

His Pet

**Part
Four**

Amelia Stark



His Pet

**Part
Four**

Amelia Stark



His Pet: Part Four

The Social Club Pet Series.

By Amelia Stark

© Copyright Amelia Stark 2020

The right of Amelia Stark to be identified as the author of this book

has been asserted in accordance with Section 77 and 78 of the

Copyrights and Patents Act 1988.

All rights reserved.

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilization of this

work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic mechanical

or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including
xerography, photocopying, and recording, or in any information
storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the written permission
of the author. All characters in this book are over the age of 18 and
have no existence outside the imagination of the author and have no
relation whatsoever to anyone bearing the same name or names.
They are not even distantly inspired by any individual known
or unknown to the author, and all incidents are pure invention.

First Smashwords Edition 03-04-2020

Published by Amelia Stark

Contents

[Chapter One ~ Her Master.](#)

[Chapter Two ~ Taking orders.](#)

[Chapter Three ~ Changing personnel.](#)

[Chapter Four ~ Becoming a Puppy-girl.](#)

[Chapter Five ~ Treated like a dog.](#)

[Chapter Six ~ Examined by the vet.](#)

[Chapter Seven ~ Satisfying Puppy-boys.](#)

[Chapter Eight ~ The Chase.](#)

[Sample of Part Five](#)

[Amelia Stark books on Smashwords](#)

Zoe's past financial crimes have caught up with her. Heavily indebted to her boss, Melvin, she is having to pay back what she owes both monetarily and physically. Having agreed to change her appearance with tattoos and piercings in intimate places, she agrees to become a member's Pet so Melvin can attend the Petrosal Social Club as a full member.

The private BDSM club for black millionaires, stipulates that every member must own a pet – in Mervin's case a white Puppy-girl. And, said Puppy-girl must spend a certain amount of time at the club each month to provide company for the club's Puppy-boys.

In part four, her training starts when a fitting for her suit is arranged at the club. The suit has to be trialled, so she meets one of the Puppy-boys for the first time. First though, the club's vet must check out Zoe after fitting her new suit.

One ~ Her Master

I wasn't surprised to find that Melvin Watson, my Master, was a boy racer and that he tentatively agreed to buy the Bentley from Davina Rogers. His instruction to follow him back to Orbital Motors didn't surprise me. He had fallen in love with the three-year-old luxury car and would keep it, 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. 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, but he was mistaken. 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 few seconds. 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, she drives like a swan. 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, I don’t want you scratching the paintwork. 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. He was not a man who liked having his orders questioned. “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, after placing his hands on it and climbing in behind me.

He massaged my cheeks for a minute, then moved his hands up and massaged my back. Having explored my white body with his powerful black hands, he gripped my hips and positioned himself between my widely parted thighs. I saw an opportunity to tackle him about his plan for the following night when he was taking me to the Petrosal Social Club.

I waited for him to release 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, succulent 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 my body so he could fondle my tits.

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

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 the night 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 deep within me. 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 nipples. “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, even for just a day, 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. When I think you’re ready, you’ll pay a more active role in the office. For now though, you owe me and my partners a huge sum of money. Just remember 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, rejuvenated 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. Melvin 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 piledriver 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 considerate ministrations and the resultant orgasm, while he drove on to another powerful ejaculation. He had drilled me for the first and second times, 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...

Two ~ Taking orders.

The visit to Davina Rogers' car warehouse introduced me to the bizarre world of fetish Puppy play. Although neither Davina or Melvin explained what went on at the Petrosal Social Club, I was able to make an educated guess and didn't like the theory I came up with. A whole evening in a latex Puppy suit was not my idea of having fun!

Davina's car showroom was an eye-opener and the first time I had come across re-registered, re-built cars. As soon as Slim had removed the leg-binders, mittens and collar, I got dressed and joined Melvin on a tour around the showroom. I made some notes on a couple of cars my Master was interested in and although they discussed prices, Melvin deferred a decision until the deal on the Bentley was completed.

I enjoyed the pursuit through the lanes of East Hertfordshire but was exasperated when he found an isolated spot to fuck me for the very first time. It had to happen sooner or later so I was surprised that he had waited so long.

His henchman, Seth, who was occupying my flat, had drilled me, as had Davina's bodyguard and Puppy-boy, Rex. The sight of seeing me naked, crawling on all fours in the garden, must have triggered Melvin's decision to have a piece of my ass on the way back to the showroom.

The surroundings both outside and inside the car were good; and overall, I enjoyed Melvin's brutal brand of fucking. However, I wished he had given me a chance to recover from the pounding I took in Davina's garden.

While Melvin returned to the driver's seat, I raised the back of the passenger seat and started to dress. He sat and watched me putting my bra on. "I've decided to

do a detour. I'm going to take the car home to show my wife..."

"Oh... Er, sorry, Sir, I didn't know you were married."

He frowned at me. "Girl, you don't know anything about me."

It was true, I knew nothing about the man's private life, except he was a member of the Petrosal Social Club. "That's true, Sir." I was struggling to get my skirt on. I left it skewwhiff and picked up the blouse.

He tapped the steering wheel impatiently. "I want you to go to the Petrosal Club in Enfield and have a fitting for your Puppy suit. I chatted earlier with Stella Briers. She'll be expecting you."

I fumbled with a blouse button, because his shocking order came completely out of the blue. I thought I was going to have a day and a bit before I had to don a latex doggie costume, but he was bringing that forward to the here and now.

"Why... Er, is it necessary for me to try it on, Sir?"

Another dark look. "Girl, are you questioning my judgement?"

"No, Sir. I'm sorry, it's just..." I didn't know how to proceed, so I fell silent.

“Zoe, hand me the case.”

I turned and reached through to the back seat and dragged the steel case through. He put in the code and opened it, then handed me a sealed envelope. “Give this to Stella.”

So, I had become an Uber driver delivering files. I suspected that having me try on a Puppy-girl suit was a tag on to dropping the file off – and a chance to reinforce in my mind that I was going to be his pet Puppy-girl when he visited the Petrosal Social Club.

“Kiss me girl, then go.” As I leant over and kissed his face, I wondered if his wife knew about me and any other girls that he played around with.

He was a handsome guy, with smooth black, blemish-free skin. I thought he was in his early thirties for he certainly had youthful looks. The lips of his wide mouth were slimmer than a lot of black guys while his nose was normal. He reminded me of a slimmed down, younger Denzel Washington, except his skin was darker and his brown eyes larger. His black frizzy hair was cut close and trimmed with sharp geometric lines.

Knowing he was married changed things but didn’t make him less attractive. The fact that I found him desirable when he was doing such awful things to me, confused me intensely. I really didn’t know if I could trust him, but I was 100% certain that I’d be returning, either to the showroom or my flat, later in the afternoon, because I had a date with Tom Stewart.

“Sir, how long do you think I’ll be at the club? I only ask because Tom is coming to my flat at seven-thirty tonight.”

He looked at his watch. “Mmm, it’s only two-thirty. I expect you’ll be finished by five or six. You’d better go straight back to your flat. I’ll call Stella and Seth and put them in the picture. Stella will give you some latex outfits to take home. You’ll wear them while you entertain Tom and some other guests in the future. Seth will wait for you to arrive and give you your instructions. Just so you know, Tom has a history of visiting prostitutes and leaving them with bruises. The Met took him in for questioning once but never charged him.”

“How do you know that?”

His eyes grew, for he was angry I was questioning his knowledge. “I make sure I know everything about all of my employees. Tom’s not stupid though and won’t hurt you. Now go.”

I climbed out of the Bentley, then straightened my skirt and blouse, while Melvin did a three-point turn. I watched the car disappear down the lane, then slipped into my Mini. Finding out that Tom had a history of violence worried me because I hadn’t detected another side to his usual salesman demeanour. Unfortunately, my memory of the one and only time we had sex was a little hazy.

Don had bought a couple of cars from a trader in Sheffield. He took Tom and me up to the city and we were then supposed to drive the cars back the same day. There was a hold up, so we stayed in a hotel. The guys shared a room and when Tom came knocking on my door late in the evening, I let him in.

We all had a few drinks in the bar earlier, but Don overdid it and must have been out for the count. I remembered Tom being pushy, but that really wasn't out of character. What was unusual was that he made me hold my ankles while I knelt on the bed with my shoulders down and my ass in the air. The sex was aggressive, and he used both orifices before he shot his bolt in my rectum.

