

His Pet

Part Three

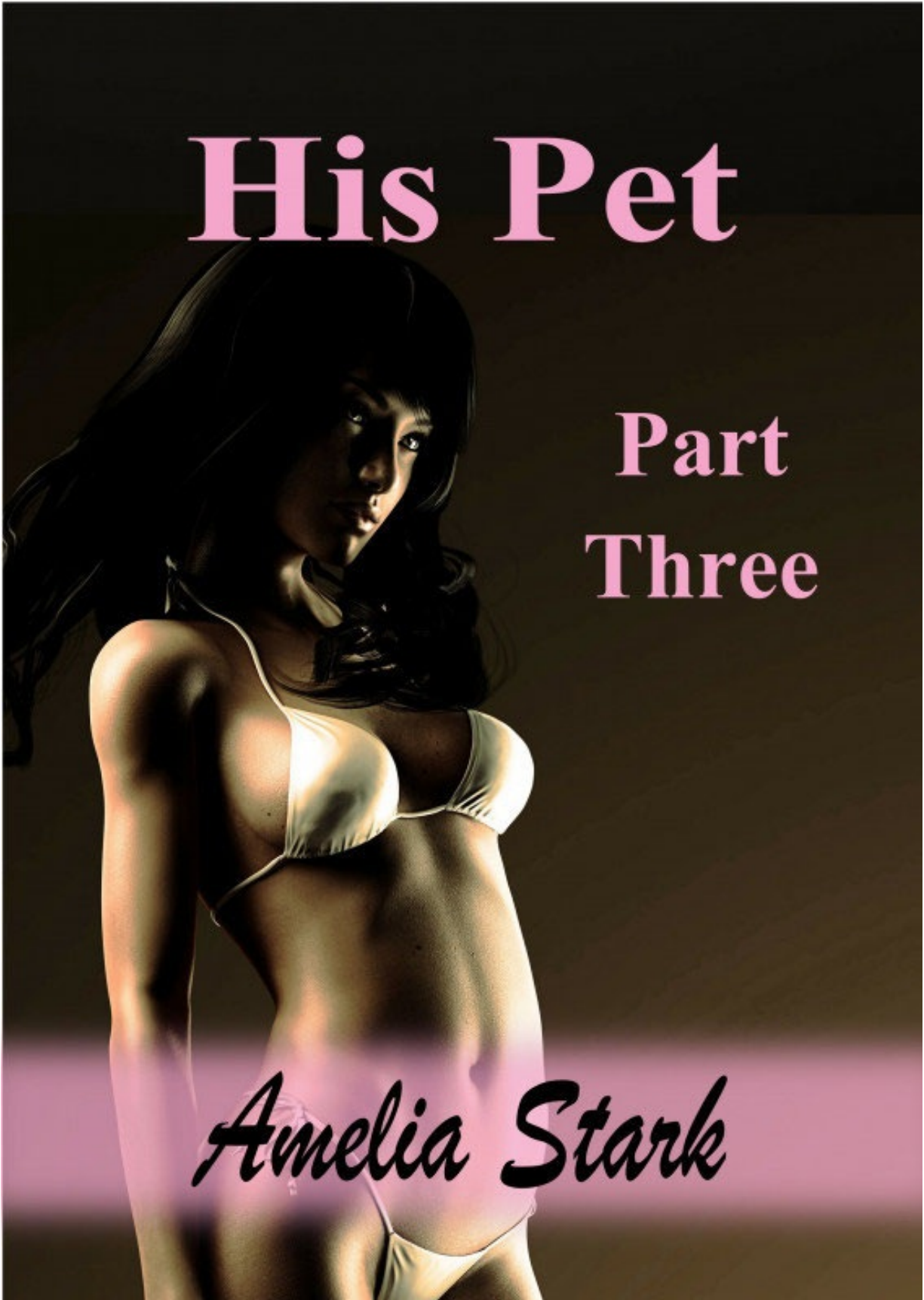
Amelia Stark



His Pet

Part Three

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His Pet: Part Three

The Social Club Pet Series.

By Amelia Stark

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First Smashwords Edition 27-03-2020

Published by Amelia Stark

Polish by R. A. Scally

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Wanting to avoid a prison term for her part in defrauding Orbital Motors, Zoe Nowak agreed to Melvin Watson's brutal terms. Her black boss wants more than a compliant employee, he wants to control every hour of Zoe's life. That includes allowing an aggressive black fitness instructor, Seth, to move into her flat and begin her training.

Tattooed, pierced and tagged, the 21-year-old reluctantly accepts that both men are her Masters, one while she's at work and the other at home. The tag in her pussy is followed by a CCTV system in her flat so they can track and keep an eye on her movements. It will also be used when she entertains some of Melvin's friends, associates and enemies.

One ~ The first task.

Waking up beside a huge black guy was a real shock to the system, especially as he was occupying the lion's 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 the previous evening, 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.

I had just finished my bowl of cornflakes when Seth explained what my first task was. It involved Tom Stewart, who Melvin knew had a thing for me. He also knew that the black salesman had fucked me on one occasion. Tom was a steady guy and had a strong marriage. The other salesmen didn't really get along with him, which made him a good choice for the floor manager's job, Melvin was creating.

They wanted to own the guy, like they owned me. To do that, they needed me to entrap him, so they could get some salacious photos of the two of us fucking. They also wanted me to draw his sadistic nature out and get Tom to use some of Seth's BDSM equipment on me. The first part was going to be easy, but I wasn't sure about the second part.

"I don't share your confidence in Tom. He looks upon me as a slightly frigid work colleague."

"Don't you worry," Seth reassured me. "When Tom arrives at the flat, he'll be in no doubt that you love the darker side of BDSM." He wouldn't explain any further, except to work on him during the day and then get back to the flat at seven.

I was going into work alone, because Seth was installing a CCTV system in my flat, a system that would remain there so they could monitor my every move. Seth was quite open about their plan for me. Basically, Melvin wanted to keep control of me in the long term, not only at work but at home as well. He had become not only my Master, but my boyfriend and pimp!

Seth made it clear that there would be other men, not connected to Orbital Motors, who would be visiting the flat. What he didn't say was who they were or what they'd be doing there. However, it didn't take many brain cells to work out

that they expected me to bed strangers as a reward for favours, or alternatively, so they could blackmail them.

Seth and Melvin weren't going to be happy until I was working for them, morning noon and night. Either working on the forecourt or on my back with my legs open!

Just before I left for work, I stood at the front door and asked Seth about money. "Master, what about my wages. How am I going to earn any money?"

"Melvin's already told you that you'll get access to the money we took from your account, once we know we can trust you. There's two thousand pounds cash in the bag I returned to the wardrobe. That should keep you fed for a couple of months. We'll hang on to your passport for the time being though."

That was a blow, but in the short-term I was more worried about money. "What about my eight-hundred-pound mortgage and service bills? I don't want to go into arrears and lose the flat." I brought that up because he and Melvin were planning on using it as their very own cat house.

"Get to work and sell some cars!" He patted me on the ass, reigniting a fiery pain in my ass crack.

"Fuck!" I said under my breath as I hurried out of the building.

The living nightmare I was experiencing was karma for my crimes against

people who were probably more crooked than I was. I knew there would be a price, but I never thought it would be so high and so brutally delivered.

Seth's words were spinning around in my head, up until I eased in behind the wheel of my Mini Cooper S. The smell of leather, the close confines of the car, and having a taste of freedom were all factors that calmed me down. I started the car and listened to the slight roar of the engine – something I couldn't do if I was in prison!

Dressed in my new sales outfit – a white blouse, a short blue pleated skirt and matching blue jacket, I pulled out of the car park and headed south toward Whetstone. I was nearly at the dealership when I pulled onto a retail park and parked close to Costa Coffee.

I grabbed my bag and climbed out, then entered the coffee shop and strolled to the counter. I could have gotten a drive-through but I wanted to stretch my legs. There were at least five men, business types, with their laptops open, to give the impression they were working. Every single one of them watched me with undisguised interest as I passed them by.

