

# His Pet

Part  
Eight

*Amelia Stark*



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# **His Pet: Part Eight**

**The Penultimate Part**

**The Social Club Pet Series.**

**By Amelia Stark**

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Sample of the Finale

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The moment has arrived for Zoe and Tammy to set off for the Petrosal Social Club. Melvin is in the car, as well as his wife, Lucy, who immediately demonstrates her dominant personality.

On arrival at the Petrosal Club, Zoe meets the 5 black elders who all want a piece of the naked young woman. Melvin then transforms his Pet into a Puppy-girl and hands her over for the first event – the ‘Finger’ game. All the black members want to dip a finger and more. This is a prelude to the Rut race, in which the Puppy-boys, if they can catch her, get the chance to rut to their heart’s content. Zoe has made many sacrifices in a short space of time to pay for the crimes she committed against ‘The Firm’. She is aware that they are a ruthless bunch of black criminals and that her own chequered past has saved her from being discarded out of hand. First, it was her embezzling skills that interested ‘The Firm’, then her brush with the law before she worked at Orbital Motors. Zoe must decide whether she wants a life of crime with Seth and Melvin or the protection of a detective who has offered her a deal.

**One ~ Anxious wait.**



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 to the Petrosal Social Club. I was wearing the black and yellow latex dress which was my favourite of the three I brought back from the Club after my one and only visit.

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 into a breathless shape. On the upside, it made my hourglass figure look sensational, accentuating my pert ass and small but perfectly formed tits. My twin peaks and 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 a 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 and sadistic actions was clear, but he counterbalanced the brutal onslaught by thoroughly fucking my brains out. As I lay on the bed, I was totally confused by my reaction, having experienced both ends of the spectrum – unbearable pain and exquisite pleasure.

The unpalatable truth was that I was developing masochistic tendencies. 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 hot shower and explored each other's bodies.

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 to the elders 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 briefly on the lips. “Remember, Lucy is the boss.”

Moments later, Tammy reappeared. “It’s started to rain, Seth, so they’re waiting in the car.”

He clapped his hands. “Come on, bitches, get your jackets and get a move on!”

He hurried us into the hall and after grabbing our jackets, I followed Tammy out into the gloomy, wet evening. I held my jacket over my head and clutched my bag as we jogged the 50 yards to Melvin’s stunning Bentley. A huge black

chauffeur in a grey uniform was standing with an umbrella waiting for us and opened the back door on the driver's side.

"One of you in this side..." he growled.

The moment Tammy was in, he closed the door, then led the way around to the other back door and opened it for me.

"Thank you," I muttered as I climbed in and gingerly settled into the leather seat beside a slim black woman sitting in the centre seat. I winced when I put pressure on my bruised buttocks. The custom-made leather interior consisted of three identical plush leather seats and although they were smaller than the standard offering, we all had room to spare.

The Afro-Caribbean young woman flashed her huge brown eyes at me. "You must be Zoe, Melvin's new Pet, I'm Lucy, Melvin's wife." She placed a warm hand on my thigh as I instinctively reached for my safety belt.

I noticed Lucy was already resting her right hand on Tammy's thigh and had moved it beneath the red latex skirts of her dress. Her fingers were moving and Tammy's thighs were parted so I assumed she was caressing my friend's smooth pussy.

Lucy was wearing a white lace, off the shoulder Britney dress that hugged her exaggerated curves. She had large tits that were struggling to stay in the confines of the low, dipping neckline. Her chunky nipples were visible through the dense lace, as was the triangle of her minimalistic thong.

I wasn't sure how to respond to her greeting. "Hello, Ma'am. It's nice to meet you."

"Ha, you're a sweet one. I can see why Melvin decided to keep you on. Skinny as a toothpick and as white as Melvin's spunk. Put your jacket behind your seat on the shelf."

I folded it and as I turned my body, her hand moved a few inches upward and pushed against my smooth lips. "Oh!" I exclaimed softly. "Sorry..."

"Girl, part your thighs and let me see if your whore cunt is as wet and steamy as Tammy's sweaty minge."

I settled back into the seat, stung slightly by her crude comments. However, I was bright enough to know that remarks like hers would be flying about at a club that catered predominantly for black folk. With my thighs apart, she didn't have to push the latex hem of the dress up, because it was so short my pussy was almost visible.

My dress had an inch of black latex, then a two-inch band of thin yellow latex which had been cleverly moulded into the dress all the way round the lower edge. Whether by design or coincident, when I was sitting, the 'MW' tattoo was visible through the yellow band, just like my nipple barbell piercings were through the semi-transparent bodice.

The chauffeur started the car and pulled away to begin our journey to the

Petrosal Social club. Meanwhile, I was suffering the indignity of having my pussy examined by an attractive black woman, probably only ten years older than me. She delved into my labia, had a fiddle with the ring/device pierced deeply in my clitoral ridge, then eased a couple of fingers lower until she was able to slip them into my succulent entrance.

“Ah yes, Melvin has found himself a bitch with a hot slime-bunny...”

She slid her fingers back and forth a couple of time, then suddenly withdrew them. She must have been doing the same with Tammy, for she held up two pairs of glistening fingers for comparison.

“Mmm, if I were to choose a winner, I’d pick this one...” She waggled the fingers that had just been buried in my quim. “Melvin brought you bitches together. Been mutual muff diving yet?” She asked turning her head back and forth.

“Yes, Ma’am,” I responded first.

“Yes, Ma’am. Zoe and I have been getting along like a house on fire.”

“Then you’ll like each other’s cunt cream...” She crossed her arms and pointed the glistening digits at our mouths.

We both leant forward and made a show of sucking her fingers clean. Tammy gave me a wink and I relaxed a little. Tammy was as hard as nails, but I was

certain she had a soft spot for me. If so, the feeling was mutual. The moment Lucy withdrew her fingers from our mouths we sat back.

“So, Zoe, this is your first night at the club. I understand you’ve visited once and had some training?”

“Yes, Ma’am. I tried the Puppy suit on and was pursued by a Puppy-boy around the garden.”

“Just one?”

“Yes, Ma’am. He caught up with me though.”

“I hope you gave him a good run for his money?”

“I did, Ma’am.”

“Good. Before you don the suit tonight, a couple of committee members, elders of the club, want to meet you. After a few questions, they’ll probably have a fiendish challenge for you both. I can tell you that your arrival is eagerly awaited.”

I didn’t like the sound of having to play a ‘fiendish’ game, but in the scheme of things, surely it couldn’t be any worse than the things I had experienced in the



previous 72 hours, could it?

**Two ~ Embarrassing display.**

By the time we arrived at the club in Enfield, the rain had stopped. I noted that the chauffeur pulled into the drive of a house two doors down from the actual clubhouse. I was aware they owned three houses in a row and that the gardens were linked. Now, it appeared as though the club owned a fourth. The chauffeur drove up the slope, past the house and pulled into a small parking lot where I would normally have expected to see a garden.

“This house is the nerve hub of our regional office.” Lucy announced. “The other three houses contain our club facilities and accommodation,”. She opened her bag and pulled out a roll of chain and leather. It turned out to be two dog leashes. “Lean forward so I can attach these to your collars.” After clipping them to the ‘D’ ring she let them dangle from the collar.

The rain had stopped and the light was failing as we took it in turns to climb out of the car on the driver’s side. I made sure I had my jacket and clutch bag when I joined the other two waiting for Melvin. He remained silent in the front, during the journey, and was still texting when the chauffeur closed the back door.

“Melvin, you can do that later,” Lucy said through the open window, as if she was talking to a teenager.

“Won’t be a minute, babe. George want’s my opinion...”

“George can wait. I can’t.”

He put the phone in his pocket and opened the door. We joined him on the other

side of the car and walked to a security gate. While Lucy punched in the code, Melvin grabbed the end of our leashes and led us through into the garden – a garden I was familiar with. Three days earlier, dressed in a Puppy-suit, I scampered around it trying to evade the attentions of a Puppy-boy. How long was it going to be before I was reliving the experience? I wondered.

We followed the pair, on the leash, like a pair of errant teenage daughters. We passed the first house and approached an open gate. The gardens were deserted but that wasn't surprising considering it was only 8:30.

After passing through the gate, Melvin put his arm around his wife's shoulders. "George has found a lovely forty-five-foot motor yacht moored in Greenwich. Says the guy is desperate for cash," he informed her.

"Any more details?" Lucy asked.

"It's a 390 Sea Ray, four berth. I showed you one on the internet a couple of days ago..."

We arrived at the back door of the middle house. After pausing while Lucy and Melvin entered, Tammy put her hand on my arm. "George is Melvin's brother. You might meet him in the next day or two. This is his local club."

We entered to find Melvin and Lucy talking to a young black man dressed in a smart navy-blue suit. "...good to see you, Henry."

He bowed. "Thank you, Ma'am. It's always a pleasure to welcome you and the Master back to the club. The committee members are waiting for you in the study, Ma'am." He turned to Melvin and bowed. "Sir. Congratulations for finding a new Pet..." He cast his eyes over me. "She will be a fine addition to the club."

"Thank you, Henry," Melvin responded. "Which Puppy-boys have you chosen for tonight?"

