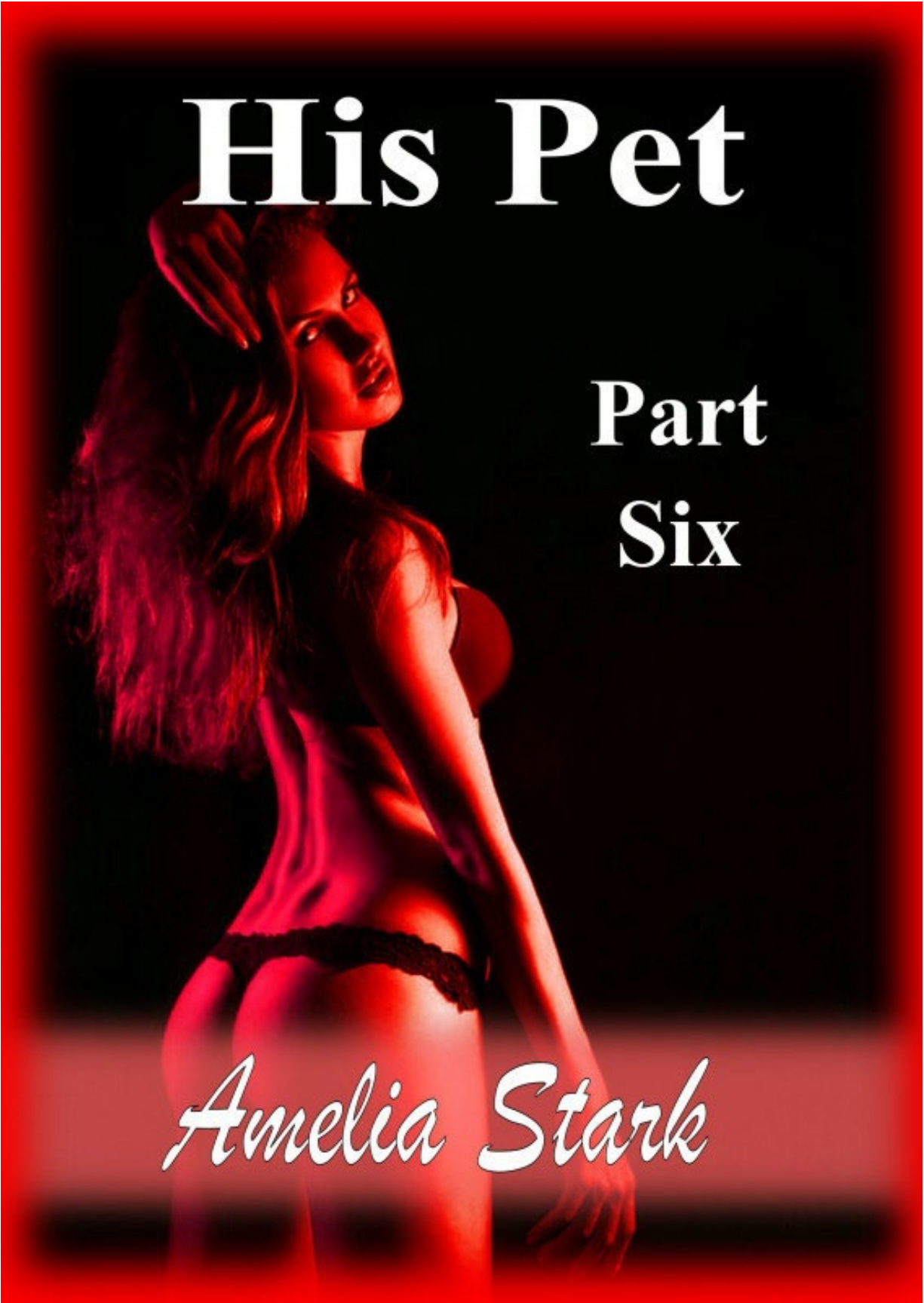


# His Pet

Part  
Six

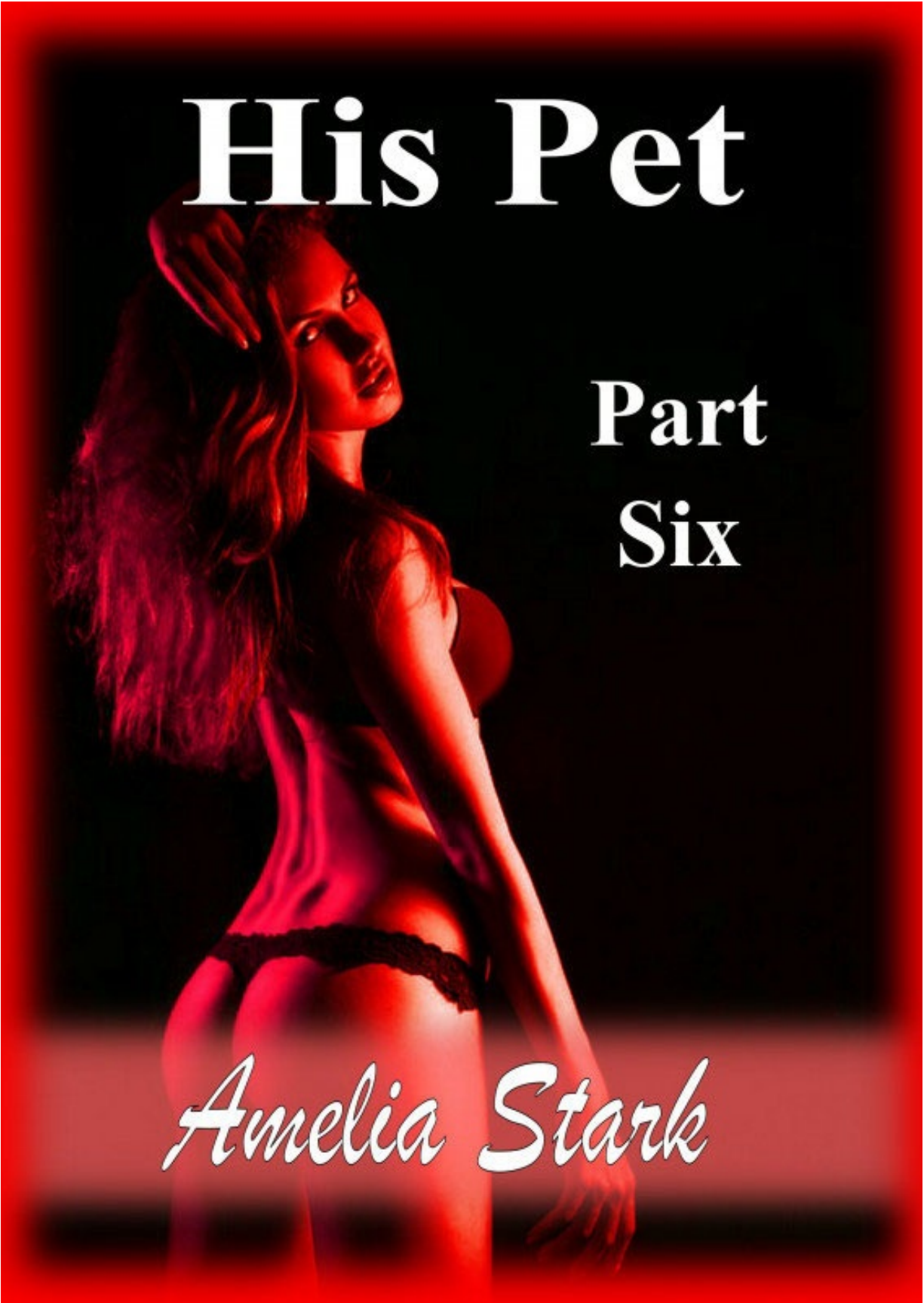
*Amelia Stark*



# His Pet

Part  
Six

*Amelia Stark*



# **His Pet: Part Six**

**The Social Club Pet Series.**

**By Amelia Stark**

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Having performed her BDSM submissive duties with Tom, Zoe is ruining the day she embezzled a heap of money from Melvin and the Firm. Zoe is still in bondage and is surprised to see Melvin suddenly appear on the TV screen. He had been a spectator during her session with Tom!

Pleased with the way she performed, Melvin tells Zoe that Seth and two more clients are on the way. Tammy returns to the bedroom to orally reward her, then dresses Zoe in bondage and latex for the next session. The clients are two

predatory black guys who are planning to perform all sorts of pervy sex acts on Zoe and Tammy.

Inexperienced and naïve, can Zoe cope with her second taste of latex and bondage? After agreeing to change her appearance with tattoos and piercings in intimate places, is there any way out for Zoe, or is she doomed to remain Melvin's 'Pet' forever?

**One ~ Brief respite.**

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 previous 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. I was born in London and hadn't enjoyed a single visit to my parent's house in Blonie, near Warsaw. However, if I got my passport back from Seth, I'd seriously consider fleeing there.

"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 would 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, proved he had a cruel streak as wide as the Thames.

Tom was the answer to Melvin's desire to have a trouble-shooter based at the dealership in Whetstone. If my Master successfully trained him, then he'd have 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 boss me around and 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 wasn't sure how I felt about what had happened.