I also remember him being a lot more sober than me, He was persuasive before sex and matter of fact afterwards. I went off him for a while but as the memory faded, we became pals again. He never stopped trying for a repeat performance and against my better judgement he was going to get one.

I stopped on the way to Enfield to get a take-away and then sat outside the mansion and ate the food hungrily. After having four different men boning me since I woke up, I was absolutely famished. I stared up the huge house, which was built on the side of a hill, and wondered whether I should follow Melvin's orders. On reflexion, I really didn't have any choice. Melvin had tasked me with delivering the envelope and Stella Briars was expecting me to attend.

Dressed in my sales suit and carrying my shoulder bag and the envelope, I strode up the incline, then the steps and rang the doorbell. The brass plaque at the side informing callers that the 'Petrosal Social Club' resided there had been recently polished and shone in the bright sunshine.

The door was opened by the same young woman as the day before. This time. Cloe was wearing a pink satin maid's dress instead of black. It was similar to the kinky party outfits I had seen on the internet, but the skirts and white petticoats were a little longer.

"Hello, Zoe. Miss Briers is expecting you. Please follow me."

She turned with a swish of taffeta and satin. After closing the door behind me, she set off down the hall. The click-clack of our stiletto heels rang out on the solid wooden parquet flooring. Once again, I was impressed with the expensive furnishings and decorations. Cloe led the way down the wide corridor to the old-fashioned lift at the end.

Having a little more knowledge about the club's practices, a chill went down my spine when I thought about what would happen to me in just over 24 hours. Just the thought of trying on a Puppy-girl suit was bad enough, how was I going to handle crawling about in the company of a bunch of wealthy black men?

The maid drew the metal concertina lift door aside and joined me after I entered. There were three floors above us and a basement on the selection panel. This time we went up to the whirl of metal wheels and steel cables grinding against each other. The nearer we got to the third floor, the more nervous I became.

Cloe slid the door open and led the way down a plush corridor to a door at the end. The word 'Costumes' had been painted on the frosted glass panel, giving some indication of what lie within. She knocked and moments later the silhouette of a woman appeared behind the glass.

The figure turned out to be a young black woman dressed in black wet-look latex. The little sleeveless dress hugged her ample curves like a second skin. She was several sizes larger than me, but because everything was in proportion, she looked amazing in the dress.

"Cloe, who have you brought to see me?" She glanced up and down my body.

“This is Zoe, Miss. The new Pet.”

“Oh, yes. Melvin’s girl, aren’t you?”

“Yes, Miss,” I replied.

“Come on in, Zoe. Thank you, Cloe.”

The room we entered was a cluttered office. Filing cabinets and a huge whiteboard dominated one wall, while dozens of sample swatches were stacked in every corner and available space. There were two desks, one vacant and the other occupied by a young black man. He put his pen down and stood up.

“Say hello to Simon, he’s my Pet and will be assisting me with your fitting.”

“Oh, hello, Simon,” I responded, not sure if she wanted me to shake hands with him.

“Hello, Zoe, nice to meet you,” the lad said politely.

I immediately took a liking to the well-mannered young man. My imagination immediately dreamt up a scenario where we were both naked and he was

chasing me around the garden at the back of the mansion. After just a day and a half, I was becoming conditioned to think like a submissive and consider the possibility of having sex with every guy I met. Melvin would be pleased by the change in my character, but I was shocked that the events of the previous 36 hours had affected my thought process so quickly.

Three ~ Changing personality.

The tall, slim young man was wearing black slacks and a grey short sleeve shirt. He had an athletic build and I guessed he was about my age – 21. He was similar looking to a guy I dated when I was 18. That relationship ended in a bust-up after I found out he was boning a friend of mine.

“Come, let’s see if we have some dresses and a skin that will fit you,” Stella Briers said, setting off for the only other door in the office.

I followed her through into a windowless storeroom that was racked out on every wall, along with two more lines of free-standing rails down the centre. The shelves were chock-a-block with folded clothes made from varying fabrics in every colour and shade imaginable. The rails were heaving with dresses, skirts and tops, again in an assortment of fabrics, including a large section of latex wear.

“Wow, you have your own boutique here,” I exclaimed. Left alone in the room, I could have spent hours trying on some of the brightly coloured selection.

“We cater for a large clientele all of whom are members of the PSC. Go through to the workshop and remove your clothes, while I select a couple of items for you. Simon will take some measurements once you are naked.”

I was as keen as they were to try on the latex outfits and then be on my way home. The next room was divided in two by a large tailor’s workbench that was covered with sample books, rolls of fabric and the tools of the trade – scissors, tape measure, rulers, reels of thread and packs of needles. There was another workbench beyond that, which was clear and ready to be used.

The other end of the room was obviously where they dressed their clients. There were tailor's dummies, chairs, a small desk with a computer and an open cubicle; but the strangest item was a tall metal frame, similar to the scanners I had walked through at Heathrow airport.

Simon pointed at a chair. "You can put your clothes on there."

The room was warm, the surroundings were relaxing but I was still anxious about stripping naked in front of a young black guy I had only just met. "Do... do you normally help Miss Briers in here?"

He gave me a broad smile. "Girl, you ain't got anything special, unless you've got three tits and a huge cock."

Making light of the matter eased my fears a little. "No, er, it's just that I've never done anything like this before."

"Ain't nothing to it, girl. Just take your clothes off. We ain't got all day."

His more aggressive tone spurred me into action. As I started unbuttoning my skirt, Simon went and sat at the desk and switched the computer on. Every now and again, between keystrokes, he looked up and watched me unveil another part of my body. I was just slipping my thong down when Miss Briers entered the room carrying some latex items draped over her arm.

“Everything off,” she said as she passed me on the way to hang the items she was carrying on a mobile rack.

Simon stopped what he was doing to watch me sit down on the edge of a chair and take my stockings off. “Are we going to scan her first, Miss?” he asked the woman.

“Yes, of course,” she responded. The woman approached me and pointed at the metal window, frame-like device. “Zoe, stand on the platform. We’re going to scan your body so future latex outfits can be manufactured to fit you perfectly.”

“Oh, that sounds highly technical.”

“Just do as I say...” She guided me into the middle of the metal frame, so I was standing in the centre of the base with my arms by the side of my body. She then stood back. “Stay perfectly still while the bars rise to the top.”

I felt ridiculous, standing naked while two horizontal bars, about 30” long, rose slowly up the metal frame on either side of me. While that was happening, Simon was studying the computer monitor. As soon as the bars reached the top, he turned his head toward me.

“That’s a clean scan, Miss...”

The woman who I assumed was a seamstress, returned to the device and pulled down catches on either side, about 18” off the ground, then hinged the upper part

down until it was horizontal. Two legs folded down from the top to support the end.

“Zoe, I want you to get down on your hands and knees so we can scan you for your Puppy suit.”

Dumbfounded by the weird gizmo and the lengths the Petrosal Club was going to, I reluctantly dropped to my hands and knees and crawled forward a little to get in the right position. Miss Briers then fetched a couple of pieces of latex which turned out to be bands to pull up my folded legs. The bands were identical to the ones I wore earlier while I crawled around Davina Rogers’ showroom garden.

“Zoe, don’t move,” Stella said once I was posing correctly.

I felt awful because I was facing away from the lad and my sex was fully exposed to his gaze. “That’s a clean scan, Miss,” the lad informed his mistress once the reactive strips had travelled along beside me.

She removed the leg bands and tapped my ass. “Up, girl. I want you to try a couple of dresses on...” I climbed to my feet and joined her by the mobile rack. “I don’t need to look at the computer to tell you’re a size six, small bust.” She turned. “Simon, fetch the powder.” She then pointed at a small solid dais about 12” high, sitting on the floor beside a chair. “Pull that over and stand on it.”

The plastic step had been moulded with the impression of two feet, about 18” apart. It meant that I had to stand with my legs apart.

“Stand still while Simon rubs talcum powder on your body. He’s got to do it all over for the puppy suit.”

The powder was a well-known baby brand, one I’d used recently. “Lean forward and put your hands on your knees,” he ordered, then leant over me and started sprinkling the powder on my skin.

He could have been rough, but he took care and turned the process into an enjoyable experience, except when he was rubbing my inner thighs and tits. When I was standing erect once again, he looked me in the eye as his hands massaged my peaks, but he refrained from making a comment.

Stella Briers was studying the computer screen. She looked over to see how her ‘Pet’ was getting on. “Simon that’ll do. Try the plain black dress on her. I’m going to fetch a Puppy suit. According to the computer I’ve got a close match to her shape. I’ll go and fetch it.”

