arrive and not have to do all that work themselves."

"What else did the one hundred thousand buy me?"

He put his finger to his lips. "One moment." He opened his briefcase and took out an electronic device. It looked like an old cell phone with a stubby aerial. "Relax, Juliet, while Matt pours us a drink. Would you like a glass of America's finest bourbon?" I nodded.

While the rugged young man opened the wide armrest between the pair, Gary waved the electronic device over me. He studied the screen as he began with my long wavy blonde hair, then my body and legs. Finally, he examined the outside of my bag.

The young man handed a crystal glass to me with an inch of amber liquor. When he saw me hesitate, he took a gulp of his own drink.

Gary put the device back in his briefcase but didn't close it. "We, in our business can't be too careful, Juliet. Okay, your question was, what else did your one hundred thousand buy you. The answer is, good faith. For another two hundred thousand, which you owe us, we provided you with a new identity and a document that shows you're a citizen of the United States. We supplied you with a new passport, a driver's licence and arranged your marriage..."

"What? I didn't ask for you to do that," I gasped.

"No? You don't remember? You were married to Matthew..." He turned and indicated the young man sitting opposite me. "...a week ago, in the Enfield registry office." He removed a certificate from his case and handed it to me. "That is a genuine document. Matt did indeed marry a girl that looks just like you on that day. Yours and Matt's story is that you've been on your honeymoon for the last week and you've returned to New York to start a new life as a married couple."

I stared at the certificate and felt faint. "But, er... okay. What does this mean?" I glanced at the young man who still had a serious expression on his face. "I don't want to be married. Do we get divorced?"

He slowly shook his head. “No, Juliet, if you want to stay out of prison, you must appear outwardly to be the perfect loving, married couple.”

“Prison? What are you talking about?”

“Juliet, you would be in serious trouble if it was discovered that you are travelling with forged documents. I believe that could get you ten years in a woman’s penitentiary. Not a very nice place to spend your twenties.”

“But... but, your company got the documents for me.”

He put his hands up. “Me? No way! I arranged for your travel and the purchase of your apartment. However, you are legally Mrs Swan and you do owe me two hundred thousand dollars in cash. I don’t expect you to pay me that now. Any large amount withdrawn from your account will attract the attention of the boys at the DOJ. No, there are other ways you will pay your debt. Our first stop will be at the branch where we opened your bank account. You need to change it to a joint checking account. They’ll want to see your marriage certificate.”

“No, I won’t do it.”

“Juliet, all I have to do is make one phone call to the relative department at the DOJ and you’ll be arrested. I’ll tell them I suspected that you are a fraud when I found the documents in your briefcase. Sit back and think about it. We’ll be at your branch in about ten minutes.”

“This is not fair...”

“No, it’s not,” Gary responded. “Do you want to be Mrs Swan and live in a luxury apartment in Manhattan? Have fine clothes? A BMW in the garage? Mix in high society?”

“I want my money.”

“Juliet, it’s our money now.” Mathew spoke for the first time in a soft, gentle voice. I was immediately reminded of the twofaced Ian Crane. “All you need to do is sign the forms and then we’ll take you to see our new home.”

I was flabbergasted. In England, the invisible ropes that tied Juliet to the Lloyd Brothers were nowhere near as strong as the invisible rope Gary West was binding me with. I was in a foreign land, so the threat level was much higher and more difficult to combat. In England, I hadn’t done anything wrong, but I was committing a criminal act in the US. How could I be so stupid?

No! How could Jack Winter be so stupid?

I thought hard about my options and soon realized that I had none. They really did have me over a barrel. The car stopped and moments later, the chauffeur opened the door beside me. Matthew released his seatbelt. “Bring your passport and debit card, darling. Oh, and put these on.” He handed me a diamond engagement ring and a gold wedding ring. They were slightly too big, but they would do for the deception.

2.13 ~ A stranger in a strange land.

I removed my computer from my carry bag and replaced it with the marriage certificate, then stepped out of the car. We were parked behind the building and had to walk down an alleyway to the front which was situated on a busy shopping street. The face of the USTB branch had a huge, impressive glass frontage. Everything was tinted green including the outfits the staff were wearing.

My 'husband' stopped me after we had negotiated the rotating door. "Juliet, I'll do the talking. You just nod and agree."

He approached the reception and explained what we were there for, then we had to wait five minutes for a booth to become available. A smart young lady dressed in a dark green skirt suit came out to greet us and led us back to her booth.

"Welcome to USTB. How can I help you?"

"We have just got back from our honeymoon and Juliet would like to change her standard account into a joint checking account."

