

# His Pet

Part  
One

*Amelia Stark*



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# **His Pet: Part One**

**The Social Club Pet Series**

**By Amelia Stark**

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## **Contents**

[Chapter One ~ Big shake-up.](#)

[Chapter Two ~ Caught Red-handed.](#)

[Chapter Three ~ The outfit.](#)

[Chapter Four ~ Melvin's Pet.](#)

[Chapter Five ~ The final Touches.](#)

[Chapter Six ~ The rules of the game.](#)

[Sample of Part Two](#)

[Amelia Stark books on Smashwords](#)

Zoe Nowak has been a bad girl. While working at Orbital Motors, she, the manager and all five salesmen have been defrauding the owners out of huge sums of money. Unexpectedly, new management move in over the weekend and uncover the accounts that Zoe thought she had hidden on the computer system.

Melvin Watson, a young black businessman, is the manager who has to decide whether to send Zoe to prison or offer her another way out. Melvin and his organization want to make an example of her, so if she wants to avoid prison, she must make some drastic alterations to her appearance.

Will Zoe choose the modifications and agree to join the Petrosal Social Club where she will be nothing more than a pet on the end of a leash?

**One ~ Big shake-up.**

I was getting along fine until Melvin Watson arrived at the dealership. The day he took over from Don, our old manager, was the day my life took a different direction – one that that would eventually lead to my utter humiliation and demise.

The Afro-Caribbean young man was brought in to replace Donald Thompson who had been managing Orbital Motors for over ten years. New management meant a new broom and that's exactly what was happening. Old 'Don', we assumed, was given a pat on the back, a redundancy package and sent on his way, ending his reign as the king of used cars in our part of North London.

He was the heartbeat of the dealership and we were going to miss him for many reasons, the most important of which was money. Don was a character and spent more time down the pub wheeling and dealing than he did in his office. Then, later in the afternoon, having bought a few more cars for the forecourt, he'd stagger in and have another drink.

I drove him home most evenings and would have to suffer being pawed by him on more occasions than I care to remember. When he was drunk, he'd call me his little Pole, on account of my parents being Polish. If the job hadn't been as lucrative as it was, I'd have left when he started groping my ass.

By that time, I was profiting from the various scams that were rife in the dealership and couldn't complain to the head office for fear of being investigated.

On one occasion, Don nearly caused me to crash the car when he put his hand on my thigh and pushed it under my skirt. I was driving one of the newer company



cars at the time. “For fuck’s sake, Don,” I exclaimed, after nearly mounting the sidewalk. “...how are you going to explain how one of the company’s cars came to be wrapped around a lamppost?”

“Easy,” came the reply. “I’ll call Graveyard Pete and tell head office it was nicked during the night. Come in for a coffee, Zoe. The missus is at her sisters tonight.” It was almost the same story on every journey, and every time I told him to remove his fingers from my panties and behave himself.

He didn’t, so I wore longer, tighter skirts. He liked my head for figures and my figure in equal measures. He also liked games and saw me as a pliable plaything. Squeezing my ass and grabbing my tits in mine or his office, were everyday occurrences, but I never allowed him to go further.

I joined the company when I was 18, he started touching me when I was 19 and was still trying to get into my panties two years later. Then, the new management put a stop to it, in their own brutal manner.

Don delegated a lot of the management tasks to the sales team, while I ran the accounts. Meanwhile, he was busy running several elaborate scams that involved vehicles coming and going without the head office knowing. We were lucky that the dealership belonged to a poorly run company and that they accepted the figures we provided without question – or so we thought!

The scam not only benefited all five salesmen, I profited from it as well. I took care of the paperwork and ensured it remained buried. I was innocent when I joined Orbital Motors as a desk clerk, answering phones. The dark, murky world of used car sales was a nest bed for criminality and soon swallowed me up.

Straight from school and attaining only 3 Cs in my 'A' levels, I failed to get into university on the accountancy degree I wanted, so I decided to take a gap year and earn some money. After 3 years at Orbital Motors, further education was the last thing on my mind. I had my own flat in Barnet, and a five-figure bank balance. I drove a two-year-old BMW Mini and was still only 21.

To say I was shocked when I heard the news that we were about to get new management, was the understatement of the year. The announcement was made on Friday afternoon after Don had gone to a meeting at the Ilford Head Office. He never came back and we were left to try and work out what his departure meant and how it would impact on us.

They closed the dealership for the weekend, something that had never happened before. It was a drastic measure for the company to take. I wanted to get into my office over the weekend and delete the files that incriminated all of us, but they sent a guy down and changed all the locks.

We had our own meeting after work on Friday and decided to stick together and play it day by day. I spent the weekend mulling over my own future while visiting Brighton with a couple of friends. So, when I turned up on Monday morning I was at least prepared for the worst – or so I thought.

It was 8 o'clock, our normal Monday morning start time and Melvin Watson and his all black team were already installed in Don's old office. All the sales offices were locked and sales pads had been placed on six table/desks dotted around the showroom.

"This is not good," Tom muttered when I joined him at the coffee bar. He picked up a mug, poured coffee into it, then handed it to me. "It looks like they're going through the books with a fine toothcomb. Do you think they'll find anything?"

Tom, who was black, seemed as depressed as I was. “Relax, Tom, they’re looking in the wrong place.” I nodded toward the other four white salesmen who were huddled in a group beside a one-year old silver BMW. “What do the boys think?”

“Dunno, but I think they’re as pissed as I am. We can’t get in our offices and it looks like we’ve got to work from the showroom floor.”

The building was originally a Ford dealership. They withdrew their franchise and the owners decided to use the showroom for high end motors like beamers and Jags. It was a good location with lots of passing trade. The ‘almost new’ business model worked well and turnover was strong.

I decided to avoid voicing my worries until I knew the lay of the land. Finding that they had locked my office deeply concerned me. I sipped my coffee. Tom was a loner, maybe because of his colour, but it went beyond that. He was often accused by the others of stealing their customers, which was the reason why they shied away from him. He was a top salesman though.

“At least we’ve got our jobs,” I mused. “We could have been made redundant with Don.”

“Huh, who’d sell the cars.” He gestured around the showroom. “Six tables, Zoe. Looks like you’re relegated to the showroom as well.”

“I can’t do much out here unless he wants me to sell motors.”

“You’d be good at it, Zoe. Just flash those sexy blue eyes and the punters will be flashing their credit cards.” When he saw me shaking my head, he tried to reassure me. “If this goes tits-up, you’ll walk into another job.”

Tom was no different from three of the other white salesmen. He came onto me like the other guys and never missed a chance to pat my ass. However, despite being a misogynist, he kept it light-hearted with lots of banter. That was one reason why I let him go further than the others. The other reason was that he was happily married and unlikely to want a relationship with me.

I let him know after we fucked the first time that I wasn’t looking for a boyfriend and had no intention of breaking up his marriage. I could have drawn him away, but I was enjoying my wealth and independence too much.