Simon fetched the black dress and held up the flimsy piece of shaped, shiny black latex. “Your Master is going to be pleased.”

“About the dress?”

“No, about there being a near match for your body shape. It means he can attend the club as a Pet owner.”

“Oh, what was he before?”

“Mr Stewart has been attending as a guest...” He reached down and touched the letters on my mons. “...and now that he has his very own Pet, he becomes a full member.”

“How many members are there?”

Before he could reply, his mistress returned carrying two boxes. “What were you saying, girl?”

“Zoe was asking how many Puppy-girls come to the club, Mistress.” His reply wasn’t quite the truth, but I didn’t say anything.

She frowned at him. “Curiosity killed the Puppy, now help her on with the first dress.”

He held the black latex dress high so I could push my arms into it. I was surprised that the dress had a thicker latex section around the midriff. After pulling it over my perky tits, we eased it down my body. When it was finally gripping my midriff and it was zipped, I was staggered by the way it transformed my figure into an hourglass shape.

The low-cut neckline showcased my small tits by pulling them in, to create a modest cleavage. I had to pull the front up because the edge only just covered my nipples. Annoyingly, it kept slipping down and revealing glimpses of my

areolas. The length of the dress, high thigh, was just okay because the latex gripped my thighs when I was standing.

However, I was worried about sitting down in the dress. What underwear would I be allowed to wear? I wondered, because any edges would show through the smooth latex and destroy the streamline effect.

I ran my hands over the glossy material and breathed in the heady scent of latex. I had become mildly dizzy with excitement. “It’s tight, Miss, but I think I could get used to it.”

“Your Master requires you to get used to it, girl. Step into your shoes, then walk around the room.”

Both Mistress and lad stood back and watched me parade around. Wearing such a daring latex dress was something I never imagined I’d ever do. It wasn’t me, and yet the sensations I felt strutting around the room could only be described as thrilling.

Simon stopped me and dropped to his knees. “Turn around, Zoe and put your hands on your knees...” I followed his order, wondering why.

“Oh!” I exclaimed when he pushed a finger into my thigh tunnel and in the process, rubbed my labia cleft.

“The length is perfect, Miss,” he commented, then stood up.

Piece by piece, Melvin was gradually rebuilding my persona like the scientists built the Six Million Dollar Man. The revealing, lewd latex outfit, was another piece of the jigsaw that complemented the haircut, piercings and tattoos. The reflexion in the mirror proved that my Master was getting what he wanted – his very own submissive Pet...

Four ~ Becoming a Puppy-girl.

The next latex dress off the rail was dusky pink. It had a similar tight bodice, but it had short skater skirts. Made from soft filmy latex, the material swirled around my thighs at the slightest movement of my body. There was something ultra-feminine about the dress that excited me intensely.

The third and final dress was the most daring. It was made from black and yellow latex. It was tight and a similar shape to the first dress, but it had a semi-transparent yellow bodice panel with black edging and cross strips.

It meant my tits and nipples were semi-visible through the fabric. There was also a transparent strip around the short, tight skirt hemline, which would enable people to see right to the apex of my thighs when sitting. I wouldn't dare wear such an audacious dress out, but I suspected I wasn't going to be the one deciding whether I did or didn't.

I didn't want to take the dress off because I was going to try on the Puppy suit was next. Unfortunately, I had no option but to remove the dress with the aid of the very helpful Simon. Once I was naked, Stella fetched a bag and put the three dresses in it. "Those are for you to take home. Be careful with them because they are worth about eight hundred pounds."

"Eight hundred pounds!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, and I'm sure your master will be buying more outfits on your behalf in the coming weeks and months."

What did she mean by, ‘on your behalf’? I wondered. It sounded as though Stella was suggesting that I was going to have to pay for the clothes she supplied at Melvin’s request. While I was worrying about that aspect of wearing expensive latex dresses, Simon opened the larger box, and after lifting out the Puppy suit, spread it out longways on the floor.

I gawped at the latex garment. “Oh, it has hair,” I gasped.

Stella frowned at me, then she realized what I meant. “Yes, of course. All our Puppy-girl pelts have fine hair. Didn’t you know?”

I shook my head. “I’ve only seen one Puppy-boy and his costume was made from smooth latex.”

“The boys will soon get fur. You’re looking forward to getting a new suit, aren’t you Simon?”

“Yes, Miss, I am.”

She returned her attention to me. “Get on all fours, girl, so Simon can fit the bands again. I’ll be back in ten minutes and I expect you to be dressed.”

As I dropped to the floor, I studied the light golden haired ‘pelt’ and the parts I could see, like the realistic paws on the front legs. It looked like an expensive bit of kit. Simon joined me on his knees, pulled up the bands to tie my legs, then opened the second box. He picked out a rolled strip of plastic, which was laying

on another furry item that looked suspiciously like a doggie hood with ears.

“Zoe, this is a special collar for wearing under the suit.” He unrolled the strip. “Sit up and I’ll put it on you.” He watched me adopt the sitting position with my knees spread wide. “I see you’ve had some training.”

I looked down at my bulging pussy and blushed. “Oh, er, yes. I’ve just come from Davina Rogers’ warehouse. They showed me some postures, like how to sit.”

A look of surprise came over his face. “She had Rex with her?”

“Yes, I met Rex...”

He looked around and seeing that Stella hadn’t returned from the stock room or office, lowered his voice. “Girl, I’m going to be at the club tomorrow. Look out for me before the rut race starts. I’ll keep you company if I get the chance.” He fondled my left tit as he spoke.

“You... you... you’re going to be here, um, as a Puppy-boy?”

“I’m always a Puppy-boy at the club.”

“Simon, I don’t think I’ll make a good ‘Pet’.”

“Believe me, girl, you’re going to be the centre of attention tomorrow, but remember, unless Davina shows up, I’ll be the only Puppy-boy who’ll know you.”

It sounded as they the Puppy-boys were going to be competing against each other. “This rut, is it some kind of competition?”

He wrapped the strip of plastic around my neck. “Sure. The members will be placing bets on the best performer. Now hold still while I unpeel the contact strip.” It didn’t take a second to fasten the flat collar around my neck. He patted my shoulder. “Come on, drop onto your hands and crawl forward. I have to start with your hind legs.”

Once I was crawling, he put a hand on my ass and guided me to stand over the costume. Then, kneeling behind me, he started to feed the suit up my folded legs, inch by inch.

“Is it too tight?” I asked him when he seemed to be struggling to pull it all the way to my ass.

“No, this is normal. I’m stretching the latex, so It’ll go over your feet and butt...” He pushed my ankles further apart, to the side, then lifted the material over them and onto the top of my buttocks. He gave it another yank up my body then placed his hands on my pert cheeks. “Girl, this booty looks sensational... Stand still while I adjust the slot for your pussy.”

I gritted my teeth when he kneaded my large lips with his thumbs further through the narrow slot. Then, tugging on the material, he moved it until a more rigid line of latex was dead centre and pulled into my ass crack.

“Perfect!” he exclaimed. “Now, sit back, so I can do the upper part.”

I did as I was told and rocked back onto my ass. In reality, I was sitting on my heels as I waited for him to come around to face me. “So, you work here and turn into a Puppy-boy in the evenings?” I asked as soon as he was kneeling in front of me.

He prodded my nose gently with a finger. “I ought to turn your collar on. Puppy-girls aren’t supposed to ask questions.”

“Oh, is it a big secret?”

He grabbed my right wrist with one hand and lifted the suit with the other. “Make a fist.” I did as I was told, then he started to feed it into the arm hole. “Normally, if you were going to be in this suit for more than a couple of hours, I’d tape up your fists...” He continued to work the sleeve up my arm until my fist was snug in the paw.

My left arm was just as awkward, due to the lack of give in the thick latex. However, Simon was a strong lad and the powder on my skin helped him to finish pulling the material up my arms. After drawing the back up to my neck and pulling the obstinate latex over my shoulders, he was able to start easing the zip up my tummy and between my tits.

He stopped briefly to ensure my nipples and their barbell adornments were poking out of small holes in the fabric, then drew the zip up to my neck. I sat there stunned into silence while he pulled my nubs and areolas further through the small holes, making it look as though I had giant nipples! They were some compensation for the fact that the tight latex almost flattened my tits.

Simon got my attention by twisting my nipples. “These are great, Zoe. Make sure you let the members see them when you’re in the club rooms. That means sitting in the begging position...” He guided my paws up beside my tits. “When you’re told to sit, always sit like this.

