

His Pet

Part
Two

Amelia Stark



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His Pet: Part Two

The Social Club Pet Series

By Amelia Stark

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First Kindle Edition 22-03-2020

Published by Amelia Stark

Polish by R. A. Scally

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In part one, Zoe Nowak was rumbled by the new management at Orbital Motors.

She and her colleagues were running a scam, defrauding huge sums of money from the company. Melvin Watson, a black partner in the business, is tasked with getting the money back to avoid handing the evidence to the police.

Melvin focused on the luckless 21-year-old, who cooked the books and was therefore the easiest to manipulate. In Part one, Zoe decided to accept Melvin's terms. Terms that effectively meant he owned her, body and soul. Tattoos, piercings and hair removal were just the start of the young woman's nightmare. There was far worse to come.

One ~ The punter.

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.

Your lips are so hot...” he whispered in my ear. “...and bare.” His thumb pushed into my ass valley and was stymied from touching my anus by the thin strip of thong fabric.

Why was I suddenly turned on by being touched when I had never been before? I assumed the clothes and the discussion in the office were the major factors. Being touched by Mervin and Seth and being told I had to flirt with the guys had definitely altered my mindset. A thrilling sensation was building in my pussy, so I had to stop him before he went to far.

“Enough, Terry. Take your hand off my pussy.” I removed the key from its hook and squirmed away from his hand.

He lifted his fingers to his nose and sniffed them. “Wow, Zoe, I love your spicy scent and your lips are spectacular...”

“Keep your hands to yourself in the future,” I said over my shoulder, but I knew I had started a landslide of fondling I couldn’t stop.

Terry’s comment about my pussy lips being bare was correct. The material had slowly slipped into my cleft as I moved about; and he had worsened the situation by pushing the material deeper. I ought to have gone to the bathroom, but I had spent too much time fooling around already.

I dropped the clipboard and photocopy on my table, grabbed my bag and hurried back to the customer, who was looking in the window of the next car in line. He stood up and rested his hand on the special’s, driver’s door mirror.

I unlocked the car with the remote. “I’ll back it up, Sir, then you can take over.” He stepped forward and took his licence, then tucked it away in his wallet.

I opened the door and slid my ass onto the black leather seat, then swung one leg around into the footwell. He stood waiting to close the door for me and couldn't fail to notice my thighs opening to reveal the top couple of inches of flesh above my stockings.

I wasn't sure if he could see the triangle of diaphanous black tulle cupping my pussy, so I reached across the seat and pulled the sales sheet off the passenger window. I then lifted my right leg in and adjusted my skirt to cover my stocking tops.

"I'm impressed with what I've seen so far," he said just before closing the door.

I had achieved my goal so I was pleased with myself as I adjusted my driving position. I then reversed the car and manoeuvred it into an open space. I killed the engine and waited for the punter to arrive before opening the door. As I opened it, he stopped it halfway. "Zoe, I'd like to see you drive it first. If I buy the car, it'll be for my wife."

"Oh, all right, Sir."

He closed the door and walked around to the passenger door, then climbed in. Asking me to drive was a strange request, but I was willing to do as I was told and learn from a guy Melvin obviously had confidence in.

Two ~ Under the hood.

I waited for Bobby Samuels to settle in the leather passenger seat before starting the car. “Isn’t she amazing?” I asked with a smile.

He looked around the cockpit and stroked the side of his seat. “The leather’s nice and supple...”

I pulled off the forecourt and merged with the rush-hour traffic. The car was an absolute dream to drive, “I love the smell of leather. It makes me feel...” I fell silent while manoeuvring around a bus.

“Turn down Totteridge lane. It’s about five miles to my house from the lights. You can pull into my drive and I’ll drive it back.” He fiddled with the SatNav like a pro and tapped in his address. A map and a yellow line sprang up showing me the route and how far to go.

I liked his suggestion because I was already wondering about the change-over. “Oh, okay...” The lane was a left-hand turn and took us past Whetstone tube station.

I was able to take the car up to 30 mph, but I was hardly putting the sporty beast through its paces. Driving cars was one of the most enjoyable parts of the job and would be some compensation for the shitty situation I was in. I was happy with my Mini and hoped Melvin wasn’t planning to make me drive another car.

“What were you saying about the smell of leather?” he asked, placing his huge right hand on my left leg, stocking top. His fingers were half on my thigh and

half on the elastic top; and just an inch away from my humid sex. It was still vibrating from being stroked in the strong room.

The question surprised me, but on reflexion I decided he was giving me the opportunity to approve of his actions. “Um, leather makes me feel... horny.” There, I said it; and no sooner had the words left my lips, he moved his hand and nudged the triangle of tulle with his fingers.

I parted my thighs just wide enough for a couple of fingers to delve into my thigh tunnel but not wide enough to affect my driving. If he was a real customer, I’d be asking for trouble, but I felt safe knowing his MO and credentials.

“I can confirm, Zoe, that the smell of leather is indeed making you horny.”

The car was eating up the road quickly and it wouldn’t be long before we arrived at his house. “What do you think of the car, Mr. Samuels?”

“She runs smoothly...” His fingers pushed against the tulle. “I have a suspicion she’s running hot though. Too much oil, maybe?”

I knew what he was getting at. “You can never have too much oil, Sir.”

My legs were trembling as I slowed in response to the SatNav informing us that there was a hundred yards to go. He took his hand off my thigh and pointed. “The drive with the white pillars.”

We were in millionaire territory and the house was representative of the area – a three story Georgian style detached house.

Again, he pointed. “You can pull up in front of the garage.”

The tyres crunched on the gravel as I came to a stop, six feet from the wide double garage door. After turning the ignition off, he turned toward me and placed his hand back on my thigh.

“Before I decide whether to buy the car, I think I’d better check under the hood.” He squeezed my leg gently.

I knew what he wanted, but I had to play dumb. I looked along the dashboard. “Um, I don’t know how to open it, Sir.”

“Come, I’ll show you.” He turned and after opening his door, climbed out.

I followed him and joined him at the front of the car. A quick glance around showed that the spot we were standing wasn’t overlooked by another house. The property was flanked by tall hedges and mature trees while the other side of the lane was woodland.

“Normally, Sir, the lever’s inside the car.” I said cautiously, just in case we were on different wavelengths.

Without his hat and standing in bright sunshine I could see his face more clearly. He was younger than I first thought, maybe mid-thirties. He wasn't being overly aggressive and seemed as cool as a cucumber.