"That's no problem, Sir. Madam, I need your bank debit card, your marriage certificate, another form of identification and your fingerprint."

It was too easy for them to relieve me of my money. Marrying me to the guy was a brilliant way of legally getting their hands on my money. I hoped that once they had taken it from my account, that would be the end of it. It wasn't my money anyway. There were different kinds of criminals so I hoped and prayed

that they were the financial kind and that as soon as we left the bank, they would turn their attention to another sap.

It took the girl twenty minutes to do the paperwork. When she showed me the balance that was about to be transferred to the new joint account, I smiled to myself. There was only \$129,762.93 in the account which meant that Jack Winter was a total bullshitter, or he had hidden most of his money where only he could get at it. Anyway, Matthew seemed happy and got ready to sign, after I had signed the money over to the joint account.

“Excellent,” the girl said after studying our signatures.

“We will both be using debit cards; but only I will be using checks, so make a note that only my signature is allowed.”

The assistant looked up at me with a questioning glance. When I nodded, she returned her attention to the screen. “You’ll receive your new cards and check book by the end of the week, she informed us.

She saw us out and we returned to the limousine. “Are you going to keep me a prisoner until the cards and check book arrive?” I asked Gary West, who was sipping his Bourbon.

“Juliet, patience, you’ll be home soon. Remember who you are. Your name is Juliet Swan. You have a loving husband and a lovely apartment. What more could you wish for?”

I didn't reply because I was completely fed up and getting tired. The short journey only took fifteen minutes, during which time we sat sipping our drinks. They almost had what they wanted and hopefully weren't interested in me, which was what I was pinning my hopes on. My flowery print summer dress wasn't sexy at all, plus I wasn't wearing any makeup, however, my 'husband' had that 'I can't wait to undress you' look in his eye while he sipped his drink.

The apartment was on the second floor in a beautiful building that had recently been renovated. On opening the door, I was stunned by the sumptuous interior. Polished oak, wood strip flooring continued throughout the apartment. The furniture, doors and frames were also made from polished oak.

"Molly!" Gary shouted.

Behind us, the chauffeur placed my bags in the hall, then hurried away. A pretty, red headed white girl appeared at the end of the hall and curtsied. She was wearing a black latex maid's outfit. The hem was ridiculously short so that the edges of the multi-layered white organza petticoats showed. She was wearing a black leather collar and ankle boots with three-inch block heels.

She looked down towards us anxiously. "I was just preparing the vegetables, Mr. West."

"Leave that for now. This is the new girl. Her name is Juliet. Come and give us a hand."

With a hand against my back, he pushed me down the hall and into a bedroom. My heart sank because I spotted another black latex maid's dress and petticoats

crumpled on a chair. What was worse was the pair of leather cuffs and chain lying on top of the dress.

The hand hurried me toward the bed. “Molly, take Juliet’s jacket and bag and bring me a tawse, just in case Juliet doesn’t understand my commands.”

I cringed as the young redhead helped me off with the jacket, then left to hang it up. I turned to face the men who had just removed their jackets.

The older man stepped forward. “Juliet, you will refer to me as Mr. West or Master. Matthew is your husband, but he is also your sugar daddy, so it’s Matthew or daddy. Do you understand?”

I gulped. I was confronted by two tall, powerful black men with nowhere to retreat. My legs were up against an ottoman, standing at the end of the bed. I was in a dreadful position so it was a hopeless situation. “Um, yes I do.”

“Not good enough, Juliet. I want a proper reply.”

“Er, Yes, Mr. West, Matthew, I understand.”

“Good, now take your clothes off.”

I hesitated. “Please, can’t you let me have a rest after the flight? I’m very tired

after the journey. I need a shower. I'm not going to make any trouble. You can have my money." Molly returned and handed him a black leather tawse. The shakes had returned with a vengeance.

He shook his head and gave me an intense stare. "Juliet, that money belongs to you and your husband. You'll get an allowance depending on how well you perform in your duties, after you've been trained. Then, your focus will be on earning the two hundred thousand you owe me. Now take your clothes off."

"I'll give her a hand," Molly volunteered.

She came and unzipped the back of my dress and pushed it off my shoulders. It dropped to the floor, leaving me standing in just a pair of full white panties and a lacy bra. I had chosen the items to hide the faint writing that after three showers was still slightly visible. I was dreading going any further,

Gary pulled a face. "Huh, is this the kind of underwear that English girls wear?"

"The panties would go with a schoolgirl outfit," Molly suggested as she unfastened my bra.

I let it fall forward and then froze as both men focussed on the faint lettering. "Spear my piggy mouth? What the fuck have you been playing at?" Gary asked.