“Tom, let’s see what our new boss has to say for himself.” I nodded toward the office where a tall black guy was opening the glass door.

He strode into a space, which a car would normally occupy, and raised an arm to wave us over. “Everyone! Come and join me.”

We walked over and formed an arc, like schoolkids do before a scolding. I was the shortest by several inches for I was only 5’5” and wasn’t wearing heels.

“My name is Melvin Watson. My colleagues, who will be handling the accounts and sales paperwork, are Seth Wilder and Wesley Grimes...” He pointed toward the office behind him, where both men had their heads down studying

paperwork. “They’re busy, so I’ll introduce you later.”

“Melvin, where’s Kerry and Liz?” I asked. Both girls were normally sitting at their desks at the end of the showroom before 8 o’clock.

“You are?”

“Oh, I’m Zoe Nowak...” I pointed toward the office. “It looks like I’m being made redundant.” I kept a light-hearted lilt to my voice, almost jokey.

The attractive young black man gave me a strange look and then studied me carefully, so I did the same. I couldn’t decide if he was in his late 20’s or early 30’s. He reminded me of a slimmed down a young Denzel Washington except his skin was darker and his brown eyes larger. His black frizzy hair was cut close and trimmed with sharp geometric lines.

He was slightly taller than the salesmen, and much smarter in an immaculately tailored, dark grey skirt suit. His light-rose silk shirt and maroon tie showed he had style and took pride in his appearance. Clutching an A5 leather, zip-up clutch bag, the confident young man finally replied to my comment.

“Zoe, in future, I’m the only one who will use first names during working hours...” He looked around six startled faces. “And, it’s Mister Watson. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Mister Watson,” six voices chorused, out of sync.

“Good.” He continued staring at me. “The next thing I hate, is being interrupted; and as to your comment about redundancy, any decisions on which of you are staying, will be put off until this time next week. The answer to your other question, Zoe, is that Kerry and Liz have been made redundant. Okay, now I know Zoe’s name...” He gave the men a smile and pointed at Tom. “What about yours?”

We were all stunned to learn that the two popular telephone operators would no longer be working there. I could tell by the look on their faces. “Oh, I’m Tom Stewart...”

The finger moved on. “Jack French.”

“Terry Johnson.”

“Keith James.”

“Peter Atkins.”

“Good. I will be interviewing each one of you at some point in the day, to discuss your future. During the coming week, all six of you will rotate between the sales floor and the service desk, which we are incorporating with the sales desk.”

Keith, the biggest knobhead in the group, lifted his hand. “Sir, couldn’t Zoe man the phones...”

He looked shocked by the suggestion. “Why?”

“Well, she’s um...”

“A woman? Female? Not in the boy’s club? What?”

“No, no. Um, she’s not a salesperson,” the sexist moron added hastily.

“Keith, you have a point,” Melvin responded thoughtfully, which surprised me. “If Zoe is to remain at Orbital Motors, she has to do exactly the same job as you other five...” He turned to look at me. “In the short exchange I’ve had with you, Zoe, I’m guessing that you could be a very successful salesperson. Am I right?”

I blinked in surprise. The truth was that I didn’t know the difference between a catalytic converter and a timing belt; and the other guys knew it. I could direct customers to the leaflets and stroll around the used car lot to keep an eye on it, but admin was my forte. I had to say something though, because I wanted to keep my job until I had another one lined up.

**Two ~ Caught red-handed.**



I could almost hear the brains of my five colleagues ticking over. ‘She’s only good for making coffee and hiding our crimes’ would be a snapshot of their thoughts. I knew everything there was to know about the scams, but money had kept me happy and would keep my mouth shut, provided no one rubbed me up the wrong way.

I knew what the cars were worth, how much we paid for them and how much the salesmen had to play with. I knew the car’s history and could identify most models, but what went on under the hood never really interested me.

Car salesmen, in my opinion, were selfish creatures and I didn’t fancy becoming one of them. They had all been at the company longer than me and acted as though they owned the place. They were greedy and egotistic to the point where they’d do anything to get a sale, even if it meant nicking one of the other guy’s customers. I spent many hours calming angry salesmen down when they perceived that a wrong had been done to them.

Our new manager needed an answer. “I don’t know about being a successful salesperson, but I am flexible and will give it my best shot.” It was a diplomatic answer to give me time. He seemed satisfied by my answer.

“Good. Keith, you’re on the desk today, so it’s down to you to organize the switchboard.”

The salesman’s face looked like thunder, but he kept quiet. I was warming to the guy, despite the reprimand for interrupting him. We had only been standing there for five minutes but it felt like half an hour.

Jack put his hand up. “What about our offices? With the doors locked, we can’t get to our records.

“You’ll get your offices back next week if you’re still working here. What you won’t get back is the bottle of scotch and the pornographic magazines.”

“What! Those are my private belongings. You can’t ta...”

“Enough, Jack. I’ll only take so much. You should know that those items contravene company policy. That being the case, I can dispose of the offending items, however, on this one occasion, you can pick them up from my office when you go home tonight.”

I had come across Jack’s gay mags when I was looking for some paperwork. They were extreme and opened my eyes to a different world, where guys fucked each other. It sounds gross but the models were attractive and well hung and the photography was of a high quality.

Melvin had upset two out of five salesmen and seemed content with that. “The rest of you, do what you’re good at – sell some cars.” He shooed them away but clasped my arm as I walked past him. “Not you Zoe. We’re going to your office.”

The man had a vice-like grip. “Oh, all right.”

We walked down to the end of the showroom where the office was situated, not far from reception and the second desk for servicing. Keith was standing behind it scratching his head. We left him to fathom out the telephone system and entered my office, once Melvin unlocked the door.

He looked around the small 12-foot square room, while I took my jacket off and hung it on a peg with my shoulder bag. “Zoe, sit down.”

I went around behind the desk and got comfortable in the half decent swivel chair. Someone had been in the office and thoroughly searched it, for everything was in a mess. Melvin didn’t sit in either of the chairs that faced me across the desk, instead, he came around and stood beside my chair. Then, leaning on the desk, he started the computer while I sat and watched.

“Zoe, you might be good with figures, but you’re crap at concealing your crimes. If you’re going to run a crooked operation, at least encrypt the files to make them more difficult to read. It took Seth five minutes on Saturday to discover the whole sordid operation Don was running with your help.”

The file flickered up on the screen, proving they had accessed it and probably copied its contents to use against me and the others. I was speechless and wanted to run out of the office as fast as my legs could carry me. He turned toward me and lifted a leg so he could sit on the edge of the desk. In doing so, he revealed the bulge in his pants.

He knew everything that Don, I and the salesmen had been doing over the previous two years. The file also contained details of bank accounts and the amounts that were deposited in them.

I looked up into his eyes and didn't see any sympathy whatsoever, so I leant back in the chair and raised my hands. "You've got me... What can I say?"