"I know where to look, Zoe. Place your hands on the hood and part your legs, you can leave the rest to me."

The trembles were back and his broad smile didn't calm my nerves. There was no pressure, just his huge, intense brown eyes, questioning my commitment to follow Melvin's orders. I turned, bent forward and placed my hands on the beamer's highly polished hood. Standing foursquare behind me, my posterior was at his mercy. So, I wasn't surprised when he lifted my pleated skirt onto my back.

"Wow, nice tattoos, Zoe," he muttered just before drawing the waistband of the thong off my hips.

"Do you want to discuss the price, Sir?" I thought I'd try and stay on message and focus on speaking straight and to the point.

He had to tug the tiny garment to draw the tulle out of my sticky cleft, then he was able to pull it down to my knees. "Price? Mmmm..." He ran a hand over the top of my ass and squeezed my left cheek, taking care not to touch the tattoos. "I'm sure you'd like me to confirm your bitch on heat analogy before we discuss the price..." He gripped both of my bubble-like cheeks and pulled them apart. "What do you say, Zoe?"

“Yes... yes, definitely, Sir...”

He slipped two fingers up and down my labia, slowly increasing the pressure until they were in my furrow, rubbing my slippery clitoral ridge. The stud was still sore and sent out a wave of sparkling pain each time his fingers slid over it. I heard a zip fastener opening, signalling the ‘anonymous’ shopper was about to give me a lesson in obedience.

I was feeling dizzy and disorientated, so I was grateful my hands were firmly planted on the hood. A thrilling sensation was spreading out from my pussy, signalling an orgasm was just a few seconds away. “Sir, the asking price is...” I gasped when he offered the crown of his dick up to my succulent entrance and eased it in an inch.

“Zoe, I’ve decided to make a deposit.”

I took a deep breath. “H... how much did you have in mind, Sir?”

“Well, Zoe, my balls are full. Do you think their contents will be large enough?

I looked under my body to see he had eased a pair of the hugest nads I had ever seen, out of his pants. “Y... yes, Sir. I think that’s in order.”

Having docked his cock successfully, he gripped my hips and slowly impaled me on 10” of rock-hard dick-muscle. I groaned as the walls of my quim complained at being stretched beyond their normal elasticity.

He chuckled while lazily establishing a slow, thrusting motion. “Zoe, I’ve got to say, you’re one shockingly bad salesperson...”

I heard his comment, but my orgasm had arrived after only three or four thrusts and I lost my focus. When he picked up speed, a deep shuddering sensation spread throughout my body.

“Oh, Sir, that’s awesome...”

“The car or me, girl?”

“Yoooooooooooo...” I gasped, as his thrusting speed built to a crescendo.

He slammed his hips and rocked me back and forth onto his humongous cock, to maximise the force of each thrust. Even the BMW felt as though it was adding to the rocking motion. The beautiful vehicle appeared to be grinning at me. I was in a frenzy when he finally delivered his deposit into the secure depths of my cervical bank vault.

As I fell forward off his cock, I collapsed onto the hood, exhausted. He pushed me up the bonnet and then tucked his tackle away. I was about to lift my body when I heard a click. I looked over my shoulder to see the guy was taking a snap on his handset.

“Wh... what are you doing?”

“Just taking a picture of the car.” He put his phone away.

I wasn't sure if I should tell him to delete it. I slid down and staggered to my feet. “I was in that picture.” I pulled my thong up and straitened my skirt.

“Maybe...” He took his wallet out and eased out a £50 note. “Here, take this.”

“What's that for?” I took the note.

“The lift home and the entertainment.”

“Aren't you coming back to see Melvin?”

“Melvin who?”

The first tendrils of panic started to cloud my thought process. “Melvin Watson. He's the manager at Orbital Motors. Didn't you make an agreement with him.”

He frowned and slowly shook his head. “Melvin Watson, you say? MW...” The frown became an enlightened expression. “You have just had his initials tattooed onto your mons. Care to explain?”

“It... it’s just a coincidence. Are you sure you don’t know Melvin?”

“No, honestly. I was just about to hail a taxi when I saw this car on the forecourt. I have one almost exactly the same. I was looking at it when you showed up.”

“But... but, I thought...”

He looked puzzled. “Look, Zoe, I like the car. I’ll call by when I need a new set of wheels, but at the moment, I’m happy with my present car. I may have been hasty when I said you were a crap salesperson. On reflexion, with a bit more knowledge, I think you’ll sell a lot of cars.”

Shocked into a state of confusion, I leant on the car and worked my way around to the driver’s door. Like a gentleman, he came and opened it for me. I didn’t care what I showed as I swung my legs into the car. I threw the £50 note on the passenger seat and felt for the key.

He closed the door and leant on the window ledge. “Tell me, Zoe, I’m intrigued. Why have a medieval badge tattooed on your butt cheek?”

I started the car. “I’m a member of the ‘Petrosal Social Club’.”

I didn’t wait for a reply. I let the clutch out and reversed round to one side, then slammed it into first and passed him on the way out. I spotted him in the mirror

giving me a wave, before I pulled into traffic heading back to the town centre.

I had made a complete and utter fool of myself. However, there was no need to tell anyone what really happened on my first attempt at selling a car. I would keep my shameful experience to myself and put it down to experience.

Against my better judgement, I stopped in a drive-through and broke into the £50 note to buy two meals. I had them double wrapped so they didn't stink the car out and returned to Orbital's forecourt where I parked the car in its parking space. After returning the label to the side window, I climbed out.

Terry was approaching with a concerned look on his face. "Zoe, Melvin wants to see you..." He spotted the food bag I was carrying. "Here, give me that and go and see what he wants. I'll put this in the kitchen."

"Got you running around after him, Heh?" I responded with a smirk. I had recovered from my stupid misadventure and discovered something about myself. I liked driving, I liked selling and I liked sex. Melvin was giving me his permission to roll all three into one, during working hours.

In the final analysis, I had chosen the right option because I had a measure of freedom during the day, it was what happened after work that worried me...

Three ~ Caught lying.

I visited the bathroom first, then plucked up the courage to report to Melvin. Seth responded to my knock by calling me into the office. He and Melvin were sitting at their desks, as was Wesley, on my left. A man, the mystery shopper, I guessed, was sitting on a chair in front of Melvin's desk. His chair was side on to the desk, so was able to turn his head and watch me approach.