I had never thought of myself as overly sexy but the modifications that Melvin had insisted on had awakened the devilish side of my character – a side I barely knew existed. The tulle thong working its way into my sore cleft and the matching bra rubbing against my fresh nipple piercings were like an ignition key starting my inner engine.

I still had £40 left from the £50 I received from the black guy who shafted me on the hood of an 18K beamer. I could still feel the shame I felt when I discovered that the punter wasn't a friend of Melvin's, but instead a timewaster looking for a lift back to his mansion.

By the time the guy behind the counter handed me a paper bag containing coffee and Danish, my pussy was tingling with excitement. I was tempted, on my way back, to stop and talk to a handsome guy who looked up and smiled at me as I approached him. I didn't though because I hadn't quite reached the point of triggering guys, but I was certainly thinking about doing it.

After making the short trip into Whetstone, I parked my Mini in 'Orbital Motors' car park. Grabbing my shoulder bag and the take-away bag from the passenger seat, I climbed out and locked the car. James, one of the car cleaners was giving Terry's KIA a wash down, two spaces along.

The young man turned around and stared at me across the empty space. "God, Zoe, I hardly recognized you." He dropped his sponge in the bucket and took a pace toward me with an inquiring look on his black face. "New management, new image, heh?"

I nodded at the personable young man. "I'm a salesperson now James. Gotta look the part."

"Lord... Look the part? You'll stop em dead in their tracks, um, if you don't mind me saying so..."

I laughed and pulled a £5 note out of my pocket. I handed it to him. "Can you buff mine when you've finished with that old tank?"

"Sure, but you don't have to bung me a fiver."

I lifted my hand to reject the return of the money. “Keep it. You work harder than the rest of the staff put together.”

The chat with James was just what I needed to start the day, because I knew that once I stepped inside the showroom, I was once again within Melvin’s sphere of influence. Whether it was monitoring my movements via the tag injected into my tender folds or setting up CCTV in my flat, he was determined to surveil me 24/7.

I couldn’t see the walls of my prison, but they were all around in the form of the restrictions imposed on me. Would I be drawn deeper into the murky world Melvin Watson operated in, or could I find a way to escape his clutches? It wouldn’t be long before I found out the answer to that question...

Two ~ Morning reprimand.

It was 8:45 when I pushed my way through the glass double door main entrance. Terry was sitting on the reception desk speaking to someone on the phone. He put his hand up to stop me as I passed, but I held a friendly finger up and kept going.

I went straight to my office which was the second door along the back wall of the showroom. The door was ajar, but the room was empty, so after entering I placed the bags on the desk; and hung up my jacket.

It was a relief to sit down at my desk. After switching on the computer, I opened the take-away bag and took out the coffee and Danish. While I ate the pastry, I logged into my bank account and scanned through the latest transactions.

I wanted to remind myself of the direct debit dates because I only had a little under £500 left in the account. That amount could cope with three smaller payments, but the mortgage was due in ten days, on the first of July. So, I had to pay in some money soon. I had just taken the lid off the coffee when the door swung open.

I nearly dropped the cup on seeing Melvin Watson standing in the doorway. “Zoe, what are you doing?”

I stood up and straightened my skirt. “Um, er, I was just checking my bank account, Sir.” I must have looked as guilty as hell because I was so surprised.

He stepped inside and came around to look at the screen. I pushed my chair and

stepped back to give him room. “Girl, I expect you to report to my office when you arrive.”

I was nervous being alone with the man who thought of himself as my true Master. I didn’t know him well enough to think that way, but I had followed his orders to the ‘T’ and gotten myself tattooed and pierced. I had also stood in his office twice, while he and his friends watched me bend over and bare my ass.

“I’m sorry, Sir. I’m used to starting at nine.”

Hunched over the desk he scrolled the page. “Why are you looking at your account?”

“I’m worried about my mortgage. It goes out in ten days’ time.”

He turned to face me and rested his ass on the desk. “Let me worry about the mortgage. I have some paperwork for you to sign in my office. It’s to do with the sale of your flat.”

“Sale of my flat? Why... no... I don’t want to sell it. I like the flat...”

His hand shot out and gripped my chin. “The fifty ‘K’ you used as a deposit was stolen from me and my partners. The estate agents are looking around it now and by tomorrow afternoon it’ll be sold.”

“Sold? How can that be?”

He eased his grip and removed his hand. “Because I say so. You do want to pay me back, don’t you?”

“Well, er yes, I suppose so.”

“You’ll still live in the flat but instead of paying a mortgage, I’ll deduct the rent from your wages.”

I hated the idea because it gave him an even tighter stranglehold over me; but it was true that I had stolen the money from him in the first place. I was guilty as hell, so I had no right to be angry that he was taking back what was rightly his; but I was angry, and also frustrated at my inability to do anything to stop him.

He pushed himself away from the desk and removed a handset from his pocket. It was my phone. “Here, you can have this back. You’ve got a new number and I’ve put mine, Seth’s, Wesley’s and the five salesmen’s numbers in the contact log along with a couple of other useful numbers.”

I stared at the handset. “Can I add a few personal numbers?”

“No, not without asking me first. Also, bear in mind that the delete function has been disabled. Any message or phone call you make will be permanently recorded on your phone.”

“What... Surely... What about the future?”

He put his hand up to silence me. “That’s all you need for now and we’ll review it from time to time.”

I stared at the handset and couldn’t quite believe he was capable of altering a phone so quickly. But after considering everything else he had organized, I was beginning to believe that the powerful gangster was capable of anything.

“Well, aren’t you going to thank your Master?”

“Oh, yes, Master...” I put the phone on the desk, leant forward on tiptoe, placed my hands on his white silk shirt and kissed him on the lips. “Thanks for giving me my phone back. Sir.” He stood still impassively. “Um, do you want...?” His brown irises appeared to grow larger as he stared into my eyes.

I looked down and lifted my hands to the waistband of his smart black pants. He didn’t move a muscle as I unfastened the catch. I slowly sank to my knees as I lowered the zip. After parting his pants, I pulled the front of his underpants down and wasn’t surprised to find that my Master was the owner of a huge cock. Erect and standing proud, it was begging me to wrap my lips around its blunt, helmet-shaped head.

So, taking hold of his cock with both hands, I pointed it at my mouth and started licking and lip-kissing the man’s extremely impressive dick. I was conscious that we were just a few yards away from the showroom and anyone could come

bursting in. However, I suspected my devious boss had left a message with Terry saying he didn't want to be disturbed.

Melvin didn't hurry me and instead allowed me to slowly take his cock into my throat in short thrusts until it was deep enough to pick up the pace and go for it. Only then did he rest his hand on my head as I bobbed it at a dizzying rate.

"Zoe, you are going to make a wonderful Pet and the club cannot fail to appreciate such a fine exponent of the oral artssssssss."

As he finished the sentence, he slipped his hand under my chin and lifted my head. Then, while he steered his dick with his free hand, he directed spurt after spurt of hot sticky jiz over my face.

I had experienced the crude practice before so I wasn't as surprised as I might have been. I stood there staring up at him, trying to lick away what I could from around my mouth. Seeing that he was still holding his weeping dick, I leant forward and licked the last few drops from his softening crown.

He reached into his pocket and handed me a neatly folded handkerchief. "Zoe, after you've cleaned your face, put your jacket on and get out there and sell some cars. At eleven, I'm taking you out to meet an associate of mine. I'm going to look at a couple of motors for the forecourt. Also, I'm told there's a brother there who knows you, so you won't be among strangers."

Don, the old manager, occasionally took me out to meet trade sellers and although I met some of his contacts, he kept his negotiations secret. While they were discussing the deal, I usually sat in the car filling in forms. When he

returned, he handed the reg docs over to me and we inflated the price we paid for them. We, of course, made sure that there was a chunk in it for us. There were so many scams, I had to keep tabs on a computer and that was my big mistake.

“I went out with Don a few times, Sir, but I didn’t speak to many of the traders.”

He put his hand on the door handle. “Well, you’ll do a lot more than speak to them in the future...” He opened the door. “Don’t be long. I want you out there selling.”