Melvin leant forward and cupped my chin in his left hand. "Last night, I was planning on sending the evidence to the fraud squad. They would have sent it to the DPP and you'd all be charged with multiple counts of fraud and embezzlement, to the tune of over a million pounds. All seven of you could be going to prison for a long time."

I had been in trouble with the law before but for things I did when I was a teenager. I only started considering my dodgy accounting practices were crimes when my bank balance reached £10,000. Recently, in a moment of madness, I looked up some examples of white-collar crimes and was shocked by the severity of the punishments.

The court would look at the length of time we had been defrauding Orbital Motors and come down on us heavily. Five to ten years in jail was a terrifying prospect. I would want to kill myself if I ended up in a cell, half the size of the office we were sitting in. I had been there once and never again.

"That was last night, Sir. What are you thinking this morning?"

He squeezed my jaw gently. "You're so naïve, Zoe, but I've taken a liking to you; and that doesn't happen very often. The ice you're skating on is so thin, one crack will send you plunging to the depths and land you in a cold cell in Holloway prison. On the other hand, I could put the evidence on hold. I could save you from drowning, if you're prepared to prove that you are fully committed to me."

“How... What would I have to do? Sell cars?”

“Yes, on some days, but I have an accountancy project that I could involve you in, if you can convince me that you’ll be one hundred percent committed to me.”

I was massively relieved. For a moment I thought he was going to demand sexual favours. “You’ve seen my work...” I nodded toward the screen.” When I’m committed, Sir, I stay committed.”

Melvin nodded knowingly. “I thought you might say that, so I’m going to need you to prove your loyalty to me. Not just in the short term, but for the foreseeable future.”

I sat up. “I’m all ears, Mister Watson.”

**Three ~ The outfit.**

Melvin Watson left me sitting at the desk in a state of absolute shock. My mind was in a spin, trying to work out the ramifications of the two options that the young man had offered me. One would land me in prison for between 5 and 10 years, while the other would also take away my ability to run my own life. My dominant boss wanted to own me body and soul. He wanted to have his very own white slave!

Struggle as I might with the decision, it really was a no-brainer. Prison would destroy me. And yet, I couldn't believe what I had just agreed to do. I leant my head on my hands and sobbed my heart out for a couple of minutes. I had eventually said 'yes' to his proposition, but did I have the willpower to do every one of the five things he demanded?

I was clutching a picture Melvin had given me, after he made two appointments on the phone. I turned it over but couldn't focus on the writing through watery eyes, so I grabbed a tissue from a box on my desk and dabbed them dry. Having destroyed my make-up, I went over to my bag to fetch a mirror. My eyeliner was smudged, so I cleaned my eyes with wet wipes, then put the photo in my bag.

After putting my jacket on, I checked out my face in the mirror again and took a deep breath before stepping out into the showroom. There were two bright sparks from our meeting. Melvin was going to allow me to keep my office and my car, provided I returned later, having complied with his wishes. Melvin didn't put a time on my return but said he wanted me back by mid-afternoon.

Keith, who was sitting at the reception desk, looked over in my direction as I emerged, then got to his feet. "My god, Zoe, you look dreadful. Has he sacked you?"

I stopped opposite him. “No, but he’s rumbled us.”

“What do you mean? Did you tell him anything?”

“Keith, he knows everything.” The middle-aged salesman’s face creased up. “I know what I’ve got to do to stay out of prison and I doubt if it’ll be long before you find out what he’s going to demand of you.”

He sat down with a thud. “Everything? He knows everything?”

“They’ve been working all weekend, going through the system with a fine-tooth comb. They know everything.”

“Shit, Zoe. It was that easy to uncover? Couldn’t you have made the files secure?” He got to his feet again. His face was red and his fists clenched.

“Calm down Keith or you’ll have a heart attack. His guys are too good...”

“You silly bitch. There’s ways of hiding information...”

“If I’m a silly bitch, you’re a piece of shit on the sole of his shoe!” I turned and strode out of the main entrance into bright sunshine. The warm rays felt good on my face, but my legs were still wobbly from the massive shock I had just received. It was mid-summer, but I felt I was entering a wintery period of my



life.

I spotted Tom chatting with Jack over by the flagpole. High in the air, the massive yellow flag hung limp, reflecting my sombre and depressed frame of mind. I walked over to them and spilt the beans. Like Keith, they were stunned, but I didn't get the same aggressive blowback.

Tom followed me over to my car and opened the door. "Where are you going, Kid?"

We stood on opposite sides of the door. "I'm not running away, if that's what you think."

"I wouldn't blame you, Zoe. I feel like getting my skates on."

"Tom, you can't avoid payback, but I have no idea what he has in mind for you. My feeling is that Melvin and his heavies are as crooked as us, but don't quote me on that. They want their money back and will use any means to get it; and I don't mean the courts!" A concerned expression clouded his face. "I'll be back this afternoon and we'll chat then."

"Are you okay, Zoe?"

I sat in the driver's seat and did what I always tried to avoid – gave him a flash of my pink panties. "Take a look at me now, Tom, you might not recognize me when I return."

I closed the door on a very perplexed car salesman. I loved the Mini I drove and planned to buy my own before the seismic events of that Monday morning.

While sitting at the desk, Melvin made me access my bank account and transfer 50K to a new account, which he claimed I would be able to use once I had proven my allegiance to him. He didn't give me an exact time frame but talked about weeks rather than days.

My first stop was a multi-story car park in North Barnet. It was just behind 'The Spires', a shopping centre close to where I lived. Melvin told me exactly what he wanted me to wear when I returned to work and because I didn't have a blue pleated mini skirt and matching jacket, I had to go hunting for them.

I found the skirt in one chain store and was just beginning to think I would have to go further afield, when I found a jacket that perfectly matched the skirt in Next. The other items weren't a problem. I already had two pairs of black stilettoes with three-inch heels, at home. However, I had to buy black hold-ups, and black gauze thong and bra sets. Melvin stipulated a thin white blouse, which completed an outfit that was going to turn me into a high-class sales tart – if there was such a thing!

I bought two skirts and jackets and three of everything else, as instructed. The only explanation he offered was that I was going to spend time on the sales floor and forecourt, during my training. What he meant by training, I could only guess, but I didn't think Melvin was planning to keep me out of the office for long.

I arrived back at my flat at 10.15. That gave me an hour and a quarter to remove

my pubes, shower and get to Enfield by 11.30. I hated what Melvin was making me do. Being tattooed and pierced were life changing events that I would normally expect to spend weeks mulling over. He gave me exactly ten minutes to read a readily prepared statement and sign it, or he would withdraw the alternative option. With a heavy heart, I took the plunge.

The statement I signed implicated all the others but made it clear that I designed the accountancy and was in sole control of the funds. It made me look like the ringleader when in fact Don told me what to do and how to do it.

Melvin was making me the patsy and ensuring that once I signed the confession, he'd be able to keep the pressure on me until he had me completely under his thumb. With all the evidence and my statement, I would be toast if the case ever went to court, so in effect, he won me over.