"Simon was desperate to meet your Pet again and Miss Rogers' boy, Rex will be given the chance to get acquainted with your Pet, Sir."

Melvin didn't point out that I had already been mounted by the huge Puppy-boy once. Instead, we set off along the corridor. Henry knocked on a huge oak panelled door, then pushed it open. The young man held it open until we had all filed in, then stood just inside as if he was guarding the door.

Four older black men rose from an arc of six high, wingback chairs that were positioned facing a wide stone fireplace and an even larger TV screen above it. They were holding glasses and they all looked delighted to see Lucy.

One man left the half circle and approached us. He looked older than the other three because of his short frizzy grey hair. "It's good to see you, Lucy, Melvin. Henry, fetch Lucy and Melvin a drink."

"Good to see you Barnaby."

They met and embraced, then the elder turned to greet Melvin and shake his hand. “You found a replacement then?” The wizened old man turned to look at both of us. “I know Tammy from a couple of excellent videos she starred in.”

Melvin dropped Tammy’s leash, “Yes, with your permission, Tammy is transferring from Knightsbridge.” He tugged my leash and held it where it connected to the choker. “This, of course, is Zoe, my new Pet.”

He said it with pride in his voice. That kind of made being a possession easier to take. What should I say? “Er, Hello, Sir. I’m pleased to meet you.”

“Girl, come and introduce yourself properly.” He turned and we followed him back to the arc of chairs.

The four middle-aged elders were dressed identically in dark blue pants and beige jackets. Their garb reminded me of naval officer’s dress uniforms.

Melvin stopped me. “Stand in the centre with your back to the fireplace and introduce yourself, then the elders will ask you some questions.”

He dropped the leash and urged me forward between two chairs. I stepped forward and stood in the centre, while Lucy and Melvin went around the remaining three men and hugged or shook hands. They then sat down in the two vacant chairs at the extreme ends of the arc. Henry handed them glasses of what looked like Cognac, then went to stand with Tammy behind Barnaby’s chair.

I stood awkwardly wondering if I should start, when the elder sitting on the right, next to Lucy, broke the ice. “Zoe, isn’t it?”

“Yes, Sir.”

He was another mature black man in his fifties or sixties. “My name is Charlie. It’s important for you to understand that by joining the Petrosal Social Club, you are becoming part of the Firm. There’s no going back, you are a member until we release you from your bond. Do you understand?”

I felt all six pairs of eyes demanding my absolute submission. “Y... yes, Sir, I understand.”

“Tell us your full name, where you come from, your age and what you think you can contribute to the Firm.”

“Oh, yes, er, my name is Zoe Nowak. My parents are Polish and came to the UK to work twenty-five years ago. I was born here and when I was eighteen, they returned to live in Poland.”

“Why didn’t you go with them, Zoe?”

“Um, er, I’m British and... um, I was in prison, Sir.”

The four elders sat up, but Melvin wasn't surprised and stood up. He looked along the arc of enquiring faces. "If I may interrupt, Charlie. The short video we're about to watch will explain that aspect of Zoe's past, as well as explain the progress Zoe is making in her early club education. I think you'll enjoy the watch."

I gulped, for he could only be talking about the thrashing Seth had delivered, while I was bound and gagged on my bed. Was it possible to make a video of my chastisement in such a short space of time? Yes, of course it was with the technology available to the Firm's film editor.

"Good. Thank you, Melvin," Barnaby said and waited for my Master to sit down. "Alright, Zoe, continue where you left off."

Knowing what was on the video unnerved me and I found it difficult to get my train of thought back.

"Your age and your future. Do you have any ambitions, like Tammy over there?"

Tammy was a trainee solicitor and helped the Firm with legal matters when needed. "I'm twenty-one, Sir. I'm good with accounts and know how to make money disappear. I was doing it successfully for eighteen months at Orbital Motors until my Master sent in a team of accountants last weekend. I'd like to work on the Firm's accountancy side."

Melvin stood up again. "Sir, Zoe's has some skills. As you know we've been watching Orbital for a year before we moved in and ousted the manager. But, as you know from the report, Zoe's nefarious activities were difficult to analyse and



at one point had Wesley scratching his head. I'm sure we can put her skills to use, once her probation period is over."

I was delighted to hear Melvin speak up for me. The man on the other end, sitting next to Melvin caught my eye. "Girl, are you aware that you've been let off lightly?"

He was referring to me talking to the filth. "Yes, I am, Sir and I'll always be grateful to my Master for his generosity."

The men nodded, but Lucy's expression remained stoic. She turned in her chair. "Henry, start the video. Let's take a look at how Seth punished the bitch for holding back information. Then, remove her dress and bring her around so we can all see what Melvin sees in the scrawny bitch."

Henry raised a remote and started the film. There was silence for a moment, then Seth began his interrogation. I couldn't see the screen, but I knew what was happening.

*'Zoe, you've been a very bad girl. Just how bad... I'm not sure.'* There was a pause. *'When I used the Mini the other night, I found this card down beside the seat. It must have dropped out of your bag...'*

Pause.

*'You know this detective, don't you?'*

There was a pause while I confirmed his assertion with a nod of the head.

*‘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.’*

Seth’s booming voice gripped the attention of the four elders and Lucy. I plucked up the courage to glance over my shoulder and was horrified at the lewd view the group had of my ass and thrusting labia. Seth had used a leather strap to secure my body in the folded position, while attached cuffs secured my wrists out of the way. The sight of the rubber ball gag stretching my jaw and my staring eyes brought the memories flooding back.

From the expression on Melvin’s face, I was sure that he had watched it before, maybe several times from his relaxed demeanour; but he was the only one. Knowing what was about to happen on screen, sent an icy sensation slithering down my backbone.

*Swatt! Swatt! Swatt! Swatt! Swatt! Swatt!*

“Urrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!” came my guttural response on screen. It took all my willpower not to cry out in front of the assembled group. My throaty groans didn’t let up for some time.

The expressions on the faces of the audience, were in the main, rapt excitement. Only Tammy winced but she couldn’t take her eyes off the spectacle on the

screen either. Their attention never waned during the time Seth took to drink his coffee for I was making a spectacle of myself rolling from side to side in a vain attempt to cool my stinging flesh. Their rapt interest in my terrible suffering didn't surprise me in the least.

Then, when Tammy removed the gag, I started blabbering, 'I'm Sorry, Seth,' over and over again. I cringed at my pathetic voice wailing until it diminished to a whimper.

Finally, the interrogation began and once again, the audience remained glued to the screen. Seth got the information he wanted and concluded that it would be useful if I had a friendship with the detective. The audience had found out about my trouble with the police and that I had a low threshold for pain. Thankfully, the part where Seth fucked my brains out was missing.

The group nodded and gave each other knowing looks. "Mmmm, very good, Melvin," Barnaby said. "Seth never lets us down. Let's take a closer look at the girl."

Henry, who had turned off the TV screen, walked around Melvin's chair at the end and stood foursquare behind me. The dress had a heavy-duty zip, which he drew all the way down to my coccyx, releasing the pressure on my midriff. In one respect it was a relief, but in another, an embarrassment to be undressing in front of six strangers.

I didn't mind Tammy and Melvin seeing me naked, but the others were about to cast their critical eyes over me. They had a good gander at my rear end in the video. What were they going to make of the rest of me?

**Three ~ Thorough examination.**

As the dress slipped from my shoulders, Henry gripped the sides, enabling me to step out of it.

He stood up and moved closer. “Show them your ass first,” he hissed in my ear. “The first position is touching your toes. Don’t forget to relax those gluteus maximus muscles. Then, second position, face your examiner, hands behind your head and shoulders back.”

Henry unclipped the leash and retreated with the dress, leaving me standing naked bar my stilettos and a black leather choker.

Lucy, who was occupying the first chair on my right, clicked her fingers. “Bitch, start with me and finish with Blake.” She pointed to the man sitting next to Melvin, opposite her.

I dutifully approached her and when she moved her legs to the side of the chair, I stood close, turned through 180 degrees and leant forward into a full tuck.

“Clasp your ankles, girl, and straighten your legs...” She placed her hands on my hips. “Turn slightly and part your feet.”

As soon as I had shuffled my feet apart, she stroked my smarting cheeks. “This is just a taster girl. If you step out of line again, you’ll be off your feet for several days.” Starting at my knees, she ran her hands up the back of my thighs and squeezed them at intervals. “You’re out of shape, girl. Seth will put you through your paces, starting this weekend.”

Her attention turned to my labia. “Ahhh,” I sighed softly when she placed her thumbs longways in my cleft and squeezed my lips before prizing them apart.

“Melvin, I think these need more filler. I want them firmer and plumper. Once that’s fixed, I’ll make an appointment at the clinic.” She tugged my clitoral piercing and the flesh around it, to test its elasticity.

Having to go to the ‘clinic’ could only mean one thing, she planned to have me trimmed. It wasn’t something I could get my head around. The only way I was going to avoid it was if I tackled Melvin and made a stand, so I had to take the matter up with him at a later date.

“Yes, dear,” Melvin muttered on the other side of the arc.

*Slap! “Stand, girl!”*

“Mmmm.” I managed to hold back a cry when she struck my bruised ass with her flat hand.