It was a totally demeaning pose with my large red nipples pointing like bullets and my white cunt bulging like the side of a burger bun.

Simon couldn’t resist referring to it. “And, you won’t be able to hide these beauties,” he said, reaching down and stroking my convex labia lips. “This is going to follow you wherever you go!”

My cunt looked obscenely lewd bulging forth from the short golden fur surrounding it. I could also see the ‘MW’ tattoo through the thin latex and fine fur.

Simon pushed his fingers lower into my succulent entrance for a second, then retrieved them with a sample of my juices. “You’re loving this kink aren’t you?”

I was stunned by his assertion. “No, not really,” I replied uncertainly. I knew that

my body was responding favourably to being wrapped tightly in the latex Puppy suit, but I didn't want to admit it. My libido was also reacting to the heady scent of the material.

I was imprisoned and at the mercy of those in charge of me. It was a terrifying thought and made me wonder about the depth of my submissiveness. I had been forced to do so many things and yet there I was, allowing myself to be slowly transformed into a Puppy-girl!

Five ~ Treated like a dog.

The final piece of the Puppy-girl costume was a latex hood, also covered in matching gold fur. It covered my whole head and neck, bar an oval 'window' for my eyes, nose and mouth. It had floppy ears and like the rest of the suit it was extremely tight. One odd thing was a hard lump incorporated in the chin of the hood. I could feel the metal disc pressing against my skin, just below my lip.

Then to complete the outfit, Simon fastened a pink leather dog collar around my neck, over two layers of latex and one inner strip of plastic.

"Girl, come and sit by my seat and I'll program your collar. I'm almost certain that your master will accept the pelt you're wearing. So, once I've sorted your collar, the whole costume will be ready to put on you when you arrive tomorrow."

I sat down beside the young man and couldn't help but be impressed by his thoroughness. While he was fiddling with the computer, I took a closer look at the fur. I was fascinated by my front paws which were almost identical to the real thing. My rear paws were attached to my stouter rear folded legs so weren't quite so realistic.

I had worn a yellow chick costume, on a Saturday, outside Orbital motors, giving out leaflets to passers-by. It was a complete costume and covered my face as well, so I hated it at first. After six hours though, I had gotten used to it, even though the guys ribbed me continually during the sales event and for several weeks afterwards. The Puppy costume was having a similar effect on me, so I decided I could bear it for a limited period of time.

"Can I go and look at myself in the mirror, Simon?"

“Wait a minute...” He clicked the mouse a few times and typed several words, then plugged a small microphone in a USB port and pointed it at me. “I want you to bark and make as many dog sounds as you can imagine, but don’t make any human sounds.”

I had some practice at Davina Roger’s warehouse, so I knew what was required. “Ruff, ruff, grrrrrrrrr, ruuuuuuuuu.”

“Very good, Zoe. The collar is now armed so restrict yourself to those dog sounds.”

I meant to ask him whether he was going to take the costume off me straight away, having checked that it fitted me, but I was too late.

He switched the computer off and swivelled the chair. “Go and take a look at yourself before I take you downstairs to the kennels.

Kennels? “Ruuuuuuuu,” I whined and didn’t move.

He grinned at me. “You’ve got to spend a couple of hours in the suit and then we’ll check it again when you’re hot and sweaty. The kennel Master, John Truman, will put you through your paces before returning you to my Mistress.”

That wasn’t what I wanted to hear. “Ruuuuuuuu,” I tried again.

“Huh, don’t worry, the Puppy suits are made from a revolutionary latex, developed in Japan. Because the fabric affects people in different ways, we need to know how your body copes in a stressful situation.”

He stood up so I trotted over to the mirror. At first, looking at my body from the side, I could hardly believe the creature in the reflexion was me. Apart from my head, I looked like a sleek, short-haired Afghan Hound. The pelt had been made with longer fur on my legs, and on the back of the hood, to disguise the fact that the suit was in two parts.

When I turned to look at my ass, I gasped, for I was both shocked and amazed at the sight of my Puppy rear. Thinner latex was stretched tightly over my bubble-like ass cheeks, to ensure both tattoos were clearly visible through the sparse fur. But, the focal point of my ass was my prominent labia lips, bursting forth from the top of my furry thighs. They were larger than I remember and glistened lower down near my fleshy entrance.

My troubled thoughts were disturbed by the reappearance of Stella Briers. The young black woman stood beside Simon and together they watched me study my reflexion. “Mmmm. It looks like it’s a good fit. Melvin is going to be pleased. Come and sit here, bitch,” she said, pointing at the floor by her feet.

I trotted over and plonked my ass down, having noted she called me bitch. I guessed I was going to have to get used to the term when I was at the club. The end of a chain leash was hanging from her fist.

“Have you programmed her collar, Simon?”

“Yes, Miss, she’s ready to go.”

She slowly unwound the leash while staring down at me. “Zoe, once you are in the suit, you are, for all intents and purposes, an animal and will be treated like one. If you slouch or disobey an order, you will be punished. Give me one bark if you understand.”

“Ruff,” I responded.

She leant down and clipped the leash to my collar. “I’m taking you downstairs to meet the kennel Master. He’ll show you around and explain the rules of the club.”

“See you later, girl,” Simon called out as I dropped to my paws and trotted out of the room on the end of a leash.

Stella didn’t stop in either room on our way out of the costume department which was deserted. So was the corridor, but there was movement at the end from behind the lift gates. The wheels and cables were grinding, as the lift car came into view. It juddered to a halt, enabling the occupant, a tall, suited black man, to pull open the concertina metal gates.

“Stella, I was just coming to see you...” He looked down at me. “Another new bitch?”

“Hello, Mr. Cann. Yes, this bitch belongs to Mr. Watson.” She jerked the leash.
“Sit, girl.”

I obeyed and sat down on the carpet, then lifted my paws to give him an unrestricted view down my body. I didn’t know if all the members were black, but the fact that most were, seemed to reinforce my lowly status. It felt as though I had been transformed into an animal and transported into a different world where black men and women completely ruled my life.

The man hunkered down and lifted my chin. “She’s a pretty little thing. When’s her induction, Stella?” He dropped a hand to play with my right nipple and the barbell.

“Tomorrow, Sir.”

“I look forward to seeing her...” He stood up. “Are you coming back to your office?”

“Yes, Sir. I’m taking her down to the kennels and I’ll be straight back.”

“Good, I’ll look at some samples and when you get back, we can discuss a new dress for Bonnie.”

We went our separate ways. The lift took us down to the floor above the ground floor. We stepped out into a small lobby which had three doors exiting from it, all of which had security keypads on the wall beside them.

Stella unlocked the door on our right and as it swung open a buzzer sounded. We entered a long corridor that had an open door at the end into what looked like a sunny garden. What I didn't see until we had nearly reached it, was a glass screen blocking our way, just beyond a door on our left.

The door opened and a black man in a white coat put one foot into the corridor. "Hi, Stella, I'll take the bitch..." She handed the leash to him. "Is her collar programmed?"

"Yes, Sir, and the suit is a good fit."

"We'll see after she's had some exercise. Thanks."

He pulled the leash and we entered the room, which resembled a doctor's surgery. I had a bad feeling when he led me across the room to a flat examination table that had been lowered to within a foot of the floor.

He pointed at it. "Get up on there, bitch."

"Ruuuuu," I whined softly as I stepped up and stood in the centre of the padded table.

He raised the table from a panel at the side until our eyes were level. He wagged a finger at me. "Whine again in here, bitch, and I'll punish you..." He pointed at

a switch laying on the countertop. “My name is John Truman and I manage the kennels. I’m a qualified vet and keep an eye on all you mutts.”

He was a big man for a doctor and had a blunt bullying attitude. I took an instant dislike to his aggressive manner and believed he meant what he said. Telling me that he was a vet, didn’t exactly fill me with confidence that he knew what he was doing!

He was in his forties, I guessed, for his short frizzy hair had tinges of grey. He had large, slightly bloodshot eyes that gave me the creeps. I waited while he donned a pair of surgical gloves and worried that he was about to give me an intimate examination.

He lifted my chin. “Today, bitch, I need to give you a quick lesson on posture. You must always keep your head up in the club. When you stand still beside your master or next to a guest you must stand with your head up and your back arched to display your rear end to its best effect...” He stroked my back, pushing it down at the same time. “That’s it, girl, push your ass back so your cunt can easily be seen and stroked. Maintain that posture while I fetch a training wire.”

He went to a cabinet and removed a box, which he put on the padded surface beside my front paw. The moment I spotted what was in the box, I wanted to jump down and run a mile, but that wasn’t an option, unfortunately. The first item was a head harness. He took it out and unravelled the leather straps.