**Four ~ Melvin's Pet.**

After drying my body, I examined myself in a full-length mirror while holding my blonde hair behind my head. It was the first time I had fully removed my pubes. The depilatory cream worked quickly, possibly because my hairs were fine and wispy. Hairless and naked, my slim body looked four or five years younger than my real age.

I had small, firm tits, a flat stomach, a pert ass and athletic thighs. The only features that seemed to belong to a 21-year-old were my dark red nipples which were large in comparison to my 'A' cup tits. My skin was very fair, which was common among Eastern European girls, as was blonde or light brown hair.

I pulled on the thong and wasn't surprised to find that about an inch of my pudendal cleft was clearly visible through the triangular piece of diaphanous material, when standing to attention. I had worn thongs when I was first dating but hated exposing my whole ass to the elements. I liked the bra which fitted me perfectly. It lifted my small tits and gave me a cleavage.

I pulled on the stockings and stepped into a pair of black stilettos, then strolled around my bedroom. I felt like a whore and looked like one, which was clearly Melvin Watson's aim. However, once I was fully dressed in the blouse, skirt and jacket, my persona changed entirely into a smart, sexy, executive type.

Knowing that my journey into the real underworld was just about to begin, I hurried down to my Mini and pulled out the photograph Melvin had given me. On the back were two addresses, the first of which I tapped into the SatNav. Enfield was tricky to get to, but the traffic at 11.10 was light, so I made it with a couple of minutes to spare. I parked outside the huge Victorian mansion and killed the engine.

I sat tapping the leather steering wheel for a moment, wrestling with my feelings. I couldn't run away from my mortgage. Melvin had seen to that by seizing most of the cash I had in the account by transferring the majority of my bank balance. I could run to Poland where my family lived, but I hated the society and hardly spoke the language.

It was one solution, but if the company prosecuted me, I would be arrested and hauled back to England. There really was no hiding in Europe so I'd have to flee even further afield to somewhere like South America. Melvin's final words to me before he left the office were imprinted on my brain. 'Zoe, you belong to me now and I take ownership very seriously'. The aggressive manner in which Melvin delivered the statement chilled me to the bone.

Once I entered the mansion on the hill there would be no turning back and my life would be changed forever. On the flipside, I faced an even worse future. Banged up for most of my twenties, I'd lose my entire youth and re-emerge into a different world. So, taking Melvin's option kept me in the outside world and the possibility of escaping somewhere down the line.

I stepped out of the Mini and started the gut-wrenching walk up the steep drive to the front door. Beside the imposing entrance was a brass plaque with the legend:

### **The Petrosal Social Club**

**Members only.**

I pressed the brass bell and waited. The door was answered by a young white

woman dressed in a black satin maid's dress, complete with a white apron trimmed with lace. It was similar to the kinky party outfits I had seen on the internet, but the skirts and white petticoats were a little longer. Her pretty face remained serious. "Yes? May I help you?"

"I hope so. My name is Zoe Nowak. I have an eleven-thirty appointment."

"Oh, yes, this way, Miss." She turned with a swish of taffeta and satin. After closing the door behind me, she led the way down a wide corridor to an old-fashioned lift at the end.

The click-clack of our stiletto heels rang out on the solid wooden parquet flooring. The interior smelt of money and lots of it. All the doors along the hall were closed, but if the pieces of furniture, side tables, huge framed paintings and flock wallpaper were representative of the rest of the house, I guessed I had entered a millionaire's retreat.

The maid drew the metal concertina lift door aside and joined me after I entered. There were three floors above us and a basement on the selection panel. We went down to the whirl of metal wheels and steel cables grinding against each other. I felt I was participating in the making of a cold war spy movie.

The corridor in the basement was not as extravagantly furnished, but the carpet and decorations wouldn't look out of place in a high-class hotel. She stopped at a door which had a small brass plaque etched with the name, 'Simon Lloyd – Tattoo Artist' and knocked. Melvin explained, back at the office, that the club had its own tattoo artist who also did the piercings.

The door opened to reveal a young black man, who looked a couple of years older than me. He was naked above his Levis jeans and wore a heavy gold necklace. His standout feature was inked on his lithe body. It was the tattoo of a huge green and gold snake, wrapped around his torso. The point of the tail was by his navel, and after disappearing around his back and returning, the head and its gaping jaw was blazoned across his smooth chest.

“Simon, this is Zoe. From Melvin Watson, I think.”

“Thanks Cloe. I’ll call you when I’m finished.” He opened the door and ushered me in. “Come in, girl.” He closed the door and waited for me to turn and face him. “So, you’re going to be Melvin Watson’s new Pet?” he said, as though he was talking to himself.

The question surprised me. “Pet? What do you mean?”

“Zoe, I ask the questions, you answer them. Understand?”

The Afro-Caribbean young man was tall and had a wiry frame. He wasn’t muscular but he looked fit and his black mahogany skin glowed a rich mahogany in the artificial light. He had intense large eyes, short dreadlocks and a stereotypical wide nose, but his lips were less prominent than some men of Afro-Caribbean descent.

“Oh, yes. Okay,” I replied. I glanced around the room. The walls were covered with photographs of semi-naked bodies sporting elaborate tattoos like the one on his body. “Are these all your work?”



It was a question he didn't mind me asking. He followed my eyes. "They are. Anything you like the look of?"

The young man was clearly an accomplished tattoo artist. "They're all beautiful, but I'd never cover my body..."

He looked disapprovingly at me. "Have you got the fee?"

"Oh, yes..." I opened my bag and took out £500 cash and handed it to him. I had to raid my stash after Melvin rightly guessed I had a nest egg at home.

"Take your clothes off and let me see the body you'd never cover with one of my tattoos." He pointed to an alcove where there were pegs and a countertop, presumably for my clothes.

The moment of truth had arrived. I hung my jacket up and quickly removed my skirt and blouse. After folding them, I slipped my underwear and stockings off. He was standing by the examination table, lowering the end to make it flat.

As I approached him, he held up his hand, so I stopped. He studied my body. "Turn around slowly."

Once I had done a full turn, he reached out and lifted my arm. He had noticed a small red heart tattoo I had done when I was 18. I was with friends and did it for

a dare.

“You’re not a tattoo virgin then?”

“No, I suppose I’m not...”

He tapped the surface of the table. “Plonk your ass on there, girl.”

I turned and sat down on the low edge at the end.

“Right, lay back. I’ve got to look at your majora lips first.”

“Why... What are you going to do?”

“Didn’t your Master tell you?”

“He said something about Labia puff technique but didn’t explain what that involved.”

“Let me look at them first and I’ll tell you if they need boosting.”

I leant back and with Simon's guidance raised my knees until they were on my chest and my bare feet pointing in the air. He had me posing in the lewdest manner possible to ensure that my convex labia bulged from between the back of my thighs.