I turned and stood with my hands behind my head. Up close I could appreciate Lucy’s blemish-free complexion. Her straight, narrow, European nose, I suspected, was the result of surgery, but her thick lips, high cheekbones and stunning brown eyes were inherited from rich African genes.

She examined my slim body as though she was giving me a medical check-up, which made me wonder if she had any medical training. After holding my waist and prodding my belly, she gripped and squeezed my tits.

Charlie, sitting next to Lucy, watched with interest. “What do you think, Lucy. ‘C’ or ‘D’?”

She squeezed them again. “A very firm pair of ‘D’s I think. Her skin has the elasticity.” She looked me in the eye. “What have you got to say for yourself, girl?”

I was appalled to hear she was making plans for my tits without consulting me. Having them enlarged wouldn’t be as bad as the surgery on my clitoral flesh, but the modifications would still have a shocking effect on my life.

“Thank you, Ma’am for the inspection.”

“Move on and let Charlie take a look at you.”

Dressed in navy-blue pants, Charlie parted his knees so I could back up between them, before bending forward and grabbing my ankles.

He placed his hands on my ass cheeks and gently squeezed them. “These are hot, Lucy. They’d make fantastic handwarmers. I’ll have to take her on my next skiing trip to Grenoble.” That remark brought a ripple of chuckles from the others.

Things became more serious when he started to examine my bulging labia which was thrusting right in his face. He stroked my lips, squeezed and tugged them, just like Lucy had, but Charlie wanted to go much further. After examining my fleshy ridge, he slipped two fingers into my quim.

“I’m impressed, Lucy. There’s even more heat in her furnace and enough fuel to keep it raging hot.” He pulled his fingers out. “See, I’ve struck oil!” That comment brought another chuckle.

I preferred the elder’s light-hearted approach to Lucy’s derogatory and aggressive attitude toward me and my body. Charlie continued by gripping and squeezing my thigh muscles before returning to my buttocks. He had a good fondle as though reluctant to let me go, then slapped one.

“Turn girl and clean my fingers.”

I dutifully complied, then after having a good suck, stood up and placed my hands behind my head.

He reached straight for my tits and gave them a good squeeze. He then rolled my nipples and pinched them. “These will look good atop bigger tits.” He looked up at me. “Are you excited about your future, girl?”

“Yes, Sir, I am.” It wasn’t the time to question the things they were planning to do to me, I just wanted to get through the next 48 hours and then see how I felt about being Melvin’s Pet.



Charlie examined the rest of my body, then passed me on to the next elder. By the time I had been poked, stroked, mauled, fondled and examined by the first four committee members, I was weary and on edge. With each pair of fingers visiting my succulent orifice and pair of hands massaging my erogenous zones, my pussy became more aroused and I became extremely frustrated.

Blake was the last one to examine me and avoided penetrating me from the rear, however, as soon as I had turned and placed my hands behind my head, he leant forward. "Feet apart, girl. We have a rule in the club that stipulates an eighteen-inch stance when standing and serving members..."

He placed his hand between my thighs and rubbed his thumb down my cleft until he located my fleshy entrance. With his hand between my thighs, he teased my entrance while stroking the lower slopes of my butt cheeks.

"The punishment for standing with your feet together will be an anal hook if you're not wearing one. If you are, then you'll have a weighted clamp attached to this..." He slid his fingers forward and gripped my major lips. "Do you understand, Zoe?"

"Yes, I do, Sir."

"Good. Now, the reason why I'm sitting here, the last in line, is because I have seniority at the club." He leant back and placed his hands on the arms of the chair. "Show us what you have learnt so far."

I glanced at Melvin who was sitting beside Blake. He nodded knowingly. I didn't need my Master to tell me what was expected of me. I bent at the waist and unfastened the button on his pants. After opening the sides, I pulled his trunks down and was shocked when an enormous black cock sprung up. It was huge, maybe 10" so I didn't have to bend far to start licking his purple, plum-like knob.

"Keep your legs straight, girl," he muttered.

I wasn't in the right position to provide foreplay, so I was pleased when he put his hands on my blonde wig and gently urged me to go down on him. I had just started slowly, with a lolly-pop motion, when I noticed movement to the right-hand side. The other three male elders were approaching my naked and defenceless rear end. One put his hands on the upper slope of my ass, while the other two queued up behind him.

"Take it nice and slowly, girl," Blake whispered loudly. "You've got plenty of time..."

As his voice trailed away, the elder standing foursquare behind me eased his cock into my gushing vagina. My juices were flowing but the intruder's cock was stouter than the average dick, so had to make several thrusts before he had driven it fully home. Once he had settled down to a smooth, languid piston action, I was able to return my attention to swallowing more of Blake's long black cock.

"Good girl, go all the way... excellent..." Having edged down to the base of his stout, black shaft, I started to lift on the first stoke of what became a succession of rapid plunges and slow withdrawals. The cock stoking the fire in my quim had almost triggered an orgasm when he withdrew and moved up a hole.

“Ugggggggh,” I groaned and stopped my thrusts when the first burst of pain radiated out from my battered anus.

My butt fucker wasn’t concerned about my feelings and continued to force his way past the barrier and reach my rectum. My poor anal muscles were stretched to their limit and the pleasurable sensations that had been building, quickly receded.

“Calm down, girl,” Blake cooed, patting the back of my wig. “Freddie has the beefiest cock you’re going to experience tonight, so suck it up and grit your teeth.”

Remarkably, the pain faded somewhat, and I was able to switch my attention back to Blake’s flagpole-like dick. The elder shafting my back passage finished quickly, possibly because my muscles were gripping his shaft like a vice, throughout the intense, short fuck.

The next elder reversed the order and finished in my quim, which was just what I needed to reach an orgasm. And, what a thrilling ride it was. When Freddie started to cum, I increased the pace on Blake’s erect dick and brought them to completion at the same time.

After Blake tucked his tackle away, he steered my hands onto the arms of the chairs. One more elder, Barnaby, was getting into position behind me so I maintained my position and prayed that the guy didn’t have any staying power...

**Four ~ Working for the Firm.**

Blake lifted my chin while Barnaby penetrated my anus. My overused orifice had temporarily adjusted for forced entry, so the impalement was pain-free. Blake waited until Barnaby had settled into a steady thrusting action before continuing with the questioning. “The detective. Do you think you can do a job on him for us?”

I tried to absorb the body slams against my ass and the deep thrusts in my quim, while somehow focusing on what Blake was asking me. “Wha... what sort of job...? Uh... uh...”

“You told Seth that you thought he wanted to fuck you.”

“Well, yes. I... I noticed the way he looked at my body, even when he was interrogating me.”

“Become a mole for us, Zoe. If his superiors think he’s got himself a turned informer, they will put him on the County Lines task force.”

“What, I’d be like a double... ugh, ugh... agent?” I was starting to lose focus, an unusual development for me, during anal sex.

Barnaby had stuck with my tighter hole and was somehow reviving my orgasm. Blake recognised the tell-tale signs, so reached out and started massaging my breasts.

“Come on, girl, cum for daddy,” he muttered.

“Oh, oh, oh,” I gasped softly with each powerful thrust.

“Ugggggggh...” Barnaby groaned as he spurted the contents of his balls into the depths of my back passage.

“Thaaaaaaa... ahhhhhhh,” I sighed, soaking up the unique sensations both men had contributed to.

As Barnaby withdrew, Blake closed his legs and urged me forward. I looked around to see everyone filing out of the wood panelled study.

“Come, slip your knees in, down the sides...”

There was plenty of room, but it meant that as soon as I had clambered onto the seat, my thighs were widely parted. “Shouldn’t I be going with Tammy?” I asked.

“No, I want to continue our discussion about the detective,” he said firmly.

“Yes, okay, Sir...”

He cupped my buttocks and pulled me further forward, then when he removed his hands, I was able to sit on his knees. He was a big healthy guy, but old enough to be my grandfather. I guessed he was in his sixties, but I may have been wrong by five or ten years. I never thought I'd be having sex with such an old guy but the man's cock was just as hard as Seth's and Melvin's so what did it matter?

When he put his hand on my thighs and stroked them, my body quivered with a mixture of fear and expectation. What did the Firm want me to do and was Blake expecting me to fuck him again?

“Double agent is a good description, but what you'll be doing won't involve any risk, like spies who infiltrate enemy organizations. You'll be mixing with the filth who won't harm a hair on your head, if you had some!”

He was trying to make light of a serious situation. He was also keeping my nerves jangling by continuing to explore my body with gentle hands. He gripped my waist, rubbed my thighs and fondled my tits while we chatted. His point about not being in any danger wasn't quite true, for there was a real threat of violence from Melvin, Seth and the Firm if I didn't comply with their wishes.

“So, Zoe, tell me about your MO when you were stealing cars and what was your motivation? Money? Fun? Something else?” He slid his hands up my sides and lifted my arms, so I put my hands behind my head and pushed my elbows back. “Girl, I like you in this position.” His huge black hands continued to rove over my slim white body.

I wasn't surprised that the elders/directors of the lodge wanted to investigate me. I had no doubt that they were all villains of one type or another, so being one myself kind of gave me a leg up into the organization they all called 'The Firm'.

My pedigree was important to the elders for they had to be wary of an informant in their midst.