Holding it up to my face, he eased it over my head and started connecting the straps under my chin and at the back of the furry hood. “This, girl, is a demonstration of just one punishment we use at PSC. This is a warning on your future behaviour. I’m only going to leave the rig on for a short while, while you get an understanding of Puppy-girl posture.”

The second item was a large 3” diameter stainless-steel hook. It had a ball in place of the point, and I knew where the spherical end was going to go. I was desperate to complain, but the threat of being punished was too great.

Taking a toothpaste sized tube from the box, he smeared some of the creamy contents on the ball, then rubbed it all over. “Stand still bitch while I insert this in your anus.”

I was trembling with dread when he pushed the cold slippery ball against my pucker. Unfortunately, my tight sphincter had recovered some of its tightness.

“Ruuuuuuu,” I groaned when the ball won the battle and sank deep into my rectum until the curve of the hook was nestling in my ass crack.

The final item was an adjustable length of wire with clips on either end. After clipping one end on the hook and the other on the back of the harness, he adjusted the length with a slide. Once again, I wanted to protest when the taut wire pulled my head back and my ass up, but he stopped shortening the wire just before the pain became unbearable.

“Right, that’s finished. I’m now going to try out your vagina to make sure the ball isn’t constricting your orifice.” He started to lower the table.

Huh! I thought. Another man making up an excuse to thrust his black cock in my quim. From the moment I got up, to standing on my paws on the examination table, the men controlling my life were only interested in one thing – sating their

sexual urges in my petite white orifices!

Six ~ Examined by the vet.

Satisfied with the height of the table, the vet moved behind me, then placed his hands on my hips. “Back you come, girl,” he said as he pulled me until my ass was level with the end of the table. “Hopefully, you’re going to remember to maintain a good posture in the club. If you don’t and a member complains, then I’ll fit the hook for the rest of the evening.

While he was talking, I heard the rustle of clothing. Moments later I felt the vet prodding the entrance to my gaping quim with his blunt weapon. “Very nice, bitch...” He slid it in a couple of inches. “Having oodles of cunny juice will give you the edge over some of the other bitches.” He drove on another inch or two before the ball on the anal hook came into play.

“Ruuuuu,” I couldn’t hold back a groan when he pushed on past it, squeezing my tender walls painfully.

“Silence girl. A Puppy-girl’s first duty is to provide pleasure for her Master, not complain when things get a bit rough.”

I grimaced until he had fully impaled me, then when he withdrew, the pain eased. By the time he had thrust his cock a dozen times, I was no longer experiencing pain. Another dozen piledrivers and I was beginning to feel some enjoyment. Then it wasn’t long before I felt an orgasm approaching.

Having the anal hook in my ass created an entirely new sensation I had never felt before. Every time the vet thudded against my firm butt cheeks, the wire jarred the hook, so there were two moving objects constantly wreaking havoc with my frail sensibilities.

“Ruuuu,” I sighed softly when an incredible sensation washed over my whole body.

“That’s it, bitch. It’s all about getting a kick out of becoming a Puppy-girl. Give pleasure and take it...” He spoke in lower tones and his silence soon signalled the arrival of his own climax.

Mine intensified while the vet pumped copious amounts of jiz into my tired vagina. “Hold still girl,” he said as he withdrew. “I have a sponge that will soak up my deposit.

I couldn’t look around because of the wire attached to the harness, but after waiting a minute, the vet pushed a spongy object deep into my quim, spun it around, then withdrew it. It was a novel idea and probably a necessary tool in an institution like the Petrosal Social Club.

“Now, bitch, before I take you outside, I need to show you how the contact tags work.” He fetched a metal object and showed it to me. “This is one of the metal collars that we fit around the scrotums of the Puppy-boys. Look, it unhinges and then clicks shut.”

He demonstrated how the device worked. It was similar to the one Rex was wearing. It looked painful and heavy, but the Puppy-boy didn’t seem too perturbed by its presence.

“What you need to know is that it has other functions. We use it to control

Puppies when they are mixing together.” He pointed to the bump on the outer surface. That is a sensor. We can arm it so that if it goes near the sensor in your labia it’ll zap the boy’s cock through this collar. If we arm yours then you’ll both be zapped.”

I was beginning to understand the sinister purpose of my clit piercing. Arming both would stop the boys from mounting the girls.

He touched the large lump in the latex just below my lip. “This hood, just below your lip, has an identical sensor to the one in your labia. Its presence means we can control when the boys penetrate your throat. We can also arm it so you get a jolt in your jaw. When the sensors are armed, you’ll feel a tingling sensation in the location.”

Leaving me waiting on the table, he went across to his computer and sat down. Like Simon in the costume department, he fiddled with his computer for a minute then looked up. I’m going to switch them both on.”

“Ruff!” I barked when simultaneous prickly sensations in my chin and labia alerted me that both devices were armed.

It felt like intense pins and needles and although it wasn’t painful, it was annoying. He picked up the scrotum collar from the desk and brought it back to the examination table.

“Bitch, I’m going to show you what will happen when an unarmed or armed collar comes within nine inches of each of your sensors when they are armed.”

“Ruuuuuuu,” I complained, terrified of being hurt in either location.
“Owuuuuurrrrrr,” I cried from the sharp pinprick of pain in my labia, then serious sharp pains in my neck, when the collar punished me for making the wrong sound.

Tears started to trickle down my face as I fought to recover from the shock wave that engulfed my upper body. The vet waited a minute, then held the metal collar near my chin. “Ruff!” Because of the wire holding my head up I couldn’t avoid being zapped. Thankfully, I didn’t make the same mistake twice when a sharp pain stabbed my chin.

He chuckled, amused to see my discomfort, not a reaction I’d normally expect from someone in the medical profession, even though he was an animal doctor. “Why nine inches, you may ask. Well, that’s the average length of a Puppy-boy’s penis...” He held the collar away and simulated a thrusting motion with his hand. “The boy’s pain is even worse so they will resist the temptation to mount you until it’s safe to do so.”

Returning to the control panel, he lowered the table, then attached the leash to the back of my collar.

“Zoe, I’m going to switch your sensors off while you explore the garden. All the Boys are in their cages, so you won’t be bothered.”

I continued to worry about the way I had been weaponized and monitored. Melvin was controlling my life 24/7 by using the other tag in my pussy and CCTV in my flat. To find out that the Petrosal Club were using electronics to control the sexual activity between their Puppies was a staggering revelation.

We left the surgery with me trotting beside the vet on a short leash. We walked the length of the corridor and stepped out onto the patio, into brilliant mid-afternoon sunshine. The stone, crazy paving was a harsh surface to crawl on, but the pads on my paws cushioned my limbs comfortably.

The vet led me between the wooden tables and chairs to the edge of the patio, stopped and waved his arm in a semicircle.

“Zoe, the club not only owns this house, but four more, two either side. You can go into the next-door gardens but not the ones on the other side of those houses. A sensor will trigger your collar if you go too close to the gateways in the fences of houses one and five. If you need to toilet, there are patches of bark chippings at the end of this garden and the ones on either side. You have thirty minutes to explore. Keep an eye out for the kennel maid, Tina, she’s out and about in the garden. I’ll come out and find you when your time is up.”

He unclipped the leash and after a pat on my ass turned and headed back to the house. I looked up the lawn which rose steadily for about 60 yards to a tall hedge at the back of the property. Cut into the middle of the lawn, was a large pond with a waterfall and rockery behind it; and several island beds stocked with colourful perennials.

The huge properties were divided by six-foot-tall fences; and the gates, two near the house and two further down the garden, were standing open. I stepped down onto the grass gingerly, trying not to jar the hook in my ass and trotted over to the gate. The next garden was a similar size, but its main feature was a large wooden cabin instead of a pond.

I noted the forbidden gate, which was open, then trotted up the lawn so I could take a look at the cabin. It had a wide boardwalk, chairs and a rail like old fashioned buildings I had seen in Westerns on the TV. When the front door opened, as I approached, I half expected a marshal to appear complete with cowboy boots and a Colt 45!

Instead, a blonde-haired young woman carrying a stack of stainless-steel dog bowls stepped out onto the boardwalk. The diminutive figure was dressed in a blue pinafore dress over a white t-shirt. When she came to the top of the steps, I could see up her skirt and that she was wearing a white thong. The small triangle of material barely covered her mons and because it was wet, I could clearly see her cleft and the letters PSC tattooed on her fair skin.