I waited for the door to close, then opened my bag. Mirror, tissues and make-up were soon scattered on the desk. Melvin’s cum was splattered all over my face and in my hair at the front. As I wiped it off with the aid of his handkerchief and a bottle of water from my desk, I was worried about Melvin’s comment about the traders and what I would do for them in the future.

He wasn’t taking me to help him negotiate with a trader. He was going to want me to flash my body and maybe more. I wasn’t happy with the way he was treating me, but was there a point where I could just flat out refuse to do the things he ordered me to do? I didn’t think so, yet...

The reality was that I was guilty; and I didn’t have the bottle to argue with him or run away. I had heard gang related stories of stabbings, beatings and disappearances, all of which I wanted to avoid. The used car business was cutthroat in every sense of the word; and although Don had avoided the perpetrators of such crime, I guessed that Melvin moved in darker circles.

Having finished cleaning my face, I picked up my phone and switched it on.

Everything seemed normal until I tried to connect to the internet. It was unavailable, as were the delete function which would have enabled me to do some secret messaging. I had nowhere to run and no one to run to, in the UK, because my family were in Poland.

Even that avenue of escape had been cut off, once Seth had his hands on my passport. I had survived a whole day in which some horrible things had been done to me, so I reasoned that life may get a little easier, at least during working hours.

Three ~ Balancing act.

The moment I left the office, Terry stood up and waved me over. I pointed to the toilet door. “Won’t be a minute, Terry. I need the loo.” It was a chance to wash my face properly and apply some fresh make-up.

When I emerged, Terry was still standing behind the desk waiting for me. I was afraid he was going to try and pick up where he left off in the tearoom or ask me to look after the desk. As it turned out he wanted to talk to me for another reason.

“You’re looking good, kid,” he began. “I suppose I don’t stand a chance when the boss puts his hat in the ring?”

“Terry, there is no ring to put a hat in.”

“He wants you all to himself then?”

“Look, I’ve been put in an almost impossible situation. Melvin is threatening me with prison and has the evidence to convict me. So, until Seth goes back to Birmingham, they have a full control over me. I don’t want Seth in my spare bedroom, but what can I do?”

God, if only he knew what Melvin and Seth had planned for me. Sooner or later they were all going to find out, but would that stop them from trying to grope and get me into bed? I didn’t think so.

Anyway, my assurance seemed to cheer him up. “Zoe, things change and Seth will be gone soon. Then you’ll have more time.” He tapped one of the sales clipboards on his desk. “Look, I’ve got a red-hot lead and I’m buggered if I’ll give it to one of the guys. It’s a ‘take and see’ in Barnet. I’ll give you thirty percent of the commission if you run it out to the punter for me and give him a test drive.”

I folded my arms. “Have you met the customer?”

“No. He said he came at the weekend and spotted the car then...”

“Terry, you know the rules. You’ll get nothing if you give it to one of the guys. If it’s a new customer, you’re doing little more than handing over a message.”

“Zoe, don’t be an ass. I’ve checked him out. He’s a director of a legit. company. Clean license and good credit rating. If I wasn’t anchored to this fucking desk, I’d be over there like a shot.”

“Mmmm, I’m interested, but I think fifty-fifty would be fairer. What do you say?”

Most salesmen think an orgasm is what you get when a punter signs on the dotted line, but to give Terry his due, he wasn’t as impulsive as the others.

“All right, Zoe, let’s do a fifty-fifty deal, but you’ve got to promise to play this one as straight as a die.”

“Deal. Which car is he interested in?”

“The green XF Jag. Twenty-point five K and there’s five and a half in it. My nose tells me he’ll pay twenty K. He sounded relaxed on the phone.”

I ran the figures through my head. 20% of 5K was a thousand pounds. Half of that would be mine. “Fair enough. I’ll treat him with kid gloves and let the car sell itself.”

A relieved expression came over his face. “Now you’re talking.” He offered me the clipboard. “Take some finance docs with you. I’ll ring him to let him know you’re on the way.”

Next stop was Melvin’s office to get the additional paperwork. When I was called in, I discovered the boss was on his own. “What is it?” He spotted me holding the clipboard. “Are you with a customer?”

“I’m on my way, Sir. It’s a ‘take and see’. I just need to get some finance docs.”

He stood up and walked around to stand beside me. He turned a docket around and pulled it to the back edge. “Sign this estate agent’s agreement.” He held out the pen.

“Can I read it?”

“No point, girl. Get on with it.”

I took a deep breath and signed the Contract, then handed his pen back. He picked up a small white box and handed it to me. “Your business cards.”

“Oh, thanks.” I opened the box and took out a card. The lettering was in fancy gold.

Zoe Nowak

Sales Consultant

Orbital Motors

I held it up. “I like them.” When he glared at me, I kissed him on the cheek. “Thank you, Sir.” He grabbed my ass and gave it a quick squeeze.

“Good. Now, I want you back by eleven o’clock, so no detours. I’ll be watching the app.” I walked to the filing cabinet. “Oh, Zoe...” I turned to see him holding up a piece of paper. “...take Tom with you and drop him off at this address. There’s a silver C two-hundred Merc needs picking up. It’s on your way.”

“C two-hundred? Petrol or diesel?”

“Petrol and it’s an estate.”

Petrol C200’s flew off the forecourt. “Have you bought it, Sir?”

“Not yet. We’ll take a look at it in the workshop.”

I was comfortable talking about the buying side of the trade. It was the selling side I feared. After putting the cards in my bag, I raided the filing cabinet for the finance docs, thanked Melvin, then hurried out. There was no sign of Tom in the showroom, so I went to the security room and fetched the keys and background file for the Jag.

I found Tom strolling around the cars with Jack French. Gay and quiet, Jack was a lovely guy, but just as committed to grabbing what he could off the forecourt for himself.

He spotted me first. “Zoe, you look like you’re going somewhere...”

Tom turned. “Hey, kid, what’s happening?” His eyes dropped to my skirt then returned to gaze at my face.

“Melvin wants me to drop you at this address. Here’s the details.” I handed him

the slip of paper, which he studied. “He wants it in the workshop ASAP.”

“A C two-hundred estate, heh? I’ve got a punter who might be interested in it, if it’s clean...”

“We’ve got to go now because I’m taking a Jag on a ‘look and see’.”

They both looked surprised. Tom was the first to respond. “Did Terry hand it to you?”

I was in a hurry because I had to do a detour to drop him off. “Come on, I’ll explain on the way.”

He didn’t get a chance to continue the conversation because I was on my way to the Jaguar. “Zoe...” Tom called out. “Hold your horses.” He jogged up beside me and waved the piece of paper. “Is this all Melvin gave you?”

I nodded, then unlocked the car from distance with the fob. “That’s all you need, the guy’s expecting you.”

He walked faster so he could open the door for me. He wasn’t being a gentleman, he wanted a flash of my panties, and of course I duly obliged. Seth instructed me to get him to my flat at 7 o’clock and Melvin had seen the perfect opportunity to put us together in a car.

I exaggerated my clumsy entry and paused with one leg in and one out of the car, Tom got a quick flash of the triangle of semi-transparent tulle covering my mons and the 'MW' tattoo emblazoned across it. I quickly pulled my right leg in, allowing him to close the door and hurry around the passenger side. After Tom was seated, I handed him the clipboard and started taking my jacket off. It provided a second chance to showcase my assets.

"Here, let me give you a hand," he said, taking a sleeve and pulling it off my arm.

"Thanks Tom. I feel more comfortable without the jacket."

I started the car and then while I adjusted the seat, Tom put the addresses in the SatNav. He waited until I had pulled out of Orbital Motors before quizzing me again.

"How are you getting on with Seth staying at your flat?"

"He's okay. I don't like it, but they've got me over a barrel."

"Melvin made you have the tattoo, didn't he?"

"You saw it then?" I tried to sound surprised.

He chuckled. "I wish I had my phone out. I love those up-skirt shots." He turned his body and touched my shoulder. "Are they making you...? have they...?"

I glanced at his troubled face and came up with an idea. "Tom, I want to tell you the truth, but I don't want the others to know. Can I trust you?"