“Sir, I got in with the wrong crowd. Back then, I was sixteen, seventeen. I like driving cars. Me and the other four, we used to steal the motors, then go and race them around B&Q’s car park, in Southgate, or do a time trial along the A41. I could outdrive the guys and they hated it. I don’t know the ins and outs of an engine, but I know how to get the best out of one on the road.”

“So, you were joy riding when the filth picked you up?”

“No, we were approached by a firm from East London. They paid us ten percent of market value on targeted cars, if we delivered the motor to a pre-arranged location. We’d been working for them for three months when everything went tits-up. The filth had been watching me and chased me halfway across Hertfordshire. I was in a souped-up Mini. A Helicopter and two unmarked Beamers couldn’t catch me until I had a tyre blow. It flipped and the rest is history.”

He nodded knowingly. “You’re the sort of talent we need, kid.” He started fondling my tits again. “All the more reason for me to encourage you to become a mole for us. I’ll work out the details later and we’ll talk about it again before you go home on Friday morning. But, I want you to start thinking about befriending Detective Sergeant Patrick O’Brian. We’ll take it slow and before you know it, he’ll fall in love with you.”

“Ha, I doubt that, Sir.”



“No? I think a lot of men will. Hasn’t Seth fallen in love with you?”

His question shocked me. “No, I, er... Seth punished me. You saw what he did on the screen.”

“Mmm. What you don’t appreciate is that Seth is in charge of the Firm’s national security. With the information he gleaned from Tammy, it looked as though you were secretly meeting the guy. He has been known to put girls out of action for far less than your crime. Although you may think the punishment was harsh, it could have been far more violent. That’s in the past though. After you’ve met the detective on Friday and arranged to meet him over the weekend, Seth will review each step you take.”

“What if he won’t play ball?”

“Then you go back to selling cars...” He reached down, unbuttoned his pants and released his cock. “...and providing enjoyment for fellow members like me. I could do with some help in my office one or two days a week. I’ll speak to Melvin.” He placed his hands on my hot ass and encouraged me forward.

The discussion was over. I put my hands on his shoulders and lifted my body, then after edging forward, I lowered my ass. As I did so, I reached down and steered Blake’s cock into my juicy entrance. I had one short orgasm and some discomfort while being taken from behind, so I wanted something more satisfying and the senior elder was handing the opportunity to me on a plate.

I couldn’t help marvelling at the way an older man was able to recover an erection so quickly. My quim greedily gobbled its entire length, then I took

advantage of his upright mahogany-like boner, by bouncing rapidly on it as energetically as I had ever fucked a guy. Blake was the right man to impress and I gave it my best shot.

“Go, girl. Give your Daddy your best effort...”

He tried to cling onto my jiggling tits as they flew past his face but gave up and planted his hands on my bubble-like butt cheeks. As he approached his climax, he increased his grip on my ass. Helping to slam my body with more aggression, he achieved a thrilling ride until he reached a massive climax.

Overall, it was the most exhausting bout of sex I had ever had, so I was grateful when he let me collapse against his body to get my breath back.

He stroked my back and ass. “Good girl. I’ll look out for you in the member’s lounge a bit later.” He gave my ass one final pat, then helped me off him.

I tottered on my stilettos for a few seconds while Blake got to his feet and straightened his clothes. He pointed at my leash which Henry had dropped behind the lines of the chairs.

“Fetch that, girl, and I’ll take you down to the changing room.” He followed and watched me bend at the knees to pick up the leash. “No! Haven’t you been taught? Straight legs, and if there’s a male in the room, ensure they get a good view of your cunt. Also, linger in the position for a few seconds, before completing the task.”

He took the leash and threw it on the floor again, about six feet away. I turned, approached the leash and followed his directions, bending at the waist to pick it up.” Oh!” I gasped when Blake placed his hand on my cunt.

“You can do better, girl. Widen your stance and dip your back...” He squeezed my lips and then stepped back. He waited for me present my cunt properly, then turn and hand him the leash. “Better, girl.”

“Sorry, Sir. I’ll try to remember.”

“Just bear in mind that your purpose, whether you’re wearing your Puppy suit or your maid’s dress is to treat the members to an eye-opening show. You have a delightful cunt. Be proud of it and show as many members as possible.”

He clipped the leash onto the ‘D’ ring on my collar, then led me out of the room. It was obvious that my day and a half stay at the club was going to be one long embarrassing experience...

**Five ~ Becoming a Puppy-girl.**

“May I go to the bathroom, please, Sir?” I asked as soon as we stepped into the hall.

“Of course. I’ll escort you there.” Blake jerked the leash. “Another rule on Wednesday night is that all Pets must remain on the leash when moving about the corridors.”

The bathroom was situated by the lift and appeared to be unisex. I had to step aside when a tall, black man emerged. He was leading a slim white girl, dressed in a red corset with six black suspenders. They supported black stockings and she was wearing 4” stilettos. Her head was covered with a red latex hood, the mouth of which consisted of a screw-in stopper.

I knew the torment she was going through from wearing a similar hood and ring gag. The outfit was completed with matching leather cuffs and a tall leather collar, to which her chain leash was attached. Her large breasts were supported on the half cups of the corset while her nipples were adorned with pendant gems that looked like diamonds. Her tits looked fake and were possibly a sign of things to come for me.

“Blake,” the man said just before blatantly studying my naked form. His eyes lingered on my mons. “MW? Is this Melvin’s new Pet?”

He was wearing the same outfit as Blake, navy-blue pants and fawn jacket, with the Petrosal Social Club coat of arms on the breast pocket.

“It is, Denzel. It’s her first night tonight.”

“I’ll look out for her then.”

A tug on the leash and we were on the move again, through into the bathroom. I had a quick glance at the girl’s rear end as she passed and noticed two things. Her name was Rose and she, like me, had recently received a thrashing! The long narrow bathroom contained five mini-cubicles, each with a pull curtain.

At the back of the cubicle were two toilets. Well, one was a normal toilet and the other was an odd version of a toilet. There was an oval ring seat for the user to sit on, but to do so, the person (Girl), would have to sit on a plastic prong, shaped like a mini space rocket.

Blake saw my surprise. “Have you used one of these before?”

I shook my head. “No, Sir, but I think I can work out what to do.”

“The phallus goes through a cycle. Ease your cunt onto it and I’ll show you how it works. Part your knees wide, so I can see what you’re doing.”

Water was oozing out of tiny holes on the rocket shaped device, so when I lowered my ass to the correct position, the pointy end slipped into my ravished vagina without any difficulty. Two things surprised me. The plastic surface of the prong had some give and the water was warm. However, the lower part of the phallus bulged and strained my entrance further than it had ever been stretched

before.

“Uggggh,” I moaned softly as I absorbed the dull ache, before finally settling on the oval seat.

“The probe is shaped like a canine penis and knot.” Blake informed me. After the dog has shagged his bitch, the knot is designed to keep the animal’s seed inside the bitch’s cervix for as long as possible...” He pointed at a control panel at the side of the seat. “Push the green button.”

“Oooooo,” I exclaimed once the device was operating. “It’s squirting, um, water inside me.”

“A fine spray of fluid to clean your orifice. It’ll start vibrating in a minute. You can hold the blue button down to lengthen that phase of the cycle.”

“Oh, yes, I can feel the vibrations!”

“That phase would normally last a minute.”

The sensation was causing thrilling sensations to ripple through my nether region. I didn’t want it to stop, but I didn’t have the nerve to ask him for an orgasm.

“The last cycle is vacuum. The device will suck the water out, give your vagina one more rinse, then suck again. Have a pee while it’s doing that.”

I was embarrassed to have an elderly black man standing within inches of me taking a pee, but I was desperate and couldn’t avoid releasing a long stream of piss into the trough encircling the support for the prong.

I could feel my face flush. “Finished?” he asked. I nodded. “Push the yellow button and the machine will clean your labia.

“Oh, oh my god,” I gasped when a plastic section with fine hairs hinged up and pressed into my labia cleft. It then started to brush back and forth while spraying water against and in my furrow.

“Again, by pressing the blue button you can lengthen that part of the cycle. Try it.”

I did and was rewarded with a highly stimulating experience. The small ‘tongue’ shaped brush slipped back and forth, rubbing my clit in a delightful manner.

“That’s a clever device...” I sighed.

“Zoe, you’ll be able to take it more seriously when your labia has been modified. Maids use this device after a guest has visited one of their holes.”



I released the button. “I’ll take it seriously from now on, Sir.” I didn’t go any further.

“We are very strict on hygiene here at the club. Do your back passage now.” As I eased off the prong, I was grateful that human males didn’t knot their cocks like animals.

I discovered why the prong had some movement when I docked my anus with the pointy end and slowly descended. It changed angle slightly to make it more comfortable when sitting upright. I held the blue button down while it vibrated and once again enjoyed the pleasurable sensations. I imagined that the device was popular among the females that used the facility.

“Come on, time to get you into your Puppy suit.”

Having disengaged myself, I dried my pussy with a tissue, then followed Blake out of the restroom. We then headed in the direction of the front door. As we approached it, Henry emerged from the changing room leading a Puppy-girl in a pure white suit. When the girl lifted her head, I gasped. It was Tammy being led away, fully kitted out and on the leash!