“Oh, there you are!” she exclaimed, clearly pleased by my appearance. “The Master said there’d be a new Puppy-girl looking around...” She placed the bowls on the edge of the boardwalk, then carefully dismounted the steps and came alongside me to look at my name tattoo. “Zoe, welcome to the club...” She turned and pointed at the cabin. “That’s the boy’s kennels. I’ve just delivered clean dishes to their rooms. Have you seen the rest of the gardens yet?”

I was able to shake my head a little. “Ruff, ruff.”

“Well, I’m just about to put milk in their bowls, then I’ll walk you over to the other side and show you the bitch’s accommodation.” She turned, bent down to pick up a jug of milk and in the process revealed her bare ass cheeks, which sported the Petrosal shield tattoo and her name, ‘Tina’.

The strap of the thong wasn’t visible, either between her ass cheeks, or her large, puffy labia lips. What was visible were countless bruises, not only on her large ass cheeks, but on her labia as well. Despite having recently received some harsh

blows, the girl was in remarkably good spirits.

She turned in the doorway. “Come and meet the boys.” I hesitated. “Zoe, do as you’re told. The boys are on their leashes, so you don’t have to worry about them jumping on you.”

Her tone was commanding so I had to accept her authority. She waited for me to clumsily climb the three steps, then led the way into the cool interior.

Seven ~ Satisfying Puppy-boys.

The cabin was rectangular and divided roughly into three. There were three cages on the left-hand side, three on the right and a large square area in the middle. Standing in the centre of the open space was a table and chairs, plus four padded footstools for people to sit on.

The three Puppy-boys were tethered to the cage fronts on the left. The barred doors to the two-tier cages were open but they had heavy locks suggesting the lads were locked away at night. The moment they saw us appear in the doorway, they got to their paws and strained on their chain leashes.

“Ruff, ruff, ruff,” the Puppy-boys barked excitedly.

Tina turned. “Come closer and sit so the lads can see you while I put the milk in their bowls.”

I went as close as I dare and sat down with my thighs parted at 45 degrees. All three young men were black and wearing transparent latex skins. They were up on their paws and pulling on chains that were padlocked to the bars of their cages. All three sets of eyes were glued to the apex of my thighs. I felt guilty teasing them with such a lewd display of my convex, white labia lips but the kennel maid knew exactly what she was doing when she told me to sit.

Tina walked between two Puppy-boys and bent down to pour milk into the first bowl. Neither boy initially turned because they were fixated on my cunt but realizing they couldn’t close the three feet distance to me, they turned their attention to Tina.

“Ruff!” One barked as he tried to shove his nose under her ass. The skirts of her dress were so short, half her ass cheeks were visible to them in her squatting position. As she rose, he was able to snuffle her fig-like labia and almost knock her over.

“Ruff, ruff!” The lad on the other side of the girl responded, trying to push the first boy out of the way.

“Jed, Kale, behave yourselves.” She stood upright only to find the second lad thrusting his nose up the front of her skirt. She smacked him on the head. “Sit and behave yourself. You’re setting a terrible example to the new bitch. If you settle down, I’ll get her to blow the best-behaved one among you.”

They instantly withdrew their noses from under her skirt and returned to their sitting positions, facing me. I was appalled to hear the girl tell the boys that I was going to reward one of them with a blowjob. I was equally shocked to see three huge cocks standing to attention, desperately hoping that they’d be the one to feel my lips wrapped around their knobs.

Tina was able to pour the milk in the other two bowls without incident and then withdraw. She placed the empty jug on the table, picked up a short stick, then returned to my side.

“So, Zoe, which one are you going to pick?” She used the stick to point to the one on the left. “Will it be Jed? He’s the oldest. Twenty-two, I think. He’s quite the animal and has staying power but he’s slower on his paws.”

“Ruff, ruff!” the lad barked and puffed his chest out.

She pointed at the lad in the centre. “Kale is probably the fastest around the garden. No matter how much a head start the Master gives you, he’ll be mounting you within minutes.”

“Rufffff!” The lad exclaimed while nodding his head.

“Then there’s Fred. He’s the most virile. He can mount three bitches one after the other. His cock isn’t the biggest, but it’s turbo charged!”

“Ruuuuuuuu!” the lad cried in agreement, while nodding his head and rubbing his black dick with his paw.

“Which one is it to be, girl?”

“Ruuuuu,” I growled softly and didn’t move. I wanted to look around the garden and avoid blowing a Puppy-boy.

Tina stepped behind me and slipped the end of the stick along the floor and into my ass crack. An inch further and it nudged my anus. “RUFF!” I cried when the tip of her wand zapped my most tender spot.

I was instantly up on my paws. “Bitch, do as I say. Pick a cock to blow.”

The burst of pain had been excruciating but it quickly faded. “Ruuuu,” I whimpered, while facing her. I lifted my paw and pointed at Fred, purely because his dick was slightly smaller than the other two.

His face lit up, while the other two looked decidedly unhappy at missing out. The girl waved the wand in my face. “Get on with it bitch.”

I trotted over and got into position. Unfortunately, because of the wire, I had to leave my ass in the air and drop my shoulders until my nipples were rubbing on the floor. Only then could I start sucking the lad’s knob. There was no way I could provide any foreplay with my head movement restricted the way it was. However, I was able to lip fuck his crown and use a sucking, licking, lolly-popping, technique that had the lad sighing with pleasure.

Just within my peripheral vision, I was surprised to see Tina stand between the other two lads and let them nuzzle her ass and mons, while patting their heads. “Boys, you two will get a chance to mount the new bitch when her Master brings her to the club. Master Truman might even allow one of you to chase the bitch down before she goes home.”

As if I didn’t have enough to think about, the girl was suggesting I have even more sex! The lad put a paw on the back of my hood but didn’t disrupt my slow but steady progress down the 10” of his solid cock-muscle. I slowly built up a lunging speed but found I could only go so far – about two-thirds, because the wire was taut and my ass wouldn’t go any higher.

“Good girl,” Tina sighed. “That’s a Pet’s purpose in life – giving males pleasure, whether they’re on two legs or four. “And if you can get some yourself, then that’s a bonus.”

I wasn't receiving any pleasure, but Tina was. She was standing with her legs apart and using one hand to pull her thong to the side; and the other to encourage the Puppies to lap her nether region. But, it was Fred who received the first prize, when my throat lunge finally triggered his orgasm.

To a cacophony of guttural grunts, Fred's cock launched spurt after spurt of hot jiz down my tight oesophagus, while holding my head down with both paws.

"Ruuuuu!" I gasped after finally lifting my head free and backing away from the lad.

"Well done, girl..." The diminutive kennel maid also stepped away from the slobbering Puppy-boys. All three looked grumpy as though, clearly disappointed their toys had been taken away. Tina straightened her sopping thong and rearranged her skirts, then pointed at the door. "Come on, you haven't seen the garden yet."

I was relieved to be leaving three horny black lads. I was in no doubt that if the chains were released, there would have been no stopping them from catching me and taking it in turns to shaft me, maybe two at a time!

Back in the sunshine, a wave of relief washed over me. I might have enjoyed trotting around the lovely gardens on all fours if there wasn't the threat in the back of my mind that a Puppy-boy was lurking just around the next flower bed. The sensor system wasn't armed so I was fair game if a Puppy-boy appeared. If that happened, I didn't think that Tina would intervene. In fact, she'd probably cheer the lad on!

Eight ~ The Chase.

The minutes ticked away, as I trotted alongside the blonde-haired young woman. The sunshine was still warm and the air still, so I finally began to relax. After walking to the end of the garden Tina stopped and pointed at the forbidden gate.

“Did Master Truman tell you not to go in the next garden.”

“Ruff,” I replied with a slight nod of my head.

The anal hook and wire were a constant annoyance, but they were teaching me the correct posture. I learnt that I could control the hook by moving my head back and forth in time with my naked sashaying ass. We went past the pond and rockery, which occupied the centre of the main garden, then walked through to the third garden. Between the top gate and the mansion was another identical cabin, which I assumed housed the Puppy-girls.

Tina pointed at a patch of bark chippings in the far corner. “Do you need the toilet, bitch?”

I shook my head. “Ruff, ruff.”

“Okay, let me show you where the girls live.” She set off down the slight gradient and didn’t stop until she reached the steps up onto the boardwalk.

I had just clambered up them when John Truman, carrying a small bag, entered

the garden through the lower gate. Tina slapped her thigh. “Come on, girl, we’re behind schedule.”