I was in shock and speechless as Molly eased the tight panties off my hips and ass and drew them down to mid-thigh. "Fuck," the girl gasped. "P... I... G..."

L...E...T,” she spelled out. This bitch has got ‘piglet’ written on her ass and ‘Pork my piggy ass’.”

“Shit, and someone’s written ‘Fuck my sow cunt’ on her belly,” Matthew exclaimed.

“The fours are the amount of times her holes can be used,” Molly explained. “I’ve seen something like this before, usually to punish a prostitute who stepped out of line.”

Gary came close and pushed his face into mine. “Juliet, have you been a bad, bad whore?”

There was no point in lying after they had seen the evidence of my shameful punishment. “I nodded. “Yes, Sir.”

“Say it!” he said with a snarl.

“Yes, Sir, I’ve been a very bad whore.”

“Well, you’ve come to the right place, Juliet. Get on the ottoman, on your hands and knees,” he said in a strong commanding tone.

I turned and climbed on while the men watched. The storage chest was short so I

had to tuck my knees under my body. That meant my ass was projecting backwards, just beyond the end of the ottoman.

Gary ran his huge black hand over my ass. “This is special, Matt, and I like the nickname, piglet. I think she should have it tattooed on her ass so that no one is in any doubt about her nickname.” His hand dropped to my pussy and strummed my tender folds. “Her cunt is plump and would grace any sow in the farmyard. Yes, I think ‘fuck my sow cunt’ will be perfect on her mons.”

“Nooooo,” I wailed tearfully. “I don’t want my body tattooed.”

Matthew lifted my chin. “Darling, I love the nickname. Seeing it every day will make your husband extremely happy. We use a superb tattooist who will faithfully replicate the wording of your slogans.”

“Nooooooooo,” I cried.

“Don’t fret, darling, the clients are going to get a kick out of porking a piglet.” He unzipped and eased his cock out. “It’s time to consummate our marriage darling...”

I had just taken my husband’s black shaft into my throat when I felt another cock nubbing against my exposed succulent entrance. “Ahhhhh,” I sighed when the huge, solid invader stretched my walls as it smoothly burrowed deeper and deeper into my petite body.

“Matt, our Piglet, is wet with excitement. I think Juliet will settle in here nicely.”

“Shall I continue with dinner, Master?” the young latex clad maid asked.

“Yes Molly. We have four guests arriving in half an hour eager to meet Matthew’s new wife, so lay the table for six. I’ll send piglet through in her maid’s outfit once we have sampled all of piggy’s holes.”

While my husband’s black cock smoothly slid back and forth right before my eyes, hot, heavy tears continued to roll down my cheeks. The men struck up a synchronized piston motion, ensuring I stayed perfectly still when they reached the end of their thrusts. Once I felt a thrill in the pit of my stomach starting to spread, I was reminded of one of the reasons for choosing the US path.

If I had chosen the other path, I would be dead, so I had something to be grateful for. I also had 60K in a secret bank account which might come in handy. When I put my card and the passwords in my wallet, I put them in a secret compartment. With a bit of luck, they wouldn’t find them, but if they did, I had a perfect excuse for not remembering the pass codes – I suffered from short term memory loss.

Thoughts of escaping from my new Master and daddy, dissolved when the mother of all orgasms arrived and consumed my body and soul. The thoughts would return, but I was happy to ride a wave of euphoria, unlike anything I had experienced before.

I wasn’t to know it then, but my reputation would spread across New York and beyond. My bold PIGLET tattoo, along with pictures of fat, pink pigs on my butt

cheeks and mons, became famous in high circles. It wasn't long before some of the wealthiest and most powerful men in the city wanted to savour a slice of pork and some stuffing at the apartment on 310 West, 105th Street...

THE END

I hope you enjoyed this mini-series.

Thank you for reading my work. I really appreciate it.

Below is a sample of Trained to Obey Him: Part One. This will be the first chapter of the first part of a new series 'The Prince's Thrall – Season Two'.

Season two of 'The Prince's Thrall', will follow the rivalry between Prince Emidi and Salim Husni, both on and off the track. Central to the story will be the new team of Pony-girls, Noor, Yasin, Reza and Frisky. The trainers, Sadaf Ayad, Hariam Irfan and Sohail Talar. And, last but not least, the drivers, Nadia, (Ma)Sumi and Ziab.

The solicitors, Emad Marwan and Hiba Handal, who are involved in the murky world of contract law, strike up an unlikely relationship. They will be involved in Season 2, along with Iqra Kinzah, the frail young thrall who Emad took under his wing.

