

# His Pet

Part  
Five

*Amelia Stark*



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# **His Pet: Part Five**

**The Social Club Pet Series.**

**By Amelia Stark**

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## **Contents**

[One ~ Brief respite.](#)

[Two ~ Submissive role.](#)

[Three ~ All three holes.](#)

[Four ~ Lesbian bonding.](#)

[Five ~ Expecting sex.](#)

[Six ~ Making a judgement.](#)

[Seven ~ Playing with fire.](#)

[Eight ~ Brutal reality.](#)

[Extract of Part Six.](#)

### [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.

After a session at the Petrosal Social Club, where she tried on her Puppy-girl suit, Zoe wearily returns to her flat. She is tired after being chased around the garden by a Puppy-boy, who eventually caught and mounted her. When she enters her flat, Zoe is shocked to find that Seth has turned it into a house of ill repute and moved in a roommate for Zoe!

As if decorating the flat with pornographic pictures wasn't bad enough, she must dress like the girls in the pictures to entice Tom. He is a predatory young black man, who wants to perform all sorts of pervy sex acts on her. Can she cope with her first taste of latex and bondage or will she decide that enough is enough and try and escape from Melvin's clutches?

**One ~ Brief respite**

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 was hardly going to be 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 dealership's floor manager. First though, he had to have a hold over him, and it was down to me 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 him. I was shocked to realize that I was guilty of taking more furtive looks at him than he was at me, 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 you a question?" he asked politely.

He caught me by surprise. I paused while holding a couple of French fries in the air. "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 again 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, making me 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, in the future, I’d be more careful getting into your car when a stranger is watching.”

I flushed but 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.” He delivered 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 though, because I had something else to occupy my mind while I completed my journey back to my flat. After all that had happened to me, 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 pictures 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 were visible in the foreground of the picture. What was so awful about the picture though, was that the raised head, watching what was about to happen, was mine...

**Two ~ Submissive role.**



I turned away from the picture and came face to face with the monolithic figure of Seth Wilder. I was angrier with him for removing the old ones than I was for him putting up pornographic pictures. Although, seeing that one of them had been doctored to make it look as though I was participating in a sadistic act, was unsavoury and unexpected.

His face hardened when he saw my reaction to the missing photographs. “Zoe, we’ve collected all your things, boxed them and put them in storage, so don’t go off on one.”

“Go off on one? Those pictures were all I have of my family, you’ve no ri...”

He thrust a finger in my face. “Zoe, all your belongings are safe, so fucking behave yourself. When you’ve gotten used to living with Tammy, you can change a few things, but for now, this is the way we want the flat to look.”

“Tammy? You didn’t say anything about me living with anyone.”

“Did I hear someone use my name?” I turned to find a young woman standing in the lounge doorway. I noticed the sound of low music for the first time as I studied the stranger.

About my height and build, she was blonde and cute, just the way black guys like their girls. The sickly-sweet expression on her face only angered me more. I turned back to Seth. “This is my home...”

“Of course it is, girl. Fuck, we’re not going to chuck you out. Tammy is here to keep you company...” He reached down and took the bag containing the latex dresses from my hand. “I’ll hang these up for you. Go and have a chat with Tammy in the kitchen.”

I stood rooted to the spot, stunned by the sudden rush of events. Seth was on his way to the bedroom and Tammy was staring at me with a more conciliatory look on her face. “Kid, the world aint gonna end because you got a new roommate.”

I snapped out my fugue. “Oh, I’m not mad at you, Tammy. It’s what Seth has done with my pictures...”

“There’s safe. I made sure the removal men packed them carefully.” She looked across at the one I was standing by. “That one’s pretty cool. Here, come and take a look at this one.”

She moved down the hallway and stopped in front of an A4 sized photograph. Two girls, Tammy and a girl who looked like me, were dressed in latex dresses, stockings, gloves, collars and half hoods. The skater-style skirts were short and revealed a slither of naked ass flesh. They were holding each other with their asses stuck out, heads turned, looking at the camera.

It was an insane image and I could almost believe I had a twin who was into latex and bondage. There were ten pictures in total and four had my face on the girl. However, none of the photographs went as far as to show the girl’s sex. A couple were close, like the first one I looked at, but whoever was responsible for the photography had avoided being explicitly pornographic.

We returned to the one where I was cuddling Tammy and stood side by side staring at the photo. “How is that even possible?” I asked.

“Well, that is me, but obviously not you. An expert would spot the edit, but the average Jo wouldn’t. I’m looking forward to having a real cuddle with you, preferably without the latex. Come, let’s have a coffee, you must be exhausted.”

“I am. You wouldn’t believe the day I have had...” I muttered.

I was dressed in my sales suit, a short-pleated skirt, white blouse and blue jacket, while Tammy was wearing Denim shorts and a white crop top. Neither item left much to the imagination, especially the top which was thin and cut low. She was barefooted and almost bare-assed because the legs of the shorts were cut ridiculously high. I followed her into the kitchen and stopped dead in my tracks.

Tammy could have knocked me down with a feather. Every single item in the room had been changed, apart from the kitchen units and countertops. Even the washing machine, the oven and the microwave had been replaced with what looked like more expensive versions.

I looked around the room, stunned, and leant on the breakfast bar for support. “I don’t know what to say,” I gasped.

Tammy put her hand on my forearm. “Don’t worry. All your belongings have been put into storage. I can take you there tomorrow and show you everything.”

“I’m working tomorrow...”

“You’ll have time to take Tammy shopping,” Seth said from the doorway behind me.

I turned. “Does that mean I have a day off from the dealership?”

“No, Melvin wants you there in the afternoon. Give me those keys.”

I had been gripping the bunch tightly since spotting the lewd photographs. The moment I handed them to him, he started to remove my old front door key.

“I’ve changed the locks for security reasons,” he informed me. “I only want two keyholders so until I go back to Birmingham, Tammy and I will have the keys.”

It was the final blow. Not only were they taking my flat away from me, I wasn’t even allowed to gain entry into it. My anger was threatening to bubble over. “How the hell can I get in the flat? Supposing no one’s in?”

The finger was in my face again. “Don’t take that tone with me, bitch. Me or Tammy will either be here, or one of us will be with you.”

“Seth, I need some freedom. You’re going too far...”

“Tammy, get my cane and a ball gag.” He dropped the keys on the breakfast bar and grabbed my arm, then dragged me toward the doorway.

“Seth, what the fuck...?” We were in the hall heading for the lounge or bedroom. It suddenly dawned on me that he was going to thrash me again. “No, Sir, Master, I’m sorry...” I pleaded as he pulled me through the lounge doorway.

I didn’t have time to study the new brown leather suite or the huge TV mounted on the wall because he pushed me down onto a footstool. “Master, I was out of order...” With my legs dangling over one side and my upper body over the other, Seth sat down on my back, facing my ass.

Tammy’s legs appeared in my vision and when I looked up, she was starting to bend so she could fasten the ball gag around my head.

“Zoe, open your mouth. Take your punishment without struggling and Seth will go easy on you.”

Seth kept quiet but I felt him pull my skirt up and reveal my naked ass cheeks. The thin black strap of the thong would provide very little protection from the bite of the cane and instead give him something to aim at! Tammy’s advice was sensible, so I opened my mouth and let her push the red rubber ball in and buckle the strap behind my head. She then went and turned the music up – a track from Elton John – ‘Don’t let the sun go down on me’.

As if drowning out my screams wasn't enough help, she returned and helped Seth pull my butt cheeks apart. I was howling before he lashed the first stroke of his short cane onto the side of my deep divide. "Switt! Switt! Switt! Switt! Switt! Switt!"

"Uhhhhhhhhh!" My screams emerged as a deep guttural moan that competed strongly with the loud music.

The mind-shattering agony that exploded in my ass, sent a fireball of pain and panic through my body's nervous system. I cried, I screamed, I kicked out and I thrashed my arms about, but to no avail. Seth was sitting comfortably and although he had only delivered six blows, he knew the strips of flesh he targeted were already bruised from the previous thrashing he gave me.

The result was a cataclysmic event that would stay in the back of my mind for some time. He was teaching me a lesson so that I accept my submissive role and not question those who had authority over me. I was miserable and tired, but I had the wherewithal to know that I had gone too far in complaining about the photographs.

