

His Pet



**Part
Seven**

Amelia Stark

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His Pet: Part Seven

The Social Club Pet Series.

By Amelia Stark

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First Smashwords Edition 21-04-2020

Published by Amelia Stark

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Introduction.

It was true that I had made a rod for my own back when I embezzled a shit load of money from the owners of Orbital Motors. One of the directors was a black guy named Melvin Watson, a particularly mean individual who was determined to turn me into his very own submissive Pet. He gave me the option of prison or servitude and I chose the latter.

Not wanting to get his hands dirty, he tasked his sidekick, Seth, with training me to become his Pet. They took back the money I embezzled from the firm; and were about to take the flat I bought with money from the same source. It would soon belong to the Firm and I'd become their lodger.

Consequently, within a couple of days my new Master had control of my life, morning, noon and night, 24/7. I had to accept being tattooed and pierced through my nipples and clitoral ridge. I had to allow his people to shave all my hair off and inject a tag in my labia so they could track my movements and arousal levels when I was out and about.

If that wasn't bad enough, there was the escort activities that Melvin hoisted on me. Having turned my flat into a BDSM den and moved another young woman in to work with me, my duties were to include entertaining his friends and the salesmen from Orbital Motors.

Tom was the first and most important of those because Melvin wanted him to take charge of the sales team. Tom was black, so my Master had an affinity with the guy, but he wanted more, he wanted a hold over Tom.

Tom was married, so once I had lured him to the flat and the cameras were rolling, Melvin was able to capture plenty of footage of him performing lewd sex acts on me. What I wasn't expecting was Melvin to unleash Tom on me when I arrived at the showroom the following day.

After leading me to his office, Tom vented his fury on me. The only thing I could do to make things right was to offer him sex. After using two of my orifices, the next step was to humiliate me for setting him up and losing his reserves of cash. Melvin couldn't have done it without me, and Tom knew that.

Having successfully gotten me to submit to him, I expected him to go further and step up the treatment, until I behaved like his submissive. It's what all the men in the Firm wanted and before long, I feared, they'd all get what they wished for.

One ~ Brutal confrontation.

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. My new friend made it clear that Melvin expected 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 receptionist. 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 the bulging triangle of 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,” she responded cheerfully. I detected a sugary sweet tone to her voice and witnessed her ‘I’m interested’ expression.

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

“Sure. I need to have a chat with Melvin first, Pete. 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 wasn't containing. 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 Tom, 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. It’s part of her uniform.” 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.” On Tom’s command, I

moved my feet apart by about 18 inches and pulled on the waistband, causing the material to sink into my labia cleft. “Better. I don’t want to have to tell you again, Zoe. Understand?”

“Yes, Sir, 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.”

“Good. You can stand up Zoe. Tom is now going to tell you about the money he restored to its rightful owner.” I returned to my previous position beside Tammy.

“Huhhh.” He cleared his throat and leant forward in his chair. “I made a mistake when I put some of the money I stole from Melvin into a second account. It was a stupid thing to do and I regret it.” It was as though he was reading from a teleprompter. “Melvin is giving me a second chance with a heavy responsibility and I won’t fuck up again.”

I felt distinctly uncomfortable listening to his confession, especially as I had been the tool Melvin used to unlock his bank account.

“Zoe...” I turned to face Melvin. “Go with Tom to his office where he’ll explain the next phase of my teambuilding plan. I’m going to take Tammy to the reception desk and run through the procedures. Also, a guy looking at the Jags this morning, at about eleven o’clock, came into reception asking after you. He

had your card...”

I tried to look surprised instead of shocked. “Oh yes, er, yesterday, I dropped in the burger bar, just down the road, for lunch and handed out a few cards to all the laptop brigade.

Melvin’s expression changed from suspicion to admiration. “Now that’s why I had them printed and why you’re a natural salesperson. You obviously made an impression on the guy, which I think Tom will agree, is another one of your natural abilities.”

“Yes, Sir. I think she’s suited to sales,” he said with little expression in his voice.

Melvin handed me a piece of paper with the name ‘Harry Collins’ written on it. “He said he’d drop by at two-thirty. Make sure she’s around, Tom.”

He was on his feet. “I will, Sir.” He nodded his head toward the door. “Come on, Zoe. Let’s have that chat.”

I touched Tammy’s arm before following Tom out of the office. I glanced around the showroom. Terry was still busy with a customer while Peter had brought a guy inside to look at a black Range Rover.

“What happened to Jack, Tom?” I asked after following him into his office, the next one along from Melvin’s.

He closed the door and when I turned, he lunged forward and grabbed me by the neck. In one quick movement, he pushed me backward onto his desk.

“Waaaaaaaaa!” I exclaimed. “Tommmy!”

With me lying on my back and him standing between my spread legs, I stared up into his angry face. He changed his grip to grip my jaw under my chin and although I tried moving his arm with both hands, I couldn’t budge it.

“Bitch, you helped him to screw me over. I should tear your fucking head off. Tell me why I shouldn’t do it right here and now.”

Trembling with shock I was unable to speak. I had never been so terrified in all my life and it was lucky I went to the toilet before leaving home, otherwise I might have wet myself. Seeing my reaction, he eased his grip on my jaw. “Well?”

“I... I belong to Melvin and if you damage his Pet, you’ll make him very unhappy...”

“Pet? What the fuck?” He stood upright and stared down at the transparent triangle of material covering my mons, revealed because my skirt had flown up. “You owe me bitch, big time!”

“I... I do Tom. He made me do it but you’re right, I owe you...” I lifted my knees up onto my chest, parted them and held them down so he could see my repentant expression, but more importantly, the dark gash of my gaping sex...

Two ~ Pleading for it.

Tom pulled me to the edge of the desk, until my ass was overhanging it by an inch or two. He unzipped and released his magnificent black cock. Then, he did what Seth had done the previous night, he wiped his crown up and down my ass crack to remind me of the thrashing he had given me the previous evening.

Yes, he was hurting me, but I was massively aroused and could feel a fire raging in my furnace, waiting to be stoked.

He yanked my flimsy thong to one side, revealing the whole of my thrusting labia. “Fucking plead for it, bitch.”

“Tom, fuck me like you’ve never a girl fucked before...”

“More, bitch and make it good.”

“Thrust your gigantic black cock into my tight holes, Tom. I deserve to be punished with your cock...”

“Too fucking right, bitch,” he growled when he thrust his dick against my salivating entrance.

Yessss,” I sighed “Split me in two, Tom, you’re big enough...”

And, that's what he tried to do with his first piledriving thrust. The wooden desk had a slippery surface, so he had to grip my thighs to keep me from sliding across it. "Uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh," I groaned with each violent, piston stroke.

The brutal attack on my sensitive extremity caused a series of dull aches that quickly morphed into a ferocious wave of sparkling energy.

"Oh, Tommmmm," I cried as I became consumed by wave after wave of thrilling sensations.

"Soak it up, bitch," he grunted. "You might be Melvin's Pet, but you're my bitch from now onnnnnnn..." His voice trailed away when his climax arrived. He powered six or seven deeper thrusts, slamming his body hard against my upturned ass, then withdrew and stepped back. "Clean me bitch!"

I lowered my legs and scrambled off the desk, then dropped to my knees. I stared up into his angry face while I dutifully licked and lollypopped his dick, free of slime. He placed a hand on my blonde wig and encouraged me to increase my activity.

As his black shaft stiffened, I was able to get a better grip and squeeze it until it was rock hard again. "There's a good bitch. I thought you might like to know that I'm allowed three holes a day..."

I groaned in despair as his hand urged me forward, further onto his cock. From my tongue, to my soft palate, to my oesophagus, was a swift journey and Tom was in a hurry to plunge deeper until he could go no further. Allowing my throat

to be impaled on such a massive black boner was the ultimate demonstration of unbridled submissiveness.

“Zoe,” he sighed, as soon as my head was bobbing rapidly. “You’re making a good start to our new relationship. If you keep this kind of performance up, then one day, in the distant future, we’re going to be square...”

Whether being dominated at work or at home, Melvin had found, in Tom, a suitable replacement for Seth. And, until the latter returned to Birmingham, I was going to be a very busy girl indeed...

Having satisfied himself twice in two of my orifices, Tom returned to his seat, and waited for me to straighten my thong.