Sergeant Talar will try and mould his motley crew into a ruthless team capable of

winning the Pony-girl Premier league, using a combination of reward and extreme brutality. Will our young heroines cope with Talar's cruel and aggressive methods or will they wilt and ultimately disappoint the Prince?

Part one will be available soon, as will Frisky and Masumi's back story, to bring you up to the point where the Prince bought the English Pony-girl at an auction.

Sample of Trained to Obey Him: Part One

1.1 ~ Sadaf: One.

Somehow, in the space of a few hours, my life had taken a severe turn for the worse. Having accepted the job of training Pony-girls for Prince Emidi Al Ruktoum, I soon discovered that I had fallen into a trap set by his henchman, Javid Kashif. He used Emad Marwan, the handsome young solicitor, who I liked a lot, to guide me through the process of signing the contract.

Emad came up to my room and after we had sex, he went through the documents with me. He warned me that the indenture contract had clauses that could backfire on me, only if I did something stupid – like commit a criminal act. Neither of us foresaw the intent behind the clauses and if Emad did, he didn't warn me.

Working for a Royal Prince and training Pony-girls, one of whom was Noor, was a huge draw and blinded me to the dangers of working for someone like Javid Kashif. The speed with which he acted was staggering. Emad had only been gone half an hour when Sohail Talar arrived.

He was sent to my room to do the dirty work and insisted I wear a shock collar and change into a light blue tunic. He then secured a belt chain around my waist and cuffed my wrists. During the next ten minutes, while strapped in the tuck position, on the bed, he lashed me twice with a tawse. Finally, to increase my discomfort, he inserted a cracker-plug dildo into my rectum and secured it in place with a tight cunt strap.

Placed in a cell for the night, I managed to get a fitful night's sleep. Then, in the

morning, the young guard took full advantage of my disabled arms by fooling around with me for half an hour before he gave me my breakfast. He refused to release my hands and instead spoon fed me himself. With no other prisoners to take care of, I had to suffer more bouts of abuse during the day before the minibus turned up to take me away in the evening.

It was an uncomfortably humiliating 24 hours, so it was a huge relief to be leaving the army base. Unfortunately, as soon as I approached the vehicle, I recognized the driver as being a guard from Kiashakan. We had history, so my plight was about to become even more embarrassing.

Officer Farouq had a broad grin on his face. “God, how the mighty have fallen,” he exclaimed as soon as I stepped up into the minibus.

His eyes were like saucers as he glanced down at my thighs. Fortunately, from the driver’s seat, my mons and sex was hidden by the hem of the tunic. Farouq was a junior member of the prison staff and I had to slap him down a couple of times when he made moves on me, something he wouldn’t have forgotten.

He wasn’t normally sent out with a minibus to collect prisoners, so I guessed he had been given added responsibilities since I left. “Hello, Officer Farouq.”

“Ha, did you hear that?” he asked the guard who followed me up the steps. “That’s the first time she’s ever been polite to me.” He pointed to the single seat by the door, which was vacant. “Sit her over there.”

The soldier handed my file and a small bag to Farouq. “All her controllers and keys are in there,” he said, then pushed me back into the seat. “Keep an eye on

this sprog. She's a fitness instructor."

"Was a fitness instructor, you mean" he chuckled. While the jailer knelt at my feet to secure my hobbling chain in the catch, the young prison officer pulled the bag open and peered inside. "Don't worry, 'll keep an eye on the sprog. They say, back at Kiash, that she was the brains behind the escape last night."

"What the fuck?" I said, then remembered my collar.

The jailer rose and grabbed my chin. "Shut the fuck up." He turned to the driver. "I thought this bitch was hiding something. Tell me more."

"Yes, Ghalam and two prisoners managed to flee across the border to Oman. They found the abandoned minibus burnt out on the border. She's an embarrassment to the service and the government," Farouq said. "They just want her to disappear and I guess that's what's happening to her now."

The soldier backed off and took one step down. "Well, the bitch is all yours. I hope she rots in a prison cell for the rest of her life." He looked down at my labia and mons which were crusty with his jiz. "She's kept me entertained for the whole day. I guess it's your turn now."

Unable to clean myself for 24 hours, I was filthy, smelly and miserable. Farouq closed the door remotely, started the bus and drove off the base. It was seven PM on a Thursday night. Darkness had fallen and it was humid and sticky, not the ideal time to go on a car journey while trussed up in maximum security restraints.

I was wearing the restraints because the law had been changed recently after a spate of escapes. The authorities made it mandatory for hobbling chains and chain belt/cuff restraints to be fitted on thralls, as well as convicts, when being transported around the country. In my view they had gone too far, but I would say that after what was happening to me. I was neither a thrall nor a convict, but they were treating me like one.