Melvin told me he was taking ownership of the flat, so it made sense that he furnished it with items that suited him and the purpose of the flat. Provided my possessions were safely stored, they were safer where they were. I didn't have a plan to run away from Melvin, but if it ever came to that, at least I'd have some belongings of my own to start afresh with.

Seth waited until I had calmed a little, then climbed off me. "Tammy, take the gag off Zoe and help her off with her clothes. Find those t-shirts and thongs I dug out. I'll go and make a cup of coffee. Don't dilly-dally."

The young woman knelt beside me and helped me up and back until I was sitting upright on my heels. She dabbed my face with a tissue and tried to stem the flow of tears. “Kid, Seth can be a mean bastard when he wants to. I was surprised at the way you spoke to him.”

My chest was still heaving and I couldn’t stop sobbing. “I... I... I wasn’t thinking... He... he warned me before.”

“Look, cheer up...” She helped me off with my jacket and threw it on the sofa. “...he won’t be around for more than a couple of weeks. Show him and the others the respect they want and they’ll lay off you. Give them any backchat and they’ll punish you, as you just found out. Once we’ve settled in together things are going to be great. You wait and see!”

I took the tissue and dried my face. As a direct result of the thrashing, my sight was bleary and my hands were trembling. With my ass on fire, it was going to take more than a few reassuring words from my new flatmate to calm me down.

**Three ~ All three holes.**



While I fumbled with one button on the blouse, Tammy undid five. She parted the garment and drew it down my arms.

“That’s better, I can see your body now.” She shuffled to my side and unfastened the catch on my bra, then I slipped the straps off my shoulders and dropped it on the footstall.

As soon as the cups fell away from my tits, Tammy reached out and fondled my left breast. “Seth said you had nice tits and he was right.”

“I thought black guys liked big tits.”

“More like big asses, juicy cunts and tight assholes!” She chuckled, then patted my ass. “Yours fits the bill.” As she got to her feet, she threw my bra onto the sofa with the other things. “Zoe, take the rest off while I fetch your clothes.”

I slowly staggered to my feet and took a deep breath. I gingerly stepped out of my skirt and pushed the thong down, then eased my cheeks apart. It didn’t help and my ass still hurt like hell. I turned my attention to the new furniture and ornaments. They had installed a four-piece leather suite, a solid oak coffee table, a huge TV, A new dining set and most telling of all, a small bar in the corner.

A dozen bottles of spirits were standing on two glass shelves that had been fixed to the wall behind the bar. Glasses were gathered at one end of the countertop, along with a couple of six packs of beer. It looked as though the flat was going to be used for entertaining more than the odd visitor. They were gearing up for a

party.

I was sitting on the footstool removing my stockings when Tammy returned. She had changed into a red T-shirt with large white letters on it. It read:

*If ONE*

*Isn't Enough...*

She was also wearing a red thong, which was visible below the hem of the short shirt. She had not only brought me matching clothes, she was also holding a blonde wig, which looked similar to her hair.

“Put these on babe and let’s see if we look like twins.”

I took the t-shirt. “Is your hair a wig?”

“Yep. I keep my hair as short as yours. It’s one of the society’s rules.”

I should have realized she was a member of the club. I slipped the t-shirt on and looked at the slogan on the front. It read:

*TWO is*

*the answer.*

“I get the message,” I muttered. “Is this Seth’s idea?”

“What, the shirts or us living here together?”

“The shirts...” I paused, thinking about her question. “Do they want us to work together, here at the flat?”

“Babe, let’s not call it work. Our task is to provide pleasure and if we can get some as well, then we’re quids in.”

I had heard the phrase before, so I assumed it was a club mantra. I pulled the thong on and as soon as I stood erect, Tammy stepped forward and helped me on with the wig. She adjusted it and stood back. “Fuck, you’re almost as pretty as me!”

“Huh, nowhere near...”

“You don’t think so?” She set off across the room. “Come here.”

I followed the petite youngster’s sashaying ass. The t-shirt covered half of her

cheeks, so as the material slid up and down on her curves, her tattoos fleetingly appeared. Her name had been inked onto her left cheek and a crest, not the same as mine, tattooed on her right. There was a mirror on the wall behind the bar which Tammy used to check us out.

We bent our knees to look under the lower glass shelf. “What do you think?” she asked.

The high quality, shoulder length blonde wigs had swept fringes and tousled tresses. I loved them and wished that the wig I was wearing was my real hair. “I’m naturally blonde, Tammy, so sure, I like the wig. What about you?”

“I’m a brunette but I often used to bleach my hair. I reckon that if we were in a contest, it’d be a dead heat.” She offered me another tissue. “Here, give your eyes another wipe. Seth will be back in a minute.”

“Are you his Pet?”

She laughed and shook her head. “No, my Master is Ross Okoro. He is Seth’s and Melvin’s boss and more importantly, our boss. Maybe you’ll see him at the club, but when he comes here to meet you, you’ll really appreciate his dominant power.

I was going to ask her more questions, but Seth walked in holding a tray laden with three mugs. He set it down on the coffee table without taking his eyes off us. “Fuck, girls, I’ve got to say you look fantastic...” He took his phone out. “Stand with your back to the bar...”

“What are you doing?”

Tammy elbowed me gently, reminding me about Seth’s temper.

“Melvin wants to see what you and the flat look like...” Seth started taking pictures. Tammy put her arm around my waist while we stood together. “Lift your shirts so I can see your tits...”

It was the second time that day I found myself adopting lewd poses for a cameraman. One big difference was that Seth didn’t ask us to take our thongs off, but he did ask us to roll the elastic down to show our owner’s initials. Mine was ‘MW’ for Melvin Watson and Tammy’s was ‘RO’ for Ross Okoro.

Seth took pictures of our asses while we leant forward with our hands on our knees, then some more while we cuddled each other on the brown leather sofa. When he finished, he parted us, then sat down between us.

Tammy immediately put her arm around his neck and kissed him on the cheek, so I followed suit. “Thanks for all the work on the flat, Sir.” Tammy said, indicating I had to show him some gratitude.

“I can’t believe you did all this in less than a day, Sir.” I kissed him again.

He wrapped his arms around us and fondled our asses. “What do you think of the

furniture, Girl?” He squeezed my ass with his powerful right hand to emphasize his need for a positive response.

I glanced around the room. “The stuff in the kitchen and this suite look expensive...” I stroked the leather back by his shoulder. “This makes my Ikea furniture look like crap.”

“Well, Tammy and I have worked all day. How does a naughty girl show her appreciation?”

I reached down to his waist and found Tammy had the same idea. “Naughty girls suck their master’s cock, Sir,” I whispered in his ear then turned my head and kissed him on the lips, passionately and he responded, in kind.

Working together, Tammy and I undid his pants and zip, then eased his dick out of his shorts. I continued snogging Seth, while gripping his cock with my right hand, until the big man slid his hand under my t-shirt and pushed my back to break the kiss. I looked down. Tammy was holding his cock and giving me an encouraging look, so I lowered my head further and started licking his knob.

Then, surprising me, Tammy joined me and together we licked and kissed the entire length of his cock. Competing with another girl while orally serving a guy was a new experience for me, so I followed her lead. When she went up and kissed his crown, I went down my side and lavished his black, granite-like shaft with my lips and tongue. Up and down, sharing Lolly-popping duties until on the fifth occasion I sucked his knob, Seth put his hand on my head.

“Time to suck the venom from the snake, girl.”

Kneeling on the sofa beside him I adjusted my position and started to rock my upper body gently so I could use my soft palate to rub his sensitive head. I spotted Tammy climbing off the sofa, then felt Seth slip his hand down my back, Slap!

“Get on with it, girl,” he urged, after giving my ass a short, sharp slap.

I went down a little further, nudging and taking more of his black cock in tiny increments before speeding up my lunges. Then, a hand on my ass signalled activity behind me. It was Tammy climbing on the sofa, up to no good. I was in no position to stop her from pulling my thong down just far enough to unveil my orifices.

The moment I started bobbing my head rapidly, a blunt object started rubbing up and down the furrow of my puffy labia, below the piercing. “Uhhhh,” I moaned softly when the object’s movement started to generating thrilling sensations in my nether region.