"Sure, kid. The gang of four hardly include me in their chats. Is it about what Melvin is making you do?"

"Look, Tom, I'm no stranger to putting it about. I had sex with you, but what with the work situation and you being happily married...."

"You can drop the happy part, kid."

They all say that, when the possibility of a bit on the side presents itself. "It's difficult to tell you this but I learnt a long time ago that guys are willing to pay..."

He squeezed my shoulder. "Pay? Are you telling me what I think you're telling me?"

I had to do a turn and accelerate away from the junction. "Well, some evenings, um... Let's just say that I was having a couple of regular guys around who pay for sex."

He shook his head slowly. “You’re an escort on the fly? You? Zoe, I don’t believe it...” He did though. He wanted to believe it.

“It’s not quite as simple as that. I didn’t need the money, what with what we were doing, I just got mixed up with the wrong crowd.”

“Are these guys some of Don’s cronies?”

The question surprised me. “No. They’re just guys I knew before I started working at Orbital Motors.”

“So, what’s all this got to do with Melvin and Seth? Does it mean you can’t see your regulars while Seth is down here with us?”

“They know about it and want my regulars to be them and their pals...” We were approaching the address, a small privately owned garage. I pulled onto the forecourt and parked by the pumps as though I was going to get some gas.

“So, they want to fuck you as well?”

“Tom, I owe Melvin big time. He hasn’t fucked me yet, but it’s only a matter of time.”

“What a shitstorm, Zoe, what are you going to do?”

“I dunno. I’ve been wracking my brains. Seth has got to go to a meeting with Melvin after work. Said he won’t be back till late. Could we continue this chat at my place after work?”

His eyed lit up and he patted my shoulder. “Of course. Would seven-thirty be okay?”

“That would be great. I’ll have eaten by then. We can have a drink and put our heads together.” I doubted if that’d be all we’d be putting together.

He opened the passenger door. “See you later.”

I watched him approach a guy in brown overalls. They had a chat then shook hands. The moment Tom gave me a wave, I pulled away and headed for Barnet. I hated setting up Tom, but he wasn’t an innocent party and I wasn’t going to force him to do anything.

Four ~ Flaunting her sexuality.

Turner Glaziers Ltd was on a modern industrial estate in High Barnet, not very far from my flat. David Turner was a pleasant middle-aged guy who had fallen in love with the car when he saw it on the forecourt, so I didn't have to work hard to sell it. He took the Jag for a spin on a triangular route which included a 5 mile stretch of the M25.

He was sensible and was so engrossed in the experience, he hardly noticed I was sitting beside him. I was careless once, when I got out of the car and from that point onwards, he began noticing me. I took my jacket off when we went to his office to discuss the price of the car and we chatted about cars, like old friends, while drinking coffee.

He wanted it on finance so instead of reducing the price, I gave him a more favourable interest rate. Actually, it was a shit rate, and earned the company a decent wedge. I got an approval over the phone and a cheque for the 25% deposit.

“So, when can I have the car?”

“We need to do the free service and valet and wait for the cheque to clear. How about collecting it Friday?”

“Friday... Mmmm. I have to be in Norwich at nine in the morning. I'll be back here by three o'clock in the afternoon. How about delivering it at four and I'll give you a lift back?”

The signals had been subtle after I gave him a brief flash while getting out of the car, but I continued to push my sexuality in a brazen manner. Wearing a black diaphanous bra under my white blouse and black hold-up stockings gave me the ammunition to keep his mind on me and off any negative aspects of the purchase he was making.

I agreed to deliver the car and had him following me like a puppy dog to the car, where once again I gave him a treat and a smile. My spirits were lifted and I enjoyed the drive back to the showroom. I turned the volume up when a Bowie track, 'Changes', came on the radio. The song seemed appropriate to what was happening in my life.

The good news was that I had clawed back £750 with my first sale, but I had a long way to go before my finances were anything like they were before Melvin came on the scene.

I had to take the car through the back entrance where we had a large workshop for repairing and servicing the cars. I parked it in a space, then walked toward the open garage doors. Roy Schmidt, a German mechanic, was working under a car that was on vehicle lift. He and the lad working with him, turned their attention to me as I approached.

"Zoe, I like the image..." He studied my outfit. "What have you got for me?" He turned to the lad who was gawping at me. "Tighten those nuts, Chris." I handed him a copy of the sale and he scanned the sheet. "So, you're on the sales side now?"

"And, general dogsbody. I think I got the rough end of the stick."

Smithy was a nice guy and Orbital Motors were lucky to get an ex-BMW engineer on the books. I chatted about the Jaguar for a minute, then left him to get on with his work.

Terry was ecstatic when I handed the paperwork to him and it wasn't a surprise when he asked me out to lunch. I pointed out that I was going out with Melvin to see a seller and didn't know when I'd be returning. He then pushed me for dinner after work, but once again I had to rebuff his suggestion and agree to do something with him on Wednesday.

Melvin was waiting for me in his office. "How'd it go, Zoe?" he asked while putting his jacket on.

"I closed the sale, Sir, and Terry's dealing with the paperwork."

"What's the deal?"

"Asking price and finance, twenty-three percent APR. We're going fifty, fifty on the sale."

He raised his eyebrows as he approached me. "Good girl." He stood close and lifted my chin, while feeling for my left breast with his free hand. He tweaked my nipple, making me wince. "Girl, I expect your gratitude every time you sell one of my cars, because if you fuck a sale up again, I'm going to punish you. Do you understand?" His free hand dropped onto my ass and gave it a squeeze, reminding me of my sore ass crack.

His large, intense brown eyes appeared to bore right into my thoughts. “Yes... yes, Sir, of course. I understand.”

I lifted my right arm and he let me put it around his neck, then stood impassively while I kissed his lips and his smooth black face several times. He was more handsome than Seth and had a more languid manner, but there was no doubt in my mind he was the more dangerous of the two. He gave the orders and Seth carried them out; and if that meant giving me another thrashing, it would happen as soon as Seth showed up at my flat after I had finished with Tom.

Melvin removed his hand from my ass and stepped back. “We’ll go in your Mini. Grab my briefcase...”

The silver case was sitting on the end of his desk. By the time I had grabbed it, he had disappeared into the showroom, I hurried after him and only caught up when he stopped to talk to Terry, on the desk. After telling the salesman we would be back after lunch, we headed for the staff parking spaces.

“What do you think of the car?” he asked across the top as I opened my door.

“I love it, Sir, and I don’t want to change it.” When he ducked and slipped into the car, I followed suit and passed him the briefcase.

He waited for me to start the car “Zoe, don’t get attached to it. Everything on the lot is for sale. If one of my friends takes a liking to it, I’ll sell it in a heartbeat.” He tapped an address into the SatNav and sat back as I pulled into traffic.

I glanced at the map and noticed the destination was in the countryside near Borehamwood. It wasn't a great distance but gave me a chance to shoot up the A1 and enjoy a brief chance to get her into fifth gear and put her through her paces.

"Who are we going to see, Sir?"

"Her name is Davina Rogers. She runs an import, export company. Perfectly legit, but behind the respectable façade she operates in the black used car business. Most of her trade is done on the dark web. From time to time I buy the odd car from her."

"Isn't that a bit risky, Sir?"

"When I said black market, I meant her clients are mostly black. Most of the cars have been in serious accidents and are insurance write-offs. Once repaired and re-registered, Davina puts some miles on them. The cars are legit, but the previous owners aren't."

It sounded dodgy to me, but it was Melvin's business not mine. I was going to be interested to see who the car was registered to if he buys one from the woman.

After five miles along the A1, we turned off onto a 'B' road that ran north of Borehamwood and took us out into the countryside. The turning was between a caravan sales business and a gas station. The tarmac drive went beyond the other two businesses and ended in a double metal gate operated by remote control.

They slowly parted, enabling me to drive onto a huge concrete parking area. A large modern grey warehouse shed, with the sign 'Rogers International Transport' plastered across it, dominated the yard. Three articulated lorries stood waiting to deliver or leave, while a fourth was backed up to one of two loading bays.

Melvin pointed to the right. "Go around the side of the building."