“Ruff, ruff!” she barked up at me in a friendly manner. Her thoughtful gesture and smile put me at my ease.

“Silence,” Henry said, giving the leash a slight jerk.

I noticed that she had a short upright tail, obviously attached to a butt plug. They carried on past us, down the hall, while we entered the room they emerged from. I immediately spotted my Puppy-girl suit laid out on the floor.

However, Stella and Simon, who dressed me the previous time, were nowhere to be seen and in their place stood John Truman, the kennel Master. A big man for a vet, he had a blunt, bullying attitude and I took an instant dislike to his aggressive manner the first time we met. He certainly didn't have the usual approach of a man who practiced medicine.

Tall and black, he had broad shoulders and was wearing a white coat. I guessed he was in his forties or early fifties. His short frizzy hair had tinges of grey, while his large, slightly bloodshot eyes gave me the creeps. They lit up when I emerged from behind Blake.

"Ah, the new bitch. Are the elder's happy with her, Blake?"

"So far. We'll be watching her carefully during her stay at the club. Is that her suit?"

"Yes. Stella was saying that we were lucky to have one her size in stock." He took the leash from Blake.

"Remember, she's new and doesn't know the rules."

"I'm aware of that, Sir. She was here on Monday and I had a chance to check her

out.” He held his hand up and made a fist at the elder. “I’ll make sure she follows the rules.”

Blake nodded knowingly, turned and left, leaving me with the aggressive, middle-aged vet. He pointed at the suit. “You know the routine, girl, heels, wig and collar off, then kneel in the rear paws of the suit.”

He stood and watched while I stepped out of my shoes, dropped the wig on the chair and unfastened the leather choker. I then knelt on the hind paws so he could pull the rear legs of the latex suit up my folded legs. First though, while standing in the all fours pose, I had to lift each knee in turn while he drew wide elastic bands up to keep my legs folded. Once the bands were in place, he fetched the inner shock, control collar.

“Up, girl. Sit on your heels while I fit this.” I held my head up, while he wrapped the plastic strip around my neck and secured it at the back. That was where the fastening was and all the electronics, in a thicker section of the collar. He then fetched a roll of white tape and hunkered down in front of me.

“Make fists and hold them up, girl.”

Naked, sitting on my heels with my knees apart, I twisted my body and waited while the vet taped my hands into a ball, as though I was getting ready for a boxing match. Then, he sprinkled my body with talcum powder and rubbed it into my skin, ensuring he had a good squeeze of my tits and buttocks.

“Back on your hands and knees.” I dropped into position and was conscious of my calves and feet tucked in against my thighs. “Good, let’s get your suit on.”

He said squatting down behind me.

He started with the hind legs of the light golden haired 'pelt'. It was an expensive bit of kit with realistic paws on the front legs and similar ones on the rear. The vet started to feed the suit up my folded legs, inch by inch. The first time I donned it, the suit seemed too tight, but the kennel Master managed to pull the material up onto my ass more easily.

Thinking about it, the latex probably stretched when I crawled around the garden on Monday, pursued by a horny Puppy-boy! The vet pulled the costume up my back, then returned to my ass to position the tight seam that pulled into my ass crack.

"Very nice, bitch," he muttered, while giving my pert cheeks an extra squeeze.

He then moved down to my labia lips which needed to be pulled further through the slot in the suit. They were still sore from the thrashing I received, along with the constant prodding and poking during the Elder's inspection. I was therefore miffed when he too prised them apart and checked out my clitoral ridge.

"Two juicy cunts in need of a snip," he muttered just before the door opened.

It was Henry returning empty handed. "Doc, I put the bitch in the garden with Simon and Rex, because a few of the members haven't arrived yet. I've activated their contact nodes and her collar, so they don't fuck her brain's out. Do you want me to activate this bitch's collar and nodes?"

The vet increased his grip on my juicy ridge. “Yes, do that Henry. Her collar is in place.”

“Okay,” the manservant replied and hurried away.

In a matter of seconds, I’d lose my voice, but it hardly mattered because I wasn’t allowed to speak anyway. If I wanted to avoid a nasty shock either side of my neck I had to stick to barks, grunts and growls. Simon had programmed the collar on my previous visit. I had spent an hour or more training, so I only had myself to blame if I triggered the collar.

**Six ~ The finger challenge.**

The vet who had maintained a grip on my clitoral ridge, twisted the ring-like device that was pierced deeply at its base. “Henry is activating the node in your labia and the one on your chin seated in the latex of the hood. That means that if one of the Puppy-boys tries to fuck you in any one of your two available holes, yours and the boy’s nodes will punish you both. In fact, if your nodes come within ten inches of each other, they’ll be activated. Got that?”

I nodded my head. “Ruff! ... Ruff!” The second bark was for the slap he delivered on my ass before he stood up.

“Right, let’s finish what I started. Sit back, so I can do the upper part of your body.”

I did as I was told, rocked back onto my ass and waited for him to come around to face me. Taking my right wrist, he fed it into the sleeve of a front leg. After my fisted hand was located in the paw, he worked the latex material up my arm. After repeating the process on my left arm, he adjusted the pelt back, up over my shoulders and around my neck, then told me to sit back on my ass.

After gripping the tab of the heavy-duty zip that ran from my navel to my neck, he drew it up slowly. “Breathe in, girl.”

The zip closing pulled the sides together across my belly and higher, over my tits. The vet had to pause to guide my nipples and areolas through small holes where the fur was sparse, then continued until the zip was closed all the way up to my neck.

Like Simon had on the first occasion, the vet pulled my nubs and areolas further through the small holes, making it look as though I had huge nipples, complete with barbell adornments! They were some compensation for the fact that the tight latex almost flattened my tits.

The vet got my attention by twisting my nipples. “Lift your paws, girl... Good. Now open your thighs wider.” He waited while I corrected my pose, having forgotten what to do in just 48 hours. “If you don’t sit like this, showing your cunt and nipples, you will be punished. The latex covering on your ass is very thin and won’t protect you from the cane, Henry’s favourite weapon. If you err twice then the blows will land on your cunt.”

It was a demeaning pose with my huge protruding nipples and white, bulging cunt on display. The golden-brown fur was a contrast and made my cunt more noticeable than Tammy’s, because her suit was white.

I hated to admit it, but I was somewhat aroused by the enforced lewd display when Simon fitted my suit. Henry’s announcement that the lad was in the garden pleased me and I was looking forward to seeing what he looked like in a Puppy-boy suit. However, I wasn’t sure how I’d feel when I ventured into a room full of gawking men.

Apparently, my embarrassing session in a Puppy-girl suit was due to last until the morning, at which point, I’d become one of the club’s simpering maids. Would I be wearing one of the pink or blue satin dresses or would I have to wear one of Seth’s new latex dresses? I wondered.

The final piece of the Puppy-girl costume was a latex hood, complete with the same matching gold fur. It covered my whole head and neck, bar an oval ‘window’ for my eyes, nose and mouth. It had floppy ears and like the rest of the



suit it was extremely tight. Then, there was the hard lump incorporated in the chin of the hood. I could feel the metal disc pressing against my skin, just below my lip.

To complete the outfit, the vet fastened a pink leather dog collar around my neck, over two layers of latex and the inner strip of plastic.

“Get down on your paws and have a trot around the room, then I’ll fit your tail,” the kennel Master ordered.

I set off on a circulatory route and immediately felt the tight latex settle into the shape of my body. It was stiff but didn’t hamper my movement. Obviously, the fact that part of my face was visible showed I was human, but from the side, if my head was turned away, I could easily have been mistaken for a large dog.

Apart from my head, I looked like a sleek, short-haired Afghan Hound. The pelt had been made with longer fur on my legs, and on the back of the hood, to disguise the fact that the suit was in two parts.

When I looked at my ass in the mirror, on Monday, I was both shocked and amazed at the sight of my Puppy rear. The latex stretched tightly over my bubble-like ass cheeks was thinner, to ensure both tattoos were visible through the sparse fur.

But, of course, the focal point of my ass was my prominent labia lips, bursting forth from the top of my furry thighs. They were larger than ever before and probably moist, particularly near my fleshy entrance. I was aroused and I was sure my sex revealed that to the vet. Still, I was sure that the dominant hulk of a

man was going to spear me regardless of how wet my pussy was.

He watched me intently and then removed the last item from the box, a black anal plug that had a short furry tail attached. “Good mutt. Come to your Master and take up the rut position.”

I took a deep breath and approached him, then turned and dipped my back and shoulders, making sure my hind legs were widely parted. I had always doubted if I’d get out of the room without being shafted, so it looked as though I was right. I offered him my sex, submitting without a whimper. It was the most submissive and lewd pose a girl could adopt and one I was getting more and more used to.

He dropped to his knees behind me and placed the plug/tail on the floor. “Bitch, you are a fine addition to the kennels. I only wish I could have you every day. Still, it’s only a matter of time before you upset one of the Firm. You stupid bitches usually do. Then I’ll have you for as long as I like.”

While he spoke, he ran his hands over my ass until he was ready to take his slice of the new bitch. “Ruuuuu,” I whined when he placed his thumbs on my anal whorl and eased it open. The whole area was sore from Seth’s beating and I couldn’t suppress my instinctive reaction to complain.