“That’s it, bitch...” Seth cooed, while gently tapping the wig on my bobbing head. “...take your time. Soak up some of that cream pie delight Tammy’s dishing out...”

Once she had ignited the heat and oil in my pussy, she eased the dildo into my hot succulence and drove the stout phallus back and forth at the slower pumping action I had adopted with Seth’s cock. The initial soreness disappeared and was replaced with a familiar thrilling sensation.

It wasn't to last long though, for she suddenly eased the thick dildo out and offered the tip against my tired anal whorl. Thankfully, Tammy eased it in gently and took her time to sink it to its maximum depth. Thinking that was the end of Tammy's endeavour, I continued to bob my head. Then, when Seth stopped me, I was confused about how I should proceed.

"Up you come, girl," he said, after gripping my body under my arms. He lifted me into the air and turned me to face him. "Knees apart and slide your slime-bunny onto your Master's dick."

He was holding me with his powerful arms like a mother would hold a baby. Stretching the thong to breaking point, I widened my thighs, placed my hands on his shoulders and guided my gaping entrance onto his saliva coated shaft.

"Ohhhhh," I gasped, as Seth's cock stretched my now constricted quim.

I felt his cock rub down the side of the dildo, parked in my neighbouring orifice.

"Sweet fuck, bitch, are you tight or fucking tight?"

I hoped his question didn't need a response because I had other things on my mind. Tammy had switched the dildo on! With the vibrations of the static invader added to the movement of Seth's cock, I soon felt the familiar signs of an orgasm. In control of the downward thrusts, I increased the pace and instantly felt an insane surge of intense pleasure wash through my senses, like a flame rushing across a pool of gas.



“Oh, my god,” I cried after increasing the speed again, using every ounce of weight I had at my disposal.

“That’s my bitch,” Seth muttered, “Now you’re motoring.” He slipped his hands up my t-shirt and began fondling my bouncing tits and squeezing my perky nipples.

I gripped his shoulders and closed my eyes as I soured to the heights in orgasm-land. The only thing that mattered was to keep the tempo going, no matter what. I moaned and threw my head from side during the long minutes my climax lasted. Seth’s black cock was the object of my cunt’s desire and while it remained hard as a rock and upright, I wanted to make the most of it.

However, Seth’s expression changed, his eyes glazed over and his grip on my tits tightened, signalling Vesuvius was about to blow. “Fuuuuuuuuck,” he groaned, then dropped his hands to my hips and controlled the last dozen or so thrusts. The hot, spurting sensation filled my most intimate recess and catapulted me to a new, momentary pinnacle from which I slowly descended back to normality.

As I raised my body to let Seth’s dick slip out of my battered vagina, Tammy switched the dildo off and climbed onto the sofa. The powerful Afro-Caribbean minder graciously helped me off so I could get to my feet, then sat back so Tammy could lean forward to clean his dick. I stood before him feeling as though my nervous system had been shot to pieces. In reality though, the vibrant sensations were my body recovering from one of the most exciting sexual experiences of my young life.

Seth grinned at me. “Girl, you look horny. Pull your panties up and drink your coffee.”

Feeling like a fool, I scrambled the thong up and covered my modesty. “Um, what about the dildo?”

“When you two have a shower, take it out and put it in your slime-bunny. When you’re entertaining Tom, you can ask him to remove it. Say you forgot you still had it in.”

Tammy lifted her head. “It helps to break the ice if a guy is shy.” While she spoke, she helped Seth tuck his dick away. “What’s Tom like?”

I picked up my coffee, sat on the sofa and turned so I was facing Seth, then crossed my legs. His eyes dropped to the apex of my thighs and he smiled. “Girl, you’re learning what men like. Tell us about Tom.”

And that’s what I did. Seth was particularly interested in his character and the way he behaved toward me. Then, he told us what he expected us to do when Tom arrived. After he finished his coffee, he took my car keys, grabbed his computer bag and left us to get on with it.

**Four ~ Lesbian bonding.**

As soon as Seth departed the flat, Tammy and I had a quick meal. I heated up some pasta and added a bottle of Bolognese sauce, while my new flatmate tidied up and opened a bottle of wine. We sat at the breakfast bar side by side in our matching t-shirts, with the silly slogan, eating and sipping wine. Looking at us from across the bar, in the smart kitchen setting, no one would suspect we were a pair of owned, sex workers.

I was wrestling with the idea of becoming a whore ever since the first night with Seth. He had brutalized me twice and had already ingrained in my psyche a fear of being punished by him. His treatment and the violent sex that came with it was having a dark influence on my behaviour. So much so that I found myself enjoying elements of my new life.

I was trying to calculate whether there was any chance I could cope with being Melvin's Pet in the coming weeks. It was going to be tough until Seth went back to Birmingham. Then what was going to happen and who would he put in charge of me?

Melvin had cunningly surrounded me with his minions so I couldn't escape his surveillance. I couldn't speak my mind to anybody lest they reported it back to Melvin. Maybe, I thought, I might be able to talk to Terry Johnson, the oldest salesman at Orbital Motors. He had a thing for me and I liked the guy, but even he could be bought by Melvin and his cohorts.

Tom was next on Melvin's list. He wanted to own the guy and that's where Tammy and I came in. Tom was as crooked as the other salesman, but was he sadistic and could he take over Seth's role? Was the story true about him beating up a prostitute, and if so, were Tammy and I in danger leading him on?

“Have you ever had any bad experiences working for your Master?” I asked Tammy as soon as we had finished our meal.

“I went through what you’re going through, to begin with. It all kicked off three years ago when I was twenty-one. As soon as they were satisfied that I was fully trained, Ross didn’t pick on me so much. My Master always has a reason for punishing me, not like some of his sick friends with their Pets.”

“So, how long have you been going to the Petrosal Social Club?”

“Right from when my training started. When we lived in Knightsbridge, he took me to the Wimbledon Branch. That’s why my badge is different to yours.”

“Are there just the two branches?”

She shook her head. “No, there’s five in England. We have different badges but follow the same rules.”

“How did you get involved?”

“I was a trainee manager at the Knightsbridge branch of a small building society. We handled a large portfolio of mortgages for the PSC. I and my boyfriend, Douglas, another trainee, saw a wicked way to make a half a million without anyone knowing. We were dealing with wills and handling the distribution of estates. The ruse really looked fool proof, but we were caught and threatened with prison.”

“Huh, it sounds like we’re birds of the same feather. What happened to Douglas?”

“Ten years in prison. He’ll be out in a couple, I suppose. I haven’t seen him since the court case. You see, after saving me from a similar sentence, I owe Ross so much. Becoming his Pet seemed like the right thing to do and now I don’t regret the choice I made. A word of warning. The members of the club weald real power which extends to the police and judiciary. They really can put us behind bars for the crimes we committed. They also have the power to make you disappear – permanently!”

It was a shocking statement, but in my heart, I knew we were mixed up with a serious bunch of individuals who didn’t take prisoners. I was safe so long as I went along with Melvin’s awful demands. I had some worth to the company and so did Tammy, who appeared to be perfectly at ease with her new lifestyle.

“Don’t you miss your old profession?”

“Oh, I still practice. I was spending at least thirty hours a week in the PSC legal office in Enfield to begin with. I still do some, but most of my time is taken with entertaining the members.”

“So, where did you live?”

“A small flat in Chelsea that the Petrosal Club own.”

“You didn’t buy it with the proceeds of your ill-gotten gains, did you?”

“Yep, just like you with this flat. There’s much more space here and I’m near the Enfield branch. It made sense to move me.”

It seemed as though the members of the club made full use of their pets. It made sense to use our skills and give us a purpose in life. The chat with Tammy had bolstered my lagging resolve, for her experience could become mine. I was still miffed that Tammy had been installed without saying a word to me.

We cleaned the dishes then went to take a shower and change our clothes. I looked in the spare bedroom on the way and saw that my single bed had been changed to a double, while a dressing table, a chest of drawers, a small wardrobe and a large TV had been added. The King size bed, metal headboard and even larger TV were new in the main bedroom, but the fitted wardrobes and matching free-standing chests remained.