He swivelled his chair and pointed at his feet. “Come around here where I can see you, Zoe.”

I approached the desk and stood near the front corner.

“Closer, girl,” he said with an aggressive lilt in his voice. I moved forward, between his knees, almost to the edge of his chair. “Lift your skirt so I can check your thong.”

I gathered the front pleats and lifted the whole skirt far enough to reveal it. The small triangle of black tulle covered my mons, but where it disappeared between my thighs it looked as though my lips had swallowed the material. He slipped

his fingers in the waistband and pulled it down, past the top of my thighs. The tiny gusset lingered in my sticky labia then escaped.

He stroked the 'MW' tattoo. "I think you should add 'TS'. There's room below it. What do you say?"

"You should ask Melvin, Sir. I belong to him." He was playing a game of tease and in return I was playing dare.

He raised an eyebrow, clearly surprised by my admission I was 'owned' by Melvin. He wasn't happy with my reply and poked a finger into my sticky cleft. "I'll ask him. Maybe he'll agree to joint ownership." He pulled the thong up, then reached behind me and yanked the strip of material in my ass crack. "That's better. Is that what your cunt looked like when you let Terry touch you up?"

I looked down to see that most of my labia lips were visible. "Yes, that looks about the same, Sir."

"Good, you can drop your skirt." As I did, he slipped his hands under my jacket and grabbed my small but pert tits through two layers of material. "These are pathetic, so you've got to use your other assets to get the lads interested in chasing your tail."

He was wrong about that, for I had found most men loved my small but perfectly formed tits. I didn't say anything because he was a knobhead and his authority had already gone to his head. Compared to Seth, he was an amateur.

He leant back in his swivel chair and studied my face. “So, Terry has seen and felt the goods, what about Peter? Rumours were going around the showroom that he boned you at the Christmas party.”

I knew Peter had been boasting about his conquest, so I wasn’t surprised. “The rumours are true, but we were both drunk, so it hardly counts as a meaningful conquest. I’d say it was more like a mutual fumble.”

He chuckled. “That sounds like Pete. Look, seriously, Melvin is worried about him. He took Jack’s departure hard and didn’t like Melvin’s decision to make me the salesfloor manager. I get it. Pete’s a great salesman and was Don’s favourite. He thought that he’d take over from Don, one day. Then Melvin showed up.”

“Yer, Melvin showed up...,” I muttered. “What happened to Jack?”

“Had a disagreement with Melvin over hours and commission. I reckon it was more to do with him being gay. The boss wants straight guys. Guys that’ll drool over you and tell you what’s on their mind.”

“I can’t do that with every salesman. When one finds out that the others are shafting me, there’ll be arguments and trouble.”

“Nah, according to Melvin, building a sales team with a reward figure at the hub, improves the competitive spirit among the other members. Once all of them have sampled the goods, we’ll see more effort and sales shoot up. You’ve seen the standard catalogue. There will be a special one for when the salesmen reach certain targets.”

I was appalled. “So, how often am I going to be the prize?” I tried to keep my voice even and hide my anger.

He reached out and slipped his hands up my skirt and onto my bare butt cheeks. “Not just you, kid. Tammy is involved in this as well. You two are going to make an awesome team.”

“Is Tammy going to stay working here in the showroom?”

“Maybe. We have a spare office where she can do her legal work. It’s out of Melvin’s hands...”

“Oww,” I exclaimed when his fingertips pressed into the bruises either side of my deep divide so he could clench my cheeks. “Does Melvin expect me to all the work on the guys?”

“Yes. You impressed Melvin.” Tom started kneading my cheeks. “You managed to convince me that you’ve been whoring for a couple of years, so you’ll have no problem with the others.”

I was flabbergasted. “So, Terry, Keith and Peter. Is that the team I’m going to reward?”

“Melvin is interviewing tomorrow. He wants a replacement for Jack as soon as

possible. It's Melvin's judgement that with you added to the team and one new salesman, we'll have a stronger sales team."

He gave my cheeks a harder squeeze, then let go.

"So, Pete's not happy about Jack leaving... Did you know they've been friends since their school days?"

"Yer, shit happens," he said callously. "It's time you reprised your Christmas performance with Pete, without the alcohol this time. How have you two been getting on lately?"

"Well. I like Peter, and had a chat with him on the way in. I mentioned I might pop out for a sandwich and he said he'd come with me. I guess he wants to get something off his chest."

"Good. Find out what's on his mind and get me a ham salad sandwich while you're at it."

He made it sound as if fucking Peter was akin to fetching his cold lunch! "I'm at the touching stage with Terry. Do you want me to go further with Peter?"

"You'll know when you speak to him. Once these guys have had..." He reached up and touched my lips. "...your sweet lips wrapped around their cocks, you'll have them eating out of your hand. If Pete responds to you, invite him around your flat, say Thursday or Friday evening."

“The thing is, Tom, Peter knows I’m not a whore...”

Tom smirked. “But you are a whore, Zoe. You proved that last night when you lured me in front of the cameras.”

I didn’t want to admit it, but it was true and the sooner I faced the facts, the better...

Three ~ Luring a colleague.

Peter Atkins had a reputation for consistently strong sales figures. He had a good sales technique and could probably walk into any dealership in London and get a job within 24 hours. He was dead keen and from Melvin's point of view, a gold mine with his ability to sell cars. I had often watched him operating while selling to the most difficult punters. I marvelled when he not only sold the car, he sold finance and insurance as well.

From an appearance point of view, I found him attractive, but his cocky chauvinistic manner put me off having a relationship with him. He was the youngest salesman – 29 – so only 8 years older than me. He was tall, slim and his dark unruly hair accentuated his boyish good looks. Since we had sex at the Christmas party, I had been holding him at arm's length, so as not to give him any ideas.

That tactic was obviously a thing of the past, now that Melvin and Tom were putting their team-Zoe plan into effect. The more I thought about chatting Peter up, because that's what Tom wanted me to do, the more nervous I became.

I was relieved to leave Tom's office. He had demanded a kiss and then held my head while he forced his tongue into my mouth. I responded like a submissive would and let him dominate me. Whether it was his tongue or his cock trying to penetrate my throat, he hardly measured up to the real man – Seth.

Tammy was sitting at the reception desk and looked up as I approached. "You look comfortable, Tammy."

She shook her head. "I'd die of boredom if I had to do this job fulltime."

“How long before Melvin finds a replacement? He could always ask Kerry or Liz if they want their old jobs back.”

“Our boss is Mr Okoro and he chooses his women very carefully. It was lucky you were involved in the scam, otherwise you would have been booted out with the others. He’ll probably give Melvin a girl he’s trained at another of his businesses. I’m wasted here but going forward Melvin will bring me in if he’s shorthanded.”

That was good news, but I guessed from what Tom had said, she’d be working at Orbital from some time. I looked around. “Where is everyone?”

“Keith’s just gone to lunch...” She leant over to look past me. “Tom’s approaching and Terry’s on the forecourt with a customer.”

“Where’s Pete?” I asked.

Tom sidled up to stand beside me. “Yes, where’s Pete?”

“He’s just gone to the workshop to pick up the Kia he sold the other day. The customer was on the phone, chasing him up.”

Punters were so impatient to get their hands on their new car. “Is the punter coming in, Tammy?” Tom asked.

“Pete offered to deliver it, if Roy had finished the service.”

“Okay. Zoe can follow him in her Mini and bring him back,” Tom said, then turned to me. “Be back by two-thirty to meet that guy interested in a Jag.”

“I will, Tom. I think I’ll walk around to see how long the Kia’s going to take.”

I passed Terry, who was with a customer, on the way to the end of the forecourt and gave him a wave. A pedestrian walkway led to the back of the showroom and the garage where we service and repair cars. When I emerged into the open, I spotted Peter chatting with Roy Schmidt beside the gleaming white Kia.

“Hey!” Roy shouted as I approached, then pulled a huge grin. “Here come’s my favourite girl.”

Peter turned and his face also lit up. I was chuffed by both men’s reactions, because I was feeling soiled from the experiences of the previous three days. Realizing that I had become a whore, was a huge shock to my system, but the men weren’t thinking that. However, from the expressions on their faces I guessed they were undressing me in their minds and imagining fucking me on the bonnet of the Kia.

“Zoe, I was going to come and find you. I’ve got to run this beauty over to Southgate. The punter’s been on the phone.”