“After you've had a shower, Zoe, Tammy will pick an outfit for you to wear. Seth will be bringing some friends by at ten o'clock tonight, to meet you. Then, in the morning, you can go shopping with Tammy. Afterwards, in the afternoon, 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. 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? I wondered.

No sooner had the TV gone blank, the door opened and Tammy strode in. She was still wearing her black latex, dominatrix outfit. Her black dress hugged her upper torso and was cut with a deep 'V' neck. She, like me, had small breasts, but with such thin, shiny fabric and a slim waist, she looked perfectly proportioned.

The skirts were skater style and extremely short. They revealed most of her white thighs above her black patent leather, over the knee boots. The top was short sleeve while her gloves almost reached her elbows. Her long black wig suited the outfit and she had applied a lot of black eyeliner and blue eyeshadow to accentuate her dominant appearance.

She approached the bed and moved to the end, facing my exposed sex. With my ankle restraints attached to the end of the bar, my thighs were stretched apart, forming an angle of about 45 degrees. I had never felt so exposed and vulnerable before, but I didn't think I had anything to fear from my new flatmate.

She butted her knees against the bed and gripped the centre of the bar. "Zoe, I'll remove your gag in a minute. First, I can't resist the sight of your pretty cunt. Lift your knees and draw your feet back."

I understood what she wanted and complied. She helped by pushing the bar toward my ass. When it would go no further, she climbed on the bed, laid her latex clad hands on my belly and dipped her head until her lips were kissing my sex. Her tongue flicked out in search of my most sensitive spot.

Moving her gloved hands down, she used her thumbs to draw my puffy lips further apart. Moments later her tongue eased my clit out and began sucking and lapping it in all directions.

A couple of my ex-boyfriends had been where Tammy was, lapping my tender folds, and at the time, I was impressed. However, a minute of an expert oralist's intimate attentions, woke me up to what I had been missing. She was incredibly good at building the intensity and then increase the activity at the right moment to trigger a deep and satisfying orgasm.

I moaned and pulled on the handcuffs while writhing my upper body, as the stimulation Tammy was providing vibrated throughout my body. There was no penetration, just intense oral worship of my horny, succulent folds. I was disappointed when she lifted her head, but she had provided me with a delightful distraction from the bad and not so bad experiences of the day.

“That’s a reward for your efforts today, kid. That should energize you for one final session. A couple of hours, then we’ll be finished for the day.”

While she talked, she unbuckled the leather cuffs on my ankles and removed the bar from the bed. It was a relief to be able to close my legs and hide my intimate spot from the cameras within the TV screen, high on the wall. As Tammy leant over me to release my wrists from the headboard, she pressed her latex clad tits against my face.

The heady latex scent reminded me of my visit to the Petrosal Social Club in Enfield and the dresses I tried on. Tammy released my wrists and helped me stand up. I sat on the edge of the bed while she unbuckled the ball gag. “Ahhh!” I gasped, once I had eased the ball out of my mouth.

I massaged my jaw while Tammy gathered up the bondage items. “Tammy, who is Seth bringing back to the flat at ten?”

“I’ll explain everything after you’ve had your shower. I’ll get the items you have to wear ready, while you do that.”

I had learnt enough during the previous two days to know that the final couple of hours were going to be uncomfortable for me. After peeling my stockings off I hurried to the main bathroom and showered while standing in the bath. The lack of hair meant I could spend more time washing my body and easing some of the stiffness out of my muscles.

I returned to my bedroom with a towel wrapped around my body and immediately found that my suspicions were correct. Tammy had laid out, on the bed, pink latexwear and bondage items that, to my eyes, were at the extreme end of the BDSM spectrum. I was shocked to see an anal hook among the items. I had worn one earlier at the club and swore I'd never let them fit one in my rectum again.

I reluctantly went to the bed to examine the items more closely, then remembered the cameras and that I was being watched by someone in a control room in London. I wanted to protest to Tammy but knew that if I kicked up a fuss, Seth would go potty and most likely thrash me again.

I was only a couple of hours away from going to bed, so to avoid conflict, I decided not to make waves, provided they kept their promise and didn't expect me to have sex with the guests. The presence of a pair of pink, latex full panties next to the dress, boosted my confidence in their reassurances. However, all the other items, suggested a very different outcome!

**Two ~ Latex transformation.**

I was just about to pick up the latex panties when Tammy walked in. “Quickly dry yourself, kid. They’ll be here in twenty minutes.”

“The hook, Tammy...” I picked it up. “Have I got to have this stuck up my ass? I’ve already suffered once today when Miss Briers put a wire on me.”

“Oh, yes. I saw a clip of the video. I’ve got to say, kid, seeing your sweet ass bobbing along in the air while wearing your Puppy suit was one of the highlights of my day.” I blushed when I conjured up the image of my sashaying Puppy ass.

Tammy wasn’t about to listen to my concerns, so I dropped the hook. “My god, do the club film everything?”

“Yep. We have a super editor who makes fantastic films for the members. Not much ends up on the cutting room floor.” She flicked her finger, indicating she wanted me to drop the towel, then gazed at my naked body. “Zoe, I think you’re going to become a red-hot star at PSC.”

“Tammy, having a hook up my ass while crawling around the gardens was really painful.”

“Stop complaining, kid. You haven’t got to do any crawling tonight, unless you’re too tired to walk to your bedroom when our guests have gone.”

“So, what is all this gear in aid of? Have I got to wear those things?” I pointed at the latex items.

“Yes, I want you to put the stockings on first though. Sit on the bed and do it.”

The full-length, pink glossy latex stockings transformed my legs. I loved them but would never wear them out. They had a thicker band at the top to stop them working their way down.

Tammy, pleased with the stockings, picked up the hook and pointed at the short rod. “I’ll fit this first and while I’m dressing you, I’ll explain what’s going to happen. Stand at the end of the bed, lean forward and put your hands on the covers, so I can fit the hook, rod, hood and collar.”

I turned and took up the position she wanted with my ass sticking out. “Let’s see if your juices are still flowing.” She eased the one-inch diameter ball into my quim and drove it in and out a couple of times. “Excellent, Zoe, now for the obstinate hole...”

“Ahh,” I moaned softly as she exerted pressure until the steel ball breached my defences and plunged into my rectum.

Looking over my shoulder, I saw that Tammy was standing to the side so the cameras could record my impalement. Of course, the stainless-steel ball being swallowed by my anus wasn’t all that was on show! Tammy left the curve of the hook seated in my sore ass crack, then picked up the pink latex hood.



It looked innocuous enough laying on the bed but appeared to be heavier than I thought. Then I saw why. A tube-like plastic ring had been built into the hood which meant I was going to be gagged again.

“Tammy, please...”

“Zoe, open your mouth wide.”

My hands were resting on the bed supporting me so I couldn’t do anything to stop her from pushing the half inch deep ring against my lips which I had to open.

“Wider... That’s it kid... “There are grooves...”

I stretched and stretched my jaw. Then, when I didn’t think my jaw could open any wider, the tube suddenly slid in and my teeth located in grooves top and bottom. Tammy immediately pulled the sides of the hood around and over my head so she could pull the zip down from the top until it reached the neck.

I hated having my head squeezed so tightly and my mouth gaping, but Tammy had a solution for that. She held up a large pink plastic plug-stopper. “This should stop you drooling everywhere.” She pushed it into the ring and turned, screwing in place.

The claustrophobic feeling the hood generated was tempered by the delicate flavour of latex. The nose holes were ample while the eye holes were adequate

for me to see what was going on.

The next item was a stainless-steel collar. It was hinged at the front and closed at the back with a socket and tongue catch. “Look, kid, the inside of the collar is padded so it grips your neck and doesn’t damage the latex hood.”

She closed it over the neck of the hood and after several clicks, it was hugging my neck tightly. The metal restraint was an inch high and had four ‘D’ rings around its circumference, presumably for attaching chains. But, it was the fourth item that really scared me. Tammy picked up the bar and showed one end to me.

“The ends fit into sockets on the hook and collar. Everything has to be in line, so stay still while I fit it.” The bar had an oval shaped pad attached to the centre that contacted my skin when she laid it on my back.

I could tell it was a fiddly process to line up the ends before pushing home the sockets on the rod, but she soon had the three items in line and connected. The moment she helped me into an upright position, the awful consequences of a rod keeping my back straight hit home.

The three-part device, which stopped me from bending my back, was going to severely restrict my movements. Tammy spent a minute adjusting the length of the bar, then slipped a belt-like strap through a slot behind the pad and fed it around my waist. After pulling the buckle tight she moved on.

“Zoe, walking and bending while wearing a bar takes some practice, so before I help you with the dress, go for a walk around the flat. Practice and get used to your more upright posture.”

Her advice proved useful. I could walk without difficulty to the kitchen but when I leant forward to pick up something off the countertop, I had to do it differently, with a stiff back. I suspected that picking something up off the floor might prove to be impossible.

“Many of the maids, in the clubhouses, wear a hook and collar during their duties, especially during their training. You met one or two during your visit and probably noticed their excellent posture.”