“All your cosmetics are in the spare bedroom, Zoe, but unless you’re entertaining a guest, Seth will want you to sleep in here with us. When he’s gone, we’ll have the flat to ourselves.”

It was another downgrade for me. First, they took my money, then my liberty and privacy, then my flat and finally I was consigned to the spare bedroom.

We removed our wigs, t-shirts and thongs and stood staring at each other’s naked bodies. Apart from our faces, Tammy could have been my reflexion in the

mirror. She suddenly stepped forward and wrapped her arms around my neck. Our nipples made contact just before our firm tits pressed together. I responded by wrapping my arms around her waist and then lowering my hands onto her pert ass cheeks.

“Pull me to you,” she said in a husky whisper.

“Tom will be here in three quarters of an hour.”

“Do as you’re told, kid.”

She was in charge, so I complied with her wishes. I clasped her buttocks and pulled, grinding our bellies and mons together. The dildo was still firmly wedged in my rectum and was a distraction, but when Tammy pressed her lips against mine, I threw all my thoughts into responding as passionately as I could.

Inexperienced in lesbian relationships I couldn’t gauge if my new friend was genuinely enjoying the passionate snog, but I certainly was. We twisted and turned our heads as our mouths fought for dominance over each other. She had the stronger tongue and won the minor battle. We had the same body shape, but Tammy had more powerful arms. She turned me around and then pushed me backwards.

I fell onto the bed with my legs apart and dangling over the side. She fell on top of me while moving her hands to the covers just above my shoulders. Laying between my spread legs she had me pinned to the bed.



She broke the kiss and lifted her head, then rubbed her mons on mine. “Do you feel that?”

“Uh-ha. Shame you haven’t got a cock.”

“Girls can do things...” She pushed her shoulders up, so our tits parted and our nipples rubbed together. “Have you ever had sex with another girl?”

“No, not really. The closest I came was when I was in the sixth form. A friend offered to wash my back in the showers and we ended up fooling around for a minute. After that we never mentioned it again.”

She pushed herself up and stood erect. “Move back onto the bed. I have just the thing to bond our friendship.”

While she opened one of the drawers beneath the mattress, I shuffled back and looked over the side to see what she was doing. “My god, I gasped, where did all that stuff come from?” The drawer was full of bondage gear and sex aids.

“Most of its mine.”

“You brought all of it with you?”

“I collected it over time and I was running out of places to put it in my old flat.”

“Why not find a larger flat over there?”

“Have you seen the prices? Anyway, Ross had been looking for an opportunity to move me nearer Enfield.”

“How often do you see him?”

“It varies. He’s going to flip when he sees the pictures of us together. I won’t be surprised if he visits us before the weekend.”

She found what she was looking for, an 18” long, double-ended jelly dildo, which was of course black. The monstrosity had a huge set of balls hanging from the centre. “That’s enormous, Tammy...” With my end hanging down to her knees, she fed the head of the snake into her quim, making sure the balls were positioned correctly.

She was on a mission to show me some mutual lovemaking and although I had been filled by too many real dicks during the day, I was intrigued to see what the ribbed double-ender felt like. Happy her vagina had devoured her half, she held up the other end like a man holds his dick when showing it off.

“What do you think, kid?”

“Oh, Sir, your cock is too big!” I exclaimed in mock surprise then parted my

thighs.

Tammy's naughty expression showed that she approved of my comic observation. She climbed on the bed between my legs. "All the better to stretch your little cunt, girl. I like to hear girls scream when I fuck them," she said, trying to mimic a man's voice. We both giggled at her stereotypical statement.

She pointed her dick with one hand and fondled the hanging balls with the other. "Oh, please don't put that thing in me, Sir, it'll split me in two!"

She placed a hand on my belly and slid it up to my tits. "If you're going to deny my big cock entry to your tight hole, maybe I should thrash you and tie you up."

I widened my thighs until they were forming a straight line. "Sir, I surrender to your brutal dominance."

She giggled as she guided the end of the dildo to my salivating entrance. "With your rabbit hole already occupied; you'll enjoy this more than me."

Like a man would, she powered her fake dick as deep as it would go before the balls stopped its progress. Mons to mons, tits to tits and lips to lips, we embraced each other in a show of passion that I was convinced was real. I wrapped my legs around her slim body and like lovers, we rolled one way and then the other, squirmed our bodies and tried to get as much movement in our jelly cocks as we could.

The resultant orgasm was milder than those from Seth's brand of aggressive sex, but we kept the sweet sensations rippling through our bodies for what seemed like ages. Then, Tammy remembered we would soon be having a visitor.

"Enough fucking. We'll resume later when Tom has gone," She said taking hold of the balls and withdrawing the dildo from my hot succulence. "Go and start the shower. I'll clean this and tidy up the mess."

As I rolled off the bed and headed for the en-suite shower room, I was in no doubt that in the absence of a Master, Tammy, my new Mistress would take his place and totally boss me.

**Five ~ Expecting sex.**

Tammy arrived in the shower carrying a similar dildo to the one in my rectum and ordered me to park it in her vagina. The cubical had barely enough room for both of us to stand, so she hugged me, then raised a leg against my hip. It was an interesting intimate moment while finding her portal and driving the fake dick home from behind. Then, she returned the favour by removing mine from my back passage and filling my quim.

As soon as I left the shower, I checked out the wardrobes in the main bedroom and found it full of Tammy's colourful frocks. The last thing I expected Seth to remove from the flat, was the entire contents of my wardrobes and drawers. My new flatmate informed me during our shower that every single item of my old clothes had been taken to storage with the furniture, except the new work outfits that I had just bought.

Tammy was just behind me. "What do you think?"

"I'm gobsmacked. Some of these are too short to wear out." There were denim, printed and plain cotton, satin, lace, tulle, chambray, chiffon, jersey and Lycra spandex dresses, tightly compacted on the rails.

"I've worn most of these dresses out, kid. One thing you'll learn is that our black masters like to show off their trophies. They'll treat us like whores whether we're alone with them or in a group." I wasn't about to dispute her assertion.

"Here, this one will suit you." Tammy reached past me and removed a black spandex dress from the rail. "I love this simple design, so I bought it in three colours. It's got a low-cut back with cage back straps and spaghetti shoulder straps." She held it against her naked body. "It's simple and cheap but it'll look a

million dollars on your bod. I'll wear the red version of it. First though let's sort out your knickers."

She pulled the top drawer open to reveal a plethora of scanty thongs and panties, neatly stacked in piles. Most were made from materials like tulle and lace, while some were cotton. "Pick a thong, kid."

"Can't I wear panties...?" I flipped through the single stack of bikini-style panties and boy-shorts and found a nice pair of pink cotton shorts.

"Wear those for shopping maybe," she scoffed. "Our men would prefer us to go bare ass everywhere, so we have to compromise."

She looked through the pile and picked out a pair of white shorts, but they were made from a diaphanous gauze material with intricate embroidery.

"These are from a set that cost Ross north of two hundred pounds. Hang on a second..." She opened another drawer and fished out the skimpy bra. She handed it to me, then pointed toward the huge TV that had been fastened to a bracket, high on the wall. "Face the TV so the camera can watch you dress."

"Oh," I gasped. "I've been wondering where the cameras were hidden." The TV was positioned high on the wall facing the bed so would catch all the action. "Was our session on the bed filmed?" I asked naively.

"Huh, what do you think?" When I didn't respond, she continued. "The TV

screens are special monitors and have four cameras to catch the action. They are on 24/7 and controlled from a central hub here in London.”

I didn’t like living in a Big Brother situation, being watched morning noon and night. “Is there anywhere private in the flat? What about the bathrooms?”

“Zoe, they’ve only installed cameras in the bedrooms and lounge. Chill out. The only people who’ll see the videos will be members of the club. They won’t sell them or put them on the internet.”

Her assurances didn’t impress me. I doubted if Tammy really knew what happened to the clips of what we did on the bed. Then, I remembered the thrashing Seth had given me. My ass was pointing at the screen and when my legs flailed about, the cameras would have captured the most graphic action imaginable.

While I was thinking about the ramifications of being a porn star, I stepped into the panties and pulled the tiny item up my legs and over my ass. “Tammy, these are totally impractical without a gusset.”