“Tom suggested I follow you in my Mini and bring you back.”

“Oh, er, all right...”

“It’s for a lady, Zoe. I think she’s expecting Pete’s personal touch,” Roy said with a mischievous grin on his face.

Pete’s face reddened. “No, no, she’s just another customer. Um, yes, it’ll save time if you follow me. I’ll meet you at the end of The Fairway. You can follow me from there.”

On the way back to my car I had an epiphany. Peter was coming onto his customers in a similar way I was with mine. He probably would have asked me to bring him back from the drop-off, after maybe spending an hour with the woman.

I wasn’t sure how to deal with Peter and do what Tom wanted so I’d have to play it by ear. Having had sex with him at the Christmas party, I should have known him better than I did. Discovering a new side to his character gave me more ammunition to use in the future.

The Fairway was a leafy road in Southgate known as Millionaire’s Row. He was parked with his engine running and as I approached, he pulled away. The customer’s detached house was a few roads away in an equally salubrious neighbourhood.

I parked on the road in a position where I could see Pete knock on the front door. The attractive middle-aged blonde woman who emerged was dressed in black leather trousers and white blouse. She wanted him to go in the house and didn't look too pleased when he pointed at my car to explain his reason for turning her down.

However, he gave her a tour of the car after handing over the keys and had plenty of opportunity to make another date with her. Just from her mannerisms I guessed she was a dominatrix and had been looking forward to a session of aggressive sex.

While Pete was doing showing her the car, I took my jacket off and laid it on the back seat, then touched up my make-up. I was pleased with the result. My white blouse was semi-transparent and with an extra button undone, I was ready to handle Peter.

He seemed cheerful as he walked down the drive and climbed into the Mini's passenger seat. "Another one successfully delivered."

I pulled away from the kerb. "You're good with women, Pete. Roy was right about you and her, wasn't he?"

"Who cares? She's just another rich single woman..."

"I feel really bad about intruding, unless you're returning after dark."

“Oh, no. When it comes to selling cars, fuck em and forget em, is my moto.”

His brash comment surprised me. “So, you’ve already...?” I glanced at Pete as I followed the traffic toward Whetstone.

“Sure, there’s some very lonely women out there, Zoe. What about you? Are you lonely?”

“Huh! The exact opposite. I have a very busy life.”

“You didn’t have a boyfriend the last time I asked.”

“Nope. No time for boyfriends, especially now that Melvin has taken over.”

“Taken over the dealership, or your life?”

“To be honest, both...” I pulled into a parking space, in a side road, near the parade of shops in which the sandwich bar was located. The road was a dead-end and pedestrian free. The tinted windows would give us some privacy. It was the perfect place to try and get him onto the subject of sex.

I killed the engine and turned to face him. “Pete, I always wondered why you had such a high conversion rate with women customers.”

He squirmed a little in his seat. “Zoe, being nice and respectful to a woman is often enough to swing a sale.”

I was on a mission to get him talking about sex. “Were you nice and respectful to me in Donald’s study on Christmas Eve?” I asked the question with a mischievous lilt to my voice.

I had always avoided the subject of the night we fucked, because at that time, having sex on an impulse was unlike me.

“We were both drunk, Zoe. I think it was very much a fifty-fifty attraction thing, don’t you?”

“Sure, but to this day I can’t remember how I got home.”

“Huh! We put you in a cab with Jenny who was sober. I guess she did the rest.”

“Do any of the women you sell cars to talk about sex?”

“No, not really. It’s all innuendo until they invite you in for a coffee.”

“That customer looked like she was offering more than coffee. She was dressed

to kill!”

He coloured. “She can handle herself. What about you? The Jag sale you split with Terry. I think his name was Turner. Did he bring up sex? Did you need to use your womanly charms?”

I had gotten a lucky break by getting him to ask me about sex. “Sure. A glimpse of my panties can be a distraction when discussing finance. The APR rate was eyewatering, so I had to do something to disrupt his train of thought.” I chuckled and he smiled.

“A girl after my own heart. I’ll bring you in on some of my difficult punters, if you like. But, I’d need to check out your moves first.”

“Why. Do you think I might go too far?” I twisted a bit further, raised my knee outward in his direction and let the pleats of my skirt fall back, revealing the triangle of black tulle covering my mons. I maintained a position so that my labia lips were almost hidden.

“Would this pass your inspection?”

He put his hand on the middle of my thigh just below the elastic of the black hold-ups. He stroked the sheer nylon. “You showed me more when you arrived this morning.”

“Oh! Did you see my panties?” I asked in mock surprise and put my hand over

my mouth.

He looked over his shoulder to see if anyone was getting in or out of the nearest parked cars. “I did, Zoe, and I saw you lips.”

I lifted my right knee under the steering wheel and widened my thighs. “Oh, I see what you mean. These damn thongs have a mind of their own. Straighten it for me!”

He looked me in the eye and revealed a glimmer of weakness. “Fuck, yes, Ma’am.”

He slid his hand down my thigh and deftly slipped his fingers under the triangle of semi-transparent material. Then, by pulling it away from my mons, he was able to tug the bunched gusset out of my cleft. Having pulled it clear, he pushed his fingers down inside it to smooth it flat and at the same time rub my plump labia.

“Jesus, Zoe, you’re hot and steamy and dripping honey...”

I twisted a little more and held his stare. “That’s because I came over all horny, thinking about you boning your customers.” After a quick glance around, I gripped his wrist with my left hand, and while holding it tight, encouraged him to investigate my sticky folds. “Stoke the hive, Pete.” He eagerly obliged. “Oh, that feels good. Oh... oh, yes,” I sighed when he expertly strummed my clitoral flesh.

“I’ve always had the hots for you, Zoe,” he said softly just before our lips docked and melded into a passionate kiss.

I kind of believed him, but it was probably true of every girl he came in contact with. If that was the case, Melvin wouldn’t have as much a hold on him, as say Terry for example. The older man was shy and therefore easier to manipulate. But, I had a glimpse of Peters submissive side and it was definitely a chink in his armour.

I could only do what Tom told me to do and hope that Melvin had a genuine weakness for me.

Four ~ A hard ride.

I reached out and rubbed his erection through his pants, then pulled out of the kiss. “How did you fuck them, Pete? In the car?”

He kissed me lightly and then nodded, allowing his cockiness to show on his face. “I never fuck them, they come and ride my dick.”

I tightened my grip his cock through the material and tried to look excited. “Show me, Pete.”

He looked around nervously. “Here? In broad daylight?”

“The tints will do their job.”

I raised my body, instigating the action. As I got ready to straddle him, he had no option but to recline the back of the seat 45 degrees.

“You’re out of your tiny, dirty mind, Zoe, but if you want a demonstration, climb on...” While he spoke, he unzipped and released his handsome, hard cock.

As I straddled him, the pleats fell around my widely spread thighs, covering the action. Peter wanted to see what was happening, so he lifted my skirt with one hand and pulled the thong aside with the other. Not only could he see my splayed pussy, but the ‘MW’ tattoo on my smooth mons. While he was admiring the view, I grabbed his shaft and positioned it in line with my salivating entrance.

“How many women have you fucked like this, Pete?”

“Zoe, to be honest I’ve lost count. It’s not quantity though, it’s quality. A couple of them were good, especially the more mature ones.”

“Huh! Then I have to prove that youth is as good as age...” With that I steered the crown of his cock into my molten vagina.

“Oh, Christ, kid...,” He sighed, as I bent my knees and lowered my ass, enabling my tight quim to devour the full nine inches of his rock-hard erection. “...your snatch is going to cook my dick and eat it whole, at this rate.”

I stilled and took another look around. The coast was clear. “Your hard dick feels so good, Pete...”

I began to rise and fall a couple of inches, leaving most of his shaft buried deep inside me. My quim was hugging a white cock for a change but the owner of it had a similar outlook to life to my black Masters – treat women as sex objects and screw as many as they could.

I was doing what Tom ordered, but there was no escaping the fact that I was enjoying the sex and the challenge. I was on a steep learning curve and unless I embraced my new lifestyle everything would unravel at the dealership.

Holding the thong to one side, he rubbed the 'MW' tattoo, as my mons slowly rose and fell. "I've never seen anything like this, Zoe. Melvin made you have this tattoo?"

"He did and other stuff as well."