I did notice that Cloe was walking quite stiffly but never guessed that she had a hook up her ass! Tammy had me wondering what my duties would be when Seth arrived back at the flat. The oven was on and whatever Tammy was cooking smelt mouth-watering delicious. There was also steam rising from the rice cooker suggesting I would be serving Seth and his friends a meal.

Tammy followed me into the lounge. She had pulled the circular table out into the open and put some placemats and cutlery out for four people. She walked past me and sat down.

“Okay, Zoe, you’re going to be serving four people at the table. Seth is bringing home a couple of elders from the club and I’ll sit with them while they eat. Come to my side and pretend you’re serving me. The practice will help you later.”

I moved close to the table beside her, parted my feet and bent at the waist, then reached out as though I was placing something on the table. Unfortunately, when I leant right over, the bar pulled the hook deeper into my ass crack reminding me of my sore bruises. I winced while bending and gasped when she placed a hand

on my ass cheeks.

“This is something you’re going to have to get used to,” she said, then slid her fingers lower onto my bulging labia. “Wandering hands are a common occurrence, whether the guests you’re serving are male or female. When you spend a day maid training in the clubhouse, the same applies. Use tonight as a brief practice for your Thursday session.”

That was news to me. Was Tammy saying that I was going to have to spend a day in the clubhouse training to be a maid? I didn’t mind Tammy touching my sex, but if a man did it while I was serving food there might be a problem.

She removed her hand and stood up. “Right, let’s get you dressed.”

I followed her back to my room, then waited while she picked up the panties and stooped low so she could help me on with them. As soon as she started to pull them up, I spotted the slot in the gusset. The latex panties were full, thick and extremely tight. Once she had pulled them into position, I felt my labia pressing against the reinforced slot. It was grinning when the pants were pulled into place but not wide enough for my lips to burst through.

“Lean forward and place your hands on your knees, kid.”

Once in position, she reached out and gripped the gusset either side of the slot, then pulled it apart to enable my spongy lips to escape. After releasing the latex. Tammy pulled my lips, so they were proud of the shiny material.

“If you misbehave, Zoe, Seth will thrash your lips with his cane or tawse, depending on the severity of your crime.” She squeezed them together to drive home the point. “Stay in position while I fill your vagina with a dildo.”

I was surprised she had access to my quim, but the slot was just large enough to enable her to thrust a large black dildo into my sore vagina. “How does that feel. Snug? Nod your head.”

I wanted to protest, but I was imprisoned in the hood and it wouldn’t have achieved anything if I complained, so I nodded my head.

“Good. Now for the dress...” She expertly gathered it, stooped once again and held it open for me to step into. “Good girl,” she said as I carefully stepped in, one foot at a time.

Then, Tammy slowly drew the latex dress up my legs, over my ass and onto my torso. “It’s a corset dress, Zoe...” She positioned the front, so the half cups lifted my tits, then went behind me and started to pull the sides together. “Breathe in, kid...” Having exhaled, Tammy was able to pull the zip up from my coccyx to the top of the corset.

It was so tight, Tammy struggled all the way but finally managed it, consigning me to having my body squeezed tightly by the unforgiving rubber harness. The flimsy latex skater skirts hardly covered my panties and would reveal my ass when I bent forward.

“Just the shoes and cuffs and then we’re finished, Zoe.”

I felt like a rigid mannequin, trussed up, from my tits down to my toes, in latex. Collared, hooded and corseted, I stepped into a pair of pink patent leather shoes that had 4" stiletto heels. They had buckle fastenings around my ankles which Tammy locked with tiny padlocks on the outside. They added yet another level of difficulty to the task of serving Seth and his guests when they arrived. To complete the outfit, Tammy buckled a pair of pink cuffs, matching the shoes, on my upper arms, just above my elbows.

"Zoe, take a look in the mirror..." She held my upper arm as I took the four steps to look at my reflexion.

I stared at my gaping mouth filled with a plastic stopper. My blue eyes peeping out of their shiny pink prison. My tits, lifted by the half cups, looked bigger and far more impressive than I had ever seen them. And, finally, the barbell piercings through the base of my dark, bullet-like nipples, created a focal point above the latex corset dress.

Tammy lifted the front of the skirt to reveal a transparent section of latex over my mons enabling the 'MW' tattoo to easily be read. Below that was the slot gripping my plump lips, which looked obscene, even though I could only see the first inch and the chunky clit ring. Then, below that, there was just two inches of naked thigh between my peeping sex and the top of my stockings

I had seen pictures on the internet of extreme bondage and wondered what it felt like to be trussed up in latex. I found the experience frighteningly surreal and yet there was a sensation in the pit of my stomach that could only be described as excitement.

Deep-seated, unadulterated excitement...

**Three ~ Bizarre outfit.**



As I stared at my reflexion in the mirror, I was comforted by the thought that I was going to be anonymous during the coming hours.

“Zoe, there are two more parts to the costume. I’ll go and fetch them.”

I was left to stare at the bizarre reflexion in the mirror. My gaping plugged mouth was causing my jaw a considerable amount of discomfort and was my main concern. The tight collar and the bracket at the back, connected to the rod, meant I could hardly rotate my body and head. It looked and felt as though Tammy had turned me into a latex clad robot.

When she returned to the room, she was carrying a cardboard box. Tammy placed it on the bed and opened it. The box contained a rectangular wooden tray which she brought over to me. Curiously, I saw that it had pink gloves attached to the short sides.

“Zoe, pay attention.” She butted the long side of the tray against the corset, just below the half cups. “Okay, push your hands into the gloves and hold the tray.” The gloves were made of flexible thick rubber and were tight, so I needed her help to get my hands in them.

As soon as my hands were snug, she pulled strips of Velcro around the wrists to ensure I couldn’t withdraw my hands. She had achieved her aim in making sure I couldn’t let go of the tray, but there was one final piece to the kit, a connecting wire between my upper arm cuffs, behind my back.

She clipped one end of the wire on one cuff, then pulled my other elbow back and clipped the wire to the other cuff, effectively reducing my arm movement to zero. As she shortened the wire with a slide, my elbows went further back causing my tits to thrust forward. The forced posture pulled the tray hard against the corset and meant that the only way I could move it was to bend my wrists and alter the angle of the tray.

Tammy steered me back to the mirror. “Bend forward kid and practice keeping the tray horizontal.” Bizarre was an understated term for what I was experiencing, and it was hard to accept that it was me I was watching perform the strange maid duties.

“Excellent, kid, now stand with your feet eighteen inches apart.” She waited until I was in position. “If you stand with your feet together at the club, while serving, and a complaint is made, you’ll be fitted with an eighteen-inch bar between your ankles and your labia will be clamped. A lead weight will be attached to the clamp to remind you of your transgression. Now go to the kitchen, it’s almost ten o’clock.”

I led the way into the kitchen and was told to stand near the breakfast bar. I waited while Tammy placed some bowls on the countertop and filled them with snacks and peanuts. She then started to prepare a salad while I took the bowls to the table. On my return, Tammy explained the reason for the late dinner, while cleaning the lettuce.

“Seth is bringing two elders to dinner who have just arrived in London. They are from our Birmingham branch and are here to look at the new latex maid costume you are wearing. The firm have been trialling a prototype at the Knightsbridge branch. You are wearing the updated version that the elders plan to roll out in our two London clubs in the coming days.

Tammy opened the oven and placed the casserole dish on a chopping board. “Mr. Robinson and Mr. Edwards are both from Jamaica,” she informed me. “I’ve made them a lamb curry casserole. Seth knows the men’s tastes and bought the ingredients earlier...” She was nattering away when we heard a key in the front door. “That’ll be the guys,” she said, grabbing a cloth and wiping her hands. She was genuinely excited by the men’s arrival, which surprised me.

I had to stand, holding the empty tray, like a dummy, while Tammy disappeared to welcome the new arrivals. There were several raised voices as my flatmate welcomed Seth and the visitors. There was laughter among the conversation and some serious words spoken by the men. I detected another girl’s voice and Tammy’s surprise that she was with the party.

“You should have told me, Sir,” Tammy said, presumably to Seth, because he answered.

“I thought I’d surprise you.”

The voices receded after entering the lounge, then after a pause, Tammy entered the kitchen, carrying a bottle of champagne. She was followed closely by a pretty young white woman. In complete contrast to Tammy’s dominatrix black, latex catsuit, the newcomer was wearing a turquoise blue, figure hugging sleeveless minidress. It was cut with a ‘V’ to accentuate her large breasts and tailored to highlight her narrow waist and large ass. The dress looked as though it might burst open at any moment.

Her round face was very pretty and doll-like. She had shoulder-length blonde hair, sleepy hazel-orange eyes and high cheekbones. She glanced at me but was more interested in the food.

“I’m famished, Tam. That smells delicious.”

“Lamb curry stew. There’s enough for all of us. Did you stop anywhere?”

“We had a drink at the hotel after we dumped our bags. The guys jawed on and on about the new costume and accessories.” She turned and examined my outfit for the first time. “So, this is the new latex uniform.” She lifted the front of my skirts and peered down at the panties. “MW? Oh, this is Melvin’s new Pet?”

“Yes, she has her induction tomorrow. Zoe, turn and show Vera your tattoos.”