“You’ll only be wearing them a short while, trust me.”

“You can see the end of the dildo and my ring through the material.”

“Very sexy. Put your bra and dress on and I’ll find you a pair of hold-ups and shoes, then you can do your face in your room.”



The bra was a thing of beauty and virtually transparent. I fastened it, then squirmed into the stretchy dress while facing the TV. I then went to the mirror and examined my reflexion. I was gobsmacked at how different I looked from my normal 'safe' image. Tammy came up behind me and handed over a black wig, stockings and shoes.

“Here, take these. You’ve got ten minutes before the bell rings. You answer the door when Tom arrives, and I’ll wait a few minutes before coming in to meet him.”

I hurried out of Tammy’s bedroom and into mine. I sat on the bed to pull my stockings on, then stood in front of the mirror robe to don the jet-black wig. It was short and had a severe fringe so completely changed my appearance. I felt like a spy, taking on a new identity and was then about to interview a Russian agent.

I put some blusher on my anaemic features, did my eyebrows and eyes, then my lips. My face was slightly more oval than Tammy’s and my cheekbones were higher. Her lips were wider but we both had full lips. My eyes were blue and my skin pale, so the wig looked slightly out of sync. I thought the contrast was too much. However, the overall effect of the clothes and the wig gave me an incredibly strong, raunchy image.

As I stood in front of the mirror and checked out my appearance, I realized I hadn’t looked inside the robe. When I took a peek, I discovered it contained about eight latex dresses and an assortment of kinky outfits including pairs of black satin maid’s dresses and navy-blue school pinafores.

I didn't have time to look at the dresses closely because the front doorbell rang. I quickly pulled down the hem of my dress, so the tops of my stockings weren't showing, then hurried to the door.

When I opened it, Tom looked stunned. "Jesus, Zoe, you look so different..."

"Come on in." I ushered him in and stood aside as I accepted a bottle of wine. "Oh, thanks, you shouldn't have bought this."

He leant down and kissed me on the cheek. I pursed my lips too. "The least I could do..." He spotted the first photograph as I closed the door.

"Better or worse?"

He dragged his eyes away from the black and white image. "Sorry?"

"You said I look different. Better or worse?"

"You look stunning, Zoe..." His eyes left mine and studied the picture beside my head. "That is an incredible image."

I turned to see he was looking at the worst of the bunch. I was glad I was looking away because I felt my face blush despite not being the owner of the naked ass in the picture.

“One of my friends is a professional photographer...,” I muttered. I turned back. “Let’s go and sit down in the lounge.” I took a couple of paces then turned, realizing Tom was checking out the photographs.

“Who’s your friend?” He was looking at the one where it looked as though I was cuddling Tammy.

“Her name is Tammy and we live together. She’s changing at the moment. I’m sure she’ll pop her head in and say hello.”

He followed me into the lounge with a broad smile on his face and when I indicated the sofa, he sat in the middle. He stroked the supple leather. “You’ve spent some money on this gear, Zoe.”

“I leave all the decorations to my flatmate.”

“Oh, right. What’s the deal with Tammy then?”

He wanted to know about our relationship, but I was going to keep him guessing for a couple of minutes. Seth wanted us to tease him to find out what his aggression levels were. I didn’t understand the plan, but Tammy did. Basically, once he had gotten comfortable and met Tammy, he’d consider himself a customer and Tammy and I as a couple of whores. It was a dangerous game, but that’s what Seth wanted.

I held the bottle up. “Let me open this and pour you a glass, or would you prefer a coffee?”

“I’ll have a small glass of wine, thanks. Maybe coffee later.”

I walked over to the bar and placed the bottle on the countertop. I looked behind the bar and found a bottle opener. When I deliberately struggled to get the corkscrew into the cork, he got to his feet and came over to the bar.

“Here, let me do that.”

I handed it over and waited while he skilfully removed the cork. “Brute strength comes in handy,” I said after taking the bottle back. I dragged three glasses to the centre of the bar and poured the wine.

He picked his glass up and tasted the wine. “So, Zoe, you live with a friend...?”

“We’re a pair actually. Have been for a year.” I tasted the wine while watching his reaction.

Confusion clouded his black face. Over six feet tall and well-built, he was a good-looking guy. Clean shaven and neatly cut short curly hair, he had a friendly face with smooth, stereotypical features. He was a successful salesman and I could understand why Melvin earmarked him to become the salesfloor manager, a new post at Orbital Motors.

“A pair, partners, like in, um...”

“Lesbians?”

“Well, yes. I assume if you’re a pair that makes you lesbians.”

“It does, but we’re both bi-sexual.”

A look of relief came over his face. “So, you were telling me that you became mixed up with the wrong crowd and the result was you do some escort work. Is that something you both do, like together?”

I came out from the bar and stood close to him. “Look, Tom, we’re adults, I don’t mind telling you about our escort work, but didn’t you call by to chat about work?”

He licked his lips as he looked down on me. “Work? Oh, I’ve gotten over the initial shock of us being caught red-handed. I had a good chat with Melvin today, after I sold another car. He intimated that he’s thinking of making me the salesfloor manager. Apparently, it comes with a decent basic salary. Says he’ll decide by Monday.”

“Did he say whether he was considering any of the others?”

“No. He’s keeping his cards close to his chest.”

He was wearing beige chinos and a blue pinstripe shirt and looked very smart. He had arrived expecting sex, but it wasn’t a done deal by a long chalk. Seth told us to draw out his character and they would watch how he behaved. He was performing an audition to see if he was fit to join the real firm and he was totally unaware of what was really happening.

**Six ~ Making a judgment.**

It was an interesting development, I thought, Melvin mentioning to Tom that the salesfloor manager's job was up for grabs. "That's good news, Tom. I hope you get it."

"Thanks Zoe. If I do, I'll make sure that you get a fair crack of the whip."

"I hope that's not a reference to my escort work."

I kept a serious face, but he laughed nervously. "So, tell me about your set-up here. How does someone get on your client list?"

Just that question alone confirmed he visited prostitutes, possibly several.

"Well, all our clients are wealthy and good-looking." I put my hand on his shirt. "You're good looking, Tom, but not wealthy."

He put his glass down. "Fuck, Zoe, you don't know how wealthy I am." There was a trace of annoyance in his voice. "Melvin and his cohorts might have made a dent in my savings, but there's enough left to put me in the 'well-off' bracket."

I put my glass down and put my other hand on his shirt. "Look, Tom. because we work together and you have a happy marriage, I've avoided telling you about my..." I gestured toward a photograph of a girl dressed in a shiny black latex cat suit and hood. Her wrists were cuffed and attached to a chain above her head.



“...evening life. I like being friends.”

He placed his hands on my shoulders. “I understand, but it’s easy for me to detach, in my mind, work from pleasure. What you clearly provide here is...” The door opened and Tammy strode in. “...pleasure, er...” She was wearing the blonde wig and looked fantastic in a red spandex dress and white stockings.

I stepped away from Tom and went to meet my ‘partner’. We kissed on the lips and then, after slipping an arm around Tammy’s waist, I turned to face our visitor. “Tom, this is my partner, Tammy. Tammy, Tom. He’s a good friend from Orbital motors.”

“Hi, Tom, welcome to our home.” He approached us and was going to shake her hand, but she leant forward and he kissed her on the cheek. “So, you work with Zoe?” she asked.

“I do, at the dealership, Tom responded. “Zoe could have knocked me down with a feather when she told me about her secret escort service activities.”

“Well, it’s not really an escort service and it’s not secret. However, it is exclusive and we’re a fussy couple. We have a few clients who drop by on a regular basis...”

She was basically admitting we were prostitutes, which made me feel terribly uneasy. “Tom was wondering if he could join the list,” I interjected.

“Oh. I thought you were coming by for a chat with Zoe,” she said to Tom.

“I was, but we’re both on the same page now. Our boss is changing things around at the dealership and from my point of view, I think I have a future at Orbital Motors.”

He wasn’t interested in the problems I was experiencing, but that was par for the course with men and in particular the salesmen I had met.

“Tom, can I ask you a personal question?” Tammy asked.

“Sure, fire away.”

“Have you ever been to an establishment like ours that offers a bespoke service?”

“Bespoke service? What do you mean?”