I steered right, then left down the side, but had to pull up at another gate. Once again it opened automatically and I was able to drive to the back of the building, where I found two long rows of parked cars. One appeared to belong to the workers and the other, more expensive cars, were possibly the ones the woman was selling.

"Drive to the end and park by that outbuilding." Beyond the cars and to the right, stood an older, small warehouse that could have been where the original business started.

As I steered around the end car and approached the line of parking spaces, I spotted a Rolls Royce and an Aston Martin, along with a couple of other cars. I parked, leaving a space between the mini and the roller and opened the door. I had just lifted one leg out when Melvin put his hand on my left thigh.

"Zoe..." He slipped his hand up and touched my mons. "Stay silent unless you're asked a question." His fingers slipped lower to the portion of my labia that was open to the elements. He rubbed my tender folds and fiddled with the ring that had slipped into the open. "And, Zoe, do exactly what I or Davina tell you to do. Do you understand?"

His finger movement stoked the fire in my quim and it only took a matter of seconds before my labia became slick with pussy oil. They could have something awful in store for me, but I was with Melvin, and he would protect me, wouldn't he?

"Okay, I'll do as I'm told. Do you want me to carry your bag?"

"Yes, of course. Get out of the car first and remove your jacket." I did as I was told and threw it on the back seat. Melvin joined me and handed me the bag.

"Okay, follow me."

The briefcase was heavy, so I wanted to ask him what was in it, but I desisted and kept quiet on the journey to the back of the outbuilding. We stopped at a single door. Melvin pushed the button and we waited. Further on was a set of closed double doors presumably access for goods vehicles. The location couldn't be more remote in that part of the south-east and yet be so close to London. What better place to run a criminal operation?

Five ~ Stupidity punished.

The door was opened by a huge black guy with a grin on his face. “Mr. Watson. Davina is expecting you,” he announced. After entering, Melvin opened his jacket to show the big guy that he wasn’t hiding anything. “That’s okay, Mr. Watson.”

“Thanks, Slim, where’s your Mistress?”

He looked me up and down as though he was considering searching me. “In the office, Sir, I’ll take you.”

I was hardly paying attention to the men for I was looking around the large shed, which had been converted into a showroom for luxury cars. The old interior of the shed had been made to look like an old barn and the effect was stunning.

Most luxury car manufacturers were represented, Mercs, Beamers, Jags, Range-Rovers and many more. The cars were to our right and the office straight ahead. We passed a gorgeous anthracite Bentley Continental facing the aisle on one side and a silver BMW 320 series on the other.

Slim opened the door, waited for us to enter, then closed it once he was inside. A black woman rose from behind the desk and came round to meet us. “Melvin, good to see you...”

My eyes didn’t follow the woman, they stayed fixated on a young man’s head that was just visible above the desk. He was white and his brown hair was cropped as short as mine, but that didn’t detract from his handsome features.

What on earth was he doing, sitting on the floor beside the woman's chair? I wondered.

"You too, Davina, you're looking sensational," Melvin replied. The two hugged and that's when I looked away from the lad and took more notice of the woman.

She leant back, still in his embrace. "So, you're camped just down the road from us."

"Ten miles, Davina. You must drop in."

"I will." He let her go as her attention turned to me. "So, this is your new pet? Zoe, isn't it?"

"How'd you know that, girl?"

"Ah, I have my sources..."

"I see you brought Rex..."

She turned and whistled. "Rex, come and say hello to Melvin and his pet bitch."

The lad's head disappeared from above the desk and reappeared at the side as he

crawled out and approached us. I nearly dropped the briefcase! I was so shocked to see a young man crawling like a dog! Then I realize he was wearing a transparent latex, all-over body suit. The latex was clear but tinted light pink, but it didn't make his muscular body effeminate, just smooth and streamlined.

His legs were folded within the latex at the back, so he was crawling on paw-shaped pads on his knees. His hands were also encased in latex paws ensuring he was completely trapped in the tight suit. He was wearing a tall posture collar around his neck that forced him to keep his chin up.

I went to step back as he approached, but Melvin grabbed my arm. "Stand still, girl, while Rex has a good sniff."

The lad stopped a few inches shy of my skirt and looked up. "Ruff! Ruff!"

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "What...?"

"Lift your skirt, girl," Davina said with a touch of impatience in her voice. "Haven't you trained the bitch yet, Melvin?"

Melvin, still holding my arm, shook it gently. I placed the briefcase on the floor and lifted the front of my skirt. "She's learning on the Job, Davina."

The moment I lifted the front of my skirt, the lad thrust his face against my mons and started licking the thin strip of material and my peeping lips. He couldn't get far though because I was standing with my legs almost together. Having said

that, he still managed to push his nose and the material into my cleft in an obscene display of animalistic behaviour.

“Rex, back and sit!” Davina suddenly commanded. “Melvin might let you mount the bitch, if you’re a good boy.”

The lad backed away, sat on his haunches and whined softly as though he was disappointed at having to withdraw. That was when I spotted his enormous cock for the first time. The 10” shaft stood bolt upright against his belly. That wasn’t unusual, but the barbell adornment pierced through his knob was!

My pussy was still sore after my piercing. What the hell had the lad gone through when the needle pierced his most sensitive organ? Then there was his ball sack which resembled a huge red cricket ball. It was constricted into that shape because of a tight metal collar at the neck of his scrotum. Why was it so red? I wondered. Did his Black Mistress whack it every now and again, or give it a Kick?

Then there was the shocking threat of being mounted by the lad and his barbell bedecked cock. The thought of those stainless-steel balls rubbing up and down my tender vaginal walls made me go weak at the knees. The possibility of his ball sack thudding against my mons was equally as scary a prospect.

Surely Melvin hadn’t taken me with him so his friend’s pet Puppy-boy could pound my pussy in a brutal manner?

“Davina, there’ll be plenty of opportunity in the future for the two to have a rut...” I sighed with relief, but the lad looked distinctly irked.

“Maybe have the bitch bend so Rex can savour her minge juices?” Davina requested. “Have her put her hands on the back of the desk. Let Rex lap her slime bunny.”

“Won’t that frustrate him?”

“Yes, it will. That’s what I want.”

“Alright...” He turned to me. "Zoe, thong off and do it.”

What he was telling me to do was almost as bad as full sex on the floor of the office. I looked around to see Slim the bouncer standing at the door, impassively staring at me. Melvin glaring at me, daring me to disobey an order. Davina, amused by my apparent distaste at her suggestion; and the lad gawping at me with his pierced tongue hanging out.

I slowly leant forward and reached under my skirt for the elasticated waist. As I drew it down, off my ass, the lad’s eyes followed the thong’s progress to the floor and then my clumsy collection of the item.

“Give it to me,” Melvin said, holding his hand out.

I passed it over, then walked to the desk and leant forward, supporting myself with my hands. It was Davina who stepped forward and lifted my skirt, then

tucked it in the waistband.

“That’s better. We can see the bitch’s ass now.” She pushed her shoe between mine “Feet apart and dip your back, girl.”

I was surprised that Melvin acquiesced so easily and allowed himself to be distracted from the purpose of the visit. Davina ran her black hand over my white cheeks. “Lovely ass for a wigger... And, Simon’s artwork is divine.” She pulled my cheeks apart with her thumbs. “This one appears to be wilfully disobedient. Are you girl?” She squeezed my cheeks causing the bruises in my deep divide to sparkle with pain.

“No, Miss. I do as I’m told.”

“Are you a liar?”

“No, Miss. I tell the truth.”

“Alright, let’s put that to the test.” She moved around the desk and picked up a buff A4 brown envelope.

“Davina, what’s going on?” Melvin asked.

I gasped when she withdrew a large photograph. It showed me laying across the

bonnet of a black BMW 3 Series, Special Edition. It was the picture that Bobby Samuels took when I dropped him home. My stretched thong was at half-mast and my naked ass shone white in the bright sunshine, amplifying the tattoos, my ass crack and my burger bun-like labia bulging from between my upper thighs.

“This is what’s going on. Bringing the Petrosal Social Club into disrepute.”

“Fuck, where’d you get that?”