I was cheesed off to be the dummy in the room but did as I was told and bent forward to reveal my latex clad ass. “Very nice, Tam...” I jumped when fingers gently squeezed my lips. “These will be popular.” She then prodded the end of the dildo. “Is this one of the new products?”

“Yes. That’s the remote control ‘Creamsaver’. Seth wants to demonstrate it after dinner.”

“I can’t wait,” Vera responded.

“Zoe, up. We must get the champagne poured.”

I turned and settled into a comfortable stance while the girls placed five fluted glasses on my tray. Tammy prepared the cork for opening then thumbed it out of the bottle with a loud 'POP'.

Vera grabbed Tammy and gave her a kiss on the mouth. My flatmate, holding the bottle in one hand, gave her pal a one-handed hug, gripping her ass, while they had a huge snog. Vera eventually came up for air.

"Oh, I've missed you, Tam. The guys left Claire and Molly at the hotel, so I can stay with you until we shoot over to the club tomorrow evening."

"That's great, Vera. How was the journey?" Tammy started to pour the bubbly into the glasses.

"Nice limo so plenty of room in the back to fool around. Tirone is a brute so watch out for him. He ruined my panties, the impatient bastard!"

Tammy pointed at the door. "Zoe, you lead and we'll follow with the salad."

My heart was in my mouth as I led the way across the hall and into the lounge. Gripping the tray to keep it steady took all my concentration. I walked slowly because of the 4" heels on the slippery laminated flooring. The grip of the corset, the pull on the hook in my ass and the tight isolation within the hood were all distractions threatening my concentration. I made it though and stood in the centre of the lounge, uncertain on how to proceed.

Seth was sitting with one black guy on the sofa while the other, younger man, was sitting in an armchair at right angles to them. Tammy gripped my upper arm and pointed at the man in the chair. “Serve Mr. Edwards first, then Mr. Robinson and Seth.”

Three sets of eyes watched me approach and spread my feet, then slowly bow at the waist, taking care to keep the tray horizontal. The man took a glass but didn’t sip it.

“What do you think, Tirone?” Seth asked.

“I’m impressed. The tray works and I love the hood...” I returned to my upright stance, turned through 90 degrees and offered the second stranger a drink.

“Each Pet will have her name printed on their forehead. What do you think about the matching shoes and cuffs?”

“Nice touch. It’s a classy outfit...” In the bent position, I nearly tipped the other drinks over when Tirone leant forward and stroked my ass so that his fingertips rubbed along my unprotected lips. “What’s this, Seth? Trying to thwart my examination of the bitch?” He was referring to the blunt end of the dildo which he was poking.

“No, Zoe will demonstrate the ‘Creamsaver’ later. It’s one of the new batch of accessories.”

I didn't like the sound of Seth's announcement. I couldn't imagine why he would name a dildo 'Creamsaver', and I wasn't particularly looking forward to finding out. As soon as both men had taken a glass, I stood erect and heaved a sigh of relief.

"Zoe, bring the tray over here," Tammy called out.

She was at the table laying a fifth place and moving the chairs so she could add a spare one that had been standing in the corner. When I arrived by her side, she took the two remaining glasses from the tray.

"Go and stand on the rug and wait for instruction."

The coffee table had been pushed back off the rug, so I went and took its place. Vera, holding her drink, carefully climbed on the wide arm of the chair occupied by Tirone and then put an arm around his shoulders. When her legs parted and her dress rode up, the sight of her pussy coming into view confirmed Tirone had ripped her panties off during the journey to the flat.

"So, tell me about the new accessories, Seth," the older man, sitting beside Seth asked.

My Master clicked his fingers. "Tammy, fetch the new products would you."

"Seth, any chance Tammy could slip into something more to my liking?" Joshua asked. "I like to see the bitches in the proper gear. Have you got a couple more

those new latex maid outfits?” He pointed at me.

“Tammy could unpack a couple...”

“Good, then get on with it,” Joshua said with authority

“Yes of course, Sir,” Tammy responded. “I’ll open two sets...”

“You too, bitch,” Tirone said, pushing a reluctant Vera off the arm.

“No need to fit the arm restraint and tray, girls,” Seth called out before they reached the door.

I wasn’t sure if the girls were pleased or fed up as they hurried out of the room to change. I clearly wasn’t going to be the only one to be treated like a submissive by the three powerful black men sitting before me.

They had plans to fool around with the girls and that probably meant that I would be included in their pervy sexual games...



**Four ~ The orgasm race.**

Seth pushed himself to the edge of the seat and then stood up in front of me. Then, to my relief, he pulled open the Velcro straps that secured the gloves on my wrists.

After pulling the tray and the gloves off my hands, he handed the piece of kit to Joshua. "Quite a simple idea and I think Zoe has proved that it's practical and works well."

The older man examined the gloves and tray, then handed it to Tirone. "I agree. This is something we can use in the dining room."

While the younger man was looking at the tray, Seth eased the tension on the wire, then unhooked it from the cuffs, freeing my arms. I was so relieved, I wanted to hug him and give him a kiss, I was that relieved; but I stayed in my stance and dropped my arms to my side.

"Zoe, go and fetch the brown leather case sitting beside the dressing table in my bedroom."

I set off feeling liberated, even though I still had to contend with the hook up my ass and the rod keeping my back straight. Discarding the tray made me feel so much better. I felt the men's eyes following my latex clad legs as I strode confidently out of the room. I had been Seth's model for a new outfit he wanted to sell to his Birmingham colleagues. There was a part of my brain that was pleased for Seth, because the men liked what I was wearing.

I paused at my bedroom door which was slightly ajar. Vera was naked, bar the hood, hook, rod and stainless-steel collar, and was helping Tammy on with a pink latex maid's dress, which meant we were going to be in matching outfits. I started to wonder what was going to happen after the men had eaten their dinner. The bag was where Seth said it would be and it was heavy. I hurried back with it and was surprised to see that the stout wooden coffee table was back on the rug.

“Place the bag on the table, Zoe, and wait for the girls to arrive.” He sat forward on the sofa and opened the case. I was surprised to see that it contained about six dildoes along with several other items.

“This is the one loaded in Zoe's torpedo tube, Joshua,” Seth said, handing over the huge black, curiously shaped dildo.

The older man turned the fake cock over in his hands. While he examined it, he fiddled with the black knob on the end. “Creamcatcher, I think you said, Seth. What are its functions?”

Seth was searching for something in the case. He found what he was looking for – two remote controllers. “I'll show you. Grip it at its base.

Joshua held it upright as if he was holding a handheld firework. When Seth pushed a button, he smiled. “Ah, deep vibrations, but lots of dildos vibrate.”

“That setting is low...” Seth adjusted the control. “The vibrations are localized to line up with the bitch's g-spot.”

“Fuck, yes. I feel that... What else?”

The moment Seth pushed another button the dildo came alive. The top half started pumping up and down, extending its length by about an inch with each thrust. I was horrified to think that an identical dildo was buried deep inside my vagina.

Seth hadn't finished explaining its features. “We call it ‘Creamcatcher’ because of its ability to milk the bitch’s cunt cream.”

“How does it do that?”

“The material on the outer surface is porous and when the dildo is vibrating, even on a low setting, the motor sucks in any fluid surrounding the dildo. Pop the end in your champagne glass.”

“Say what?” Tirone sat forward to take a closer look.

I was mesmerized by what the men were discussing and the concept of collecting the juices that sometimes oozed freely from my quim. I liked the taste, but surely the men weren't interested in drinking my juices, were they? The older man turned the dildo upside down and held it in the inch of champagne that was left in the glass.

Seth switched the thrusting setting off, but turned up the vibrations, making the bubbly swirl about in the glass. He pointed to the black shiny knob on the top.

“Can you see the tiny LED red lights.”

Both men leant over. “Yes, just... What do they indicate?”

“They light up as the container fills. Four lights come on when the tank is full.” Seth removed the dildo and unscrewed the ball, then withdrew a small clear container. It looked as though there was a tiny amount of champagne in it.

Both men were impressed. “How much does it hold?” Tirone asked Seth.

“Two fluid ounces.”

“Can a bitch secrete that much?” Joshua asked.

“I’ve no idea if Zoe can.” He picked up the second remote. “Let’s find out, shall we?”

Joshua put his hand on Seth’s arm. “Hold on a moment, have you got a third ‘Creamcatcher’?”

Seth’s eyes lit up. “I could unpack one... Are you thinking what I’m thinking?”

“A little competition while we eat our dinner?”

All three men grinned at each other. As if by design, Tammy and Vera filed into the room, dressed in pink latex maid's uniforms, identical to the one I was wearing. They had gone the whole hog. Hood, gag, rod and hook, but were walking quite freely.

It was easy to distinguish which girl was which because Vera had larger tits. Apart from that, we were all white and were the same height and body shape. Seth indicated that he wanted us standing side by side. "The Pets are going to look amazing in these uniforms, at the club," he said with some satisfaction.

"I'd like to take your two back to Birmingham with us, Seth. We need some fresh blood."

"No chance. Enfield's staff shortage is more acute," Seth countered. He clapped his hands, "Girls, go and bring our meals in. You three will be eating later." He stood up. "I'll get the other dildo, Joshua."