“Well, we offer a range of scenarios, with one or both of us involved in the activities. However, I don’t mean to cast aspersions on your financial standing, but none of the options are cheap.”

“Tammy, I’m not a millionaire but I can definitely afford your services.”

“Well, we must add you to our list of clients, mustn’t we, Zoe?”

“Oh, yes, of course. If Tom can afford the prices...”

“I can, Zoe. Don’t worry about that.”

Tammy left my side and went behind the bar, then reached down and opened a cupboard at the far end.

To my surprise she removed a thick book and placed it on the countertop. It had the PSC logo on the cover. “Come and have a browse through our catalogue and see the costs for yourself. If it’s out of your range, no matter, we can call another client who’s keen to pop by this evening.”

“No... no need to do that. Let me see what you have to offer.”

I joined him at the bar and picked up my drink. As he opened the book, I looked up to see Tammy hold her glass up and wink at me. Each page was made up of a collage of photographs. The first page showed a girl dressed as a maid, serving a black guy with drinks. She was then sitting on his lap, then over his lap getting a spanking, then the dress was on the floor and she was back on his lap bouncing on his cock. The price was £250 for one hour.

As he progressed through the book, the scenarios became more graphic and the

prices higher. He stopped at one where the girl was wearing only a black latex skater skirt, stockings and stilettos. The girl entertained him in the lounge then on the bed, cuffed to the headboard. The pictures showed the guy caning her, then drilling her in all three orifices in various positions. The price was £300 for an hour.

The final scenario, involving a single girl, had her dressed in a latex dress. She entertained him and had sex with him in the lounge, then when they were in the bedroom, she ended up on her back with her knees on her chest, like in the picture on the wall. The bondage involved the use of a pole and cuffs. The punishment was delivered with a four fingered tawse. The price was £350 for an hour.

I heaved a sigh of relief when he continued onto the two-girl section. He looked at the first page which was £500 for an hour, then he stopped and started going back.

“Tom, don’t be afraid to say that the prices are beyond your means. We all have bills to pay,” Tammy said with a sympathetic tone.

“The prices are fine. I’m going to choose a session with Zoe I think.”

“Good. Zoe, go to your room and slip out of your dress, while Tom makes his mind up and I work out the financial details.”

“Oh, yes, Miss, okay. I’ll be back in a minute.”

I was stunned by the lengths the Petrosal Social Club had gone to produce a brochure that sold sex! I was bright enough to realize that the club probably had dozens of flats like mine with girls like me and Tammy, selling our bodies.

I was miffed that I was being used in such a sordid manner and hoped to god that Tom didn't choose one of the more expensive options. I judged that I could just about handle an ass spanking from our powerful black visitor.

I had to remove the wig before wriggling out of the dress, then refit it. I got the impression Tammy wanted me back quickly to show Tom the goods, so I quickly retouched my make-up, then crossed the hall into the lounge.

They were still standing at the bar sorting out the financial details. Tom turned to watch me approach. "Zoe... Fuck you look hot." I slowed down, fully aware that I looked incredibly horny. Even Tammy stared as I approached them. Tom studied my stilettos, stockings, panties and bra but didn't look me in the eye. I was just a body to lust over and had ceased to be a person in his eyes.

"Come closer Zoe. Tom knows he can't touch until he pays the fee."

It was an invite to tease him, so I edged to within a couple of feet, lifted my hands and put them behind my head. Then I began writhing my body. Poor Tom was almost drooling at the mouth. Behind him, Tammy felt her tits, so I copied her actions, only more aggressively. She pushed her hand down onto her tummy, so I did the same and slipped my fingers into my panties and explored my cleft.

"Are you ready to pay, Tom?"

He snapped out of his dreamworld and turned toward the bar. “Yes... yes, of course.”

“Good, put your pin in.”

As he punched his numbers into the card reader, I moved nearer and spotted the figure of £850. I was gobsmacked, then it dawned on me that Tammy probably asked him for a £500 membership fee. Then I looked at the catalogue and swallowed hard. The book was open at the most expensive page where the session culminated with me getting thrashed with a tawse.

He wanted me and he wanted to punish me. For that, he was willing to pay £350! The world had gone crazy. He was probably in a good place because he had sold a car earlier, which may have netted him up to £800, maybe more.

“Hand over your mobile phone, Tom.”

“Oh, yes, okay...” He dutifully handed it to Tammy.

I was impressed by her authoritative manner and the way she had Tom eating out of her hand. Her red dress was identical to mine and yet she easily bossed the situation. Tom wasn't interested in her dominatrix brand of sex, he wanted a submissive and that's where I came in.

Tammy picked up the book. “I’ll take this to your bedroom, Zoe. Oh, silly me. I forget about your virginal dildo. Could you get Tom to remove it for me?”

“Yes, of course, Miss. I will.”

Tom slipped an arm around my waist and pulled me to him. His hand immediately slipped down the front of my panties so he could tease my pudendal dimple.

“I’ve told Tom that he can have an extra ten minutes because you work together. I’ll put the equipment in your bedroom, Zoe.” Tammy turned to look at the clock. “It’s Eight-fifteen. Tom must be dressed and ready to leave at Nine-Twenty-five.”

With the catalogue tucked under her arm, she strode out of the room, leaving me along with a guy twice my size and probably five times as powerful. I was entering unknown territory and seriously regretting ever getting involved with my old boss and swindling Orbital motors out of a small fortune.

**Seven ~ Playing with fire.**



Tom guided me until my back was against his body, then leant down so his mouth was by my ear. “Are you wet for me, my little slut?” He pushed his finger deeper into my cleft stretching the diaphanous material of my panties. His left hand reached around to clasp my tit through the wispy material of my bra.

I twisted my head and kissed his cheek. “Sir there is an object blocking your access.”

His finger nudged the end of the dildo. “What’s this? Has your Mistress been punishing you?”

“More like rewarding me, Sir.” I surprised myself with such a quickfire answer.

“Then I think you should be punished.” He removed his hands and pushed me toward the coffee table. “Get on the table on all fours.”

I squirmed in his grip and after turning, reached up and put my arms around his neck. I wasn’t comfortable acting like a whore, but I was glad I was practicing on someone I knew. “Sir, let me get you your drink before you remove my underwear.” He slid his hands down to my ass and squeezed my cheeks. “Something a little stronger, perhaps?”

“Alright. Pour me a whisky and be quick about it.” He released my ass. Slap!

“Ow!” I exclaimed when he slapped my ass powerfully.

The fact that it wasn't a playful slap indicated that the man couldn't control himself. I went behind the bar, poured him a small whisky and after rubbing my smarting cheek, returned to stand between his legs. Sitting dead centre of the sofa, he took the drink and held it up to the light.

“That's a piss-poor amount of scotch...” He drank it in one gulp and handed the empty glass back. “Take your underwear off and get on the table.”

I sauntered back to the bar to return the glass, then on the way back, removed the bra. He sat watching my every move, clearly enjoying the dominant hold he had over me. I slipped the shorts down and was going to leave them on the floor, but he held his hand out and took them from me.

I climbed on the table and was immediately reminded of my Puppy-girl duties, but I hoped, Tom was in the dark about such things. He got to his feet, slipped my lingerie into his pocket, then ran his hand over the tattoos on my butt cheeks.

He was examining my tattoos. “Zoe and... What's this? A bunch of snakes and a P. Does it mean anything?”

“It's artwork, Sir. Melvin likes that sort of thing.”

He slipped his fingers down to my bulging labia and touched the end of the dildo. “What's this? Another black cock?”

“Yes, Sir. Would you take it out? Tammy forgot to remove it.”

“Huh! You whores get so much cock you forget you’ve got a fucking dildo shoved up your snatch. Let’s see...” He pushed his fingers down the sides, stretching my entrance, then slowly withdrew it. “The only place to put it is in here. I hope the batteries aren’t flat!”

Inserting the dildo, past my lax muscles was a relatively easy task. Once he had parked it, he switched it on. The ribs started to ripple, within my passageway, sending a warm tingly sensation into my stomach.

Tom ran a finger down my ass valley. “You have been a naughty whore. This seems like a sensible area to punish a wilful bitch.”