Melvin waited until I was standing to the side of the newcomer. "Zoe, this is Callum Nelson. He's been waiting half an hour and we're not best pleased."

Melvin's friend was as he described him earlier. A tall black guy, wearing plenty of bling – a gold necklace, rings and diamond earrings. He was smartly dressed in a blue, short sleeve shirt and beige chinos. He looked like an average guy I'd expect to see working in an office.

"I'm sorry, Sir. I saw the opportunity to sell a car and didn't realize it would take so long."

Melvin wasn't very happy. "There's not enough time for Callum to show you the ropes, but before he leaves, I want you to show him your tattoos."

Surrounded by four black guys staring at me, expectantly, I was so embarrassed, I couldn't find my voice.

"Take your skirt off and place it on my desk, Zoe." Seth growled.

“Oh, all right...” Embarrassed and taken by surprise, I fumbled with the button and then the zip.

Callum watched keenly while I stepped out of skirt. I was side on to him but only a couple of feet away and within touching distance. He waited until I discarded the skirt, then opened his legs. “Come closer girl...”

He put his hand on my left hip and as I turned and moved closer, he put his other hand on my right hip and started to draw the thong down. He went further than he needed to and pulled it down to mid-thigh, so the tiny soiled gusset stared up at us.

“Hasn’t Simon done a good job, Callum?” Melvin asked.

The stranger steered me around through 180 degrees and stroked both tattoos on my butt cheeks. “Very nice. I’m looking forward to seeing Zoe at the club. When is her debut?”

“Wednesday will be his first night. Zoe, pull your underwear up and put your skirt on.”

Mortified and trembling, I yanked the thong up and scrambled into the skirt. Melvin had humiliated me on purpose to drive home his authority and get me used to him taking liberties in group situations. I guessed he also wanted to punish me for keeping his friend waiting.

“Zoe, how did you get on with the punter?” Seth asked.

Relieved to be moving on, I turned toward the ‘trainer’ who was looking down at his desk. He was studying the photocopy of the customer’s licence and the questionnaire I filled in. I wondered if I should revise my story in any way.

“He was a nice guy, but a time waster. I dropped him home and came back via McDonalds.”

Seth picked up a third piece of paper. “Give us a report of your sexual interaction with the customer. Tell us what happened from the moment you met him to when you returned to the showroom. Don’t leave out any details.”

“Um, er, well, it wasn’t a very interesting trip. When I realized he wasn’t going to buy the car, I came straight back.”

“You didn’t have sex with him?”

I didn’t expect to be put on the spot with such a question. “Um, well, er, no, because he was a timewaster.”

He gave me an accusatory glare. “You’re lying to us, Zoe. Look at this readout.” He handed me the sheet of paper.

I scanned it quickly with my heart in my mouth. I understood the map that covered the lower two thirds of the page. A red line showed my movements from 4 o'clock, when I met the customer, to 5:30 when I returned to the showroom. The upper third displayed a graph covering the same period of time. There were several peaks and troughs that didn't make any sense to me.

"Um, yes, I drove down Totteridge Lane, dropped Mr Samuels off at his house and came straight back."

"Zoe, it's the graph at the top that tells us you're lying," Melvin explained.

I examined the chart again and looked at when the peaks occurred and when the largest one almost went off the scale. I looked up at Melvin. "This isn't... Surely you can't... How did you do this?"

"The tag, Zoe, that Simon injected into the base of your clitoral hood. It's an extremely sophisticated piece of kit. The device analyses temperature, heart rate and hormone levels, then produces what is called an 'AA readout', in the trade. 'AA' stands for Arousal Analysis. So, starting with the first peak, when you were still on the premises, explain exactly what happened."

It was like something out of a sci-fi spy movie, and I found it difficult to believe that such a small device could produce so much accurate information. But, there it was, in black white and red, jumping out at me from the page.

"Um, well, I don't want to get anyone into trouble."

“Girl, you’re in trouble, if you don’t explain what happened between you and the punter.”

I took a deep breath. “Well, the first time I was aroused was in the strong room, getting that photocopy...” I pointed at Seth’s desk. “Terry came in and got familiar with me.”

“What did he do, Girl?” Seth asked, clearly impatient with the lack of detail.

“He nudged my tits first, after opening my jacket. Then, when I opened the safe, he put his hand up my skirt and rubbed my pussy.”

“Through the fabric of your panties?”

“Well, er, the thong wasn’t covering my lips...”

“Is that it? Any penetration. Did he try and pull your thong aside?” Melvin asked.

I squirmed in front of four attentive black guys. “No, Sir, I was in a hurry and didn’t give him a chance.”

“Good. Let’s call his progress, ‘Level One’. Keep him and the others on that level until I give permission to step it up a bit. Masturbation, whether you’re

giving or receiving, is okay but no oral. I want them to think that they boss you, so play a more submissive role when you're around them. Now explain what happened with the punter."

I was feeling used in the extreme and was angry with the way they were treating me. Melvin wanted to turn me into a robot-like sex worker who'd respond to every command, no matter how awful the deed was. I was unhappy but had to focus on explaining what happened on the journey and what happened when I got there.

"I started by giving him a flash of my panties when I got in the car. He made a couple of suggestive remarks and when I encouraged him, he put his hand up my skirt and touched the front of my thong." I pointed at the second peak. "That seems to correspond with where we were at the time. I was aroused when he rubbed my sex."

"Zoe..." Melvin's friend took over. "Thigh is okay when you or the punter are driving, but you shouldn't let them go any further. Suggest stopping somewhere to get a bottle of water. Maybe a service station. Somewhere you can limit him to sexual contact. Masturbation, that sort of thing."

"Um, yes, that's a good idea," I replied cautiously.

"Don't go any further until you get a commitment. If you're really confident you have a buyer and he needs a nudge to get over the line, say you'll take him out for a second drive. Make it sound like you're prepared to reward him if he signs on the dotted line. Then, if that works, stop in a layby and do what you have to do. You went too far today before he committed to buying the car."

I nodded. “Yes, way too far.”

“Thank you, Callum. Carry on with your story,” Melvin urged.

“I pulled into his drive and um, stopped in front of his garage. He made a joke about heat and oil. A double entendre about my pussy. So, when he said he wanted to check under the hood, he meant my skirt.”

“I’ve used it myself...,” Callum admitted. “...but never as quickly as he did.”