Seth followed us out of the room, but we went straight to the kitchen where we gathered around the breakfast bar. We peered at each other through the small holes provided in our pink latex hoods. Vera and I waited while Tammy opened the rice cooker and spooned steaming heaps on three plates. Taking the initiative, I put on an oven glove and used a ladle to pour a dollop of hot lamb stew onto the beds of rice.

Tammy made a signal that the plates were ready, so we each picked one up and filed into the lounge. We went straight to the table, passing Seth and the coffee table, which had been turned at an angle. On the table lay two black 'Creamcatcher dildos. Knowing that the other two were about to have the same

experience as me, softened the blow.

“Put the plates down girls and come back to the coffee table,” Seth ordered.

By the time we had returned to the low table, both Joshua and Tirone were standing beside Seth. “We want all three of you on the table, side by side with your asses pointing at the dining table,” Seth ordered.

The squat, solid wooden coffee table was certainly strong enough, but was there room? I wondered. Seth helped Vera on first. With the rods keeping our backs straight, it wasn’t easy to bend and crawl on, so the help was needed. Tammy was second, in the middle and I was on the end. We had to tuck our knees under, leaving our feet and asses protruding over the edge.

“Three excellent peaches,” Joshua said then slapped either Vera or Tammy’s ass. “I think your bitch has the cutest cunny lips, Seth.” I shivered with dread when he strummed my lips from side to side a couple of times. “Too soft though. Not felt the lick of your tawse, heh Seth?”

“The bitch hasn’t stepped over that line yet, so no.”

The way the men discussed us was deeply demeaning and yet I found myself thinking about my behaviour and how best to keep in Seth’s good books. I had learnt in a short space of time what not to do in Seth’s company. If I went with the flow and did as I was told, then I’d avoid being beaten.

“Before we start the race, I think you should remove Zoe’s dildo and clean it, otherwise she’s got a head start on the others,” Tirone pointed out.

“Now you’re splitting hairs,” Seth complained. “Your two girls are much more experienced than Zoe.”

“Doesn’t matter,” Joshua said, weighing in on the argument. “Horny bitches like these three are always hungry for cock, real or fake. Take it out and I’ll get a napkin to dry it.”

Seth acceded to his superiors – two elders from the chapter where he was a member. I guessed that the men were betting on the result of the ‘race’, although I hadn’t got a clue what the finishing line looked like.

“All, right, but I think she’s gonna lose some slime when I pull it out.”

“Get on with it, Seth.”

I felt clumsy fingers force their way down the sides of the intruder, then slowly draw the dildo out of my hot nest where it had been sitting comfortably. It came free with a ‘plop’ and left me with a strange empty sensation.

“There, what did I tell you, it’s covered in slime,” Seth moaned, just before Joshua wiped the dildo free of my juices.



“Stop complaining. It’s a level playing field now. You’re not so confident now are you?”

I felt a hand settle on my ass and the fingers begin to drum. It could have only belonged to Seth who had claimed me as his possession.

“It’ll be closer now, but I still have faith in my bitch.”

“Okeydokey! I’m willing to double the stakes. Come on, five hundred each from the losers goes to the horniest bitch.”

Seth was considering upping the ante. He’d win a thousand pounds if, I guessed, my cunt was the first to fill the two fluid ounce container with cunt cream. I didn’t know if I could do it, but I was pleased he picked me and not Tammy.

“It’s a deal, so long as we can give them a helping hand, if need be.”

“Alright, let’s lock and load these bitches and retire to the dining table.”

My quim was ready for re-entry, so when Seth slid his fake dick into my furnace, my quim gobbled it up greedily. They must have been holding the remotes because the dildo suddenly sprung into life. The deep vibration setting immediately sent pleasant sensations zinging around my nether region. Then, when the piston setting was activated, the thrills increased in intensity.

It was the weirdest event/race I had ever participated in, by a long, long way and I hadn't got a clue how to win it!

**Five ~ Milked and exhausted.**

The kind of orgasms I really enjoyed were the ones that rose slowly and reached a mind-blowing crescendo. Then, after a minute or two, I liked to slowly slide back to ground zero and get my breath back. The one I experienced, while kneeling on the end of the coffee table was in a different league. I reached a crescendo quickly and was then held there for ages by the constant throbbing and thrusting presence within me.

We were facing away from the men, who were thoroughly enjoying themselves, while we moaned and groaned through wave after wave of intense, orgasmic sensations. We couldn't crouch down and arch our backs because of the rods and anal hooks. So, we had to stay upright on our hands and knees, with straight arms and raised asses.

I gripped the edge of the table to stop myself falling over the end which was a real possibility in the state I was in. Tammy, beside me, swayed from side to side; or was it me swaying and pushing her? I wasn't sure, but I had the wherewithal to hang on to the table.

Then, one of the men spotted a red light, then another and finally Seth celebrated my first glowing LED with a yelp. Three more to go, I told myself, in the tiny part of my brain that was left in the real world.

"Two lights!" shouted Joshua. "The money is going to be mine!"

The insistent vibrations and thrusting sensations continued unabated. I wasn't sure how much time had passed, but the dildo suddenly stilled and stopped vibrating. I slowly spiralled down and became aware of Seth standing in front of me.

I thought sweat was pouring off me, then as I calmed, I felt cold and shivery. Meanwhile, the vibrations reverberating around my body slowly faded.

“Zoe...” He clicked his finger in front of my eyes. “Zoe, it’s break time. I’m going to remove your stopper and give you a drink of water. I’ve got a bottle with a squirter on it so be ready...”

He squirted a short stream of cool water on my tongue, then waited before repeating the process. Beside him stood Joshua, doing exactly the same thing with Tammy. We couldn’t communicate with our Masters, trussed up in our latex hoods, or with each other. It was a lonely contest and a blind one, because none of us knew how we were doing.

Seth waited for both of the other men to move out of earshot before speaking tactics to me. “Zoe, your second light was the last one to come on, but I’m convinced you can win the pot for me. I’ll treat you tomorrow, kid, if you pull this one out of the fire.”

It really meant a lot to Seth to get one over on his bosses, but after the day I had experienced, I suspected that the oil well was dry and he would eventually be disappointed in me. I drank as much as I could before the restart. With a surplus of water in my belly, maybe some of it would help to fill the dildos tank!

Seth held up the stopper. “I’m going to leave this out for the second half.”

I was dreading the restart but felt a strong desire to beat the other girls. Of

course, I had no control over my exudations, but Seth had a plan. He waited until the dildo triggered another intense orgasm, before taking up a position foursquare behind me. He reached his right hand under me to tease my clit and used his left hand to roll and squeeze my nipples.

His presence, crouching over me, intensified the experience and took my orgasm to a new level. Again, I lost track of time and hadn't got a clue how I was doing in relation to the other two. I writhed and moaned, more vocally with the stopper out, and might have keeled over if it wasn't for Seth's strong arms wrapped around my torso.

Then, just when the pleasure began to resemble pain, Joshua called a halt to the race. "Enough. Time's up. These two have three lights, what about your bitch, Seth?"

Seth removed his hands and stood up. "Zoe has three lights as well!" He was delighted.

The men withdrew the dildos, wiped them on napkins and took them to the table. Then, they returned and helped us off the table so we could stand and witness the next stage of the race – measuring the cunt cream.

Although I was exhausted and wanted to crawl to my bed and sleep for 24 hours, I was nevertheless keen to see if I had won the race. The men sat down at the table and finished their champagne, then carefully unscrewed the end of the dildos and emptied the contents of the plastic containers into the empty glasses.

The trio were acting like schoolboys, laughing and joking about the race and

speculating on who had provided the finest cream. Seth, who was facing me, looked pleased with the contents of his glass. His reaction gave me hope and it wasn't misplaced because when they lined the glasses up, Seth claimed his contained the greatest quantity.

All three men took their time examining the liquid levels at close quarters, but it was Seth's glass that was the fullest. He held the glass under his nose like a wine connoisseur would. "Not only is Zoe's slime-bunny the creamiest, it fucking has a better aroma than your two!"

Then, to my utter surprise, he knocked the glass back and downed my exudation in one go. Joshua and Tirone followed suit, but they were far from happy with their smaller measures of elixir.

Seth set his glass down and smacked his lips. "Girls, clear and clean the table. Tammy, before you clean the dishes, take the winner to her room and get her out of that gear. Let Zoe choose one item of clothing and send her in here. You and Vera put the schoolgirl outfits on. You're both going to get six of the best for losing the race! Bring the canes in. You know the drill. Get your skates on, we haven't got all night."

We collected the dishes and took them to the kitchen, then after leaving them on the countertop, Tammy and Vera followed me to my bedroom. One item of clothing? What should I wear? I wondered. I wanted to please Seth and yet didn't want to be too daring. That was going to be difficult with the items I had seen hanging on the rail in my room.

The girls followed Seth's orders by helping me to undress first. Once I had dispensed with the latex dress and panties, I leant on the bed so Tammy could disconnect the rod and hook. With the rod out of the way, she was able to ease

the hook out of my back passage. Never have I been so relieved to be free of an object from one of my orifices!