"Keep your knees together, girl." My legs were blocking my view, but I felt him rub my lips lengthways, then across, as though he was strumming a guitar. One way and then the other, similar to the method I used when masturbating in bed. "Need to see them aroused, girl..."

"Oh," I gasped involuntarily.

"That's it. Get worked up for me..." A thumb started to spread the resultant juice leaking from my succulent entrance. "Close your eyes girl and enjoy."

His thumb was replaced with a larger, blunt object. "No, you never said..."

"Shut it bitch, this is part of the preparation work."

"Yeah sure..."

*Slap! "I said, shut it."*

He drove his cock in a couple of inches, then meeting some resistance, swayed

his hips back and forth until the blunt end of his dick was nudging my extremity. His shaft was very long, so as soon as he settled into a smooth piston stroke, I felt his crown nudge the roof of my cervix each and every time he bottomed out.

He gripped my thighs and held them together as he gathered pace. I felt the table slightly rocking, as his thick black cock plunged back and forth in my tight, youthful quim. His foreplay had been effective, as was his dick, for I quickly reached an orgasm.

“Fuckkkkkkkk,” I whispered while he continued to hammer his black cock into me with a surprising amount of power for such a slim guy.

“Oooo, baby, I love riding your white cunny.” Then, as his words transformed into a low groan, he delivered a dozen or so powerful thrusts, while firing spurt after spurt of hot jiz into the depths of my darkest recesses.

After easing his softening cock out of my trembling body he rubbed my labia. “Your lips need to be plumper, so stay where you are kid,”

He tucked his dick away and dabbed my labia dry with tissue, then walked over to a small fridge sitting on a countertop. He returned with a small tray that had an array of surgical items lying on it.

“You can part your knees, girl.” He held up a small hypodermic needle already loaded with an off-white liquid. “This is Dermal filler. You’ll hardly feel the needle, now your lips are spongier.”

Still calming down from a powerful orgasm, I couldn't think clearly. "What effect does it have?"

"Well, it's a puff technique..." He rubbed my clitoral ridge, which was more visible with my thighs almost flat and forming a straight line. "After the treatment, this will be hidden between your slightly larger lips when your thighs are together."

"Why does Melvin, um, my Master want you to do it to me?"

"Did you or did you not agree to have this done?"

"Well, er, yes, I suppose I did."

"Then shut up and let me finish so I can get on with the piercings and tattoos."

I decided to close my eyes and try and take my mind off what was happening to me. The filler didn't take long to inject and the six bee sting-like needle pricks weren't as bad as I feared. The piercing through my clitoral hood, hurt like hell, because it wasn't just a hole. Simon riveted an eyelet through the hole so an adornment could be threaded through it at a later date. Then, unexpectedly, he fired a second shot into my ridge, nearer the top.

"That really hurts, Simon," I complained.

“That was your tag. Shut it now, I’ve only just started.”

“Tag? Melvin never said anything...”

He was glaring at me, so I fell silent. “Finished bitching?” I nodded, so he returned his attention to my mons. He stroked the smooth skin. “You have lovely light skin so the saturation will be impressive. Lower your legs and part them so I can work on your mons. I’ll get my coil.”

While he was getting the tattoo equipment, I dropped my legs and prodded my swollen lips, which had become tender and red. I then pushed my equally sore ridge sideways to inspect the deep-seated eyelet. It was much larger than I imagined. There was no sign of the tag, except a small entry hole which was weeping blood.

Angry with myself for being so foolish, I couldn’t bear to watch when he returned with the tattoo gun and ink. Once again, I closed my eyes and tried to shut out what was happening to me.

I failed miserably!

**Five ~ The final touches.**

Simon was happy, having charged me £500 and a fuck, for an hour and a half's work. I on the other hand was in a furious mood and couldn't quite believe that I had agreed to Melvin Watson's demands. The artist sat cleaning his equipment while I gingerly slipped my underwear on. He had inked the letters, 'MW' in a fancy font, on my mons, and then covered the tattoo with a pad.

He then told me to roll over so he could ink the logo of the Petrosal Social Club on my left buttock and 'ZOE' on my right cheek. The club logo, the three letters, PSC, within a shield, enabled Simon to showcase his art skills. The 'P' in the centre was a dagger pointing down and the 'S' and 'C' were depicted as tiny snakes. Three inches high and two inches wide, inked in red, blue and green, the tattoo dominated my left ass cheek!

Then, after covering his art with pads, the lad steered me into a sitting position and pierced my nipples. I had to sit and grit my teeth while he fitted straight, stainless-steel barbells through the holes.

If that wasn't bad enough, the final insult was the piercing through my tongue. It was the last thing I would have chosen to do, but there I was with my tongue hanging out while Simon fitted another barbell through prepared piercing. It wasn't the pain that upset me so much, it was the discomfort of having a foreign object fixed to my tongue.

Simon looked up from his coil. "Girl, knowing Melvin, I expect you'll be back in here sooner rather than later. The man loves my artwork, especially the snakes... I'll call Cloe to fetch you." He picked up the phone and asked her to come down.



I couldn't get the rest of my clothes on fast enough. The thought of having more tattoos on my body, like the snake on Simon's torso, horrified me and I'd resist the young man if he came up with the idea. I was relieved when the pretty maid showed up to take me back to the front door. When we emerged from the cranky lift on the ground floor, I was struck by the lack of people around or any sounds of activity.

"Where is everybody?" I asked the girl. My words sounded strange in my head because of the piercing on my tongue.

She too had a piercing through hers, so I assumed she had suffered the same fate as me. I wondered if there was a black guy somewhere who thought he owned her, or if she just worked at the club.

"This place doesn't come alive until the evening. Miss. The members start arriving around seven o'clock."

We reached the front door which she opened. "Cloe, do you have any tattoos?"

"Of course, all pets have them... um, I think I've said too much. Goodbye Zoe."

I trudged down the drive, troubled by the multiple sources of pain radiating around my body and concerned about Cloe's reference to pets. I didn't mind if Melvin wanted to call me his pet, I just didn't want everybody else knowing about the hold he had over me.

The second appointment was also a private address. This time the house was more modest, a semi-detached property in Southgate. The woman who answered the door was black and had a pleasant attitude.

“You must be Melvin’s Zoe?”

I was getting used to the connection. “Yes, that’s right.”

She stood aside. “My name is Connie Brown. Go down the hall, second door on the right.”

I followed her directions and entered a living room that had been converted into a hair salon. Two women were sitting in black, highbacked chairs having their hair cut. The third chair was empty. I thought it was strange to see young white women cutting older black women’s hair, but then I wondered if I was witnessing Pets interacting with their Mistresses.

“Go and seat yourself, Zoe. Have you got the picture of the wig, Melvin gave you; and the fee?”

I fished £500 and the photograph out of my bag and handed it over, then sat down in front of the third mirror. I took one last look at my appearance with my own shoulder-length blonde hair. I wanted to cry, for I thought my hair was my best feature. It was almost white and totally natural.