“I made a mistake in letting him go so far. I know that now. He told me to put my hands on the bonnet, then after rubbing my pussy, he shafted me.” I pointed to the long high peak on the graph. “Then I came back.”

I handed the sheet of paper back to Seth. “What have you learnt today, Zoe?” he asked.

“Not to get carried away. A lot of guys will take a test drive just to be in a car with me. I’ve got to learn how to distinguish the real punters.”

Melvin nodded. “Very good. Callum will pop by later in the week and take you out for a lesson. Get you used to flirting with the punters. Go and have your burger. There’ll be a short meeting on the sales floor at six-thirty just after we close.”

Once again, I was relieved to escape from the intense interrogation-like atmosphere of Melvin's office. They had my future all planned out and for the time being I was going to have to suck it up. I wasn't going to stop looking for a way out, but I didn't have the faintest idea how I could possibly escape Melvin's clutches.

Four ~ Unwanted guest.

When I emerged from Melvin's office, I spotted Tom chatting with Terry at the latter's desk/table. They looked in my direction and walked slowly to meet me halfway. We stopped beside a Kia 4x4.

"Everything okay, kid?" Terry asked. Both men looked concerned and in Tom's case, he must have been shocked to see my new persona.

"I just got chewed off for fucking up a sale, but I've learned my lesson."

"You did go a bit gung-ho, kid."

"Have you definitely lost it?" Tom asked.

I nodded. "I don't think he was ever interested, Tom. Look, I'm going to have a break and eat my burger. I bought one for you Terry."

"Oh, yes, I'll join you." Terry responded, while Tom looked on nonplussed.

"By the way, Melvin said there'll be a quick meeting at six-thirty, before we go to the pub," I added just before leaving Tom to look after the showroom.

No sooner had we got into the kitchen/tearoom, Terry brought up the subject of

the punter. “Who was that guy you took for a test drive, Zoe?”

I separated our food on the short length of countertop and picked up a couple of fries. “Just a regular guy.”

“Not a friend of Melvin’s?”

I finished my mouthful before replying. “No. I made a mistake. He was after a lift home and he used me as his chauffeur. Gave me a big red fifty though. Pity he wasn’t interested in the motor. He was stinking rich.”

“Taxiing people around for cash is one way of avoiding madam’s financial scrutiny,” he chuckled as he edged a bit closer. “You promised to show me your thong.”

I put a hand on his shirt. “Not in here, Terry.”

He was the oldest of the salesmen and had gone through a divorce a year earlier. Letting him touch me in the strong room had emboldened him. Prior to that, he wouldn’t have had the nerve to go so far.

We both took bites from our burgers and as Terry chewed, he drew a chair toward us. “Go on, Zoe, put your foot up there. I’m desperate to see under your skirt.”

What harm could it do? Besides, he was going to find out about the tattoo sooner or later. “If I do, will you let me eat my burger? Will you keep your hands to yourself?”

“Sure, Kid. I just want to see.”

I lifted my foot and placed my stiletto shoe on the middle of the chair, then drew back the hem of the skirt to reveal the triangular front of the thong. An inch of cleft and the remarkably clear letters. ‘MW’ were visible through the black tulle fabric.

He stared at the letters. “MW? Zoe, this is... He made you do that... Be tattooed, didn’t he?”

“The guy thinks he owns me but he’s wrong.”

He reached out and stroked the diaphanous gauze. “Fuck, this looks sexy.” He pushed his fingers lower, but I caught his wrist before he could push the fabric into my cleft.

“Enough, Terry. We don’t want to get too carried away. Melvin might walk in at any moment.”

I dropped my foot and moved the chair, then transferred my food to the table. We sat opposite each other and carried on eating

Terry couldn't resist telling me what he thought. "He made you cut your hair, tattoo his initials on your mons and pierce your tongue. Those are vindictive things to make you do, if you ask me."

I shrugged. "What the fuck could I say to him? No, I won't? Send me to prison?"

"You've got a point. I always thought you were putting yourself in the crosshairs."

"Why the fuck didn't you say so?"

"We were creaming it and forgot about the consequences. Look, Zoe, we're all convinced that Melvin is as crooked as we were; and still are to an extent. I bet you've still got some money stashed away somewhere."

"Hardly any. He made me raid my cash reserve to pay for the body modifications."

"We can help you out if you need a few quid. The important this is that he needs us; and we think we can earn our money back. Melvin will pay us twenty percent of the profit on each sale and the same finance deal we had before."

"It's a good deal. You and the others will easily earn your old salaries with the higher rate of commission. I don't know if I can."

“We’ll help you, Zoe. I reckon he’s done all that stuff to you to remind us of his power and what he could do to us. We’ve got to stick together.”

I nodded. “He’s a clever man so don’t underestimate him. I’ll be interested to hear what the others have to say at the pub.”

“What about after the drink? You said you were on your own the other day.”

He was fishing for a way to get me into bed. “Some other time, Terry. I’ve offered to give Seth a couple of nights on my sofa. He’s down from Manchester. Till Friday, I think.”

“Christ, Zoe. Is that Melvin’s idea?”

I nodded. “It is, but I’ll keep my bedroom door locked, don’t worry.”

He nodded and excepted my story, showing he was just as naïve as I was. We chatted a little longer, then returned to the showroom to hear what Melvin had to say.

Surprisingly, he had some encouraging words and a few pats on the back for Terry and Peter, who had both sold two motors; and Tom and Jack who had both sold one each. ‘Keep the good work up’ were his final words before he dismissed us for the evening.

* * *

Seth was still working when I arrived back at the showroom. It was 8:05 and still light. He had pulled the blinds up on the office windows so he could see me when I returned. I tapped on the outside window and caught his attention. He almost immediately came out into the showroom and opened the door.

“Have you been drinking alcohol?”

I shook my head. “Not a drop.”

“Good. Reverse your car up to this door and I’ll bring my bags out. I have four so you’ll have to put the rear seats down.”

Cursing my luck and dreading having to have the guy in my flat, I hurried over to the Mini. After manoeuvring it into position, I jumped out and opened the tailgate. Seth brought the last suitcase out while I was flattening the rear seats to make enough room.

“That skirt is the right length,” he said as I backed up and stood aside. “You have a nice ass, kid. A great asset in our business.”

“Thanks, Seth.” I stood up and waited for him to lift the bags into the larger space, then pulled the tailgate down. “Do you want me to drive?”

“Yes, get in.”