When a second finger joined the first and pushed my cheeks apart my bruised flesh sparkled with pain. “Ahhhhhh. Sir, that hurts.”

He played with my cheeks for a minute squeezing and testing their firmness. “You’ve got a nice ass for a white whore.” I hated being compared to the prostitutes he regularly visited. “So, you belong to Melvin. Does he know that I’m visiting you tonight?” He ran his hand up my back to my neck and squeezed.

“Only if you told him, Sir... That hurts, Sir.” He released my neck and hunkered down to face me, then grabbed my chin. “So, how long have you been a whore?”

“Sir, you’re hurting me.” He squeezed harder. “A year, Sir.”

“Say, I’ve been a dirty little whore for a year.”

“I’ve been a dirty little whore for a year, Sir.”

He stood up and unzipped, then pulled out his cock. The guy wasn’t too big which was a relief. He had already visited two of my holes on the one time we had sex. I was sure he was having the same thoughts when he nudged the tip of his dick against my lips. “I expect a first-class throat fuck, whore. My balls are full to bursting point and you need your supper!”

Supporting myself with one hand, I grabbed his shaft low. Then, once I had docked my lips on his crown, I began kiss-licking and sucking his knob for all I was worth.

He rested his hand on my wig. “That’s it whore, worship your master’s weapon, because it’s going to be visiting your holes on a regular basis. Get to know its size and taste...” He waited a minute, luxuriating in the sensations my squirming tongue and kissing lips created. It wasn’t long before he became impatient. I sensed his dissatisfaction so took more cock into my mouth. It wasn’t long before he was applying pressure and nudging his blunt weapon past my soft palate into my throat.

Once he felt my oesophagus gripping his stout shaft, he gripped the back of my neck with one hand and took charge. I glanced sideways and noted that the TV screen was exactly in line with the coffee table and my semi-naked body. The audience had a side-on view and would see every detail of the fuck.

The dildo in my ass was still buzzing away merrily and Tom was picking up speed, clearly on a mission to brutally fuck my throat. I managed to stay calm despite the lack of air and excitement. Tom though, was enjoying himself.

“Uggggggg,” I groaned as he held my neck still and rapidly thrust his hips back and forth. He made sure that his dick plunged deeper and deeper until my nose and chin were being nudged with each thrust. “Uggggggg,” I complained when he squeezed my neck, hurting me, to stop me moving.

“Fuuuuuuck!” he cried, then surprised me when he suddenly reached his peak. “Oh, yes, yes...” he groaned while making one final effort to plunge even deeper than before.

Having achieved his goal, he slowly withdrew and stepped back. “Go get me another drink, whore.”

I had survived the first 20 minutes of what was going to be a bruising encounter. I clambered off the table and pulled myself together on the way back to the bar. When I picked up the bottle of whisky my hands were shaking like a leaf – the understandable reaction to Tom’s aggressive treatment.

As I poured a larger drink, I wondered if I would ever get used to people calling me a whore. Tom had slipped into another world and was happy to think of me as some other person who fucked for money, but the reverse wasn’t true. When we interact at the dealership, I was always going to remember the dark side of Tom’s character. If he laid a hand on me at work, would I have the nerve to slap it?

Wearing just hold-up stockings and stilettos, I strode back to the sofa. The dildo was still nudging and buzzing away, but not causing me any discomfort. I felt like a whore while he stared at my body when I approached him. I was disappointed in myself for feeling some excitement at being naked and vulnerable in a relative stranger's company.

He slapped his legs and took the glass. "Jump on the horse, girl. Sit in the saddle and make yourself comfortable."

I climbed on and after opening my thighs wide, straddled his legs. I leant forward, unbuttoned his shirt and started stroking his smooth black chest. He had a great physique, and was quite charming at work, so it was a shame he had such a shady dark side.

Before Seth left, he gave me a few tips on what Tom would probably like, while Tammy showed me a few moves as well. It was all about swelling his ego, but Tom's mind was on my body and not what I was doing to his.

"I like muscular men, Sir..." He sipped his drink, then reached out and fondled my right tit. I winced when he squeezed my nipple. "Ow, that hurts, Sir." He hung on and twisted it. "Owwwww!"

"Whores like pain because they find sex boring without it..." He dropped his hand to my mons and pushed his fingers into my splayed pussy.

"I don't find sex boring, Sirrrrrrrr!!" He found my clitoral ridge and gave it a

yank.

“That’s because all your scenarios in the book involve pain. Once your little ass has been warmed up, you’ll be screaming for me to fuck you in as many holes as possible.” He placed his glass on the side table and then reached around to my ass and lifted. “Time to show me your bedroom.”

I climbed off and was disappointed to see that there was still forty minutes left. He followed me across the hall and didn’t hear my silent groan when I spotted the plethora of bondage items that Tammy had placed on the floor by the bed. I couldn’t see a tawse, but Seth’s small cane was among the items. Tom strolled over to them and kicked some cuffs and a rubber hood to see what was beneath them. There was also a latex dress lying on the bed.

“It’s good to see you’ve got all the tools of the trade. Help me get undressed, whore.” His shirt was already undone, so it only took a minute to remove his shoes, socks, pants and underpants. He was in good shape, maybe a few pounds overweight, so I wasn’t disgusted to be naked in his company.

I tried to use up some time by moving close and stroke his chest, but he knew I was trying to use up the time he had paid so much money for. “Sit on the bed, bitch.”

I complied, then waited while he rummaged through the bondage gear. The situation was getting out of hand and I was being slowly sucked into the violent and painful world of bondage and sado-masochism...

**Eight ~ Brutal reality.**



He picked up a latex hood and a simple ball gag which fastened behind the head. Seeing the restrains in his hand brought it home to me that I would soon be helpless. “Sir, I hate wearing hoods.”

“Good. You’re not supposed to be enjoying yourself. Open your mouth, bitch.” He had a determined expression on his face as he forced the rubber ball between my teeth, before buckling it at the back.

Then, after removing my wig, he fitted the hood. It was thick and zipped down the back. There were large holes for my nose but only small ones for my eyes. He then buckled a tight collar over the neck of the hood increasing the claustrophobic sensations I was already experiencing.

He spent a minute arranging some items, then he was on the bed dragging me back until I was lying down with my head on a pillow. Trembling with fear, I had to wait while he buckled cuffs to my wrists and ankles. Taking hold of my left cuff, he fastened it to the metal headboard, then repeated it with the right cuff. It left my arms stretched out wide at an angle of 90 degrees.

I felt him place the metal bar on the bed, then fasten my ankle cuffs to the ends so that my thighs formed an angle of 45 degrees. Then, if that wasn’t bad enough, he lifted the bar, and steered it over my body and attached it to the metal headboard above my head. I don’t know if there was a socket, but I felt him hook the bar over brackets, so my ankles were well and truly fastened to the bedhead.

The folded position meant that my knees were well apart, either side of my tits, my back was arched and my naked ass was lifted off the bed, almost pointed

upwards. I had a dreadful premonition. “Uggggggggggggg!” I complained, but the thick latex hood and collar muffled the noises in my throat. I tried to roll my body, but I was anchored by the cuffs attached to the headboard.

Tom crawled round to my side and leant across my arm. “Whore, you are all mine for another twenty minutes,” he said in a low hissing voice, then put a hand on my bulging labia and squeezed my spongy lips together. “Your Mistress has agreed to let me beat this...”

“Urrrgggggg!” I cried as loud as I could through the thick layers.

“I can hardly miss such a fat cunt. Listen to me, whore.” I continued shaking my head and pulling on the straps holding my limbs. SLAP!

“Ruuuuuuuu!” SLAP! The second brutal flat handed blow on my labia got my attention.

“Trust me bitch. Because your whore holes are overused, the pain I’ll provide is essential for the pleasure that follows.”

“Uggggggggggg!” I groaned when I felt him move from beside me, to foursquare facing my upturned ass.

I lifted my head to see if I could see anything through the small holes in the hood. I wish I hadn’t because I caught a glimpse of a manic expression on my tormentor’s face. Before I squeezed my eyes shut, I spotted the cane raised in the

air. “Switt! Switt! Switt! Switt! Switt!

“Urrrrrrrrrrrrrr!”