In the event the cut only took ten minutes. Connie shaved it off carefully so that

it could be turned into a wig that apparently would be finished in a week. She left me with half an inch of hair which she dyed a light orange. The effect wasn't as bad as I feared, for the colour highlighted the little hair I had left.

Miserable as hell and considerably poorer than when I got out of bed in the morning, I thanked the hairdresser and set off for Whetstone and Orbital Motors. It was an uncomfortable journey both physically and mentally. I was sitting on my sore ass and pussy, my areolas and nipples thrummed while my tongue ached every time I swallowed or licked my lips.

The first salesman to spot my Mini pulling into a staff parking space was Peter Atkins, the youngest and most successful of the 5 salesmen. He was from East London and we got along, but he was far too cocky for my liking. I made the mistake of letting him bone me after the last Christmas party. We were both intoxicated and I gave into his persistent badgering. It was a stupid one-night stand and I had regretted it ever since.

I also spotted Tom chatting to one of Melvin's heavies over by the 'Offer of the week', a two-year-old silver Mercedes C Class Coupe. I sat in the beautiful car when it arrived. The lads wouldn't let me drive it, but they all took it for a spin! The asking price was 26K. There was 7K in it, so room for a good deal. The pair seemed to be getting along, which was a sign that Tom was keeping his job.

Peter arrived at my door and was just about to open it when he spotted the new me through the window. It was no surprise that he was shocked and delayed opening the door. When he did, he pulled it wide open and hunkered down, so our eyes were level.

"Tell me this isn't down to our new Master."

“It is. Pete. Melvin commanded and I obeyed. If I hadn’t, I would be sitting in a cell right now.”

I swung a leg around and couldn’t avoid showing Peter most of my thigh and a stocking top. His eyes remained lowered hoping for a flash of the prize, but I put my hand on my skirt and stopped it riding up further. I quickly swung my other leg to join the first.

“Has he got your money?” I asked.

Peter rolled his eyes and stepped back as I stood up. “Most of it. What about you?”

“He cleaned my account out after threatening me with jail and he’s got the evidence of our crimes and could easily call the fraud squad in.” As my skirt fell into place, I straightened my jacket and pulled my bag over my shoulder. “He also made me splash out a grand of my stash on these togs and some other stuff.”

He stuck his tongue out and pointed at it. “The piercing. Is it that moron’s idea?”

“Yes. You can imagine how pissed off I am. I’d be careful he doesn’t hear you calling him that though.”

I closed the door and locked it. When I turned, Peter calmly stood in my way.

“Zoe, despite dropping us in it, I want you to know I don’t hold any animosity toward you.”

“Fuck you, Pete. You’ll probably get away with what you’ve done scot-free. Look at me! He’s fucking making me pay big time.”

He was surprised by my vitriol and put his hands up. “Zoe, keep your hair on, er, um, sorry about the pun, but I’ve gotta say you look like the dog’s bollocks. I’ve got a hard-on after you flashed your stocking tops.”

“Well keep it in your pants. You ain’t seeing anymore.” I tried to push past him, but he grabbed my arm.

“Zoe, we’ve got to stick together. Melvin needs sales staff and is prepared to pay for results.”

His face was too close. “What’s he offering?”

“A cut of the profit and no basic. I’ve been there before and survived.”

“You’re a good salesman.”

He pushed his fingers through his unruly dark hair. “Flattery will get you everywhere, kid.”

“Let me go, Pete. The boss is waiting for me.”

He released my arm. “Boss? I can think of many terms, but I’d prefer to use a different one.”

“Pete. Do what you’re good at. Sell some cars,” was my final comment as I strode toward the main entrance.

“You look fucking hot!” he called out, just loud enough for me to hear, before I pushed the glass door open.

Despite my suffering, his complimentary comments gave me a much-needed lift. Keith looked up when I entered and did a double take. I walked over to the desk and pulled a face. “Hello, Keith, is the boss in the office?”

“Zoe... What the fuck?”

Keith was an asshole, but an intelligent guy, so didn’t need an explanation. “Pete likes my new image. He thinks it’ll help me sell more cars.”

“I agree. Most guys will go for the slutty look.”

I winced. “It’s what he wants and I’m prepared to go along with it if it keeps the peace and the past in the past.”

He nodded thoughtfully. “I can see you’re putting yourself in the headlights. Fair play to you. Our boss is indeed in the office with Seth. Wesley is outside with Tom going over the stock. Jack and Terry are with customers.” He used his pen to point across the showroom.

“Yes, I saw Tom by the C Class. Is Melvin offering everyone the same deal?”

“I think so. He said he’d give us a chance to earn back the money he’s taken from the accounts you set up. We’re going for a drink afterwards. You coming?”

He seemed to have gotten over his earlier hissy fit. “Well, until the Master tells me different, I’m one of the team, so yes, I’ll come.”

Conveniently, the phone rang, so I left him to answer the enquiry and headed for the main office and a meeting with the man whose initials were blazoned on my mons.

**Six ~ The rules of the game.**



The blinds were down so I knocked and only entered when one of the men called me in. I paused, holding the door open while Melvin and his sidekick studied my new persona.

Melvin gestured toward me. “Come in and close the door, Zoe. Let me take a look at you.”

The desks were arranged in a ‘C’ shape, so I was looking straight at Melvin. Seth was sitting on my right. I closed the door and took a couple of steps, then stood awkwardly, about six feet from his desk.

“Take your jacket, skirt and blouse off, Zoe and put them on Seth’s desk.”

I turned as I started to remove my jacket and took my first good look at Melvin’s cohort, Seth. His black skin was similar in tone to Melvin’s suggesting they might have the same heritage. Broad shoulders and a solid frame, coupled with a thick neck, suggested to me that he spent some time in the gym. He’d make a good bodyguard for the slimmer Melvin.

His large intelligent brown eyes were wasted with the wooden expression he had on his face, possibly to make me feel uncomfortable while they examined me. Was he Melvin’s employee or were they equals? I wondered. He was definitely interested in what I was hiding beneath the skirt for the stoic expression softened a little, once I was standing in my underwear.

“Take the pads off, Zoe. The tattoos should have settled down by now,” Melvin

ordered.

My heart was thumping in my chest as I peeled the pads off the tattoos on my ass. I then pulled the front of my thong down and peeled the final pad off. There was redness and slight puffiness around the tattoo, but the fancy blue letters were remarkably well defined. The inked skin was sore, but I wouldn't lose any sleep from the sensation. However, the aching stud in my clitoral ridge was a different matter.

The most shocking aspect was the permanency of the body modifications. I tried to put negative thoughts to the back of my mind while Melvin stared at his glowering initials.

"Who do you belong to, Zoe?"

"You, Sir." I didn't hesitate for I wanted to get out of the office as quickly as possible.

"I want you to turn around, pull your thong down and bend forward so I can see your cunny lips."

I feared such a request, having had my labia injected with filler. I felt bad enough doing it for my boss, having another guy watching my humiliation was the absolute pits. I turned and complied with his order.