I didn't know what to expect. Melvin made a point of saying that he wasn't my boyfriend or master. He called him a trainer, but what did that mean? I waited in the car while he locked up and sorted out security. A glance in my rear-view mirror reminded me his large bags blocked my view. I was still wondering about his intentions when he eased into the passenger seat and made himself comfortable.

The journey home was uneventful and quick, because the traffic was light at 8:30. “Lucky I live on the ground floor,” I said, by way of making conversation.

Driving helped me to hold my shit together for I was able to focus on the road, but as soon as I parked the car, in my resident parking space and switched the engine off, I began to fret.

“Go and open the door, girl. I'll bring a couple of bags...”

Thankfully, he didn't make me carry any of the large suitcases. I held the main door of the block open while he transferred them into the lobby, then held the door to my flat, while he carried them into the hall. The moment I closed the door he started nosing around.

He stopped in the kitchen doorway. “Zoe, make me a cup of coffee while I take a look around. I take it black with one sugar.”

“Let me show you the flat...”

A hand shot out and grabbed me by the neck. “Zoe, make me a cup of coffee and wait here until I return.”

“Yes, Sir,” I mumbled tearfully.

“Better, bitch.” He released me and crossed the hall to the lounge doorway.

I took my jacket off and hung it on a peg with my bag, then entered the kitchen. It felt like there was a burglar in my home, searching through my belongings and probably sorting through my pantie drawer. I filled the kettle and switched it on, then prepared two cups. I sat down on a stool at the small breakfast bar and ruminated on my precarious situation.

Because Seth had taken my phone, I had no way to connect to anyone in the outside world. By putting the big man in my flat, Melvin was making me his prisoner 24 hours a day. I had to find a way to get some time on my own, shopping maybe, on my day off. I didn’t know which day that would be because Melvin hadn’t drawn up a rota.

The kettle boiled and I was just pouring the hot water in the cups when Seth appeared. He was carrying an old leather handbag I kept my money in. It also contained my passport and other documents I valued. I hid it in the back of a drawer and it only took him five minutes to find it.

“Girl, keeping all your valuables in one place is the stupidest thing a person can do.”

“I didn’t expect someone like you to be in my flat.” I sounded angry and he didn’t like it.

However, he didn’t lash out. Instead he put the bag beside his coffee cup and gave me the evil eye. “You haven’t got time to drink that, girl. Go and get undressed and take a shower. I want you on the bed, naked in fifteen minutes.”

I was outraged but more terrified of his reaction if I argued with him. However, I couldn’t resist asking what his intentions were. “Are you going to use some of the quota that Melvin gave you?” It was obvious that he was preparing to fuck me, in maybe all three of my orifices.

He glared at me. “Bitch, stop asking stupid questions and do as you’re told.”

I turned and left the room and was surprised when Seth followed me, carrying his cup. The flat had two bedrooms, both of which were a decent size. The larger one I used, had the benefit of an en-suite shower room. I hadn’t bothered to make my bed in the morning, so I got a shock to find Seth had straightened the duvet and pillows.

Besides the bed, there was a line of mirror wardrobes, a dressing table and a chair. I had positioned two tall chest of drawers together, facing the end of the bed, and placed a TV on top. I was just about to go into the en-suite shower

room when he clicked his fingers.

“Bitch, no changing in there. Always do it in here where I can see you.”

He placed his cup on the right-hand nightstand and sat on the edge of the bed where he had a grandstand view of me undressing. Alone in my flat with a relative stranger, I felt weak and vulnerable and I was still fully clothed. How was I going to feel when I was stark-naked?

Five ~ Extreme punishment.

As I started to remove my clothes, my unease deepened. I decided to be bold, so I undressed facing him while he sipped his coffee. The greedy glint in his eyes as each item dropped to the floor, signalled his intention to play havoc with my body. Just imagining his huge black cock thrusting into any one of my holes brought me out into a cold sweat.

Finally, I was naked and able to slink away to the shower room and clean the day's grime from my body. It felt as though men had been pawing me all day so there was a lot to wash off. The hot water jet eased some of the tensions, but my body was still complaining in multiple locations.

My nipples were aching and were extremely tender, so I had to wash my tits carefully. The tattoos weren't as sore and looked more defined, but the eyelet that had been pierced deep in my clitoral ridge was still painful when I touched it. And, then there were my white major lips.

Once dainty, firm and parted by a peeping line of dark flesh, they were now plump and spongy and hid my clitoral ridge. The gusset of the thong was impractical because it only just managed to cup my modified labia when wearing it. Then, as I moved around, the fabric worked its way into my cleft, exposing my smooth lips. I assumed it was Melvin's way of moulding my character and making me comfortable exposing myself.

I took my time to wash and Seth didn't interrupt me, which had me wondering what he was up to. When I stepped out of the shower, I peeped in the bedroom and saw that he had brought his cases in and placed them on the floor by the bed.

I dried my body and was much quicker than normal because of my cropped

hairstyle. When I entered the bedroom, Seth had undressed and was squatting, opening one of the cases. “Get on the bed, girl, on your hands and knees, facing this end of the bed.”

“Are...are you going to punish me?”

“Girl, if you don’t do as you’re told, I’ll double the punishment.”

I took a deep breath and climbed on the bed and turned so I could stand on all fours facing the end of the bed. When he stood up, at the side of the bed, I got my first sight of his dick. His huge 10” boner stood erect, but my attention was drawn to the restraints he was holding. Seeing a pair of double cuffs in his hands, gave me the first indication of what he was about to do to me.

I had a fear of restrictive, kinky clothes and hated losing control. “Sir, there’s no need to put those on me. I’ll do what you want. Melvin said you could use my holes. That’s okay with me so there’s no need to do what you’re planning.”

“If you don’t shut the fuck up, girl, you’ll regret making me angry.”

From the side, he fastened one part of the double cuffs to each of my calves, just above my ankles. “That’s too tight, Sir,” I said softly. Slap!

“No more warnings, girl,” he hissed after giving my ass a whack with his huge hand.

The next item from the bag was a ring gag attached to a head harness. I had let an old boyfriend put a black rubber ball gag on me, but I had never worn a ring gag. I thought about complaining again, but I was soon going to be helpless and silenced, so I didn't want to antagonize him any further.

When he came around to face me, my nose was just a couple of inches from his huge balls. "Head up girl."