“Enough whining bitch. I’ve got to prepare this hole for the plug...” His hands fell away, then there was the sound of a zip and within a few seconds he was rubbing his blunt crown on my wet, fleshy spot – the entrance to my quim. “There’s nothing like using a bitch’s own juices to lubricate obstinate holes, eh?” he chuckled, then eased his cock into my quim. “Very nice, bitch. I’d say you’re the tightest mutt I’ve had in the kennels for a long while...”

“Ruh, ruh, ruh,” I gasped as he suddenly began thudding into my projecting posterior at an ever-increasing rate.

He gripped the sides of my ass while sating his lust for shagging Puppy-girls in his charge. His stout cock wasn't the longest, but it stretched my young vagina with each and every jackhammer thrust. My orgasm arrived quickly and my mind became fixated on what Blake was telling me about dogs knotting in their bitches, Anyway, that was irrelevant because the kennel Master suddenly stopped and withdrew.

“Ruuuuuu,” I groaned when he speared my higher and normally more obstinate orifice while stretching the entrance with his thumbs.

“That's my beauty,” he muttered soon after returning to a powerful piston action. “We'll soon have this hole ready to be plugged.”

He powered on, stretching my rectum, diving deeper and jarring my petite frame, in a display of macho domination. It was an awesome performance and kept my nervous system jangling throughout.

However, I was relieved when he finally reached his peak and had and shot pulse after pulse of hot jiz into my deepest recesses. My body was tired and my orifice sore. He paused for a few seconds to get his breath, then as he withered, he withdrew and picked up the enormous plug.

“Ruhhhhh,” I groaned when my anus, much like my vagina in the bathroom, was stretched way beyond its normal flexibility.

“It’s done, he announced. “Aren’t you glad I prepared your bitch hole for this tail?” He gave it a tug to test its permanence, then climbed to his feet and picked up the leash. “Up, girl, time to tell you about the moves that’ll please the members and get you the points that’ll save you from a painful punishment.”

I climbed to my paws and faced him, whereupon he wagged his finger at me. “Initially, you’re expected to sit and beg when trying to get the Member’s attention...” He waited for me to sit in the correct posture. “Good. A short yap might be needed...”

“Ruff!” I exclaimed.

“Not too loud. Then you could offer your paw and if there’s room, roll onto your back. Then up on your paws, wagging your tail so they can see that pretty little cunt of yours. The plug in your rectum has a sensor that is activated by this ring...” He lowered his hand to show me his black and gold signet ring, which bore a miniature club’s crest. He was wearing it on his stout middle finger. “For you to get a point, and you need ten, the ring has to be within a couple of inches of the sensor. So, your focus, when Henry puts you into the garden, is to get as many members to spear your bitch coozie as possible with their middle finger.”

I stared at the man in disbelief and he must have seen the distasteful expression on my face. “Ten is your target, bitch, and I was going to give you a bonus point...” He held his finger up. “...but I’m not so sure now...”

His expression told me he wanted me to shame myself. To beg him to finger-fuck me. I didn’t know how harsh the punishment was, so I ought to get the point he was offering. I returned to the begging pose, raised my paws a little

higher. “Ruff!”

“Oh, you want some attention, heh?” He squatted down and patted my head. “What are you trying to say?”

“Ruff, ruff.” I opened my thighs wider, making the twin lips of my smooth, white labia more noticeable.

The slot in the suit gripped the base of my lips making them look long, fat and obscene. He wasn’t tempted to touch them and instead reached out and gripped my nipples between his thumb and forefingers. “Do you want your nipples tweaked, bitch?”

“Ruff!” I responded, shaking my head.

“Roll over girl and show me your belly, then.”

I leant over onto my side, then after rolling onto my back, I pushed all four legs into the air and opened my thighs wide

“Good, girl. What a good bitch you are...” He started stroking my tummy and slowly moved down, over my belly, until he was stroking my splayed cunt. “Such a wet little bitch.” He played with my folds “Too meaty for some members.” He ran his finger between my lips pressing down on my clit flesh. “Never mind. Are you desperate to be finger fucked, girl?”

“Ruff!” I responded, nodding my head.

“Tongue out and pant like a real dog. That will definitely earn you a point from me.”

So, I lay there with my hind legs forming a wide ‘V’ while the vet stroked my creamy folds, teasing me mercilessly until finally dipping his middle finger into my salivating vagina.

“Ruff!” I exclaimed, when a sharp pain stabbed my labia.

“Ha! That’s your reward for being a good bitch. Your node will let you know when you’ve scored a point.”

He withdrew his ring finger and held it up. It was coated in cunt cream.

He thrust it toward my lips, whereupon I opened my mouth and started sucking his finger clean.

“Every ring is different and can only trigger your node once, so it’s impossible to cheat. The point of the game is to meet as many of the members as possible. If you fail to please nine more, then you will be beaten on your cunt.”

The final piece of news was chilling. Havin received a thrashing from Seth only a few hours earlier, I'd od anything to avoid another one!

As I climbed to my paws and followed the vet out of the changing room, I was determined to find those nine members who would help me complete the task. Nine fingers, finger-fucking me, was a shameful thing to consider, but the alternative was far more unpalatable.

On reflexion, I came to realize that after becoming embroiled in the animalistic fetish, I was getting a thrill from being confined in the Puppy-girl suit. Add that to my acceptance of the severe punishments that Seth had handed out to me, I had become a seriously fucked-up individual!

**Seven ~ In the face!**



I sat beside Doctor John Truman on a short leash and surveyed the garden. Night had fallen and the lights atop the dividing fences were bathing the lawn in a soft yellow glow. The garden was the centre one of three. The Petrosal Social club owned four houses in a row, one of which was kept separate and couldn't be accessed by the Puppies.

The trio of houses were used for the club's activities, while a fourth, two down on our left, housed their main London offices and a car park at the back. The main feature of the centre garden was a large pond and rockery, about halfway up the slight incline.

The properties were built on a slope and there was woodland beyond the fence at the top of the garden. The righthand garden was bordered by a tall fence and beyond that, a road. So, deep in the outer suburbs of London, the members of the Petrosal Social club had been able to create an isolated oasis where they could practice their sordid Puppy games in total privacy.

The vet unclipped the leash and pointed to the back of the righthand house. "Henry will open the patio doors to the men's smoking lounge..." He looked at his watch. "...in about ten minutes." "You and Tammy are allowed in there but most of the members will come straight out to get some air. The race will then begin between you and Tammy. The last to get to ten points will be punished. Remember, I've given you a head start so you only need nine to win. The other members – non-smokers, including me, will be watching the screens and placing in-play bets on your performance." He leant down, unclipped the leash and pushed the back of my head. "Good luck girl."

I trotted away into the deserted garden. Tammy, Simon and Rex were supposed to be out and about, so I set off up the gradual slope looking for them. As I neared the pond, I thought I saw movement. Moments later, I spotted a pair of

pink latex Puppy ears behind the rockery. I trotted up to see why the puppy was hiding there, only for the lad to spring out and rush at me.

“Ruff, ruff!” I barked as I sat down, thinking he’d stop. But, he didn’t and crashed into me, knocking me onto my back.

“Ruff, ruff,” I barked angrily.

“Ruuuuuu,” he whined apologetically and backed off.

It was Rex, Davina Roger’s Puppy-boy who I had encountered when Melvin took me to her car warehouse. Rex was wearing a transparent latex, all-over body suit. The latex was clear but tinted light pink. However, it didn’t make his muscular body look effeminate, just smooth and streamlined. He was wearing a normal leather collar, similar to mine, only his was black.

I remembered our first encounter when I arrived in Davina Roger’s study. He snuffled the front of my panties and later mounted me in the picnic garden, attached to the shed. I looked down and checked out his enormous cock. The 10” shaft stood bolt upright against his belly. That wasn’t unusual, but the barbell adornment pierced through his knob was!

What the hell had the lad gone through when the needle pierced his most sensitive organ? I wondered. Then there was his ball sack which resembled a huge red cricket ball. It was constricted into that shape because of a tight metal collar at the neck of his scrotum. I was sure it was red because his mistress whacked it whenever he misbehaved.

I felt safe for the time being, so I dropped to my paws and looked around. He couldn't mount me for the time being, with our nodes activated. However, he was studying my cunt and because he was maintaining an impressive boner, I wondered if he was considering risking the pain to get the reward. Then he pointed at his dick and mimed a licking motion.

He wanted me to suck the end of his cock. I shook my head, but he didn't want to take no for an answer. "Ruff," he barked, then put a paw over the steel collar at the top of his scrotum.

He was trying to tell me that it was possible to suck his knob without being punished. I shook my head and looked around. "Ruuuuuu??" I growled softly hoping he'd catch on that I was looking for my friend, Tammy.

He glanced around, then pointed at the top gate on the north side of the garden. I set off up the incline and it wasn't long before Rex caught up with me.

"Ruff, ruff," he barked in a friendly tone.

He was such a big lad and his cock matched his lithe muscular body. He towered over my petite frame and when given the all clear, would undoubtedly take advantage of me once he had tracked me down. As we trotted along, I imagined being mounted again by the lad and felt my pussy heat up.