The terrible consequence of receiving such a sudden burst of pain in such a localized and sensitive area brought the red mist down. I howled silently within the hood and yet deafeningly within my head. Having my head wrapped in latex made the experience ten times worse and although the delivery of the blows was brief, the pain continued.

I was still pouring out my grief when Tom plunged his dick into my almost vertical vagina. He was up on his knees, leaning over my body and supporting himself by gripping and pushing down on the back of my knees. The vibrating dildo was still parked in my ass so the sensations from Tom’s thrusting cock intensified the experience.

My quim had turned into a liquid furnace and the sound of my succulence squishing even permeated through my voiceless moans. I was experiencing a triple whammy of pain and pleasure. They were wrestling with each other and using my nervous system for the fight. It took some time, but pleasure trumped the hot fire raging from between my ass cheeks.

Mercifully, he hadn’t struck my labia, but like Seth before him, he had delivered the blows down the centre of my deep ass divide. The resultant orgasm from his pistoning cock, arrived after the steepest accumulation of multiplying sensations I had ever experienced. The heart-stopping climax kept me writhing and moaning way beyond Tom’s ejaculation.

I was only aware that he had unclipped the bar from the headboard when my legs were lowered onto the covers. I thought I was being released, but Tom hadn't finished. He unbuckled one wrist from the headboard, then attached it close to my other wrist.

"Over you go, bitch," he said while lifting the bar and turning it through 180 degrees, spinning my body in the process.

I found myself lying face down on the covers, where I would have gladly stayed until he left, but moments later he gripped my hips and lifted my ass in the air. The bar followed my feet forward, so he was able to push it under my body. With my knees tucked and my ass in the air, I was once again in a position to be beaten.

I suspected time was running out, because he eased the dildo out of my back passage and discarded it. I thought he was going to immediately use my third hole, but he hadn't finished punishing me. Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! The flat handed blows rained down, from the side, on my ass peachy cheeks, stoking up the fierce pains within my ass crack.

I writhed and wriggled through the punishment, which was mild compared to the first one, but the pain was just as bad. He was getting off hurting me and trying to stoke a fire in his own belly. Then, once he had reignited his libido, he drove his dick into my battered rectum and sated his unbridled lust on my young body again.

It took longer and caused me further pain in my ass and tits because he reached forward and started pinching my nipples. As good things come to an end, so do bad things and in the end, it was Tammy who brought an end to the procedures after walking in unannounced.

“Tom, time to get dressed,” I heard her say in a firm deliberate tone.

The belligerent salesman didn’t push back and must have dressed quickly and left the flat. I heard a distant discussion, probably in the hall, then the front door slamming shut. A few minutes later, Tammy was kneeling on the bed beside me.

She removed the collar, then unzipped the hood and pulled it off my head. I was surprised to see that she had changed into a black figure-hugging latex skater-style dress, similar to the one I tried on at the club. She was wearing over the knee patent leather boots, elbow length latex gloves, a leather collar and a black shoulder length wig. She looked exactly like the dominatrix who appeared in some of the pictures in the PSC brochure.

She stared down at my tear-stained face. “Wow, Zoe, you excelled yourself. Melvin and the members are delighted with your superb performance.”

I wanted to ask her how she could possibly know that, but a glance at the TV screen reminded me that big brother had been watching all the action.

She gently stroked my smarting ass cheeks, which were still pointing directly at the TV screen. “I’m going to turn you over, then I want you to rest.”

I pleaded with my eyes to be released. “Urrrrrr,” I tried, but she ignored me and slipped off the side of bed.

Tammy then did the reverse of what Tom had done – lifted the pole and turned it back through 180 degrees. I returned to my previous position, laying on my back with my thighs widely spread.

“Zoe, have a rest because your night’s work isn’t finished,” Tammy said with a smile on her face. “Don’t worry, you’re not going to have sex again if you don’t want to.”

Her final comment was welcome, but why not release me and let me have a shower? I was spread-eagled and naked bar my stockings and stilettos, while my wrists were still cuffed to the headboard. I closed my eyes and groaned. The last thing I wanted to hear, after such an awful, topsy-turvy day, was that Tammy had arranged for another client to come to the flat.

If my experiences of the day were a precursor to the life Melvin had planned for me, then I had to start trying to find a way to escape. The trouble was, he either had eyes on me 24/7, or using the tracker in my pussy, he was able to follow my movements wherever I went. It was a conundrum that I would have to think long and hard about.

**THE END of Part Five.**

**Sample of Part Six.**

## Chapter One

Thankfully, the bed was comfortable and by squirming my body, I was able to find a position where I could relax my arm and leg muscles. However, with my wrists cuffed to the headboard and my feet spread a yard apart with a chrome spreader bar I couldn't relax mentally.

One of the reasons was that the blank TV screen, high on the wall opposite the double bed, contained cameras that were recording my every move, or lack thereof. The second reason was that my jaw was aching from the red rubber ball jammed between my teeth, forcing my jaw apart. And, the third reason was that there was a fire raging in my ass crack – the result of three thrashings in the last 48 hours.

There was no sign of Tammy, so I closed my eyes and started thinking about the future. Not a future where I was Melvin's sex slave, but a future abroad, possibly in my native Poland. Actually, I was born in London and hadn't enjoyed a single journey to my parent's house in Blonie, near Warsaw.

"Zoe...?" I opened my eyes and was confused for a moment until I saw that the TV screen had sprung into life.

I focused my bleary eyes on my Master, Melvin. He was sitting at a desk I had never seen before. The desk was in a wood panelled room which again I couldn't identify.



“Zoe, Tammy has already conveyed to you, my pleasure at watching your impressive performance. The members here at the club can see you are multi-talented and can’t wait to meet you tomorrow night. Tammy left the gag in, so you have time to reflect on your first mission for the club. Tom will become a member, but I can assure you that he will never thrash you like that again, for pleasure. If he successfully takes Seth’s role, after we’ve trained him, he will respect the fact that you are my Pet and that you can only be punished if you disrespect him or disobey an order. If he abuses his power, then he will be punished in a manner that suits his crime.”

He paused to pick up his drink and take a couple of sips. The moment gave me time to think about his statement. I was aware that Melvin wielded real power and believed he could control Tom through sheer threat of violence.

He wouldn’t need to threaten him though, for when Tom found out that I, and maybe Tammy, were going to be under his control, he’d toe the line gleefully. Putting him in charge of me and Tammy would be like offering a pot of honey to a grizzly bear. Showing me no mercy, after working with me for two years, showed he had a cruel streak as wide as the Thames.

Tom was the answer to Melvin’s prayers for a trouble-shooter based at the dealership in Whetstone. If he successfully trained him, my Master had a readymade replacement for Seth, who could then return to Birmingham. That would mean there would be no respite for me, for Tom was bound to make frequent visits to the flat.

“Zoe,” Melvin continued. “Learn from Tammy. She belongs to Ross Okoro and is Seth’s equal. Tonight, she successfully took eight hundred and fifty pounds of my money back from an account Tom was keeping secret. We’ll discover the contents of the account tomorrow and by the time I pick you up at six o’clock, that account will be empty, or you’ll never see Tom again.”

Everything fell into place with Melvin's last revelation. Tom had to use a different account because the firm had already cleaned out his main personal account. That was the mission and why it was a success. I had been used to entice him to open his wallet and splash the cash.

"I'm giving you the morning off to go shopping with Tammy, but Seth will be bringing some friends by at ten o'clock tonight. Then tomorrow afternoon, after you've been shopping, Seth will bring one or two members to the flat who are desperate to meet you. None of them are expecting to have sex with you, but I want you to make a fuss of them. After you've had a shower, Zoe, Tammy will pick an outfit for you to wear. If you perform well and please my friends, you will please me, and that's what you want, isn't it?"

I lifted my head from the pillow and nodded eagerly. I just wanted to get the rubber ball out of my mouth and have a shower, then preferably go to bed. Unfortunately, my Masters, Seth and Melvin, had other ideas, so my day wasn't over for at least another couple of hours. Then, when we went to bed, Seth would join us... When was the day ever going to end???

**The End of the sample.**

I hope you enjoyed the fifth part of

this story and continue to

read my work in the future.

Thanks, Amelia.

Email at - Amelia.stark@mail.com

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