“When I heard that you were taking over from old Don, I sent one of my managers to have a nose around your forecourt. This little bitch talked him into a test drive of said beamer...” She tapped the photo. “He suggested she drive. She didn’t smell a rat and handed him sex on a bonnet in his drive. You couldn’t make it up!”

“I see your point. Thank god it was one of your guys and not some cunt who’d make a viral meme of the bitch.”

“Quite right, so this doesn’t have to go to the committee, if...”

Melvin made an audible sigh. “You want her to be punished?”

“Correct, but not in the manner you might think. Seeing this picture gave me an idea to jazz up the new brochure I’m planning to print showcasing my auto business. The girl has the right figure and is reasonably good looking for a white bitch. If the pictures turn out well, I might even hand the brochures out at the

club.”

“You want her to reprise her performance in your showroom?”

“Yes. I’ll call Bobby over from his office to do the photography while we chat about cars.” She moved to her desk, picked up the phone and punched in a number.

I was appalled by the blasé way they were discussing punishing me for being so foolish the day before. Being forced to do nude photography was the last thing I expected to do, but on reflexion, not the worst thing she might have made me do...

Six ~ Posed and prepared.

Davina was mad at me on behalf of the Petrosal Social club, but my Master was furious with me for not telling him about the photograph.

“What about Rex?” Melvin asked. “She deserves all ten inches in all her holes.”

He had changed his tune after seeing the photo. Davina was obviously a powerful character in the Petrosal Club and Melvin didn’t want to upset her.

The dominatrix held her hand up and spoke into the phone. “Bobby? I’m ready for you.” She put the handset down. “Melvin, the boy can wait. I want her naked, bar her hold-ups and heels. Bobby will be down in a couple of minutes.”

Reluctantly, I accepted that I had been stupid and deserved a punishment. And, if I did what they wanted I’d avoid being punished even more severely by Seth. “Shall I stand up, Miss?”

“Yes, girl. Then take your clothes off.” I straightened only to have my chin grabbed by Davina. She turned my head one way then the other. “Your face looks fine, but you’ll have to redo your lipstick and blusher.”

I looked down nervously at the Puppy-boy who stared at me with a greedy glint in his eye. He was clearly confident that he was going to shaft me before I left his Mistress’s premises. I unbuttoned my blouse first, then after removing it, stepped out of the skirt. The beautiful bra was the final vestige of respectability which Melvin took from me and slipped into his jacket pocket. I stood with my arms wrapped around my body waiting to be told what to do.

Davina patted Rex on the head and looked up at the bodyguard who hadn't moved a muscle. "Slim, take these two into the showroom and keep an eye on them. I don't want any fooling around before Bobby has finished the shoot."

"Yes, Ma'am."

Rex dropped to his paws and tagged along beside me, before and after Slim ushered us out of the office. He led us down the aisle between the twin line of cars to the end where an area had been set aside to feature one car. I was thankful it was mid-summer and the temperature in the shed was comfortably warm. I carried my bag, rather than use the shoulder strap, but I still felt incredibly uncomfortable.

Sitting in the centre of the space was a silver Range Rover Evoque. It was the new shape and looked brand new, but I knew that wasn't the case.

The three of us stood there staring at the powerful motor. "Nice car," I muttered to Slim.

Slim was a big man but not tall, so didn't have to lean down to place a hand on my naked buttocks. "It'll look a lot nicer with your ass draped on it." He gave my cheeks a squeeze.

I heard a door close and when I looked around, I recognized a familiar figure approaching. Dressed in beige chinos and a light blue polo top, Bobby Samuels looked cool as he strode toward us. He had a camera bag slung over his shoulder

and an amused look on his face.

“Zoe, we meet again,” he said loudly from about six feet away. “Come, let’s open the car and get organized.” He walked right past me, zapped the car and opened the passenger door.

“You deceived me yesterday, Sir,” I said, approaching him.

He studied my body. “Silly, girl, I wasn’t going to tell you why I was outside Orbital Motors. Now concentrate on this photo shoot. I want you doing your face while sitting in the passenger’s seat.”

He was forthright and acting professionally and therefore calmed my nerves a little, despite the bodyguard and Puppy-boy in close attendance. I gingerly slipped into the large seat and looked around the cockpit. It was a fabulous car and equipped with every toy a driver could possibly want. It was a car I would gladly swap my Mini for! I flipped down the vanity mirror and opened my bag.

Bobby came to the door holding his camera. “I’m going to take hundreds of photos during the shoot, so just act naturally. I’m starting now.”

It was difficult to ignore the camera clicking away as I sat there in just my stockings and heels, applying my make-up. It was a surreal experience to be naked, posing in a car that was worth 50K, if it was in pristine condition.

He had me sitting with one leg out and one leg in, on both sides of the car. In one

pose I was holding the steering wheel with one hand and touching my pussy with the other. He told me to masturbate while taking several short and long-range shots.

The positions were all lewd, explicit and revealing. He made me lie on a reclined seat and then pose on all fours looking toward the back of the car with my ass on the centre on the leather steering wheel.

He took care to keep my tattoos out of the shots if he could. Between shots, he informed me that if they appeared in the picture, they would be photoshopped out. To finish the interior shots, he had me lying and posing on the back seat and sitting in the middle with my legs open.

By the time we moved outside, Melvin and Davina had joined the audience and seemed pleased by my performance. I stood beside the car for more shots, then Slim helped me onto the bonnet so I could sit and lay in various positions. By the time Bobby had finished I was dizzy from the constant embarrassment and trembling with unbridled arousal.

My large nipples were as hard as bullets and I had to suffer the shameful practice of dabbing my pussy with a tissue in between positions.

“I think that will do, Davina,” Bobby said, after helping me off the bonnet. “Do you need me for anything else?”

“Yes, I do. Melvin and I are going to take the Bentley out for a quick spin. I want you to put the leg binders and mittens on the bitch...” She pointed at a holdall sitting by a gunmetal grey Lexus, the first car in line. “There’s a collar and leads

for both Puppies. As soon as you're finished, Slim is going to take them for a walk in the garden. Stay and keep an eye on the showroom until Slim returns."

"Yes, of course, Ma'am."

I began to panic. "Sir..." I held out my hand to Melvin. "Can't I come with you?"

He shook his head. "Girl, you disappointed me today, but you're going to make amends. By the time I return, you will have paid your debt. Now do as you're told."

Bobby pointed at my feet. "Stockings and shoes off, bitch."

Miserable and demoralized, I stooped to undo the buckles on the shoes. Melvin and Davina turned their back on me and headed for the end of the shed. Not six feet away, Rex sat waiting patiently, knowing that it was just a matter of minutes before he was mounting and shafting the new bitch.

Naked and on all fours, I had to stand still while Bobby fed large elastic bands up my folded legs until they were positioned at the top of my thighs and gripping my calves just above the ankle. He then pulled large rubber 'socks' up my folded legs which had mock paws to protect my knees while crawling. I had to form a fist so he could pull latex padded mittens over my hands and secure them at my wrists with attached Velcro straps.

He ordered me to sit, knees on the ground and apart, opposite Rex, giving him the opportunity to stare at my naked body. And, in particular, my modified, puffy labia, with its silver adornment; and, my firm, perky tits, erect nipples and barbell piercings.

The final item out of the bag was a shaped posture collar which Bobby wrapped around my neck and buckled at the back. I hated it straight away, firstly because it gripped my neck tightly and secondly because the front poked under my chin if I looked down.

He explained its dual purpose. “Bitch, this collar not only encourages you to hold your head up but will shock you if you talk. It will allow you to bark and growl...” He turned to the Puppy-boy. “Rex show the bitch the sounds, so she can get the hang of it.”

“Ruff, ruff,” he responded eagerly. “Ruuuuuuu, Grrrrrrrrr.”

I stood there stunned by my sudden transformation into a pseudo Puppy and paused too long for Bobby’s liking. Slap! “Oirrraaaah.” My cry in response to the slap on my back, triggered the collar which delivered twin stabbing pains in the sides of my neck.