We arrived at the open gate and stood looking across the wide lawn. There, in the corner, sat a large Puppy-boy wearing a black latex suit. He wasn't alone. A

white Puppy-girl, obviously Tammy, was going down on him. To what extent, I couldn't see, but I guessed she was only sucking his knob.

“Ruff, ruff,” Rex barked in an aggressive manner.

He had seated himself on the grass, by the gate post, and wanted the same treat that Simon was receiving. I weighed up my options and decided not to antagonize the lad, who later on in the evening was bound to be given the chance to shag me. I trotted forward, dipped my head and gingerly licked his purple crown. There was no shock, because my chin was more than 10” away from his scrotum collar.

I licked the domed end and wet kissed it with my lips but went no further than the barbell adornment pierced through his knob. It was a handy marker to stop me from going too far. Puppy-girls were at a disadvantage, for the lads couldn't perform cunnilingus on us if they too had the node in the chin of their hoods.

I had been at it for a couple of minutes when a girl appeared from the male kennel, halfway down the garden. I instantly recognised the blonde-haired young woman as Tina, the kennel maid. The diminutive figure was dressed in a blue pinafore minidress over a white t-shirt. She was wearing a different wig – it was shoulder length, red, and had a severe fringe.

She, like some of the Puppies, was a permanent resident at the Petrosal Social Club. When I met her the first time, she seemed happy to be caring for lads who had voluntarily become Puppy-boys. Tina even had ‘PSC’ tattooed on her mons, something I noticed on my previous visit.

She stood looking up the garden then called the boys to her. “Simon, Rex, get your asses down here. You too bitches.”

I stopped what I was doing and sat back. Rex wasn't best pleased, but dutifully dropped to his paws and set off down the hill, heading straight for the petite young woman. She was holding a stick which as I got nearer, I identified as a punishment wand. I saw Tammy following Simon, so I tagged along behind Rex.

The lads were going to stop in front of her, but she pointed at the boardwalk. “Sit up there and face me, boys.”

Tammy came and stood beside me and we gave each other a smile. It was a bizarre situation staring into my new friend's eyes, with us both dressed in Puppy-girl suits. If we were on our own, I was certain that we would be taking it in turns to lick each other's cunts, I was that horny!

That sensation increased as I watched Rex and Simon sit down on the edge of the boardwalk and show off their huge erections. Seeing Simon's knob pierced with the same barbell adornment, confirmed that possessing one was a club rule, like the deep-seated rings in our labia.

Tina bent down to look at their dicks, then took hold of Rex's straining black boner and squeezed it in her little white fist. The poor lad groaned and looked desperate for relief. For a moment I thought she was going to blow both lads, maybe one after the other, but she straightened and turned. She had an angry expression on her faces.

“Here in the Enfield kennels, bitches don't tease the boys. You've both been

caught red handed sucking their knobs. There's saliva on their dicks when you've been told not to rut! Do you want me to report you to the Kennel Master?"

"Ruuuuu," we whined, shaking our heads.

She turned to Rex. "Boy, which bitch has been sucking your dick?" He raised a paw and pointed at me. "Bitch, move closer and sit. I'm going to milk the lad and you're going to catch his load in your mouth..."

She waited until I had moved within 12", lowered my ass and opened my mouth. Then, and only then, did she start to pump the young man's dick for all she was worth. Up and down Rex's shiny black shaft, her hand whizzed. For one so slight and slim, she seemed to have a lot of power in her right arm, possibly from constantly providing her charges with relief.

I thought I was ready when the lad started groaning loudly, but no one could have been prepared for the volume of spunk that suddenly shot out of the end of the lad's dick. It was as though someone had turned on a spluttering tap, for pulse after pulse of creamy cum splattered all over my face, even though I tried desperately to catch the jetting jiz in my mouth.

Tina waited for the spurts to stop, then pointed to the last drops on the end of his dick. "Bitch, suck that clean, then sit back while I take care of Simon."

I moved forward and closed my lips around the end of his dick. I sucked and licked it for about a minute, then backed off to watch Tammy carry out a similar duty. It turned out that Simon's balls were just as full as Rex's and my poor

friend also ended up with her face covered in boy-cum. I wanted to laugh at her ridiculous appearance, but Tina was in a serious mood.

“Bitches, your faces look like cream pies. Lick each other’s clean. You’ve got to go down and meet the member’s in a minute. Get on with it while I look after the boys.”

We couldn’t meet the members with cum splattered faces, so we eagerly set about licking it off. In fact, it wasn’t a chore, we enjoyed doing it and even kissed for a brief moment when Tina’s back was turned.

*‘Looking after the boys’, was getting some sexual satisfaction for herself. While she stood between them, Tina let them nuzzle and lick her sex and ass, while she patted them on the head and told them what good boys they were.*

After finally taking them inside the kennel, she emerged carrying a riding crop. She stood standing on the edge of the staging, legs apart, looking down on us and tapping the crop in her free hand. She was deliberately showing us her pouting bald cunt and taking an aggressive stance to show us how superior she was.

She waved the crop in the air. “Do you want two from me or six from Doctor Truman?”

We glanced at each other and realized that two blows from a diminutive figure like Tina was more preferable to six from the aggressive vet. “Ruff!” I pointed at her, as did Tammy.

“Good, adopt the punishment pose.” I watched Tammy drop her shoulders and head almost to the grass, so I crawled beside her and copied her position. “You two are only here for a few hours but that doesn’t excuse you from the rules...”

She chose to thrash me first, in the straddle position, facing my ass. She rested the leather flapper on my thrusting labia, her target area. I cursed silently and regretted giving in to the Puppy-boy’s demands. Thwatt! Thwatt!

“Ruuuuuuuuu!” I cried when the flapper landed first on one side of my labia then on the other.

The stinging pain was almost unbearable, but thankfully I just managed to keep within my permissible sound range when I cried out. I stayed hunkered down while my friend received her strokes, to hide my tears. It seemed as though Tammy’s senior position in the company cut no ice once she was imprisoned inside a Puppy-girl suit!

Tina nudged my elbow with her trainer. “Up bitch and kiss my cunt!” She demanded. “Thank me for my kindness.”

I lifted my head and placed my paws on her knees. “Ruff, ruff!” I barked, then pushed my face up and started licking her labia. She patted my head as I acted out the role of a submissive Pet.

“Good, girl. I’ll let you explore further when I put you in your cage for the night.” She allowed me to penetrate her fleshy entrance for a brief moment, then



almost immediately pushed me away. “Now go and meet some of the members.”

Together, we set off across the lawn, toward the gate, knowing that the demands on our slim bodies was only going to get harder...

**Eight ~ Taken at both ends.**

I wasn't in such a good mood, after the events of such a tiring day. However, after we crossed the first lawn and entered the top of the middle garden, Tammy cheered me up by giving me a cuddle. After passionately kissing, we used our paws and our furry front legs to clean the last remnants of jiz from our faces, then trotted across the next lawn to the gate into the south garden.

Just as the vet had explained, the patio door had been opened and quite a few members had wandered out to chat with each other in the warm evening air. Several were standing talking to the vet who was sitting on the staging in front of the female kennels. One man was stroking a Puppy-girl who was sitting beside the vet as though she belonged to him. Doctor Truman spotted us walking towards them and pointed in our direction.

The faces of the four men lit up when they spotted us. "Can we have the ginger one?" One of the men asked the vet.

He stroked the head of the bitch who bore his initials, 'JT' on her mons, while he thought about the request. "okay..." He pulled a leash off the rail and handed it to the man. "This is the bitch's first night. Take her for a walk. Fifteen minutes tops and remember the rules. Understand?"

"Sure, doc. Shall we bring her back here?"

"No, let her off the leash once you've finished. She'll be hunting for more members."

The young black guys looked pleased as punch to get their very own Puppy-girl for a quarter of an hour. I wasn't so happy though because the vet was handing them the opportunity to do virtually anything they wanted while taking up fifteen minutes of my time.

The taller guy took the leash, clipped it to my collar and gave it a tug. I had no option but to follow him up the incline and leave Tammy behind to find out her fate.

"Billy, let's go to the top and find a flat bit of grass."

"Sure, I want to roll her, but I don't want her rolling down the hill." He chuckled to himself

The athletic young man was in a hurry, so he had as long as possible to screw me. The man behind me was older than Billy and wasn't as assertive a character. "This bitch's name is Zoe, Bill, and she's got a cute snatch," he announced.

"I'll toss you for holes, what do you say?"

"I have seniority here, Bill. I should choose."

"When the fuck are they going to relax the one hole rule?"

“When we find ourselves our very own Pets. They’ll remove the collars and we won’t be monitored anymore.”

“I can’t see it happening, ever.”

“I’m looking at a girl who may well fit the bill...”

We arrived at the flat ground at the top of the garden. There were several wooden bench seats standing against the tall back fence, but the young men stopped short.

“This’ll do, James. “I’ll tell you what we’ll do. Let the bitch choose for herself.”

“Good idea... Sit girl and check out our dicks.”

I dropped my ass and waited while both young men knelt on the grass and lowered their trousers and underpants. Again, I marvelled at the boldness in most black men’s characters. They were proud of their dicks while the few white guys I had met were shy to show theirs to each other. What was a real eyeopener though, was that both men had a gleaming silver ring at the base of their cocks, behind their hanging balls.