The collar was next and finally the hood and its awful tube gag. I thought I was going to have to dislocate my jaw to get it off, but Tammy eased the tube out and I avoided hurting myself.

I sat on the bed and started peeling the latex stockings off, while the girls helped each other out of their dresses. “Do you want me to give you a hand, Tammy?” I asked. She waved her hand and pointed at the wardrobe that was full of kinky outfits. I shook my head. “Can I borrow one from your room, please.”

She nodded and shooed me away, so I left them to it and hurried to the main bedroom. Tammy’s collection of frocks was amazing. As I pointed out to her earlier, they were all daring and sexy and too short to wear out. I chose a sequined bottle green, sleeveless dress that had a deep ‘V’ neck and a split up the left side. I wasn’t allowed to wear panties. but I wanted to wear a wig, a blonde one if possible.

I found a short wig with a swept fringe among Tammy’s vast collection. It was similar to the one the hairdresser, Connie Brown, was going to make for me, using the hair she cut off my head. I quickly applied lipstick, stepped into a pair of black 3” stiletto shoes and headed for the lounge. The men were back in their seats, sipping liquor and watching TV.

I didn’t look at the screen as I entered because I wanted to see the men’s reaction, especially Seth’s. “Wow! Is that you, Zoe?” he exclaimed.



All three men sat up and cast their eyes over me and the little green dress hugging my curves. It was the first time they had seen me without the hood.

I pulled a serious expression. “Do I look okay in this?” I held my arms out.

I was standing in front of three aggressive black guys and saw raw lust in their expressions. I realized there and then that there was no way I was going to bed without one of them spearing at least one of my holes. My body was weary, but the glint in their eyes was like an injection of electrical energy shooting across the room into my veins. Crazily, I felt my sex heating up with desire.

“Kid you look red hot,” Tirone commented.

“You didn’t say she was DDG, Seth. When you told us she was a book clerk and good with bad figures, I was expecting a spotty librarian type.”

Seth patted his lap. “Come and perch your butt here, kid. You get to watch and enjoy the fun.”

I moved to the edge of the Sofa and sat back onto his legs. He grabbed my waist and pulled me further back, enabling me to put my arm around his neck and kiss his cheek. He placed his left hand on my thigh and slipped it under the hem of the dress.

“Good, girl,” he muttered when his fingertips brushed my bald pussy.

I parted my thighs to give him more room, then looked up at the TV. It was showing a picture of a garden setting that looked familiar. My heart missed a beat when a Puppy-girl crawled into the picture. The location was the back garden of the clubhouse!

Were the trio entertaining themselves by watching my performance earlier in the day? I wondered. Was I about to witness myself being mounted by an overzealous horny Puppy-boy? I nestled back against Seth's shirt and tried to look invisible...

**Six ~ Inexplicably aroused.**

The girl was trotting away from the camera, so the plump bulge of her white, fig-like labia was on display; and because of its size and shape, her cunt was the focal point of her sashaying ass. When the camera went in for a closeup, I was able to read the girl's name tattooed on her butt cheek.

It was Cloe, the maid I met at the club, I assumed. It was such a relief to see her name through the thin fabric. I should have realized that the Puppy-girl wasn't me because my pelt was golden brown and Cloe's was dark brown. There would, according to Tammy, be audiences watching my escapades sometime in the future, but she assured me that the videos would remain private.

I had learnt that I was not only going to spend time in a Puppy-girl costume, but also work as a maid in the club house. While the men watched Cloe scurrying across the grass, presumably looking for somewhere to hide, Seth pushed his fingers a little deeper in my slippery folds and began to tease my entrance.

"It seems like you've got an unlimited amount of slime, kid," Seth muttered softly. "Is your cunt sending me a message?"

The action switched to the boy's kennels and the kennel maid, Tina. While we watched, she released the lads from their cages and gave them their instructions. There was no sound, so I presumed that she was telling them to track down Cloe and give her the spit-roast treatment.

I was hesitant to respond to Seth's question because I didn't want to encourage him and the others. I didn't want him to think I was easy game for a gang bang. It was a real possibility, taking into account their mentality and previous actions. Also, the film they were watching was obviously a precursor to Tammy and Vera

receiving their punishment and whatever followed.

“I might be able to manage one more...” I whispered in his ear.

“Good, girl. That’s what I wanted to hear. Watch the movie and the girls getting their punishment, then I’ll take you to your room.”

I couldn’t have hoped for a better outcome. I’d accept being boned once more by Seth, in order to bring the day to an end and get some sleep.

The action on the screen switched to Cloe who was keeping well away from the boy’s kennels. It was dark so there were plenty of hiding places for her to use. The fences dividing the gardens helped her to avoid the pair of Puppy-boys, while the overhanging trees at the back, and the shrubs, provide several shaded areas that she used skilfully. She had dark brown fur, which helped when she was hiding; and she was quick on her paws.

Tammy and Vera interrupted the film when they entered the room. They were wearing ridiculously short blue gymslips, white blouses, knee-length white socks and black Mary-Jane shoes. The girls were wearing blonde wigs with bunches and had dabbed their faces with plenty of blusher to make themselves look younger.

They were both carrying a short cane between their teeth, which conveniently silenced them.

“Girls, stand either side of the TV, facing the wall, and put your hands behind your heads.”

They took up the positions, with their backs to us, feet spaced 18” apart. When they raised their arms, the hem of the gymslip rose, revealing the lower half of their white panties. The men now had, besides the porn action movie, two horny young women to watch and provide them with even more sexual excitement.

Producing cunt cream was beyond a girl’s control and although I was pleased to have won, I felt sorry for the pair of losers standing in their tight white panties. From being naïve in sexual matters, I had in 48 hours, had a crash course in male deviancy. Whether it was schoolgirl outfits, Puppy-girl pelts or latex clothing, I was having to provide the men with constant arousal and excitement.

On screen, the lads, desperate to track down the Puppy-girl, finally spotted her and the chase was on. There was only ever going to be one outcome, but Cloe was as fast as they were, so provided excellent entertainment right up to the point when the first black lad pounced on her back.

There was a brief fight between the boys for bragging rights to her rear end. Cloe managed to escape while they pushed and barged each other, but when they realized she had escaped, they set off in hot pursuit again.

I wasn’t turned on by the final spectacle of Cloe being drilled at both ends, because I knew that in 24 hours, I’d be the one wearing the Puppy-girl suit! The animalistic spectacle though, thoroughly entertained the guys and if proof was needed, Seth’s hardon beneath my butt was it.

The movie finished with poor Chloe trotting slowly back to the main building, while Tina led the lads away, presumably to their kennels.

Seth pointed at the blank screen. “Tina is a resident girl and works full-time. She’s highly thought of at the club. You will only be expected to do what she does a couple of times a month...” He paused while Joshua issued instructions to Vera and Tammy.

“Girls, we’re going to administer your punishment on the table, so one at a time, lie on your back. You know the stance.”

The girls left their positions and seemed to have already discussed who would receive the thrashing first. The girls dropped the canes on the floor beside the table, then Vera clambered on, laid on her back and raised their legs until her knees were on her chest. Tammy waited to capture and hold her feet, above her head, then pressed them down on the surface of the table.

The extreme folded pose ensured Vera’s ass was raised off the table. This meant that her bulging pussy, imprisoned in the narrow strip of white cotton, was pointing upward, from between the back of her peachy upper thighs. There was no reinforcement in the gusset of the panties, so her sex was well-defined through the thin stretchy fabric. The fact that I was about to witness Vera receive six strokes on her most sensitive spot made me feel extremely uncomfortable.

Seth’s fingers were busy, but he hadn’t pushed on and entered my quim. His gentle ministrations were a pleasant change from his normal aggressive behaviour. While Joshua got to his feet to deal with Vera, Seth continued to explain, in a low tone, what was going to be expected of me.

“The club requires you to serve at least twice a month. On your day off, which happens to be tomorrow, you’ll spend an evening and night as a Puppy-girl, at the club, then the next day you’ll work as a maid. You will return to the flat the following morning and be at Orbital motors by eleven AM. Melvin then expects you to work the next five days at the dealership.”

We both turned our attention to the unfolding spectacle taking place just eight feet away. Joshua raised his arm and the thin cane. Switt! Switt! Switt! Switt! Switt! Switt! All six of the blows landed on the 2” wide strip of bulging cotton.

“Aeeeeeeei,” Vera cried but managed to keep the volume down.

She was in a lot of pain and extremely stressed. Hot heavy tears flowed down the sides of her face and dripped onto the coffee table, but she remained perfectly still. If that had been me, I was certain that I would have kicked up a terrible fuss and tried to squirm out of the way. Were the men demonstrating to me what was expected of a Pet?

“Now for her reward,” Seth whispered in my ear. “Vera will enjoy the sex even more now her nerves are jangling.”

Joshua grabbed the waistband of her panties at the sides, hauled them off her ass cheeks and pulled them up her thighs, just far enough to unveil her glowing labia. The panties had probably dulled the bite of the cane, but several thin red lines were visible, showing where the rattan had kissed her flesh. Tammy kept a firm grip on her ankles while Joshua released his cock and steered it into Vera’s inviting entrance.