"You told us about the hair... Shit, Zooooeee, that is so goooooood..."

Holding his shoulders and keeping an eye on the surrounding cars, I increased the length of the stroke. When the thrill in my belly began to spread outward and pervade my entire nervous system, I upped the pace. "Peeeeeter..."

He understood what was happening to me, so dropped my skirt and reached up to cup my tits. His strong grip and manipulation of my twin peaks increased the intense orgasmic sensations engulfing my senses.

"Yessssss," he gasped. "I'm cummmm..." The word trailed away.

The Mini had been rocking as my body weight plunged at a breakneck pistoning speed, then stilled once Pete had emptied his balls into my deep extremity. With his cock still inside me and his hands gripping my tits, I leant forward and gave him a kiss.

He returned it with passion, a good sign from a man who was used to fucking multiple women. "Wow, you lasted a long time. I enjoyed that, thanks Pete."

“No, I think I should thank you.” I lifted my body just far enough for his dick to slip out.

After sliding my ass back six inches, he lowered his hands and tucked his cock away while I straightened my thong.

“How do I rate, compared to your customers?”

He reached around and cupped my buttocks. “Huh, I’ve never had one with as young and nimble a body as yours, Zoe, or a woman as beautiful as you.”

I placed my hands on his shirt and felt his modest, soft pecs, which were a total contrast to Seth and Melvin’s hardened muscles. “You don’t need to use your sales patter on me, Pete.”

He shook his head. “It’s true, Zoe, you’re gorgeous. Let’s put our heads together and become a team. Together, we could sell a lot of cars and have a great time after work. We’re pees from the same pod.”

“If I help you with a sale, what would my cut be?”

He didn’t take long to respond. “Maybe give you twenty-five percent if we swing the deal...”

I'd demand fifty but I wasn't about to argue. "Sounds like a good idea, Pete. So, if I get a woman who can't make her mind up and you swing it for me, we'd have the same deal?"

His expression changed for a second as he saw the unfairness in his proposal. "We'll work something out."

"Good, but you need to know that my activities beyond working hours are controlled by Melvin."

"Controlled? How do you mean?"

"Melvin owns me, Pete. He's my Master, so I have to do what he says."

"What does that even Mean?" he asked with an exasperated tone to his voice.

"It means that if I didn't have my hair cut off, my body tattooed in three places, my nipples and clit pierced, he'd shop all of us. He demanded I pay back the money I stole from him. He made me buy these clothes and change the way I act when I'm selling. He owns me, Pete, and I've accepted that I belong to him."

"Zoe, I understand the shitty position you found yourself in when we got caught, but the boss can't expect to run your life. There's going to be plenty of times you can come around my flat or go out together."

“I’m afraid not. I told you about Seth staying at my flat for the next week or two, well they found out that I have been having regular guys around...”

“Regular guys around? What... Like boyfriends or what?” His hands, which had been gently kneading my ass cheeks, stilled.

I didn’t want to go down the same route I went with Tom, but Peter was going to find out about the activities in the flat, sooner or later. “Pete, there’s a lot you don’t know about me. All I can say is that Melvin has taken charge of my social life and if I tell him you’re interested in popping by the flat, he’ll include you.”

It was a clumsy way to break it to him, but I couldn’t think of any other way.

“Am I getting the wrong end of the stick or are you saying that you entertain men at your flat. That Melvin, Seth and their friends are using you and your flat for nefarious purposes?”

I nodded. “Do you think any less of me now you know that I do stuff normal girls would never think of doing?”

Peter fell silent, so I started to climb off him, pushing his hands off my ass in the process.

He helped me get my leg over. “I’m not surprised, Zoe. I’ve met a lot of women

who would secretly like to be a prostitute...”

I held my hand up. “That’s a bit harsh.”

“Zoe, we’re the same. We both use sex to get what we want. You’ve come unstuck because Melvin’s moved in on your turf. I don’t know whether I’m going to stay at Orbital. I’m really pissed at Melvin for sacking Jack.”

“What happened?”

“Oh, Melvin was having a go at Jack for two blank days. No sales and no leads. It was unnecessary and his language was provocative. Jack took the bait and got sacked.

“I put my hand on his thigh. “Look, Pete, I’d be really disappointed if you left. If you do, we won’t be able to do this again and you’ll also miss out on popping by the flat. I have a tight black latex outfit that I’d be wearing when I answer the door. If you like, I’ll tell Melvin you’re interested.”

“Now you’ve got me intrigued, Zoe. What exactly do you get up to in your flat?”

“What do Tammy and I get up to in my flat, is what you meant to ask.”

“Ohhhhhh.” He gave me a knowing look. “Tell me Zoe... Give me a clue.”

“All I can say is that Melvin will explain everything. When the sales team is finalized, you’re going to enjoy working for him, trust me.” He was going to say something, but I held my hand up.

“I’ve got to meet a punter at two-thirty, so I’d better get the sandwiches. Tom wants me to get him a Ham salad sandwich. What do you want?”

“I’ll see what they’ve got.”

Peter accompanied me to the sandwich bar and ate his sandwich on the journey back to the dealership. I could imagine the cogs grinding away in his head. With a guy like Peter it all came down to what perks he could get out of the job and life. I had drawn the lines of a picture and all Pete had to do was colour them in.

Five ~ The warning.

I was on the forecourt at 2:20 so I had a stroll along the lines of luxury motors. I wasn't sure what Melvin's policy was about having a run-around. Donald let me have what I wanted and in the end I chose the Mini Cooper, my favourite car. I stopped at a silver-grey Audi A3 Sportback and peered through the window to look at the interior.

I imagined sitting in the driver's seat zooming around the Hertfordshire country lanes. I loved working among cars at Orbital motors and if I had to do more selling than office work, I'd be a happy bunny. I decided that if Melvin took the Mini, I'd ask for the Audi, but I hoped I didn't have to change.

I had just moved to the back of the car when I spotted Detective sergeant Patrick O'Brian from the Met. He was nonchalantly wandering around the far end of the forecourt where we grouped the Jaguars together. No sooner had I set off, Patrick looked in my direction and waited while I approached him.

I was lifted by the broad appreciative expression on his face. The outfit I was wearing was sexy, especially the short-pleated skirt, black stockings and heels, so his reaction was understandable.

"Harry Collins, I presume," I said, holding my hand out to him.

He chuckled, then gave me a firm handshake. "Miss Nowak, you're looking very attractive. I hope you don't mind me coming for a chat?"

"No, not at all, but we're being watched so I'll have to treat you like a

customer.”

“No problem...” He turned and pointed at a red Jaguar XE2. R-Sport. “I think this is the nicest motor on the lot.”

“You have good taste, Sir. Twenty-two K is a lot of money for a detective sergeant.”

“Being single, I can save my money.”

Was he telling me he’s available? “Let’s walk around the car, then I’ll go and get the key and show you inside. Can’t take you out for a spin because I’d need your driver’s licence and that wouldn’t match your alias, would it?”

“You’ve got a point...” We started to wander around the car. Patrick pretended to look interested while we spoke.

“Was my crime worth a follow-up visit, detective? Have you reconsidered arresting me for indecent exposure?”

“Are you a repeat offender? Zoe?”

“I may be. You’ll have to keep me under surveillance.”

“I’ll do that, because in the few minutes we met at the burger bar, you made a huge impression on me.”

I wasn’t expecting him to be so forthright. “Oh, that’s nice to hear, um, I’ll get the key and show you the interior...”

I didn’t wait for a reply and instead set off for the showroom. Peter was standing at the desk talking to Tammy. They both turned their heads as I approached.

“How’s it going, Zoe?” Peter asked.

“He’s digging for a big discount...” I stopped and looked down at Tammy. “You two getting along okay?”

“Pete was telling me Wednesday is the quietest day on the forecourt and was wondering if we’re lesbians...”

“No! That’s not true,” he said hastily. “I asked Tammy how long you two had been living together.”

“How would you describe our relationship, Zoe?” Tammy asked with a cheeky expression on her face.

“Um, bi-sexual lesbian lovers? What about you?”

She nodded. “Yep, that pretty much paints an accurate picture. We always tuck up at night with a snug double-ender.”

Peter turned his head back and forth but wasn't shocked by Tammy's racy remark. I guessed that was because it was in his nature to be thinking about sexual conquests and we were both in his headlights. For some reason men seemed to be turned on by the prospect of bedding lesbian lovers, while as far as I knew, the opposite wasn't true.