"Closer, girl." I shuffled back until my ass was almost touching the edge of his

desk. “Mmm, very nice... Widen your stance... Wider... Now thighs together. Is that Simon’s jiz I see seeping?”

I could feel tears of shame welling in my eyes. “Yes, Sir.”

“I trust your performed reached the required standard.”

“Um, er, yes, I suppose it did. Simon didn’t complain.”

“Alright. Come closer, let me dab your hole with this.”

Melvin leant across the desk and pressed a ball of tissue hard against my soft entrance. I was conscious that the lewd display I was presenting to him included my star-like pucker. He gave the tissue a puggle then discarded it in the bin. Moments later a thumb was parting my lips so he could examine the eyelet.

“Okay, show Seth your lips. I want a second opinion.”

I shuffled forward and turned through 90 degrees, then backed up to the edge of his desk. They were deliberately pushing me to the edge of depravity, testing my willingness to be submissive.

“Arch your back, girl and push your cunt out,” Seth said in the deepest voice I’d heard for a long time.

“What do you think, Seth?” Melvin asked while I tried to project my sex as far back as I could.

He too leant across his desk “Urrrrrr,” I whimpered when he prodded my lips.

“I think Simon has done a good job,” he finally said, after he had delved into my furrow to examine the eyelet.

“Good, you can get dressed, Zoe.”

Red faced and quivering like a tuning fork, I pulled my thong up and hurriedly put the skirt on. Seth watched me intently as I removed each item from his desk and slipped them on.

They both had auras of authority and menace, but Seth’s was far more intimidating, despite his relaxed posture on the other side of the desk. I imagined that he was weighing me up and wondering if Melvin was going to let him fuck me one day. Hell, I was wondering the same thing!

I dragged my eyes away from his and faced Melvin, who was looking for something on his desk. I felt safer in my clothes and wondered if they were going to let me go out and join the lads on the forecourt. I was even more desperate to have that drink with them, having exposed my sex to Melvin’s heavy.

My Master found what he was looking for. “Okay, Zoe, now we have that out of the way, I need to fill you in on mine and Seth’s positions in this company and what I expect from you.” He gave me a cold stare and narrowed his eyes. “I’m a partner in this business, so there’s no upstairs. The buck stops with me. Understand?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Seth is one of my trainers and has dealt with dozens of girls like you over the years. He’s going to be your shadow, bodyguard, whatever you want to call him. He’s going to stay at your flat...”

“What? At my flat? You must be...”

“Shut it, bitch...” Seth growled at me, on my right. “...or I’ll put you over my knee.”

I looked from one to the other and saw two serious faces. “Please, you’ve got to let me have some freedom...”

“Bitch, what we’re offering you is better than a twelve by eight cell. A hell of a lot better,” Seth responded in a deep gravelly tone.

Melvin glowered at me. “Do we understand each other?”

I swallowed hard. “I understand, Sir, but I need to go places, do stuff. See my friends.”

“All that’s on hold until we’re happy with your behaviour. When you’re out of my sight, you’ll be with Seth, twenty-four, seven. That’s the way it’s going to work until Seth goes back to Manchester. If you step out of line, he has my permission to slap you around and put you in your place. He won’t be your boyfriend or your master, but he has my permission to use each one of your holes, once a day...”

“No, that’s not right...”

“Shut it!” Seth growled.

“Zoe, every time you question an order or interrupt me, Seth will add a couple of strokes to your tab.” Melvin turned to his cohort. “Are you keeping a mental note, Seth?”

“I am, Melvin. She’s earned four so far.”

I was seething but I didn’t want to antagonize him any further, so I fell silent.

“Zoe, attitude is also punishable. I want to see a smiling face. You may have lost your money and freedom but we’re going to rectify that with hard work, aren’t we?”

I pulled a weak smile. “Yes, Master.”

He held up a sheet of paper. “Okay, so this new contract lays out your employment terms. You’re no longer on a basic salary, but we’ll pay you twenty percent of the profit on each car you sell. We’ll also pay the same commission on finance as before.”

I put my hand up, which brought a nod from the man. “I can’t possibly sell as many cars as the guys...”

He shook his head. “Girl, you have a body that men would die to get their hands on and the looks of an expensive escort. You’ll soon have those punters eating out of your hand. Use your body, flash your knickers and let the right customers check out your cylinder head. It won’t take you long to start earning what you were raking in before I arrived.” He held a pen up. “Sign the contract.”

I didn’t like being compared to a high-class escort or hooker, even though I had allowed him to successfully create such an image. And, the mere thought of a piston thrusting up and down in a cylinder head made me feel dizzy with dread. He was making it clear that he expected me to use dodgy sales techniques when I needed to. How far could I bear to go? I wasn’t sure.

I stepped forward and took the pen. “What about the accounts project you mentioned?” I asked, as I leant forward and signed along the dotted line.

“Girl, I’ll judge when you’re ready. It might take a few weeks and several

thrashings before you fully understand that I own your ass. For now, I want you to be my eyes and ears on the sales floor. I'm keeping the team together and I'll be adding one more."

"They'll all give me a hard time, Sir."

"Bullshit. You'll control those guys by flirting with them. If they think there's a chance of getting in your knickers, they'll do stuff they wouldn't normally do for you. Which ones have boned you?"

I took a deep breath. There was no point in lying to the man. "Peter and Tom."

"I'm going to make Tom sales manager if he gets through the week. I want you to make him particularly sweet. That means showing him your submissive side and letting him bone you again."

"My god, he's a nice guy and happily married."

"I don't give a shit what he's doing after six o'clock and before eight. While he's working for me, part of your brief is to keep him sweet. The others mustn't feel left out. Jack will be okay, but you've got to work on Terry and Keith. I want them all feeling good about working here. The happier they are, the more cars they'll sell. To begin with, I expect you to hook the punters, then get one of the lads to help you. I'll let you share the commission. If you can sell a motor on your own, fair play, but too many solo sales and you'll make waves. Do you understand?"



I understood only too well. That was the problem. He wanted to use me like a temptress to lure guys to buy motors and then in the showroom, soften up the salesmen. He wanted me to be his spy and sex toy; and sex was the operative word. Melvin was turning me into a slut, just like Keith said when I entered the showroom. I wasn't a very good salesperson, but could I become one by being a good slut?

"I understand, Sir."

He picked his handset up and pressed his thumb against the screen. "Zoe, I've had you tagged so I can keep an eye on you..." He turned the phone around and laid it on the desk to show me the screen. "This app will track you wherever you go. Seth also has it on his phone, so if either of us tells you to go somewhere, we'll know if you've followed orders. Give me your phone."

It was yet another outrageous liberty. "What do you want it for?"

He looked over toward Seth. "You see. This bitch needs some serious training."

He nodded and probably made a mental note to add to my punishment. I picked up my bag which was still on Seth's desk, took out my phone and handed it to him.

"What's the code?" he asked.

"Eight, eleven, ninety-eight."