I clawed at the collar with my latex paws but couldn’t lessen the awful sensations that had a lasting debilitating effect. My helplessness drove home the vulnerability of my situation. I couldn’t pick anything up and I certainly couldn’t take the bondage items off.

Bobby waited a minute before admonishing me. “Bad girl. Do as you’re told,

give me a couple of barks.”

Sitting on the floor with my thighs parted and my perky tits on display, I felt ridiculous. “Ruff, ruff, ruuuuuuu, grrrrrrrr.”

“Ruff, ruff,” Rex barked, pleased I’d joined his pack.

He climbed to his paws and was going to approach me, but Bobby put a hand out. “Wait, Rex. The bitch will be yours in a few minutes.”

The Puppy-boy looked desperate to have a piece of me and I was powerless to stop it happening. Bobby hunkered down and patted me on the head.

“Girl, I didn’t get a look at these when you dropped me home yesterday.” He reached out one of his huge black hands and fondled my left tit. “I’m not so keen on small tits, but yours are unusually firm, and these nips...” When he twisted it, he almost caused me to cry out again. The pain brought a tear to my eye. “Come on, get on your paws.” He pulled the nub as I dropped onto all-fours.

As soon as I was standing on my hands and knees, he ran his hand down my back, onto my arse and searched out my plump thrusting labia lips. With two fingers of his right hand ploughing my slippery furrow, he used the other to fondle my left breast.

I closed my eyes and tried to deny the animalistic response my body was threatening to deliver, but the stimulation was too powerful and I began to quiver

with the onset of an orgasm.

“That’s it, bitch. Relax and enjoy your new persona. You’re going to provide pleasure to so many members of the club...”

While Bobby was driving me to distraction, Slim was clipping a leash to the back of my collar. Bobby withdrew his hands from my body, stood up and let Slim take over.

“Thanks Mr. Samuels. I’ll take them out to the garden now.” He gave a tug on the leash, so I started crawling alongside his right leg with Rex trotting along on the other side.

Bizarre was the only word to describe what I was doing, while the phrase to describe how I felt, was, shocked, appalled and embarrassed...

Seven ~ Puppy-girl duties.

We left the showroom through a door at the opposite end to which we entered, near where the Range Rover stood. It opened onto a grass lawn that resembled the garden of a traditional English pub. I could tell Rex was excited, not just because his cock was bursting with missile-like intent, but also because he couldn't take his eyes off me.

Dotted around the 100 foot long lawn were six or seven wooden tables, some with chairs surrounding them and some with benches. Slim led us to the nearest one and sat down on a bench, facing away from the table. "Bitch, stand there and get your first taste of Rex's dog bone. And, I mean 'taste'."

As soon as he had unclipped our leashes, Rex trotted forward, turned and sat with his knees widely parted. He was getting what his heart desired, but I wanted to be anywhere, other than in that garden preparing to go down on the lad. However, looking around and seeing the tall green wire chain-link fence surrounding us, there was nowhere to run or hide.

I crawled forward, dipped my head and started by giving his knob a wet kiss to get rid of the tangy taste. It was such a weird sensation, having the stainless-steel balls of his barbell piercing rubbing on my lips and against my own tongue adornment, then moments later against the side of my throat as I went further down on his rock-hard shaft.

I had mentally prepared myself for blowing the lad, but I wasn't prepared for Slim's move behind me. I was crouching with my shoulders and head dipped, so my ass was in the air and my cunt was invitingly grinning at him.

He dropped to his knees and placed his hands on my ass. "Bitch, part your

thighs. Your daddy's gonna poke your cream pie."

I didn't have much choice and I couldn't complain with Rex's blunt crown filling my mouth. Besides, I didn't want another jolt in my neck if I could help it.

"Sweet ass, for a white bitch," the bouncer muttered as he prodded my pussy, feeling for the point of least resistance.

When he found it, I held my breath and squeezed my eyes shut as he eased his monstrous dick into my youthful, tight quim. He had to work to completely impale me, as did I to swallow most of the young man's impressive dick. It was the classic spit roast fuck, as I began rocking back and forth on both cocks, one white and one black, with a little help from both men.

"Jesus, Mary and all that's holy, you are the fuck I've been dreaming about," Slim said in a loud whisper as his black dick slid back and forth in my salubrious quim. "Kid, I'd love to finish in this hole, but Rex has first dibs to it, so I'm moving up one."

He made one final thrust, then withdrew and carefully pushed his slippery knob against my tight pucker. "Oh, I love a challenge..."

I groaned when he breached my defences, using brute force and the cream his dick was coated with. A seriously painful, dull ache spread out from my anus as the bodyguard brutalized my back passage. His rear thrusts and my throat lunges became more frantic, as I hoped both men were approaching their explosive ejaculations.

Slim had an odd jerking motion which consisted of a slow withdrawal and a sudden thrust. It sent his balls slamming into my mons and his groin against my cushioning butt cheeks. The Puppy-boy came first with a series of slow thrusts and guttural moans. I was desperate for air and was still panting heavily when Slim reached his peak and dumped a full load into my bottomless passageway.

Finally, I was able to move free of the two males. Slim stood up and patted my ass. “Bitch, it’s been a pleasure. Rex, you two have the garden to yourselves. The Mistress will be back soon, so don’t do anything that I wouldn’t...” He chuckled as he strolled to the door and disappeared into the showroom.

Standing face to face with the young man, I wanted to quiz him about the treatment he received. I could see his ‘REX’ and ‘SPC’ crest tattoos on the centre of his ass cheeks, through the thin latex. Was he voluntarily acting the part of a Puppy-boy and did his Mistress treat him cruelly? It looked as though he wasn’t punished in his ass crack because the latex covered most of it, so I assumed I was right about his bright red balls.

He sat down and I was pleased to see his cock was only semi-hard. Black guys had a reputation for having more staying power and recovered quickly, but Rex, being white, wasn’t quite as dynamic.

“Ruff!” he barked and then pointed to the end of the garden.

He wanted to play chase and was going to give me time to get away. I was resigned to the outcome. The guy was twice my size and could shaft me at will, if he wanted to, but he was offering me a chance of delaying the inevitable.

I nodded and set off at a steady crawl. To my left and right, beyond the 8 feet high fences were fields of corn, while ahead of me, as far as the eye could see, were green vegetables planted in neat straight rows. The garden had an isolated feeling but looking over my shoulder, the grey aluminium sidings of the smaller shed, and beyond that, the larger one, meant we could easily be disturbed.

Surprisingly, I found crawling on the paw-pads was reasonably comfortable, but I couldn't move very fast on the grass. Having spent half an hour, naked, in virtually every lewd position Bobby could imagine, I could cope with being naked for a little longer. I had to make it as difficult for Rex to catch me as possible. That way, I hoped, I could limit him to just one more fuck.

I reached the back fence and scanned the grassy area. There was a table with benches in either corner, so I trotted over to the one on my right and sat down behind it. Coming to Davina's showroom and meeting Rex explained a lot about the Petrosal Social Club and Melvin's motives to turn me into his pet.

Since meeting the latex clad Puppy-boy, one burning question was stuck in my head. Was Melvin's ultimate aim to make me a permanent pet, like Rex appeared to be? I needed to know if the lad was only wearing the latex suit for the day, or whether he lived in it. He certainly seemed happy enough; and no wonder when his Mistress provided him with a Puppy-girl to play and fuck with.

If Melvin made me wear a suit like Rex's, I'd be trapped. However, I couldn't imagine where he would keep a Puppy-girl, unless he had a huge house in an isolated area like Borehamwood. He certainly couldn't take me into Orbital Motors, like Davina could take Rex into her showroom.

My ruminations were put on hold when I spotted Rex trotting toward me. I stayed still until he was close, then started to edge around the table in the opposite direction to him.

“Ruff, ruff!” he barked playfully.

I made a dash for the picnic table in the opposite corner and thought I was going to make it, but he was much faster and easily caught me. “Ruuuuu,” he cried in triumph as he jumped on my back and dropped his paws over my shoulders to stop me from going down or rolling onto my side.

“Grrrrr,” I responded to try and register a protest, but it was weak in response to his display of aggressive, youthful exuberance.