It was so much easier for him to fasten the leather straps around my head after having most of my hair cut off. I felt like a pony having a bridle fitted, when he pulled the straps over my forehead and under my chin. The ring hung from one side, ready to be pushed into my mouth but he wasn't ready to gag me.

He pushed the end of his dick down and nudged my lips with it. "Girl, take your trainer's cock into your mouth without the ring, then we'll do it with the ring in. You need to get used to both techniques."

I was in a terrible situation, but my instinct was self-preservation. One way to impress him was to give him an impressive blowjob. Once the ring was in, and my hands were disabled, he could do what he wanted. The question was, could I give him a better experience ungagged?

I would have liked to hold his shiny black shaft, but he had a firm grip of it, so I wrapped my lips around the dome shaped crown. I used my tongue and the ball attached to it, but it soon started to hurt. I tried rubbing my lips along the top couple of inches to simulate a vaginal entrance, but when he put his hand on the back of my head and urged me forward, it turned into a throat fuck.

I was competent and knew how to regulate my breathing, but Seth's was as large a cock as I had ever swallowed. Still, I had some measure of control and managed to work it beyond my soft palette and allow my throat to be penetrated. The head harness had a leather tab high on the back, which Seth held while fucking my throat.

With one hand gripping the tab and the other holding his dick horizontal, he was able to thrust his hips and slowly increase the length of his strokes until my nose was plunging into his pubes. Then, unexpectedly, he slowed and withdrew.

"Very good, bitch. Thank god I haven't got to train you in oral skills. Now, let's get the ring in... Stretch your jaw... That's it..."

"Uhhhhhhh," I groaned as he eased the stainless-steel ring behind my teeth and fastened the buckle securing it in place.

It felt terrible and the moment he slid his cock through the ring and along my tongue, I needed all my willpower to stop myself panicking.

Gripping the tab on the back of the harness, Seth held my head steady. Then, slowly but surely, with deeper and deeper thrusts, achieved full penetration. Within seconds he continued where he left off with long piston-like thrusts.

"Uhhhhhhh," I groaned when it seemed as though I would pass out through lack of air.

The sensation of having my throat stretched by a piledriving, rock hard, black projectile, was terrifying in the extreme. Throat fucking reduced a girl to the basest form of animalistic submission, where the male had total domination over her body and mind. Having me pose naked, like an animal, while he was doing it, reinforced my submissiveness.

“Concentrate, biiiiiiitch,” he said in deep gravelly tones, as his peak approached.

“Uhhhhh,” I continued groaning while spurt after spurt of hot sticky jiz shot against the sides of my oesophagus and into my mouth as he slowly withdrew.

“There, enjoy your trainer’s seed, bitch and don’t waste a drop.” I licked around the ring and my lips eagerly, once again trying to get him to look kindlier upon me. He moved to the side and unbuckled the empty wrist cuff attached to my left ankle. “Drop your shoulders, girl, and reach back on the outside of your legs so I can secure your wrists.”

I looked around into his face and tried to look pathetic. “Urrrrr,” I whimpered through the gag. Slap!

“Huh, I can’t even shut you up with a gag in your gob. Don’t worry though, I have just the ticket for you. Do as you’re told first.”

I capitulated and after resting my head on the bed, I reached back and felt him secure my left wrist into the cuff. Once he had secured my right wrist, I was totally disabled and at his mercy.

“Right, bitch, let’s find something to shut you up for a while.” He turned me, by manhandling my body, until I was able to see over the edge of the bed and into the case he had opened. “These are the toys I use to train subs like you. Some enjoy bondage and being punished, but most don’t.”

He rummaged around among a plethora of items including chains, straps, rings, dildos, butt plugs and punishment weapons. I spotted a leather tawse, a crop, short canes and paddles among the items. He rummaged around and eventually found what he was looking for – a 3” rubber plug.

He stood up and held it against his cock, which had conveniently returned to its former glory. “This is the same size as my dick. It’ll give you some practice.” He twisted my head and pushed the short rubber dick through the ring until it was wedged firmly within the stainless-steel ring.

He returned to the case and picked out an 18” stick which looked like a conductor’s baton. It appeared to be made of rattan cane and had a short leather handle on one end.

With my head on the side, I watched him lay the baton on the bed beside me, then close the case. I began trembling at the thought of being beaten with the cane. Even though it was short he could do a lot of damage with it. When he turned and picked up the cane, my fears were strengthened.

Holding the stick in his right hand, he tapped me on the shoulder with it. “Girl, it’s my job to teach you to be an obedient pet – Melvin’s obedient pet. So, it’s time for you to have your first obedience lesson.”

He stroked my back with his left hand as though I was his pet dog. He moved down my back and then ran his hands over my ass cheeks, which were taut and defenceless.

“Like I said before, girl, for a white bitch, you have a lovely ass. I’m allowed to spank, but Melvin doesn’t want your cheeks or legs marked or bruised. Luckily, bitch, you have a more sensitive area on your body. It’s ideal for the sort of punishment you’ll need from time to time.”

His fingers pushed between my cheeks and stroked the secret strip of deep flesh normally hidden from view. He ran his fingers back and forth between my coccyx and anus, pushing my cheeks apart as he went.

He then went further and stroked my plump labia. “Of course, your cunt is your real weak spot and if you were my submissive, I’d thrash it every time you stepped out of line. However, you belong to Melvin and he’s decided to make you his pet...” He stroked the tattoos on my ass. “This badge also means you’re a member of the Petrosal Social Club. You’ll find out on Wednesday what that means. Right, let’s get you in position.”

He pushed me into the centre of the bed, while getting on the bed himself, then placed his calves either side of my head and his knees on my shoulders pinning me to the bed. My ass was in the air, his balls were sitting on the side of my face and he was facing my ass, ready to thrash me.

“Uhhhhh,” I released a muffled complaint.

“Too late for protest and if you continue making that pathetic noise, I’ll increase your punishment.”

My natural reaction was to clench my cheeks together, but he gripped my right cheek and pulled it to one side to open the valley wide. Switt! Switt! Switt! Switt! Switt! Switt! Switt! Switt! Switt!

“Urrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.” When my ass exploded with white hot pain, I screamed silently, but the cries for help in my head sounded like continuous rolling thunder.

I couldn't escape the blows. They rained down, first on one side of the valley and then the other. By gripping my left buttock in his huge hand, he stopped me from swaying from side to side as I tried to get my ass out of the firing line. When he finally stopped hitting me and released my ass, the pain continued unabated. Without him pinning my shoulders, I rolled from side to side and cried buckets of tears until my tear ducts ran dry.