I had to change the subject. “I've got to get the keys for one of the Jags...”

As I turned to leave, Peter joined me and we set off together for the strong room. “Are you okay with this guy, Zoe?”

“Yes, he's asking about the price. That particular car has a six K margin on it, so there's room for a deal.”

“Mmm, you should know, kid, having taken care of the paperwork when it came in.”

“I'm going to show him the interior and the gadgets. He seems like a slow burner.”

After entering the strong room, I went straight to the safe. Peter stood beside me and watched me punch the passcode number into the keypad. “Zoe, don’t let him sit in the driver’s seat until you’ve got a photocopy of his driver’s licence.”

“Don’t worry, I’m not that stupid.”

He waited while I bent at the waist, straight legged, to reach into the safe to get the key. Although he could see my ass, like a gentleman, he didn’t touch it. I wasn’t sure if the skirt had lifted far enough for him to see my tattoos.

I had an idea, so I looked over my shoulder. “Pete, I like my thong in my crack when I’m demonstrating a car. Could you adjust it for me?”

“With pleasure, Zoe.” As he said my name, he placed his hand on my ass and pushed the hem of the skirt up, revealing the tattoos. “Ahhh, these are very bold. They must be the other two tattoos you mentioned earlier. Do you hate them?”

“Nah, I’m sitting on them most of the time... Out of sight out of mind.” I hated them and the fact I was scared for life.

While I made a meal of finding the keys, Peter ran a hand over my cheeks. “You’ve got a spectacular ass, Zoe, but I can see you’ve been a bad girl.” He ran his fingertips down my bruised ass valley before getting a grip of the thong’s backstrap.

“Peter, I’m a bad girl every night. Get on with it.”

He pulled the strap and used his fingers to bunch the material as it disappeared into my deep labia cleft. “Don’t clench your pussy, kid, it might bite through the material.” He chuckled.

He was stoking my lips when I stood up. “You’d better be careful the next time you put your fingers in there then. You might lose them.”

“Seriously, Zoe, seeing those bruises answers one of my questions.”

I moved closer to him and studied his intelligent brown eyes. “And that is?”

He hesitated, then found the courage. “You like rough sex...”

“Ahhh, I thought you were going to ask me how I got them.”

“Well, yes, that goes without question. I’ve heard black guys like it rough and if you do, that’s okay.”

I touched his arm. “We’d better talk about this later. My guy might have wandered off.”

“No chance. He’ll be waiting for a better look at your legs and cute ass...”

I straightened his tie. “Maybe...” I left him standing slightly bemused in the small room and hurried back the way I came, giving Tammy a wave as I passed her. Of course, Patrick was waiting patiently by the car because Peter was right, he wanted to see more of my body.

I shook the keys in the air as I approached. “Do you want to jump in the passenger side?”

“Oh, and miss your grand entrance?”

I gave him a smirk. “You can open the door for me then.”

I used the fob, then after Patrick pulled the door open, I eased onto the red and black leather seat. The heady scent of leather was strong and assaulted my senses in a nice way. I swung my left leg in and put the keys in the ignition.

“Is there anything you’d like me to show you on this side of the instrument panel, Sir?” I flicked a switch on the rosewood dashboard as if I knew what it was for.

“I think I can see everything from here.”

I looked down and confirmed that my lewd posture was revealing the entire triangle of black tulle, to the point where it disappeared between my lips. The

view of my lips was more extreme than I planned, so I quickly swung my other leg in. He gently closed the door, walked around to the passenger side and climbed in beside me.

He looked around for a second, then into my eyes. “So, have you been working here long?”

“Ohhh, I’ve been here a couple of years, but I’ve only just started selling. My new boss thinks I’m more suited to the forecourt than a desk.”

“I agree with him. If I had enough money, I’d let you sell me a car. You’re beautiful and you have character, something lacking in young people today.”

“Why’d you come back, Patrick? If it’s to ask me on a date, I have a boyfriend already.”

Because of his friendly manner and my dodgy situation, I was interested in getting to know him. I liked the guy, but I’d never shack up with a policeman. I’d go for a bout of casual sex with him, but even that was difficult in my restrictive situation.

“Well, I’m not here to ask you out. I’m here to warn you about your boyfriend.”

I was caught unprepared. One minute he was chatting me up, the next being a knobhead! “Warn me? What do you mean?”

“Listen to me, Zoe. Just listen to my advice and you can decide for yourself if you act upon it. Can I tell you what I know?”

I was deeply suspicious about Seth and Melvin so anything that Sergeant O'Brian told me wouldn't come as too much of a shock, but I wanted to know what the police knew about them. I was playing with fire and if I wasn't careful, I'd be consumed by it...

Six ~ Tell-tale Tattoo.

He took a couple of photographs out of his inside pocket which indicated that he had some serious information to divulge.

“Okay, tell me what you know.”

“Firstly, I have a natural ability to remember a face. A very handy skill in my line of work. When you sat down at my table in the restaurant, I instantly knew that I had seen your pretty face somewhere before.”

I sighed and took a deep breath. “In the police files by any chance?”

“Correct. I couldn’t remember your name, possibly because I wasn’t involved in any of your cases. Anyway, I took a picture of you while you were eating...”

I rolled my eyes. “And, I thought you were a nice guy. Shows how wrong someone can be.” I wasn’t angry.

Because of my previous brushes with the law, I knew exactly how they worked. It had been over three years since I was in any trouble, so I had a right to be left alone.

“Do you want to hear me out?” Friendly Patrick had become a serious detective.

“So, you discovered I was a member of an auto theft gang and that I’ve been inside?”

“Yes. The judge gave you twelve months of which you spent three in Holloway. It was the last of a string of car related offences.”

“I was a juvenile when I got caught and put on remand. The bastards delayed the trial by three months, so I was eighteen when they sentenced me.

“Shit happens, Kid. You shouldn’t have stolen all those cars. It’s ironic that you ended up here, among the very things that got you into trouble.”

“Is that it? You tracked me down to show me what a clever detective you are?”

“No, I have something much more important to tell you.”

I was aware that bringing my background up was the preamble to the main course. He had some photos to show me and I wasn’t sure if I wanted to see them.

I glanced out of the windows and saw that the lot was quiet. Peter was just visible at the other end of the forecourt, talking to one of the car valets, working on his BMW. I could talk a little while longer.

I turned my attention back to Detective O'Brian. "Okay, what else have you got?"

"I couldn't put my finger on where I'd seen you, however when you gave me your card, the name clicked. Who'd ever forget the name Zoe Nowak? So, I thought I'd follow you out of the restaurant to get another chance to talk to you. When I saw the car, I genuinely thought you were back in the motor vehicle theft business and your card was fake. You were driving a Mini when you were arrested, weren't you?"

"Yes, it was a red and white, John Cooper Works model. Nice car." I tried to outrun an unmarked police car through the lanes and rolled the Mini. Thankfully, I wasn't seriously injured.

"Anyway, I followed you back to your ground floor flat and sat outside where I could watch your door. An hour later, who should emerge..." He lifted the top photo and showed me. "...Seth Wilder."

It wasn't a very flattering picture of the guy, while the red lines behind his head indicated he had been arrested for something. "He's not my boyfriend. I have a girlfriend, actually."

"He's staying at your flat."

"Only for a couple of days. We have a new management team at Orbital Motors. He's helping out, then he'll return to Birmingham in a couple of days. Has he committed a crime? Are you going to arrest him?"

“Zoe, all I can tell you is that he is a person of interest in the County Lines drugs investigation. We believe he is a very dangerous man and by association that means you are in danger.”

“Why am I in danger? I’m just a car salesperson. I’m no threat to them. In fact, you could be putting me in danger by stalking me. They wouldn’t like me talking to the filth.”

He winced. “Zoe, I think you are in danger. This gang have tendrils across the country and will commit murder if anyone gets in their way. Last night I was shown photos of a girl who was murdered in Birmingham, a month ago. She is connected to the case. When I remembered the tattoo I glimpsed through your panties I had to come and see you. I was able to confirm my recollection when you gave me a longer flash just now.”

The fact that the detective was more interested in the tattoo on my mons, than my body, was the last nail in his coffin. I’d listen to what he had to say, but as far as I was concerned, he could sling his hook!