I tried to wriggle my ass to make it difficult to spear me, but my quim was hot, liquid and desperate to be filled, so my movement was only half-hearted. I had to reluctantly admit that being pursued by Rex, while pretending to be a Puppy-girl, had generated a level of excitement I had never experienced before. So, in reality, I didn’t put up a fight and when I felt his knob prodding my perineum, I raised my ass an inch.

“Ruuuuu!” he cried when he felt his dick plunge into my tight succulence.

“Ruuuu,” I responded in sheer surprise at how good it felt being powerfully speared from behind.

However, the moment he began to piston his hips, his hard ball sack came into play. So, I had to deal with the twin sensations of having my extremity prodded and my mons battered. The result of his incessant, brutal thrusts was a truly animalistic fuck, which sent me into an absolute frenzy of base, sexual gratification.

I growled and groaned like a real bitch, while the lad pounded me into submission and delivered another stream of spurting Jiz into the only unanointed orifice in my body.

Then, he did the strangest thing. He keeled us over onto our sides and held me tight to his body like a dog would hold his tied bitch after a rut. I felt his cock shrink and slip from my quim, but he continued to hold me in the foetal position.

The grass was comfortable and the sun beating down on my naked body felt wonderful. For about five minutes I wondered what it would be like to live the life of a dog, but I soon dismissed the idea as farcical. I loved my independence and the life I had before Melvin Watson came on the scene. He had a hold over me for the time being, but I was determined to break free, one day in the future.

It was during the rest that I decided to confront the man, who had, because of my own foolish behaviour, become my Master. I was willing to agree to do many of the things he wanted, but I was determined to draw a line at wearing a latex Puppy suit.

I wasn't sure when to tackle him about the subject, but it had to be before I went back to my flat the following day. Yes, I would entrap Tom for him, and yes, I would sell cars for him. I'd let him monitor my movements 24 hours a day and have Seth as my guest for the brief period he was at Orbital Motors.

Surely, the man would come around and see that I could help him make a fortune, couldn't he...?

THE END of Part Three

Extract of Part Four.

Chapter One.

I wasn't surprised to find that Melvin Watson, my Master, was a boy racer. His instruction to follow him back to Orbital Motors didn't surprise me. He had fallen in love with the three-year-old Bentley and had agreed to buy it from Davina, once our mechanics had examined it and given him the green light.

Davina was upfront about the smash that had written the car off, a mean feat for such an expensive luxury car. She was prepared to let him have it for 40K, which was half the retail value of the car. I doubted if he'd sell it for a while because it was just the status symbol he needed, parked in his spot outside the showroom.

Up ahead, the heavy car took the corners gracefully, despite Melvin pushing the Bentley up to 100 mph. We were on a 'B' road, approaching a junction with the A1. He probably thought he would leave me in his exhaust fumes. My Mini Cooper S had four cylinders to his 12, two litres to his 6, but I was able to stick to the Bentley like an unwanted stalker.

Then, unexpectedly, he slowed and pulled into a country lane, drove about a quarter of a mile and then pulled off the road onto an uneven patch of tufty grass. It was quite a romantic setting with a couple of oak trees overhanging the grassy knoll. I pulled up behind him and waited for a second. When his door didn't open, I got out and carefully walked the forty feet to the driver's door.

The window slid down smoothly. "Having a problem with the car?" I asked.

“Nah. Have you ever been fucked in a Bentley?” he asked with a serious expression on his face.

I slowly shook my head. “Sir, the only sex I’ve had, involving a car, was on the hood of a beamer and you’ve seen the picture.”

“Kid, Bobby showed me the shots from the shoot. I like the one where you’re on all fours on the passenger seat.” When he pointed at the seat beside him, I ducked my head to see he had lowered the back until it was almost flat. The Continental was a two door but there was plenty of space in the back for the seat to slide right back.

“Take your clothes off, girl, hand them to me, then walk around to the passenger side.”

I glanced around. “Sir, someone might come along.”

His eyes expanded, a sign I had angered him. “Zoe, you have a clean slate at the moment. If you want to chalk up a couple of strokes, keep questioning my orders.”

It was a secluded spot, but someone could drive by at any moment, so I quickly unbuttoned the waistband of my skirt. After stepping out of it, Melvin watched me intently as I rapidly removed the other three items and handed them to him. Naked, I then walked round the front of the car and climbed onto the flattened leather seat.

I had never been in a Bentley before, so it was a thrilling experience for me. I just wished I was fully clothed and sitting where Melvin was, driving the car. My presence didn't give him the space to climb across, so he got out and walked round. I had to lean forward and hug the leather head rest and spread my knees to the outer edges of the wide seat.

"Kid, we all agree that you were born with a black ass," he said as he climbed in behind me.

He gripped my hips as he positioned himself between my thighs. I saw an opportunity to tackle him about what was going to happen the following night when he took me to the Petrosal Social Club.

His hands released my hips so he could prepare to impale me. "Sir, what will I wear to the Petrosal Club, tomorrow?"

"Latex, of course. You will be my Pet for the evening and all Pet's wear latex."

"Will it be just for the evening, Sirrrrrr...?" He guided his crown into my hot passageway and thrust his hips, powering his cock deeper and deeper with brutal disregard for the tender walls and roof of my vagina.

"Girl, you'll wear latex tonight, tomorrow and most evenings..." He eased into a steady piston stroke, then leant forward and reached under me so he could fondle my tits.

“Sir, I don’t want to be a Puppy like Rex. I can doooooo...”

With Melvin speeding up and simultaneously attacking my nipples, my fragile senses flipped and sent me spiralling into a powerful orgasm. I hugged the supple leather headrest and breathed lungfuls of the heady scent, while my Master sated his dominant desires with each body-jarring thrust of his rock-hard dick and hips.

All thoughts of questioning Melvin about his plans for me went out of the window as I enjoyed the thrilling ride his brutal fuck delivered. Then with a dozen or so slow, stabbing piledrivers, my Master’s dick fired pulse after pulse of hot cum against my bruised extremity.

I held my position, expecting him to withdraw, but he maintained some semblance of hardness. He continued to gently fondle my tits which hardly filled his hands. “Are you questioning the plan you agreed to, Girl?”

“Owww!” I complained when he twisted my nipple. “No, Sir, it’s just that you never said anything about becoming a Puppy-girl. I can’t think of anything worse than living like Rex. Living the life of a dog must be awful. You know I’m talented when it comes to breaking the law and I can be very useful to you at Orbital Motors.”

“I’m aware of that girl...” His shaft had become hard again. “...but first you’ve got to be trained while paying your debt off. You owe me and my partners a huge sum of money and I have the ability to land the responsibility of the operation, you and your pals ran, at your doorstep.”

“That’s not fair, Sir.” Slap! “Owwww,” I complained when he slapped the side of my thigh.

He withdrew from my quim and eased his slimy dick into my higher and more obstinate orifice. My poor anal muscles were slacker because of the brutal hammering Slim had delivered, less than an hour earlier. He parked his cock deep in my rectum and slipped his right hand down my belly until he reached my mons. He began playing with my juicy folds while still squeezing and pulling my left tit.

“Bitch, nothing is fair in our world and that’s why you’ll wear latex, whether it’s a Puppy suit at the club, a catsuit when you entertain guests at your flat, or a latex dress when you’re out with me at a function. Once you’ve proved yourself you could become an important part of my business, but for now, you will do as you’re told. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Who am I, bitch, and what’s your status?”

“You’re my Master, Sir and I belong to you.”

“Precisely!” He slowly withdrew his dick before ramming it powerfully back as the first of countless thrusts.

I didn’t think there was any way I could enjoy anal sex, but Melvin was a skilful

proponent of female masturbation and nipple manipulation. Somewhere in the back of my mind, I appreciated his consideration and the resultant orgasm, while he drove on to another powerful ejaculation. He had drilled me for the first time, and in the process, reinforced, in my mind, the hold he had over me... He was my Master and I was his sex slave – for now...

The end of the Sample.

I hope you enjoyed the third part of this story

and continue to read my work in the future.

Thanks, Amelia.

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