But the pain didn't abate and neither did my distress or moans for some considerable time. He left me alone with my distress, wrists cuffed to my ankles and gagged into silence. Having given me my first lesson in submission, I was left in no doubt that my chances of escaping Melvin's clutches were slowly slipping away.

Six ~ Strong aphrodisiac.

Was it 5 minutes, 10, or 30 minutes? I didn't know, but when Seth appeared on the side of the bedroom I could see, he was dripping wet and had a white towel wrapped around his waist.

He looked at my crumpled figure and pulled the towel off, then started drying his short frizzy hair. There was no denying the man was in fine physical shape and despite his brutal demeanour, his oval face had smooth lines and his eyes were lively and intelligent. I didn't want to admit it, but I begrudgingly found him attractive.

Unfortunately, the man had a sadistic streak as wide as the English Channel and had brutalized me over a few stupid mistakes. His long cock was limp as he strolled around drying his body and looking at himself in the mirror. The man was more interested in his image than my shattered body, proving he was as vain as he was sadistic.

When he finally dropped the towel, on the floor, he strolled over to the bed and looked down at me. I was lying on my side, hunched up in an uncomfortable position. Because of where he hit me, my injuries were out of sight; but there was still a fire raging in the whole of my ass crack causing me great discomfort. I sucked on the short rubber cock in my mouth and wished I'd never met the man.

He looked down on me with a stern expression on his face. "I trust you have learnt your lesson now. There's no reason why I'll have to repeat such a severe punishment if you do as you're told and never question the orders we give. We want to see an instant response to our commands. Do you think you can do that and behave yourself?"

“Uhhh,” I replied, nodding my head rapidly.

“Good. I’m going to roll you over onto your back.”

It was a simple task to lift my legs and turn me so my ass was near the bottom of the bed and my feet were in the air. He looked down on my bulging labia lips and then at my tearstained face.

“I spotted some cold cream in the bathroom. I’ll get it.”

Moments later he returned with the open tub and squatted by the edge of the bed, inches from my ass and pussy. “Part your thighs, girl...”

I complied, giving him a lewd display of my thrusting, modified pussy. “Urrrrrr,” I groaned when he started smearing the oily substance down my ass crack.

Back and forth his finger slipped, then there were two fingers travelling further, past my anus and perineum and onto my convex labia lips. Soon, he was concentrating on just my cunt and anus, preparing them, no doubt, for a visitor, much larger than his fingers.

“Does that feel better?” he asked while slowly easing his digits into both orifices at the same time.

Within a few seconds he had his thumb deep in my anus and two fingers thrust to the third knuckle in my quim. He then simultaneously frigged my holes with rapid short sharp thrusts. I couldn't reply to his question, but he could see the expression on my face slowly changing.

“Pain, for some women is a strong aphrodisiac. It has certainly triggered your juices, girl.”

I could feel his digits slipping and sliding, hear the lusciousness of my quim and feel a strong thrill welling, almost overshadowing the fierce pains from below. He reached down with his free hand and picked up a large black dildo.

“I can't fuck you in both holes at once, so this beauty is going to provide me with a little assistance. I think we're both going to enjoy the experience.

‘Speak for yourself’, were the words I wanted to shout at him, as he drove the huge silicone dick into my quim.

He had to ease it back and forth the deeper it sank. Inch by inch, amazingly the stout black shaft was swallowed by my succulent orifice. “Such tight holes,” he muttered once he had driven it home.

Stretching my vaginal walls beyond their normal limits, created yet another discomfort to bear. Of course, he wasn't finished and was clearly eager to deposit another load of jiz into my petite body. He didn't waste any time pushing his knob against my pucker which hardly put up a fight to stop the invasion. Thankfully, he had prepared it well for the oncoming onslaught.

I groaned when my anus complained, for his cock was so big, the resultant dull ache made my eyes water. By the time he had fully impaled me, I was coping better with the pain. Then, unexpectedly, Seth flicked a switch on the end of the dildo. Much to my surprise, it burst into life, providing a thrusting motion deep inside my quim.

That was soon joined by Seth's pummelling strokes in my back passage. The combination of the two almost immediately triggered the onset of an orgasm. The thrilling sensation built rapidly and suddenly exploded, sending tendrils of sparkling electrical energy through my nervous system.

The athletic, black trainer upped the effort as though he was using me like one of his fitness machines. He gripped my bent knees and increased the power of his thrusts, while staring into my eyes. The silence was continually broken by the slapping of his balls on my ass, his grunts and my uncontrollable sighs. Finally, after the longest orgasm I had ever experienced, he emptied his balls again, before slowly easing out of my back passage.

After switching the dildo off and withdrawing it, he disappeared into the shower room, presumably to wash both the silicone cock and his own slippery dick. When he returned to the room, he came over to the bag containing his toys and dropped the dildo in it. He then opened another suitcase and removed a small square box.

He sat on the edge of the bed and opened the container. Picking out a small gold trinket, he held it up so I could see it. "I'm going to clip this to the eyelet in your mince. Pretty, isn't it? You see, it snaps shut and can only be opened with a special tool."

The outer edge of the solid adornment looked like a male wedding ring that had been hinged so it could be opened and closed. The flat, solid interior was in two parts and would obviously grip a small portion of my clitoral flesh. It could be worse, I reasoned and wasn't too perturbed about having it fitted.

Seth removed a small remote from the box, put the battery in and laid it on the bed, then went to the dressing table and grabbed a bunch of tissues. Returning to my pussy, he mopped up the pussy juice, then delved into my labia and closed the ring so the pin at the top, located in the eyelet. I could feel it gripping my clitoral flesh, but it wasn't as uncomfortable as the pain I was experiencing from my ass crack.

Sitting on the edge of the bed again, Seth picked up the remote and showed it to me. "The device I just fitted belongs to the Petrosal Social Club and you'll find out on Wednesday how it'll help your Master to earn points. To punish you here though, all I have to do is push this button."

"Urrrr!" I groaned when a flash of pain seared through the heart of my pussy.

Devastated by the latest outrage, I tried to signal my horrified reaction with my eyes, but he wasn't interested in my feelings. He took the remote to my dressing table and then started rifling through my drawers. In one, he found a pair of pretty pink, boy short panties made from translucent tulle.