The sergeant then showed me a photo that I guessed was taken in a morgue. It was of a white, naked girl, lying on a stainless-steel table, on her back. The photograph was taken from beyond her feet and her legs were together. There, on her mons, was a distinctive tattoo – the letters ‘MW’, identical to my tattoo. Further up her green tinged body was another similarity, metal barbell adornments pierced through her nipples. The girl’s face was covered but black marks on her neck weren’t.

The image shocked me into silence. I just stared at it until he withdrew it and

returned the photos to his inside pocket. “Now do you see why I’m concerned about your safety, Zoe?”

I was trembling from head to toe and couldn’t think straight. One question sprang into my mind. “Does she have tattoos on her butt cheeks?”

“Yes, she does. Do you?”

“Yes. What’s her name?”

“Mary. Her body was washed up in a canal in Birmingham. I want you to tell me what you know about Seth Wilder and what ‘MW’ stands for? If you could help us, we could help you.”

“Like the girl in the picture? No thanks. I’ve got to go, detective...”

“Wait, I know it’s a shock, but you need to think about who you’re messing with. They aren’t a couple of mates stealing cars. Seth Wilder and his pals dispose of enemies for fun.”

“Detective, I’ve done nothing wrong and I don’t intend to break any laws. Just leave me alone.”

“I’m not accusing you of anything, Zoe. It sounds as though you’ve been caught

up in the change of management, but that doesn't explain your tattoo."

He suspected me of being involved in a crime. "Think what you like. I've heard enough."

"Zoe, I'll come back on Friday at three o'clock." He looked around the forecourt and pointed at the entrance to the alleyway. "I'll be standing over there. If you've changed your mind in the intervening 48 hours, come and talk to me."

He opened his door, climbed out and disappeared between the cars. I remained seated, stunned by the detective's bold approach and the revelations about Seth. Dragging up my past was something I didn't want to do but it had a huge bearing on my decision making. I was treated appallingly by the police when I was 17 and I had never gotten over it.

Sergeant O'Brian wanted me to help him pin something on Seth. Melvin would be next when the snooping detective worked out that MW were his initials. I was going to think long and hard during the next 48 hours and by then I'd have made up my mind whether I wanted to stay or run...

Seven ~ Punishment and reward.

As luck would have it, I was just locking the Jaguar when I spotted another punter looking at a nearby BMW. I approached him and got chatting about the car and its history. The Mediterranean blue 3 Series was a gem and had one of the cleanest histories on the forecourt. The guy, a self-employed Asian who owned a string of Chinese restaurants, fell in love with the car.

I played it straight and lavished him with charm. The man wanted to pay cash, so I gave him £1000 off the 16K asking price and made a cool thousand for myself. Melvin was chuffed that I had gotten my first solo sale but chided me for losing the first deal. I followed him into his empty office and closed the door behind me.

“Kid, you know what I said about celebrating after each sale...” He skirted the end of the desk and sat down in his leather swivel chair.

I walked to the desk on the right, removed my jacket and placed it on the surface. Melvin was jacketless and had rolled up his sleeves. He looked completely different – more down to earth and a little less aggressive. However, I didn’t doubt that the man had a violent streak as wide as the Thames and was perfectly capable of murder.

I should have been terrified of him but instead I felt a thrill in the pit of my stomach at the prospect of him shafting me with his ten-inch drill bit. Thankfully, he wasn’t repulsive and smelly like a few men I had met in my short life. He was studying his phone as if he was getting ready to take a photograph of me.

“Where do you want me, Sir?”

“Take your thong off.”

I reached under my skirt and shimmied the tiny black garment down my stockinged legs and placed it on my jacket.

“I want to switch this onto the big screen,” he said while continuing to fiddle with his handset. “I wish I was as good as Seth with these gadgets.”

I walked over to see what he was doing. He was on the app that was linked to the tag buried in my labia. “You want it on the TV screen?”

He turned his monitor toward me. “Yes. Am I pressing the wrong button?”

“It’s this one...” I pointed at an icon on the screen.” The moment I touched it the image from the handset sprung up on the monitor.

“Great, lean over the end of the desk and tell me what you’ve been up to.” He had cleared it prior to me entering his office, anticipating giving me a reward.

I did as I was told. Resting on my elbows on the desk, I studied the graphs on the screen. Melvin got to his feet and moved foursquare behind me. He then lifted my skirt onto my back, and after grabbing my cheeks, rubbed his thumbs up and down my ass crack.

“Oooo, that’s raw, Sir.”

“As it should be, girl. When you feel the heat, what are you reminded of?”

“Ahhh. That I’m your Pet and you’re my Master.”

“Good and don’t you forget it.” Slap! Slap!

“Owww, what was that for?” I asked indignantly, after he delivered a powerful slap to each of my butt cheeks.

“A reminder that failure will be punished.”

He wanted to make a point, but he was also impatient to reward me for the sale. He unzipped.

Moments later he was using his knob to rub up and down my ass crack. “These cheeks are firm enough to park my bike in,” he muttered, then pushed them together to grip his cock. He drove it back and forth a couple of times then released my ass, before sliding the tip of his cock down and guiding it into my succulent entrance.

“Ahhhh, Sir, you are so big...” His restrained, slow penetration felt good.

“Tell me about Peter. What happened?” He started to slide his cock back and forth lazily.

I reached out and pointed at a line dissecting both graphs, then traced it up to the map. “That’s when we arrived near the Sandwich bar. I parked down a side road and had a chat with him. The peak and plateau on the pleasure graph was when I straddled him in the passenger seat.”

“Did his white cock satisfy you?”

It was an odd question. There I was lying on the desk with his huge black cock stretching and filling my quim to bursting point, and he was asking about someone else’s performance. He wanted a comparison. “His cock, compared to yours, was pathetic, Sir.”

“Did he make you cum?”

“Yes, that’s the spike in the graph, but Peter is only half the man you are, Sir, and given the choice, I’d choose your monster black cock any day...”

“What’s his frame of mind? Did you explain the situation going forward? Did you tell him anything about the reward system that I’m going to bring in?”

“He’s a real womanizer and has had dozens of conquests – Orbital Motor customers. So, we agreed that we were cut from the same cloth, because we are prepared to use the same tactics to make a deal. He even suggested that we help each other on some sales.”

“That’s interesting.”

“I dropped a hint that Tammy and I were bi-sexual lesbians and that we used our flat for entertaining men. He said he was interested in visiting but I told him that you would talk to him about it first.”

“Good, girl...” Someone knocked on the door. “Who’s there?” Melvin called out.

“Tom,” came the reply.

Melvin pulled my skirt down to hide the fact that his cock was fully impaled in my quim. “Come in, Tom.” He patted my back. “Stay still, Zoe.”

The door opened and Tom marched in. From the look on his face he instantly knew what was going on. “Oh, shall I come back later, Sir?”

“What do you want?”

“Permission to swap two of the cars around. I want to bring the new Merc into the showroom.”

“Do it and I’ll tell you if I like what you’ve done. I’m just giving Zoe her reward for the sale she made this afternoon.”

Tom nodded and gave him a knowing look. I could tell Melvin was enjoying his show of power, because his cock was twitching. I responded by clenching my muscles which might have hastened his conversation.

“That means we’ve sold five motors today, Sir, quite a rare occurrence on a Wednesday.”

“Long may it continue, Tom, thanks. That’ll be all.” The moment we were alone, Melvin resumed his smooth thrusting motion. “Tell me what you think of Tom, Zoe.”

I would have preferred to concentrate on the orgasm that was approaching like an express train. “I... I’d say he was a pale imitation of Seth...”

“Go on.”

“I think the new power he has over me will go to his head.”

“Get used to it, girl. I’m lucky I have someone working here who has a penchant for domination. He’s a round peg in a round hole...” He chuckled to himself as he lifted my skirt again. “...and these holes definitely need filling with round black pegs.”

He suddenly increased the speed of his pistoning cock and quickly triggered my orgasm, which had stalled when he started to grill me. All thoughts of Detective O’Brian and his dubious warning slipped from my mind as I basked in the thrilling ride that Melvin’s massive cock provided.

“Concentrate bitch, I expect you to peak higher on the graph than you did with Tom or Peter.”