“Birth date?” I nodded. “Silly bitch,” he muttered while scrolling through my contacts. “I’ll give it back tomorrow.”

I wanted to ask what he was going to do with the phone, but I held my tongue. “The boys want to go for a drink tonight after work.”

“Go and have one,” Melvin said, surprising me. “Be back here by eight to take Seth home. Back to selling. A friend of mine is coming in at five to look at the beamers. Keep an eye out for a six-foot tall black guy. You can’t miss him. He wears enough bling to dazzle a blind man. He said he’ll give me some pointers on your performance. We need to know what your weaknesses are. Oh, and make sure you look after him.”

“What’s his name?”

“Anonymous, dummy. He’s not actually buying a car, but you’ve got to try and sell him one.”

“Oh, okay. Can I pop out to get a McDonalds?”

“Sure. Don’t be long.”

I was relieved when he waved me out of the office, which used to be such a friendly place when Don was in charge. Those days were gone and my new life

was just about to begin.

**THE END of Part One**

**Sample of Part Two**

It was 4:10 when I left Melvin's office and I was famished. I had only eaten a bowl of cornflakes and drunk a cup of coffee all day, so I needed to get a snack before the mystery shopper arrived at five. Terry Jackson was sitting alone at his desk, head down, writing. As I approached, he lifted his head and raised his eyebrows.

"Zoe, I see you've escaped a grilling from our new boss." He looked me up and down. "Love the new look."

After so many awful things happening to me, I surprised myself when I smiled. "You saw me come in?"

"Yes. Pete's been over and explained your new persona. It's a fucking mean thing to do to you, Kid, but the result will turn a few heads."

"We've all lost a lot today, Terry. We can chat about it over a drink tonight."

"Oh, good, you're coming."

"Yes. I'm going to need one." I glanced out of the window. "I'm just popping out to get a McDonalds. I haven't eaten since..." I spotted a tall black guy strolling along the sidewalk.

"I'll give you a lift, Zoe. I'm haven't eaten either, so I'll get one for myself."

I was watching the tall black guy scoping the beamers. He was wearing a beige cowboy hat and a matching jacket, quite an unusual sight in Whetstone. He stopped to read the sales pitch, stuck inside the window of a Black BMW 3 Series, Special Edition. A very nice car. When he walked around it, I knew I had to get out there.

A quick glance to the other end of the forecourt told me that the coast was clear. Jack was still at his desk with a customer and the other two were talking to prospective buyers.

“Terry, give me ten minutes. I’m going to have a chat with a guy I just spotted. Can I borrow this? It was his clipboard with a bunch of information questionnaires.

“Sure, Kid.”

With the clipboard tucked under my arm, I went to my table and put my bag in the drawer, then left the showroom by the side door. The exit I used was closer to the anonymous shopper than the main entrance. I had been through the motions a couple of times, so I knew the correct procedure for dealing with an interested punter.

He was looking in the driver’s window when I arrived at the rear offside lights. “This is one of the coolest set of wheels on the forecourt,” I said clearly, to his back.

He stood up and turned to face me. He lazily looked me up and down, like so many guys before him. “You think?”

“Yes, sure. She drives like a bitch on heat.” It was a term the boys used with some of their customers.

He raised his eyebrows. “What about the silver C Class over there?”

He was talking about the ‘Deal of the Week’. “Sir, this is a better motor. One owner, a private hire company, and only 52K on the clock. It’s a steal at eighteen and a half K.”

He was impressed with my knowledge. I knew the background of the cars because I did all the paperwork. Don bought them and I made sure that they all had a history even if it was fake. I knew for a fact there was 5K profit in the motor, but he didn’t want to buy it. He wanted to see how I handled a negotiation. Melvin had warned me about him coming to give me the practice.

He rubbed his chin. “Mmmm. I like the look of the car. Can I see inside?”

“Do you want to take it for a spin?”

He was a cool, pleasant dude in his forties, not quite what I was expecting. “Maybe. Let me look inside.”

The lads say that once you get them in the driver's seat, they're halfway to buying. "Certainly, Sir. Can I take your details and see your driving licence? then I'll get the keys."

He took another look at the car, then at me as though he was comparing us. "Okay. What's your name?"

Mistake! I should have introduced myself. "My name's Zoe. And you are...?"

"Bobby Samuels..." He reached into his inside pocket and pulled out a fat wallet stuffed with £20 notes.

I also spotted red 50s, when he fumbled to get his driver's licence out. I scribbled down his name and took his address – he lived in an affluent part of Whetstone. I wasn't surprised Melvin's friend lived in an up-market part of town.

"I'll photocopy this and get the keys. I won't be a minute."

I felt his eyes following my sashaying ass as I hurried back to the showroom. Terry rose from his seat and met me at the door to the 'strong room', the room where we kept the keys and the photocopier. "You got a live one?"

He followed me in, clearly on the prowl. I put the clipboard down and waved the driving licence. "He's a friend of Melvin's. He warned me the guy was coming. It's his way of giving me hands-on experience."

He came closer and pulled my jacket open. “You look good in smarts, Zoe. I could do with some hands-on experience.”

I would normally push him away, but I held back and didn’t stop him from rubbing the sides of my tits with his fingers. “I don’t think you need any more experience, Terry.”

I let him rub his thumbs over my sore nipple area, through two layers of material, for a couple of seconds, then pushed his hands away.

“Enough, I don’t want this guy complaining.” I turned away from him and raised the top of the copier.

No sooner had I lowered it, Terry gently grabbed my ass. He had done it a few times before and, on every occasion, I had immediately pushed his hand away. For the first time I allowed him to continue softly kneading my cheeks while the copier did its work.

“Jesus, kid, you’re not wearing any knickers!”

He could feel my bare ass through the skirt, but he wasn’t brave enough to lift it. “I’m wearing underwear, Terry, but you can’t feel it...” I pushed his hand away and picked up the licence.



“You’re wearing a thong,” he exclaimed with a mischievous grin.

I poked him in the shoulder. “A girl has to have some secrets. Get out of my way.” My outfit had given him the courage to take liberties.

“I want to see it, Zoe.” He was just as bad as the younger ones.

He had never had the balls to touch my breasts, let alone ask to see my underwear. “Wait until we go for a burger. I’ve got to give this guy a spin in the car...” I pushed past him to get to the key safe. The small security room had a steel entry door and we kept the keys in a secure safe. We had a break in once and the thieves failed to get into the room, so the expense was worth it.

I went to punch the numbers in but Terry grabbed my hand. “He’s changed the code, kid. It’s nine, five, eight, eleven.”

“Thanks,” I muttered.

After the click, I pulled the door open and scanned the board, which was chock full of keys. “Oi!” I exclaimed when Terry slipped his hand between my thighs. I squeezed them together but not before the side of his forefinger was pressed against the smooth lips of my labia.

**The end of the sample**

I hope you enjoyed this story and continue to

read my work in the future.

Thanks. A.S.

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