In another drawer, he discovered a black corset I had never worn out. Made from satin, it was trimmed with pink ruffled lace. It had half cups and detachable suspenders. An old boyfriend bought it for me, but I only wore it a couple of times for fun and sex in the flat. He found the hold-ups I bought but he wasn't very happy with my wardrobe selection.

He rummaged about in one of his cases and pulled out a tiny red dress, which I assumed was made from a stretchy fabric like spandex. He laid it on the chair with the other things, then came over to the bed and started to unbuckle all four cuffs gripping my wrists and ankles.

It was a relief to be able to straighten my body and stretch my limbs. Laying on my back with my legs bent over the edge of the bed, I waited to hear what he wanted me to do. He stroked my flat stomach and fondled my tits as though he was working up to fucking me.

Then, he started to unbuckle the strap holding the ring in my mouth. “Listen to me, girl. Melvin has a plan for Orbital Motor’s future. You could be part of that future and if you are, you could earn more money than you scammed from us in the first place...” He eased the ring out from behind my teeth and began to remove the straps.

“I’d like that,” I whispered.

“Good. All this training is necessary if you want to be part of the organization. We own you, but you don’t get to join the grownups until you’ve proved yourself. We know you’re a thieving little cunt, which is the first qualification you need in our business. We need to find out if you can be ruthless.”

He threw the head harness aside and lowered his face to within a couple of inches of mine, then placed his hand on my stomach again and began to gently massage it.

“How can I do that? What would I have to do?”

His hand slipped to my mons, so I made a point of parting my knees to please him. His fingers, free to investigate, went further and teased my spongy lips. His muscular body towered over me even in the seated position. Thankfully, he was in a calm mood as he played with my tender folds. I was in awe of his size and power and all I had to counter such a huge threat was my sexiness. If his desire grew until he wanted me for himself, I judged he'd go easier on me.

“We'll set you a series of tasks, fail any one of them and we'll trash your life until you're pleading to go to prison.”

I raised my hand and placed it on his cheek. “Sir, I will try my best and if I fail it won't be for the want of trying.”

He was pleased with my answer, so I was surprised when he removed his fingers from my oily sex. He rubbed them together. “I've a feeling your body likes this bondage shit. I have a hole left for later and I expect you to take the initiative. Got it?”

“Yes, Sir. What are those clothes for...?” I pointed toward the chair.

I want to see you dressed in them. Put some make-up on. I want you looking like Gigi Hadid without the hair. Then you can help me put my stuff away in the spare bedroom.”

My hopes were lifted by being allowed to get dressed, even if the spandex dress was a bit trashy. However, when I eventually put it on, I discovered that it fitted me like a glove and it visibly pleased Seth. I must have been driving him crazy as I went around sorting his clothes, and tidying the flat, for when we finally went to bed, he fucked me like a crazy man who hadn't had sex for a month.

When I finally dropped off to sleep at one o'clock, exhausted, I dreamt I was firing the automatic pistol I spotted tucked down the side of one of Seth's bags. Melvin, Seth and whatever organization behind them were my Masters. No one had threatened me physically, but I had a nasty feeling that if I wasn't a good girl, there would be a heavy black bag sinking to the bottom of the Thames...

THE END of Part Two

Sample of Part Three

Chapter One

Waking up beside a huge black guy was a real shock to the system, especially as he was occupying the lion share of my bog-standard double bed. Having switched the alarm clock off just before it rang, I sat up and thought I'd slip out of bed before Seth woke up. The pain from between my butt cheeks reminded me that the man had brutally punished me while I was bound and gagged.

I was just turning when a hand shot out and caught my upper arm. "Where'd you think you're going, bitch?"

"Oh, I thought I'd have a quick shower and then make us a cup of coffee."

"Not before you squat your minge on my cock. I need a good fuck to get my day going."

He rolled onto his back and threw the covers back to reveal his semi-hard dick lolling to one side. I reached out and lifted the heavy shaft. "It's not you that needs waking..."

He yanked my arm. "Get on with it then."

I twisted back and climbed on his legs, which he promptly parted so I could drop

onto the covers and approach his cock from below. I slipped my left hand under his balls and lifted his dick with the other, then started a dual massage while licking and sucking his knob. He positioned pillows so he was comfortable, then patted my head as it bobbed up and down.

His black shaft stiffened almost immediately and although it was rock hard and desperate to spear my succulent pussy, I continued lolly-popping his crown until he stopped my head movement.

“Move on, girl, we’ve got fish to fry and eggs to boil.”

I crawled forward making sure my belly rubbed along his stout shaft, then, when the tip was just about to spring up, I reached under my body and steered it into my sore quim. Riding his black belly like I would a stallion, I eased onto his rigid shaft, slowly until I had successfully impaled myself on every last inch of rock-hard black cock muscle. I pushed my shoulders up and saw a glint in Seth’s eye that said ‘you are mine and don’t you forget it’.

“Sir, can I call you Master.” I lifted my ass a few inches while he considered my request, then sat down hard. After the initial sense of tightness, the depth of his penetration felt good.

“Don’t let Melvin hear you call me that. I’m your trainer, now get on with it.”

As I started to rise and fall, he reached out and clasped my modest but firm tits. The pain from the piercings had eased and become nothing more than an itch, until Seth clumsily played with my peaks.

“Ahh,” I whimpered softly when he squeezed too hard.

“Stop complaining, bitch.”

“Sorry, Master.” When I increased the tempo his hands dropped away, allowing me to sit up and go for it with some rapid thrusts using my full bodyweight.

I was orgasming and gasping a couple of minutes before his cock exploded deep inside my battered cervix. Exhausted, I collapsed onto his muscular torso and rested my head on his shoulder while I caught my breath. Slap!

“Owww,” I muttered softly.

Before I knew what was happening, he had rolled me off his body. With hardly any bed beside him, I went clattering to the floor. I landed on my back and lay there, stunned by his callous action.

His head appeared above me. “Girl, stop arsing about. Go and run the shower.”

It was another harsh lesson for me. There seemed little chance of reaching his affectionate side, if indeed he had one. I scrambled to my feet and hurried into the shower room while he lay on the bed reading the messages on his handset.

We slept together, fucked together, showered together, dressed together and ate breakfast together. Our activities sounded like those of a married couple, but in reality, it felt like I was a prisoner and he was my jailer – a highly critical jailer.

End of Sample

I hope you enjoyed the second part of

this story and continue to

read my work in the future.

Thanks. A.S.

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