The interior of the cabin was identical to the boy’s habitat. Three Puppy-girls were chained, lying on the vinyl floor outside their cages, resting, waiting to be fed or released. All three girls were white, but their pelts were different. One was jet black, one brown and the other reddish-brown. Their white faces looked absolutely knackered and had only lifted their heads to see what was happening.

“These three bitches and the three boys in the other cabin live at the club,” Tina informed me. “They choose to and nobody is forcing us to devote our lives to serving our Master’s however we can. You, as a member’s Pet, will spend at least one weekend and three nights staying here in the bitch house. I and the other maids sleep in here and like you share rutting duties five days a month.” She pointed at the nearest of the three vacant cages. “Go inside and take a look around.”

John Truman had arrived and was standing in the doorway, watching my reaction to the kennel maid’s order. I reluctantly padded inside and looked around the sterile enclosure. The vinyl floor continued through into the lower half of the cell, which was about 6 feet wide and 12 feet long. It was about four feet high so I couldn’t stand if I wanted to.

A mattress was laying on one side and a small flatscreen TV was fixed to the other side wall. Beyond that on one side was a stainless-steel floor level toilet and spray attachment. Opposite was a sloping board with slats so the Puppy could climb to the upper level.

The vet had hunkered down by the door. “You may be on your own when you stay, but these rooms are designed for two. We have had twelve Puppies staying

in the bitch accommodation on a couple of occasions. Their Masters and Mistresses come from far and wide and often want to spend the night in the rooms we have set aside for guests. Come on out now, girl. I'll remove the hook and harness and then I'll tell you what your challenge is."

The kennel Master waited by the cage door until I was standing beside him. The small bag he was carrying was open on the floor and was empty bar a wad of tissues. While he unclipped the wire and eased the ball out of my rectum, Tina removed the head harness.

"Hopefully, girl, you won't need to wear that again," He said as he dropped the paraphernalia in the bag. "Time to get some exercise. Your aim is to avoid being caught by one of the boys."

I followed him out onto the boardwalk where he stopped. "Bitch, I'm returning to my surgery to arm your sensors. Tina will go and release a Puppy-boy." He turned. "Which one do you think, girl?"

"Well, the bitch has already blown Fred. Kale will easily catch her, so she'll probably get the most exercise with Jed chasing her," Tina replied with a cold-hearted assessment of my chances against the lads.

"Yes, okay. I'll come back in half an hour to see how she's getting on."

Tina and I stood side by side and watched the Vet head back to the main mansion. The pretty youngster hunkered down beside me. "Look, Zoe, Jed will try and hunt you down and won't give a damn that your sensors are armed. If he catches you and uses your vagina, you'll scream your way to an orgasm. It'll be

painful the first time, so make sure you outrun him.”

“Ruuuuuuu,” I whined, trying to express my fears and distaste for such a ludicrous pursuit.

She stood up, closed the door and put the catch on. Was that to keep the girls in or me out? I had thought about hiding in the cage so that wasn’t an option.

Tina stepped down onto the grass and turned. “I’ll be keeping an eye on you during the chase and so will the CCTV cameras, so make it as competitive as you can. The tape will be shown later this evening in the smoking lounge for the member’s enjoyment.”

I sat down on the edge of the top step and watched her march down to the gate and disappear into the next garden. I wanted to run out of the gate, get in my Mini and drive until the gas ran out. However, I had to focus on the here and now. If I didn’t buck my ideas up, I was about to suffer the most horrendous fate.

I dismounted the steps and trotted up the slope to the other gate. There was no sign of Tina at the bottom of the next garden so I ran as fast as my legs could carry me across to the next gate. Panting slightly, I was just in time to see the kennel maid enter the male cabin. I moved down the fence a yard to a tiny gap between the slats and watched the entrance. After about two minutes, Jed appeared and took a good look around.

I was betting that because he was nearer to the lower gate and it was downhill, he would go that way. I was right so I watched him set off, then retraced my paw-steps to the previous gate. I stood at the gate post and waited for him appear

through the lower gate. I thought he would continue across to the next lower gate, but I was wrong. Instead he turned and went back.

I was confused. Was he waiting for me down by the gate or was he creeping up behind the fence? If I crossed the garden to take a look, I'd come face to face with him and the chase would be over. Should I stay put or run down the fence to the lower gate? I decided to do the later, so I gambolled down the lawn as fast as my paws would carry me. Out of breath and sweating profusely, I arrived at the gate post and peered around it.

Jed was waiting in the opposite gateway. Seeing him leap forward, I spun around and set off up the hill. I had only gone 20 yards when I heard the sound of the lad howling in triumph.

"Ruffffffff!" he cried, as he gave chase up the hill.

I put every ounce of effort into the race to the higher gate, to try and outrun him, but I had tired myself trying to be clever. He had simply waited for me to appear and then raced after me. "Ruffffff!" he barked.

"Ruuu, ruuu," I whimpered, but with my body nearing exhaustion, he triumphantly leapt onto my back.

He threw his paws over my shoulders and used his weight to push them down. Then, I felt the tip of his dick prodding, prodding, searching for the point of least resistance. "Ruuuuu!" He exclaimed when he found the connection and plunged into my succulent orifice.

“Ruff!” I cried when the first sharp pain stabbed my clitoral hood. “Ruff, ruff...” The lad didn’t care that I was suffering, he just continued to piston fuck me with long hard thrusts, desperate to slake his lust-filled thirst for shafting the new Puppy-girl’s pussy. “Ruff, ruff, ruff,” I cried with each hard thrust.

Then, when I orgasmed, my world became full of mind-blowing sensations, both painful and blissful. I truly experienced, for the first time, raw animalistic sex, which ignited thrilling sensations that I could still feel a minute or two after the event. My whole nervous system was alive with vibrant energy.

Once Jed had emptied his balls, Tina snapped a leash on him and made him sit.

“Zoe, I’ll give you five minutes to recover, then I’ll take you back to the surgery, where I’ll help the Master to remove the suit. I’ll be back as soon as I’ve put Jed in his cage.”

I was grateful to be left alone because I wanted to work out what was happening to me. I was confused because part of me enjoyed what had just happened. The Puppy-girl suit and the lewd aspect of displaying my sex to one and all, was bringing the worst side of my character to the fore.

I didn’t want to admit it, but I was enjoying myself up until Jed caught me... And..., maybe..., also when he fucked me...

THE END of Part Four

Extract of Part Five

Chapter One

I glanced at the clock on the dashboard. Where had the time gone? It was already 4:30 and I hadn't eaten. I knew a good drive-through, so I did a detour and pulled into the restaurant carpark. It was a busy time and most, if not all the tables were occupied. I found a vacant selection panel and ordered my food, then went and waited for it to be prepared.

I had just experienced the most bizarre day of my life and there I was standing in a restaurant as if nothing had happened to me. Apart from the mental strain of the day, I was physically tired and sore down below. Crawling around with a stainless-steel hook in my ass and a wire holding my head up had given me a backache; but also a determination to never let them do it to me again.

I had been beaten and fucked by Seth. Melvin, my Master, had shafted me twice in his Bentley. Two puppy-boys had tracked me down and mounted me, while a vet and a bodyguard had also had their wicked way with me.

I was exhausted and yet, I was on my way home, knowing Seth was waiting for me, so he could prepare me for Tom Stewart's visit. Huh, it could hardly be called a social visit! The car salesman was coming to my flat, fully expecting to fuck me, after I had encouraged him earlier in the day, at the dealership.

It was all part of Melvin's plan to install Tom as the showroom manager. First though, he had to have a hold over him, and I was going to provide the ammunition. Well, that was the basic plan, but I didn't really have the details until I got home. It was going to involve bondage and sex but to what degree I

didn't know.

Tom was a side show to the main event, which was Melvin's desire to make me his Pet. That involved visits to the Petrosal Social Club where I would be put back into the Puppy-girl suit and made to act like an animal for the evening. I didn't even know how often Melvin attended the club or whether he always wanted his Pet with him. I got the impression though that he couldn't attend without me by his side.

How could I put a stop to Melvin's sordid plan? And, what would happen to me if I simply ran away? I bore the Petrosal Social Club tattoo on my ass, so if any mean agent of Melvin's tracked me down, he'd easily be able to confirm who I was. Then, I suspected Melvin would punish me in a more drastic manner, like me becoming the occupant of a weighted black plastic bag!

I knew Melvin was mixed up with the wrong crowd, so I didn't like the prospect of looking over my shoulder for the rest of my life. Besides, Melvin had my passport, so skipping the country and going back to my parents in Poland wasn't a short-term option.