I sat mesmerized by the sight of the man's enormous black cock disappearing into the young woman's white quim in one powerful thrust. Then, leaning forward and resting his hands on the back of her thighs, he started slamming his body against the cheeks of the young woman's upturned ass.

As soon as Vera started to gasp and moan during her orgasm, I felt sparkling sensations building in my own groin. Seth's gentle massaging fingers coupled with witnessing the pummelling that Vera was receiving, was ramping up my own fragile libido. I was becoming a sex junkie and Seth was just the guy to provide the hit.

I turned my head, so my mouth was close to his ear. "Seth, it's time to put me to bed."

He didn't need a second invitation. He slid his right arm under my legs and as he slipped off the chair, he lifted me into the air. He turned to Tyrone. "I'm putting Zoe to bed, bro, see you in a minute."

I clung onto the powerful man while he carried me through to my room and 'oofed' in surprise when he dropped me on the bed. While I scrambled into a sitting position, he folded his arms and stood staring down at me. I worked the dress up and off over my head, then discarded it on the floor.

He remained perfectly still, waiting with a meaningful expression on his black chiselled features. He wanted what Joshua and Tirone were giving Vera and Tammy – punishment and sex – the lifeblood of my new Master's desires. So, I leant back, lifted my legs and pulled my knees onto my chest. I could still feel residual pain in my ass crack but that wasn't enough to slate his sadistic desires or my newfound curiosity.

“Do... do you want to hit it?” I asked cautiously. We were both staring at my spongy convex labia lips.

“Kid, I thought you’d never ask. I’ll get the cane...”

“No... no, please, use your hand.”

He nodded “That’ll work...” He started to take his shirt off.

I got to watch him, through my legs, undress until he was naked. He was in good shape and obviously worked out to keep fit. He was clearly as sexually aroused as I was, for his cock stood ramrod straight, impatient to be inside me.

“Knees together,” he ordered.

Then, leaning forward, he placed his left hand on the back of my knees and gripped them with his vast grip. He pushed my knees aside, just enough to look me in the eye. “This, Zoe, isn’t a punishment. It’s part of your training. A lesson in submissiveness. A chance for you to learn what the men who rule your life require when demanding sex from you. Not all, but most are going to want to punish you in some way. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master, I think I do.” He raised his hand. Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!

“Ahhhhhhhh!” I cried, when the stinging blows landed directly on my labia and some of the flesh on the back of my thighs. His brutal blows were painful and brought tears to my eyes. “Blaaaaaaaaah...”

My spongy lips were an easy and exposed target. They were also going to get some attention when wearing the Puppy suit. I wondered if I was getting a taste of the treatment I’d receive from the members at the clubhouse. I also wondered how long it would be before one of the members decided to use the cane on my most sensitive spot...

“Be quiet girl and stop blubbering...” He released his cock while retaining a grip on the back of my knees. “This is the early stages of your training...”

“Ahhhh,” I moaned when he wiped his blunt knob up and down my bruised ass valley.

“Soak it up girl. We’ll keep this ripe and hot, so every minute of the day, you remember who you belong to. Understand?” He then drove his cock into my quim with one piledriving thrust.

“Uhhhh, I groaned, when a dull ache spread through the pit of my stomach. “I understand, Master.”

My answer was the trigger that ignited an instant, energetic response from the man who had been given the responsibility of training me. I wasn’t sure how he had managed it, but he had woken a side of my character I didn’t know existed.

Before meeting Seth, I hated cutting my finger and worried about the resultant pain.

After 48 hours in Seth's hands, I was gladly suffering multiple pains in order to enjoy the brutal sex that would most surely follow. I had become a submissive masochist and I willingly lay tucked while my dominant trainer taught me to appreciate his ruthless brand of dominant sex.

**Seven ~ 100% Commitment.**

I woke in a state of confusion. Where was I and what had happened to me? I was naked and my body was aching. No, it was worse than that. My ass crack hurt and my pussy ached. I rolled onto my back, lifted my head and stared down my body. It looked okay. There were no visible bruises, so I reached down and stroked my labia.

“Oooo,” I sighed and quickly sat up. It was red and tender, the result of the brutal slapping Seth had delivered.

Glancing at the clock, I saw that it was 10:45. I slipped off the bed, left the room and noticed soft music playing in the lounge. I looked around the door to find the room empty, so I carried on along the hall to the main bedroom.

I was surprised to find Vera, sitting alone, naked, with her back against the headboard, tapping out a message on her phone. She had raised her knees and parted her feet, providing me with an unrestricted view of her bruised cunt.

“Hi, Vera.”

She lowered the phone to her knees for a second, then went back to messaging. “Get on the bed, kid, I need a cunny licking.” She worked her ass forward and parted her thighs.

“I... I need a shower, Vera.”

“Kid, do as you’re told. You can have a shower after you’ve eased the fire in my cunt.”

She wasn’t going to take no for an answer, so I climbed on the end of the bed and hunkered down. There was a pleasant soapy smell wafting off her body, suggesting she had already showered. My mouth hovered just above her cunt. “Where is everyone?”

“Tammy’s shopping and the guys have gone to the club. Apparently, there’s been a change of plan. Tam will fill you in when she gets back.”

I stroked the ‘JW’ tattoo on her mons. “Is your Master good to you?”

“Kid, he’s black and angry most of the time. What do you think?”

I took that as a no. “So why stick with him?”

“He owns me kid and you don’t get unowned. You know what I mean?”

“I suppose so.”

“I guess you’re just beginning to realize what the word ‘Pet’ means. If you’re in any doubt, I had a friend who was owned by Joshua’s brother. She was a feisty kid and pushed back some of the time. One day he had a new Pet. We never saw

Kelly again.” She shrugged her shoulders. “To be honest, I’m only interested in number one now. If another bitch wants to run off at the mouth and upset her Master, all the fool her.”

“So, do you have a job?”

“I work at one of Joshua’s restaurants and keep an eye on the rabble who he hires. I control the chefs and a few of the more important staff, who lust after my body. Having a piece of me, even if it’s one fuck a fortnight is enough carrot to keep the ship running smoothly. They also know that if there’s any trouble, they’d join Kelly, wherever her body is.”

She painted a bleak picture for anyone who stepped out of line. It sounded as if Joshua ran his restaurant the way Melvin wanted to run Orbital Motors, using me as the carrot! “So, you have your work cut out. Are there any highlights to being a Pet?”

“Fuck yes. He takes me to the poshest restaurants in Birmingham and London, when we visit. Buys me the clothes I like. I’ve got some expensive jewellery, a chauffeur when I want to go out and a luxury flat. All those things are mine, provided I commit one hundred percent to the firm. I hated all their kinky shit at first, but when I realized that these black guys go fucking crazy for our white skin, it all kinda made sense.”

“Is he married?”

“Shit, yes. Lucy hired me and was the one who caught me with my hand in the till. Actually, it was the safe and a lot of money was involved. The wives of these



dudes approve of us so they can control their men and channel their violent tendencies away from their own bedrooms.”

I wondered what Melvin’s wife was like and whether she’d approve of me. I turned my attention to Vera’s pussy which had a diamond stud pierced in her pudendal dimple, I went to prise her lips apart with my thumbs and discovered they wouldn’t. The poor girl’s cleft was shallow and there was a complete absence of clitoral flesh. I couldn’t help releasing a surprised sound.

“What? Have you never seen a trimmed cunt before? Our men like their cunts white, tight and plump.”

“Er, Simon at the Enfield branch modified my lips by injecting filler. I think he called it, Puff Technique.”

“That’s right...” She reached forward and prodded her labia majora. “The filler is the first step. The second step is to trim the clidge and join the lips. It only takes about ten minutes...” She ran her finger down the shallow furrow. “This is what they demand of their Pets. One hundred percent commitment. The wives, Lucy in particular, insist on it.”

“But, what’s the point? Do they think our cunts look better like this...?” I stroked her lips and begrudgingly had to admit to myself that the surgery hadn’t changed the appearance, just the function.

“The wives hate the idea that we’re enjoying ourselves while their men are fucking us. So, it became an unwritten rule of the club.”

“Tammy’s avoided the knife,” I pointed out.

“She’s booked in next week. The clinic where they do it is near the Enfield lodge. Now Ross has transferred her up here, it’s more convenient for her to have a few days off.” She tapped me under the chin. “I like you kid, but I’d like you better if you stopped asking questions and tried to reach my hot-spot with your cute tongue.”

“I’ll try...” I dipped my head and pressed my lips against hers.

“Get your ass up, kid, for the cameras, and wiggle it. You’re an actor now and don’t you forget it.”

I had seen short, two minute clips of lesbian and straight sex on twitter and recalled some of the interaction between the girls. I lifted my ass and dipped my back, then moved my body slightly so the camera might be able to see what I was doing.

I began by licking Vera’s modified labia to see what it felt like. It was strange to know that she wasn’t gaining any excitement from my initial activity. I guessed she let me do it for a minute or two to take the sting out of her bruises. Her hands on my head urged me to go lower, so I plunged into her quim and tried to simulate a masturbating digit.

I had some success to begin with, for she laid back and moaned for a while, but after about five minutes of exhausting tongue activity, she lost interest and

picked up her phone. I lifted my head and wiped my mouth.