I glanced at the screen and saw that I wasn’t quite there, so I squeezed my eyes shut and tried to concentrate. I gripped the edges of his solid wood desk while he sated his unbridled lust with thrust after powerful thrust of his enormous black weapon. When he came, he thudded home six or seven bone jarring thrusts, as if he wanted to drill a hole through my cervix into my stomach.

“That was awesome, Sir,” I sighed while lying flat out on the desk.

“Not awesome enough!” Slap! Slap!

“Owww!” I looked up to see the peak on the graph wasn’t quite as high as when Tom fucked me in his office, or when I fucked Peter in the Mini.

He withdrew and slapped my ass again. He stood staring at my pert posterior, which included my bruised deep divide and plump labia. “Zoe, you’re wrong about Tom. He’s going to make a great floor manager and I expect you to do as he says. Do you understand?” he growled.

Unbelievably, he was angry about the peak on the graph! “Yes, Sir, I understand.”

“I’m allowing him three holes a day, like Seth. How many has he visited today?”

“Two, Sir.”

“Good. Stay where you are while I check the alterations Tom has made to the showroom. If I like what he’s done, I’ll send him in to complete his quota. If not, he misses out and won’t get another opportunity to bone you until Friday morning.”

Melvin gave my ass another pat, then left the room. His phone was still sitting on the desk and the graph/map display was showing my nervous system settling down. It wasn’t long before the door swung open. It was Tom, with a broad grin on his face.

“Well, I’m impressed, Zoe,” he said, as he sidled up to my naked posterior. He placed his hands on my firm cheeks. “Is it true you asked Melvin if I could complete my three hole quota before you went home?”

I took a deep breath and knew I had to play the game. I was tired and it was just a couple of hours before Melvin was due to collect me from the flat and take me to the Petrosal Social Club where I'd stay till Friday morning. "Yes, Tom, I'm off tomorrow, so I won't see you until Friday."

"Shame, but I'm sure we'll find a way to catch up..." He squeezed my ass cheeks and, in the process, dug his thumbs into my bruised valley. "Mmmm, that's interesting. I see from the graph that my spike is the highest. I expect an even better performance this time."

I despaired at the way men were solely focussed on their prowess and performance during sex. The spikes were all about my enjoyment and not their virility! They all had strong sex-drives and should have attached the device to them rather than me if they wanted to compare each other.

He released his dick and used his knob to play with my labia lips. He wiped it up and down, prodding and poking my clitoral ridge and succulent entrance. I liked the sensations his ministrations were creating, which were evident on the TV screen.

After dipping into my creamy entrance, Tom decided to attack my obstinate anal muscles with his well-oiled black cock. "Uhhhhhh," I groaned when he pushed on regardless of my complaints.

"Shut it and appreciate being drilled by an expert..." he muttered.

He drove his rock-hard boner home with one relentless, brutal thrust and then began a powerful pistoning motion, slamming into my cheeks while holding my

hips tightly. Crazy, once the dull ache had dissipated, the experience improved to a bearable, almost pleasurable level, as was evident on the graph. Then he ground to a halt and slowly withdrew.

“Now for the coup de gras...” The unannounced impalement was brutal in its suddenness.

“Ahhhhhh,” I gasped in utter surprise when he plunged into my succulent quim.

“I’m using this hole as down payment for tomorrow,” he exclaimed.

Then, shocking me further, he plunged his thumbs into my juicy anus so he could grab my ass cheeks to hold me still. Once he had a good grip, he started to slam his hips against the lower slopes of my butt cheeks and drill as deep as my extremity would let him. The additional sensations radiating from both orifices, tripped my orgasm within seconds and as the line on the graph climbed, I became engulfed in a storm of incredible sensations.

“Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh,” I sighed heavily with each jackhammer thrust.

“Better... that’s more like it... fuckkkkkkkk,” he finally exclaimed, when he too succumbed to his own intense climax.

After withdrawing from both orifices and straightening his clothes, Tom couldn’t resist slapping my ass. “That’ll take some beating, girl.” I glanced up at the screen and saw that he had exceeded his previous record. He couldn’t resist

slapping my ass. “Get dressed. I want you out on the forecourt as soon as possible.”

“Yes, Sir,” I muttered, as I pushed myself up off the desk.

Tom was heading for the door, leaving me battered, bruised and exhausted, but still enjoying the mild vibrations simmering in my nervous system. After slipping the thong on, I picked up my jacket and headed for the bathroom.

My day was far from over for I had an appointment at the Petrosal Social Club and with an uncomfortably tight Puppy-girl suit.

Eight. ~ Accusations and Confessions.

Of the trio of black guys boning me on a regular basis, Seth was the most masterful and handsome of the three. So, when he opened the front door of my old flat, my spirits were lifted and I couldn't resist throwing my arms around his neck and kissing him on the lips. He slid his left hand down my back as I went up onto tiptoe.

"Wohhhh," this is the kind of welcome I like." He cupped my ass cheeks in his huge hand and lifted me off the ground. "Have you missed me, kid?"

"I have, even though I've had a busy day." I kissed his cheek and brought my knees up either side of his body. Gripping my ass tightly, he leant over and accepted a kiss from Tammy, then set off down the hall.

"I'll make a coffee," Tammy said, disappearing into the kitchen.

Seth turned into my bedroom and threw me on the bed. "Get undressed. I'll be back in a minute."

Having been pleased to see me, true to character, he then dumped me like a refuse sack and disappeared. I wasn't disturbed by his brutish manner, for Seth was never going to act like an English Gentleman. I tumbled off the bed and started removing my clothes. I could hear Seth and Tammy's voices in the kitchen and assumed they were chatting over coffee. As soon as I was naked, I sat on the bed, rested my back against a pillow and waited for Seth to return.

When he did, he was still wearing brown chinos, but he was bare chested, having

discarded his fawn silk shirt. The fact that he looked like a black Adonis didn't pass me by, but I was concerned to see he was in a serious determined mood.

"Lie on the bed with your feet here..." He touched the end of the bed.

"Is... is something wrong, Master?"

"Do as I say, bitch!" The command was delivered with a cold angry voice.

Not wanting to anger him any further, I quickly got into position with my feet at the end and my legs straight and together. He went to one of the drawers under the bed and pulled out a wide leather strap that had leather cuffs attached to it.

"Sit up for a moment," he ordered, then as I raised my upper body, he laid the strap across the bed. "Down and raise your legs until your knees are on your chest."

I laid back, bemused by his actions and worried about his intent. He was into bondage so it could have been him preparing me for an aggressive bout of sex, but I had my doubts. Moments later, I was in the tucked position, with my spongy labia lips thrusting up from between the back of my thighs. He lifted the ends of the strap, fed one end into the buckle, then tightened it. This had the effect of pulling my knees further down, to the sides of my tits.

It was extremely uncomfortable, a state that increased when he buckled my wrists into cuffs attached to the main strap at the sides. The discomfort increased

further when he fished a ball gag out of the drawer. Once again, I had to suffer a stretched jaw and the loss of speech, which made it impossible to reason with him, should I need to.

He then left the room, leaving me in a semi-terrified limbo. I didn't know what to think or expect from the sadistic trainer. He was capable of anything and I was totally defenceless and at his mercy. The only saving grace was that Melvin was supposed to be picking me up later, so whatever Seth was about to do, it had to be quick.

When he returned ten minutes later, Tammy followed him in. She was wearing a white cotton thong and crop top; and looked drop-dead gorgeous. Admiring her appearance didn't however distract me from the stern expressions on their faces.

Tammy stood at the end of the bed while Seth removed a leather tawse from the drawer, then positioned himself at the side, within striking distance of my upturned posterior. I stared up at the pair and waited to find out Seth's reasons for punishing me, for I was convinced that was what was about to happen.

He dangled the fingers of the tawse on my convex labia lips. "Zoe, you've been a very bad girl. Just how bad... I'm not sure." He reached into his back pocket and pulled out a white business card and waved it at me. "When I used the Mini the other night, I found this card down beside the seat. It must have dropped out of your bag..."

It was Detective Sergeant O'Brian's card. What a stupid, clumsy fool I had been and from Seth's point of view, finding the card of a detective sergeant in my car was a serious matter.

“You know this detective, don’t you?” He thrust the card in my face. I nodded. “After finding the card, I did a bit of detective work myself and discovered that Patrick O’Brian is a local man and attached to the Met’s robbery squad. I managed to get this photo from a contact of mine, this afternoon.”