No, I had to ride out the storm and find an ally who could help me extricate myself from Melvin and his underworld connections. Could Tom be that person? No, I decided I couldn't trust the man, especially as I had only just discovered that he had a penchant for hitting on prostitutes. Seth's news surprised me, but on reflexion, Tom had been pushy after we had sex for the one and only time together.

Terry Johnson was my other hope. He was the oldest salesman at the dealership, 42, I thought, which made him exactly twice as old as me. He too was pushy but in a much more friendly manner. He had a crush on me, and I had allowed him

to fondle me in the strong room, at the dealership, as part of Melvin's plan to control the salesmen. He went as far as touching my panties, but no further.

My number came up, so I went to the counter to collect my food. The girl had put it on a tray, so I set off to look for a table. I spotted a guy on his own studying his phone and stopped at the end of his table. "Is this seat taken?" I asked.

He looked up from his phone. "No, sit yourself down, kid."

He moved his cup of coffee nearer him so I could unload my meal onto the table. "Thanks," I said as I sat down.

I didn't know the average looking guy from Adam, but because of Melvin's influence and the events of the day, I found myself imagining having sex with the guy. I was shocked to realize that I was guilty of more furtive looks than he was as I ate my meal.

My thoughts returned to my situation. I was avoiding one kind of prison, where I'd be locked away for years. Instead, I had plumped for another kind where my movements were monitored 24/7. I suddenly remembered the piercing in my clitoral ridge and the tag injected close by. Seth might well be sitting in my lounge watching the monitoring app on his phone.

Movement of the young man's hand opposite caught my eye. "Do you mind me asking a question?" he asked politely.

He caught me by surprise. I paused while holding a couple of French fries
“Oh... Um... No, I don't mind.”

“The stud in your tongue. Did it hurt when you had it done?”

He had been watching me eating while fiddling with his phone. “Actually, it hurt like hell,” I admitted.

“Then why do it? You look far too sensible to put yourself through such a painful experience.”

“Are you a doctor?”

“No, why do you ask?”

“Your concern for others. Only doctors these days are bothered about other people's pain.”

He put his phone down. “You've got a point, but there are other professions that deal with pain.”

“Such as?”

“The police for one.”

“Are you a policeman?”

He nodded and chuckled in a charming manner. “I am and I’m off duty. What do you do?”

“Something much more boring. I’m a car salesperson, at Orbital Motors.”

“Mmmm, I don’t know where that is.” I unfastened the buckle on my bag and took out a business card, then handed it to him. He looked up at me and I noticed his hazel green eyes for the first time. “Zoe Nowak, heh? I’ll look out for your showroom next time I’m in Whetstone.”

While I sat munching my fries and drinking coffee, I took the time to study him while he tapped messages into his phone. He was just an average clean shaven, white guy. He was medium build, had neatly cut dark hair and a square manly jaw. His sparkling eyes were his best feature and I regretted the conversation finishing and his eyes dropping to his phone.

I gathered my waste together on the tray then slipped out of the booth. He put his phone away and started to clear his portion of the table. However, I couldn’t linger, for Seth would be monitoring my movements and I didn’t want to upset him. I dumped the items on the tray in the bin then left the restaurant.

A breeze whispered around and under the hem of my short, pleated skirt. I

became more aware of my bare thighs above the tops of my black hold-ups. Having found the courage to chat to a complete stranger I was feeling energized and sexy once again. It wasn't until I zapped my car from a distance that I sensed the guy was on my tail. I reached the car, opened the door and turned. He smiled from about 20 feet away and continued to approach me.

"I'm not stalking you, Zoe," he said in a friendly manner. He stood on the other side of the door – the prime position to watch me slip into my seat. He held a business card up. "You gave me yours, so I want to give you one of mine. You never know when you might need a police officer."

I took the card and read it. "Detective Sergeant Patrick O'Brian from the Met. I hope I never need you, but thanks, Patrick."

"It's Pat..." He paused to watch me lower my ass onto the seat and lift my left leg into the car. The right followed seconds later but not before I had given him a good flash of my black, tulle thong and what lie beneath it.

He caught my eye. "Zoe, I'd be more careful getting into your car when a stranger is watching."

I flushed but I managed to return the smile. "Have I committed a crime, officer?"

"With see-through lingerie like yours, I'd say you've committed a heinous crime. However, I'm going to let you off with a warning, provided you promise to ring me one day. My mobile number is on the card."

I started the engine. “I’ll do that, Pat.” Another smile before he slammed the door.

I pulled out of the space and while he stood watching, I drove out of the carpark. He was a police officer, so he was bound to check my car’s registration number. The car belonged to Orbital Motors, so he’d be none the wiser if he wanted my address. My spirits were lifted because I had something else to occupy my mind while I completed my journey back to my flat. It was comforting to know that a real person fancied me.

It was just before 5:30 when I tried to put my key in the lock of my front door, but it wouldn’t go in. I was just examining it when the door was opened by Seth. Wearing smart grey pants and a blue pinstripe shirt, he stood aside so I could pass.

“Give me your keys, kid,” he said, after closing the door.

I didn’t react immediately because I was stunned by the transformation of my hallway. The pictures I had framed and hung, of my Polish family and snaps of my holiday, had been replaced with Semi-pornographic black and white pictures. I walked down the hall in a daze, examining each one in turn.

“How... how did you do that?” I asked pointing at one particularly graphic picture.

“We had your picture from your employment file. Photoshop did the rest.”

The picture was of a girl wearing black latex, laying on her back, with her knees on her chest. A chrome bar was laying across and strapped to the back of her thighs and her wrists were cuffed to the end of the bar. Her stiletto boots were sticking up in the air, to the sides. The girl was wearing a latex dress and stockings but no panties, so her ass and cunt were bare.

However, the tongues of a tawse had conveniently been positioned on her labia to partially hide her sex. The arm and hand of a man holding the weapon was visible in the foreground of the picture. What was so awful about the picture though, was that the head raised, watching what was about to happen, was mine...

The end of the Sample.

I hope you enjoyed the fourth part of

this story and continue to

read my work in the future.

Thanks, Amelia.

Email at - Amelia.stark@mail.com

This book has been published by Stark Books

Facebook - <https://www.facebook.com/amelia.stark.98>

Join Amelia's facebook group 'Books of an Adult Nature'.

<http://bit.ly/Adukltnature>

Follow on Twitter - AmeliaStark_18

Amelia Stark books on Smashwords

Stand Alone Novels

[Extreme Obedience](#)

[Amber's Total Transformation](#)

[Danger in the Backwoods](#)

[Submissive Companion](#)

[Dark Submission](#)

[Arrested Detained Enslaved](#)

[In Restraints](#)

[Groomed, Trapped, & Enslaved.](#)

[MAKING A SUBMISSIVE](#)

(9 Books)

Multi-Part Series

[His Pet – Four Parts](#)

[His Harem – Six Parts](#)

[A Submissive: Lost in the Jungle – Two Parts](#)

[A Submissive: Lost & Trained at Sea – Five Parts](#)

[Tamed Tethered & Trained - Five Parts](#)

[Disciplined – Three Parts](#)

[The Captain's Club – Three Parts](#)

[Pony-girl & Puppy-girl World – Seven Parts](#)

[Double Domination – Three Parts](#)

[Maggie: Out of her Depth – Two Parts](#)

[Enslaved by the Rebel Army – Four Parts](#)

[Angel and the Agent – Five Parts](#)

[The Replacement Pet – Three Parts](#)

[Selected Trained Delivered – Five Parts](#)

[The Puppy-girl Farm – Three Parts](#)

[The Pain Academy – Three Parts](#)

[Making a Puppy-girl – Two Parts](#)

[Hijacked, Restrained, Trained – Three Parts](#)

[Jenny's South African Nightmare – Two Parts](#)

[The Frisky Series – Three Parts](#)

[The Vampire Doll Series – Four Parts](#)

(78 Books)

Laura Sinn

[Laura Sinn's Author page](#)

Sweet Revenge – Three Parts

Kay Knighty

[Kay Knighty's Author page](#)

Encounters of a Canine Kind – Three Parts

Sally, the Vet and the Dobbie mix – Five Parts

Beth, Her Mother's boyfriend & his Pet Dog – Three Parts

Tabatha Wild

[Tabatha Wild's Author page](#)

The Reluctant Waitress (3 Parts)

Reluctant Change (3 Parts)

Making a Sissy

Switched – Into Another Body.

The Reluctant Player