“Farouq, I’m innocent.” I said loudly, then waited a minute. “Tell me what happened.” The collar only allowed me five seconds of speech in each minute.

He ignored me for about ten minutes, then pulled over and stopped the engine. He picked up my file, opened it and scanned through the details. He turned and climbed out of the driver’s seat.

“I could tell you what’s in the file before we arrive at the training centre...” He unzipped his fly and eased his cock out. “All you need to do is apologize for your behaviour, then give me your best blowjob.”

I desperately wanted to know what was happening to me. He was taking me to the training camp first which was unexpected. To get the information I wanted, I had no choice but to eat humble pie and his dick!

“Sir... Um, yes okay...” I opened my mouth, only for him to rub the tip of his cock under my nose. “Ayad, smell me, then get the taste of a real man.” I made a point of sniffing his plumb-like crown, then began licking it.

“Lips, Ayad, fuck it with your lips...” I did as I was told, applying plenty of saliva before going a bit further so I could suck and lap it at the same time. “Good, girl,” he muttered then took hold of my pigtails and drew me onto his cock, so I had no choice but to go down on him.

“Uhhhhhh,” I grunted as my rocking movement helped me to take more and more of his shaft until my nose was almost in in his pubes on the forward lunge.

“Sweet fuck, Ayad, you should have found time to nod on my cock in between blowing virtually every other officer in the prison. Well, better late than never.”

“Uhhhhh,” I groaned when the young man tightened his grip and increased the speed of my head lunges, making me feel dizzy and faint.

“Atta girl. This makes up... urrrrrrr, fuuuuuuck...”

He added considerable power to the last few thrusts, while pumping his load into the depths of my oesophagus. “Ahhhhhh!” I gasped as soon as he withdrew and backed away.

He dropped to his haunches and slapped my face. “Ayad, you were a bitch, but I didn’t know you were a criminal bitch. The file say’s you’re being fast tracked through the justice system. Three judges have looked at the evidence and given you a life sentence in your absence. Apparently, they wanted to see you in front of them, but the bus they would have used, was the one that went up in flames. Because you planned it, they gave you a life sentence.”

I was horrified. “I want to see my solicitor!”

“Ha, good luck with that. As far as I know, thralls have no rights...” He returned to the driver’s seat.

“Sir, I’ve been framed!” I shouted once we were underway.

“That’s what they all say...”

It wasn’t long before we passed through the main gates of the assimilation training camp. The driver jumped out and lit up a cigarette outside. I was seething with rage as I sat alone in the minibus waiting for something to happen. When Officer Farouq returned, he was accompanied by a soldier.

The stranger entered the minibus but stopped one step down. “Ayad, are you going to give me any trouble?”

“No, Sir, but...”

“There are no buts. The less time you spend at this camp the better.”

He waited for Farouq to release my hobbling chain then led me off the bus.

“Sir, I’m innocent,” I said during our walk along a gravel path.

“Of helping prisoners escape?” I nodded. “Ayad, the money was found in your room, along with a map of the escape route. If Sergeant Talar hadn’t apprehended you when he did, you would have been on that bus with the others. You’re bang to right’s sprog and you deserve everything you get. There’s nothing worse than letting the prison service and your country down.”

Kashif! It had to be Kashif who planted the evidence... He was certainly a person who didn’t look a gift horse in the mouth. Once he found out that the prisoners had escaped, after leaving the army base, he used the incident to his advantage. He had a reputation in prison circles as being a ruthless man and yet I let him fool me. I was gutted and inconsolable.

“What’s happening to me?” I asked miserably, as all hope of returning to my old life slowly slipped away.

“Ayad, I’m taking you to be registered on the state thrall database, then you need your thrall number tattooed on your arms. With those legal steps out of the way, you’ll be on your way. Like I said, the sooner you’re off our base the better.”

“I want to see Mr. Marwan.”

“The new member of the VLD team?” I nodded. “He’s got better things to do than listen to a thrall claiming she’s innocent. You have no rights. Once they have your file, they will assess your value, rubber stamp it and you’ll be on your way

It was pointless repeating that I was innocent. The soldier didn't care one way or the other. He had a job to do and I was the poor sod who had to be processed and gotten rid of. My mistake was befriending Sohail Talar, on the army base, a man who was in on the plan to trap me from the beginning.

The End of the Sample

Thank you for reading my work. I really appreciate it.

I hope you enjoyed this book and will continue

to read my work in the future.

Thanks, Amelia.

Email at - Amelia.stark@mail.com

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