Putting two and two together, it seemed as though the men would be punished if either of them shafted two of my holes. Would it come in the form of a shock or loss of club privileges? I wondered. By inserting nodes on my chin and in my labia, the club had come up with a fool proof way of monitoring my holes.

“First night, heh?” Billy asked me while gripping his impressive shaft with his left hand. He reached out with his free hand and twisted my left nipple.

“Ruff,” I responded.

“Do you want us to finger fuck you, heh?”

James just knelt and listened to his cocky companion.

I nodded. “Ruff.”

“Well, first you’ve got to perform on our spit-roast, then we’ll give you the finger.” He held his middle finger up to show me he was wearing the club’s signet ring. “Tell us which cock you want fore or aft.”

I had been studying them and it was a no brainer. Billy’s black cock was longer but had less girth. That was the one I wanted to swallow. “I touched his with my paw then my mouth.

“Ha, I thought the bitch would choose your spindly excuse of a cock.”

“Don’t be a prick all your life. I’m betting this bitch’s throat is tighter than her

whore cunt.” He glared at me. “I’m not putting my finger in her cooch after you’ve been in it...” He turned me around and thrust his ring finger in.

“Ruuuuu!” I exclaimed when the node gave me a shock, signalling I had another point.

He then returned me to my previous position, facing his long shiny black dick. “Get on with it bitch!”

As I moved forward, James shuffled past me on his knees and took up a position foursquare behind me. A finger wiped down my labia. “This bitch is gagging for it, Bill. I’ve never seen so much slime.”

I wrapped my lips around Billy’s knob and was thankful that neither men had barbell piercings like the Puppy-boys.

“Atta girl,” he sighed as I began to caress his sensitive crown with every resource at my disposal. “Take your time, bitch. This isn’t a race.”

James, behind me, eased his dick into my salivating quim with some care. He wasn’t as big as some of the previous visitors, but the anal plug was pushing against my tender walls. So, when he started to thrust his shaft past it, a delicious sensation rippled through my nether region.

I had to concentrate on devouring more of Billy’s dick because I wanted to bring him to completion quickly and finish with the pair. However, the rock-hard

thrusting cock in my quim, successfully sating my hunger for sexual relief, distracted me and I delayed going down on Billy.

That was a mistake, after he had put some pressure on my head. Having gotten him excited, he became impatient and after grabbing the sides of my head, he decided to take control.

“Uhhhhhhhh,” I groaned when he started pumping my head up and down, slowly at first, then faster to synchronise the strokes with his pal behind me.

From fucking me at a sedate pace, James became as excited as Billy and raced his way to an orgasm. He was shooting spunk before Billy, who cruelly kept the pace going until he too had emptied his balls. During the throat fuck, I received a shock in my vagina from the contact with James’ ring, which proved useful to spur me on. However, I was still gasping for air, by the time Billy withdrew and sat back on his heels.

“Welcome to the Petrosal Social Club, Zoe. I’ll tell Melvin what a great addition you are and that you performed well.” The lad climbed to his feet and joined his pal on the walk back down the hill.

Dispirited and tired, I looked around and found that I was alone on the shadowy patch of grass that ran the whole width of the garden. I sat down and watched Billy and James stop to chat with the vet, who was still sitting on the boardwalk of the Puppy-girl kennels. He appeared to be enjoying a break from organizing the puppies.

I had come to terms with being owned by Melvin, who wasn’t really interested



in me. From what I had seen and heard, he was under his wife's thumb, which surprised me somewhat. Melvin needed me to get him a higher status at the club and hopefully to help him with some dodgy accounting. It suited Lucy that I was around for her husband to fuck. She was on the board of elders and still made her husband play the club rules by the book – a curious situation.

It suddenly occurred to me that Lucy was financially more powerful than Melvin. Was that possible? Maybe. Money talked in their world and the more you had, the more power you wielded.

I, on the other hand, was a small pawn in their world and totally disposable if I stepped out of line. Well, that wasn't going to happen in the foreseeable future, because, incredible as it sounds, I was getting a kick out of playing the part of a Puppy-girl. I wasn't looking forward to my maid duties for the whole of Thursday, but I thought I could suffer the discomfort twice a month.

There was something comforting about casting aside the worries of the world and letting other people run your life. Friday would come soon enough. I'd be back in the showroom, selling and delivering cars to customers. I'd be letting them see my intimate parts, or even shag me on the hood of their new car.

I had a detective to meet in the afternoon, and by that time, Seth would have worked out a plan which I would follow rigorously.

Then there was Seth. I'd be with him again and get another chance to prove my submissive devotion. Most of the sex I had experienced with other men, since I met Seth, had been second rate. I was terrified of his temper, awestruck by his prowess in bed and bowled over by his aggressive personality. That's why, more than anything, I was looking forward to being back in the flat, with him.

What painful experiences awaited me during the next 36 hours, I didn't know. But, If I didn't get a move on and find some more members to finger fuck me, I was going to find out sooner, rather than later...

**THE END of Part Eight.**

## **Sample of Part Nine: The Finale.**

## Chapter One.

Searching for seven more members wearing the club ring wasn't a difficult task at all. The problem was getting them to finger me without having sex with them. The odds were stacked against me, in a club full of horny black men on the hunt for white pussy. Sex was what most of the members were looking for, especially with the new Pet on the block strutting around.

I encountered two more couples, men wandering around the garden, looking for the opportunity to break in the new girl. And, they obliged in a similar manner to Billy and James. Earlier, I spotted Tammy inside, roving among some of the older members. She was an old hand and won the race easily, but Henry, the floor manager, kept me at it until I had secured my tenth point.

I followed my friend's example and put on a show for some of the mature members. Most of them were smoking cigars, and to get my ninth finger I had to let the guy dampen the end of his huge cigar in my orifice, before replacing it with his finger.

The final point was achieved while lying on my back, beside a member's chair. The moment I felt the sharp pain associated with gaining the point, a claxon sounded and a cheer went up, signalling I had achieved my target.

Henry didn't punish me. Instead I was given a bowl filled with champagne and told to drink it. All the men raised their glasses and cheered the new member of their club. It seemed as though I had passed the initiation test and that the threat of a punishment was a way of getting me to pull my finger out!!!

I was just licking the bowl clean when Melvin came over and hunkered down beside me. “Zoe, lift your head so I can attach your leash.” I raised my shoulders and sat back on my haunches. He didn’t seem in a very good mood. “Zoe, if you blab a word of what’s about to happen upstairs, I will personally dismember you, place the parts in a black bag and toss you into the Thames. Is that clear?”

I stared at him horrified, but I had the wherewithal to respond quickly. I nodded profusely. “Ruff!” He seemed satisfied.

He clipped the leash on my collar and then stood up. Without a further word of explanation, he led me out into the hall and down to the lift. After pulling the metal concertina doors to the side, we entered the small space and went up a floor. The door we stopped on the next floor read ‘MAROON SUITE’. Melvin knocked and waited.

Of all the things I didn’t expect was a naked black man to answer the door. The statuesque young man was a perfect athletic specimen, almost too pristine to be real. He opened the door just far enough for us to see him in all his muscular glory. The look on his face was one of indifference and boredom.

The lad’s massive erection suggested we were interrupting something. Up until that moment, it was the largest cock I had ever seen!

His eyes dropped to me and then returned to stare at Melvin. “Get inside.” He stepped aside and waited for us to enter the lounge. “You’re late, Melvin. The Mistress has been waiting ten minutes...”

“Sorry about that. Shall I go through, Gary?”

“No. She wants you to undress out here and wait until she calls you.”

A painful expression came across my Master’s face. “If I could just...”

Gary put his hand up. “No! The Mistress wants you to undress and wait here!” The young man couldn’t be more emphatic. “Give me the leash.”

He grabbed the leather grip and led me across the room and into the bedroom. I was stunned by the magnificent room, the focal point of which was a four-poster bed. Maroon drapes on the windows and a similar colour fitted carpet accentuated the rich dark mahogany furniture dotted around the room. The posts and ends of the bed, the chairs, TV cabinet, bureau, shelf units and a large ottoman sitting at the end of the bed, were all matching antique items; or amazing reproductions.

However, my eyes didn’t linger on any particular item of furniture, they were drawn to the luscious lady lying semi-naked on the bed. It was Lucy of course, wearing a black satin corset which had half cups to support her substantial tits. She sat up, moved the pillows down the bed, then took up a new position nearer the end with her legs lying across the ottoman.

As we approached the ottoman, Lucy supported herself with her elbows and spread her legs. “Put the bitch there, Gary.” She pointed at the padded surface.

The young man placed his hands under me and lifted me bodily as though I was made of polystyrene. He set me down between Lucy's legs, on the ottoman. I had to place my hind paws almost behind my front, with my ass projecting backward.

If I rocked forward, which I assumed was the point of placing me there, my mouth would dock with her incredible bald cunt, just 18" below my face. I didn't know what was about to happen, but I guessed that I wasn't the only one about to be humiliated...

### **The end of the Sample.**

I hope you enjoyed the Eighth part of

this story and continue to read my work in the future.

Thanks, Amelia.

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