Deciding I needed her friendship, I made a suggestion. “Tammy has a double ender in the drawer. I could fetch it.”

“Nah, I’ve had enough cock in the last 24 hours. Whenever these three dudes get together, they try and find new ways to triple fuck me, so I’ll pass on the offer.”

“Okay, I’ll go and have that shower.”

She looked up from her phone. “Oh, Tammy sent a message to say you’ve got to get dressed in your work clothes. Summit’s up at dealership.”

I didn’t ask her any more questions, for she went straight back to her phone. Her last comment left me with plenty to think about while I soaked under the shower. Vera’s surgery on her labia was the most shocking thing connected to becoming a Pet. It was even more troubling than becoming a Puppy-girl, twice a month. Surely, there was a way of committing 100% to the firm without having to have any more body modifications??

The good news was that I was getting out of the flat for the afternoon; and I was looking forward to being back among the guys and see what was happening at Orbital Motors.

I had just started to dress when I heard the front door open. Wearing just a black thong, I poked my head into the hall. It was Tammy carrying a couple of

shopping bags. “Zoe, take these into the kitchen. I’ve got another bag in the car,” she called out.

“Sure,” I said. “Don’t open the door wide...” As soon as I set off down the hall, that’s just what she did.

She stood on the threshold laughing. “The neighbours aren’t interested.” It was lucky no one was around.

She closed the door, leaving me to pick up the heavy bags. She had bought a lot of groceries which saved me a job I would normally have done. I took them to the kitchen, then hurried back to the bedroom to finish dressing.

I sat on the end of the bed, and carefully pulled on the black holdups, then massaged my tits and grinned up at the screen. Not being able to see the cameras enabled me to treat the whole voyeur thing as a bit of fun.

I had just picked up my bra when Tammy walked in. “Ah, ah, give me a kiss first.”

We stood at the end of the bed and had a long passionate snog. It was the second time I had been impressed by my new friend’s intimate reaction and couldn’t help comparing her to Vera who had a far less attractive personality. Tammy was wearing a black skirt and pink crop top. When we parted, she gently fondled my tits, so I slipped my hands up her short top and squeezed hers.

“It’s a pity we haven’t got time to fuck each other,” she said with regret in her voice.

“Are we in a hurry? Vera mentioned that there was trouble of the dealership...”

“Not trouble, but there’s been a row. Apparently, Melvin decided he needed to announce Tom is getting the new salesfloor manager and a couple of the others didn’t like it. He’s had to let one of the salesmen go. The dealership is busy, so he needs us to go in and cover. I can do the phones and you can help out on the sales side.”

Having worked with the guys at Orbital motors, for a couple of years, I was sorry to hear one had left. “Do you know who Melvin has fired?”

“No, he didn’t say. I’d better get changed and have something to eat before we set off.”

“What about Vera?”

“She’ll look after the flat until Seth returns. We’ll come back here after the dealership closes and then wait for Melvin to pick us up.”

Tammy bought herself a white blouse, while she was shopping, to wear to work. She already had a black skirt suit, which she changed into, while I made breakfast for three. Vera, naked, joined us at the dining table where we ate the scrambled egg on toast I prepared. The girls were old friends but totally different

personalities. I would have hated living with Vera, who was so full of herself, so having Tammy was a crumb of comfort.

It was 12:15 when we climbed into my Mini and set off on the short journey south to Whetstone and Melvin's car dealership. From living a regulated life where I knew exactly what I was doing from day to day, my world had been turned upside down. I needed to prepare for any eventuality, and I wasn't sure if I was up for the challenge...

**THE END of Part Six**

## **Sample of Part Seven.**

## **Chapter One.**

The traffic was light and the journey to Whetstone only took 15 minutes. On the way, I gave Tammy the lowdown on the guys at Orbital Motors and told her what I thought of them. She made it clear to me that Melvin was expecting me to work on the guys and help build their ties to the dealership. He told her on the phone that he couldn't afford to lose another experienced salesman.

Tammy confirmed that Melvin was pleased with my performance with Tom; and following that success he wanted to discuss my interactions with the other salesmen. That could only mean one thing – encourage their sexual advances and make them believe I would provide sexual favours while they worked for Melvin.

The other piece of news was that Tammy would be working at the dealership until Melvin found a replacement for her. I relaxed massively hearing that news. The way the men treated me wouldn't change but I had an ally at work and a shoulder to cry on.

When I pulled onto the forecourt, I spotted Peter Atkins strolling between the cars, clipboard under his arm. He recognized my Mini, did an about turn and headed for my parking space, which I was backing into. He arrived just as I opened my door.

“Zoe, am I glad to see you.” He peered over the door to watch me swing my legs out.



Bearing in mind what Tammy had just been telling me, I opened my thighs just long enough for him to spy my black gauze thong. He raised his eyes to mine, then across the top of the roof where Tammy was standing.

I stood up and gave him a huge smile. “Peter, I’ve brought my friend, Tammy, to meet Melvin...”

He raised his hand. “Hi Tammy. On the lookout for a job?”

“Hey, Peter. Maybe. We’ll see.”

He turned his attention back to me. “Can we have a chat after you’ve taken Tammy into the boss?” He was uptight about something and had lost some of his usual cocky demeanour.

“Sure. I need to have a chat with Melvin first. He might let me nip out for a quick sandwich.”

“Good idea, I’ll join you...” He held eye contact and the moment I smiled, he relaxed.

Tammy was waiting at the front of the car. “Better go, Pete...” Together we entered the showroom and approached the reception desk.

Terry Johnston stood up to greet us, but after introducing Tammy, I made sure he didn't delay us. He was the oldest salesman – 42 – and a good one. Like all the other guys, he hated working on reception.

I was at stage one (My term) with Terry. Following Melvin's instruction, I allowed him to put his hand up my skirt and stroke my ass, then my thong and the part of my labia it couldn't contain. However, I stopped him from going any further.

Keith was sitting at a desk on the showroom floor with a customer. There was no sign of Jack French, so I assumed he was the one who had been given the elbow. He was the nicest guy among the group and would be a huge loss to the team.

I knocked on Melvin's office door and waited until Tom called us in. He was sitting on the right where Seth usually sat. He wasn't an exact clone, but I had to admit he looked like a worthy replacement. Having said that, it was going to be difficult to accept being dominated by him because I knew him so well.

"Hello girls," Melvin said, as he got to his feet. "Come and give me a hug..." He came out from behind his desk to give us room to put our arms around his neck and kiss him on the cheek and lips.

He didn't have to lift the hem of my skirt far to be able to grab my naked ass. "Hello, Sir," Tammy said.

"Hello, Master," I responded to the man who thought he owned me.

He let us go and stepped back. “Girls, I’ve spent this morning explaining to Tom your functions in the firm...”

We turned to face the new salesfloor manager who was looking thoughtfully back. Behind us, Melvin returned to his seat and then continued.

“Tom and I have been watching some of the footage of last night’s session at the flat. Now he understands the firm’s methods, he realizes that he can have the best of both worlds. On the one hand, a happy family life and on the other, control over you, Zoe. Do you understand?”

Tom’s expression didn’t change. He just stared at me.

Seth’s reassurances that Tom would be kept on a tight rein were looking inaccurate. Giving him control over me would unleash his sadistic nature – but that was exactly what Melvin was prepared to grant in exchange for absolute loyalty! “Yes, Master, I understand,” I replied.

I was also aware that Tom was not going to be a happy bunny if Melvin had emptied his back-up bank account. I couldn’t tell if that had happened from Tom’s blank expression, but I guessed it had.

“Good, so tell us, Zoe, what your role is going to be with regards to the other salesmen,” Melvin said.

I looked around at Melvin and he urged me to go on with a nod of the head. I turned back to face Tom. “Um, er, my job is to keep them sweet by providing them with, um... the odd sexual favour.”

“I believe you’ve already ‘sweetened’ Terry. Tell Tom what happened.”

“Well, er, it happened in the strong room. I needed a photocopy and when I bent over, he placed his hand on my ass.”

“Under your skirt?” Tom asked.

“No, over it, but when I reached into the safe for the keys, he slipped his hand between my thighs and pushed it up to rub my pussy lips.”

“You weren’t wearing panties?”

“She wears a thong to work,” Melvin explained. “Bend over to show Tom, Zoe.”

I was wondering when such a request was coming. I turned, bent forward and reached back to pull my skirt higher. Tom’s expression changed for the first time and his eyes lit up.

“Zoe, open your stance and pull the back strap up.” I moved my feet apart by about 18 inches and pulled on the waistband, causing the material to sink into

my labia cleft and reveal my lips. “Better. I don’t want to have to tell you again. Understand?”

“Yes, Master, I understand.” He was learning fast.

“She definitely needs some training and a firm hand,” Melvin opined.

“I can take care of that, and I approve of your choice of underwear, Sir.”

Both men were singing from the same hymn sheet which was extremely bad news for me...

### **The End of the Sample**

I hope you enjoyed the sixth part of  
this story and continue to  
read my work in the future.

Thanks, Amelia.

Email at - [Amelia.stark@mail.com](mailto:Amelia.stark@mail.com)

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