He pulled the photo out of his back pocket and showed it to me. It was a flattering picture of the young detective.

“So,” he continued. “At first, I felt relaxed about the situation. He could be an old boyfriend. Is he?” I shook my head. “A relative?” I shook my head again. “I didn’t think so. Well, I’ve just shown it to Tammy and she thinks you met this man this afternoon and sat in one of the cars on the forecourt. She says that you chatted with him for half an hour. Were you with this detective for half an hour?”

Tears were flowing down my face, but I had the wherewithal to nod my head to confirm I had.

“Okay, we’re getting somewhere. I need to open your eyes to the danger of lying to me, so I’m going to give you a lashing as a precursor to your confession. Make no mistake, your answers will dictate your future. I know you know fuck all about the Firm and the players, but I need to know exactly what’s going on between you and the detective.”

He raised his arm, lifting the tease high above his head, then, when it started its return journey, I squeezed my eyes shut. Swatt! Swatt! Swatt! Swatt! Swatt! Swatt!

“Urrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!” I cried when my ass exploded in a fireball of intense pain,

each time the thick leather strap impacted my bucking body.

I could only think of one thing, as searing pains raged across the entire width of my nether region. The image of the corpse, Mary, laid out on the stainless-steel table in a godforsaken morgue was imprinted on my brain.

I rolled from side to side while crying and moaning continuously for what seemed like hours. In reality, it was only as long as it took Seth to drink a cup of coffee. When I finally managed to control the grief that was wracking my body, and settle down, he gave Tammy the signal to remove the gag.

“I’m Sorry, Seth,” I cried over and over again until he leant down and placed a hand on my raging labia.

“Shut it!” I fell silent but continued to snivel loudly. “Stop grovelling, bitch. Just tell me in as few fucking words as you can, what the fuck you were doing with that detective.”

It took me a minute to get my breathing under control. Seth stood staring down at me with his arms folded, waiting impatiently. “I... I gave my card to him at a burger bar where I was having lunch...”

“You just happened to give a detective a card?” He didn’t believe me.

“I swear it was a coincidence. I was looking for customers. We said hello and before I know it, he followed me out to the car. He handed me a card and said if

I needed a policeman, ring him...”

Seth leant over and prodded my nose with the card. “I don’t fucking believe you, bitch. Why’d he turn up at Orbital. He wasn’t interested in a car, was he?”

“No... no, he wasn’t interested in me either. He recognized me from a police file. He couldn’t put a name to my face until he read my card...”

“Police file? I couldn’t find you on the police database. Are you giving me bullshit?”

“No! I got a year for car theft when I was 17. I was a juvenile and as far as I know those records are sealed.”

He straightened up and looked a little calmer. “So, he showed up at Orbital and said what?”

I gave Seth virtually a verbatim record of our conversation, including the part where I told him to sling his hook. As the story unfolded, Seth relaxed and I grew in confidence. Telling him about the detective’s final plea and that he’d wait on the footpath beside the dealership on Friday, seemed to convince him I was telling the truth.

“Okay, knowing a detective in the Met could be useful. Do you think the guy would fuck you?”

“If I was on the straight and narrow. I know he fancies me.”

“Good, I’ll find out more about him before you meet him on Friday.”

“You want me to meet the filth?”

He grinned. “Zoe, you’re as crooked as I am and that’s why I think you deserve a reward.” He turned to Tammy. “Go finish your coffee. Zoe will be along in a minute.”

The door had hardly closed before Seth was unbuckling his belt. The time for accusations and confessions was over, it was time for action. Having removed his clothes, the huge Afro-Caribbean trainer picked me up bodily and positioned me further back on the bed. He then knelt so he could guide his magnificent black cock into my fleshy whirlpool of salivating, molten flesh.

My tight quim gobbled him up gratefully, as did my even tighter back passage when he alternated, not once, but twice during the fuck. “Ahhhhhh,” I sighed in utter appreciation at the way the masterful trainer used both holes to great effect.

I was so consumed by the thrilling ride Seth provided, I wasn’t aware until later, that the red line on the tag app went off the scale! What I also realized later was that I only had one true Master and that was Seth Wilder, one of the most dangerous men alive...

THE END of Part Seven.

Sample of Part Eight

Chapter One

My stomach was filled with butterflies as I stood in the lounge waiting for Melvin to arrive. Seth was staying put with Vera at the flat, while Tammy was coming with me. I was wearing the black and yellow latex dress which was my favourite of the three I brought back from the Petrosal Social Club.

I thought I looked amazing, but the dress was uncomfortable because the central section was made of a thick gauge of latex that squeezed my body tightly. On the upside, it made my hourglass figure look sensational, accentuating my pert ass and small but perfectly formed tits. The latter and my pierced nipples were visible through the semi-transparent latex bodice section.

I was dreading sitting down in the car because of the steady, throbbing pain that simmered in my buttocks and labia lips. Seth had used the long and wide tawse to bruise a large area of my ass flesh which was still raw and tender. I was shocked by the sight of my dark maroon cheeks when I looked at them in the mirror.

The evidence of Seth's callous actions was clear, but I was confused by my reaction to such a brutal onslaught after Seth had thoroughly fucked my brains out. The unpalatable truth, was that I understood why he punished me and begrudgingly accepted that I deserved it.

I was stupid not to tell him straight away that a police detective tried to chat me up at the burger bar. I had learnt my lesson and if anything like that happened again, I'd report it immediately to Melvin or Seth without hesitation.

After Seth released me, Tammy returned and we smeared lapidary cream on each other's mons and labia to ensure they would be baby smooth for our visit to the club. My new friend didn't show me any sympathy but gave me a good cuddle to take my mind off the pain. After we had a long snog, while grinding our bodies together, we took a long hot shower.

I was learning more and more about myself as the days went by, some aspects were welcome and others, distinctly undesirable. So, discovering I was enjoying a lesbian relationship with Tammy, was a welcome relief in the midst of so much aggressive macho sex.

Tammy entered the lounge, looking amazing in a red latex, skater-style dress. Her skirts were as short as mine but unlike the tight dress I was wearing, her skirts swished around her upper thighs as she walked towards me. Around our necks we wore black leather chokers that buckled at the back and had a dangling gold ring at the front. Finally, we chose matching shoulder-length blonde wigs and identical black 3" stiletto shoes.

We were told by Seth not to bother with underwear. Tammy claimed that when going out with her Master, she often went commando while wearing the shortest frocks. I, on the other hand, had never ventured outside with a totally bare ass, which was another reason why I was nervous while I waited for Melvin to arrive.

Tammy handed me a black vinyl clutch bag. "Everything you're going to need for the next two days is in there." Shocked, I opened it to find it was empty. She laughed at me. "It's part of the outfit, babe. Melvin and his wife, Lucy, want us to look as smart as possible when they introduce us at the club."

“What is Lucy Like, Tam?”

“You’ll find out, but one indicator to her character is that Melvin will avoid displeasing her at all costs.”

“What’s that, Tam?” Seth asked, having just entered the room.

“I was just telling Zoe that she looked sensational.”

He nodded and after glancing up and down my body he gave me an appreciative smile. Compliments weren’t his strong point but the expression on his face was enough for me.

Vera followed him in, looking as though she was bored to death. She was wearing a white and black print ra-ra skirt, along with a cropped white t-shirt with the slogan, ‘TIT’S UP!’ on it. Seth was still wearing his brown chinos but had donned a beige, short sleeve silk shirt. Vera collapsed on the sofa while the big man approached us.

“Are you bitches ready?”

“Yes, Seth,” we said in unison, just as the doorbell rang.

“Good. Tam, go and let them in.”

As soon as she had departed, Seth lifted my chin. “As a member of the club, you’re expected to spend two days there, twice a month. Do you think you can handle that?”

I gathered all my resolve. “I do, Sir.”

“That’s my bitch. When I see you on Friday, you’ll be part of the firm, just like Mary was. We’re going to hold you to a high standard and I’ve reassured Melvin that you won’t let us down, like she did. Do I make myself clear?”

“Very, clear, Master,” I whispered.

He moved his face closer to mine. “Don’t let Melvin hear you call me that.”

Then he kissed me...

The End of the sample.

I hope you enjoyed the seventh part of this 9 part story

and continue to read my work in the future.

Thanks, Amelia.

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