

His Pet

**Part
Nine**

**The
Finale**

Amelia Stark



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His Pet: Part Nine – The Finale

The Final Part of

The Social Club Pet Series.

By Amelia Stark

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In this final Part of the series, Zoe discovers that Melvin's wife, Lucy, is the head of the 'Firm'. She is the 'Queen Bee' and owns the Petrosal Social Club. Everything revolves around her and everyone follows her orders. Melvin and Zoe, now in her Puppy-girl suit, are instructed to attend the dominatrix's bedroom at the Club.

On arrival, the pair find that Lucy is in bed with Gary, her toy-boy. She plans to humiliate Melvin in front of Zoe to demonstrate the power she holds over her husband. So, starts one of the most bizarre sessions Zoe has ever experienced, involving her, dressed in her Puppy suit, two muscular black guys and the black dominatrix.

This is just the start of a two day 'training' session for the youngster, involving Puppy-girl races, Kennel maid duties and running in a transparent leotard.

Then, something unexpected happens, something that turns Zoe and Tammy's lives upside down. This 9-book series culminates in a gripping final sequence that will have you on the edge of your seat!

One ~ The Queen Bee.

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 ring finger.

The final point was achieved while lying on my back, beside a member's chair. With my legs in the air, he rubbed my tummy, played with my nipples and stroked my smooth white lips before using his digit to reward me with the final point. The moment I felt the sharp pain, 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 like a Puppy would. All the men raised their glasses and cheered the new member of their club. All the men crowded around and congratulated me for passing the initiation test and I was thankful that the empty 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, naked 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 huge 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...

If Gary was a magnificent male specimen, then Lucy was his female equal in every respect. Strong thighs, large buttocks, narrow waist and large-firm tits were impressive features, but she was also stunningly attractive.

Her huge brown eyes, blemish-free complexion, straight, narrow, European nose and high cheekbones were a mix of rich African genes and expensive plastic surgery. I didn’t blame her because the result was perfection personified.

“More pillows, Gary.” She waited while the young man supported her back so she could raise her body to an angle of 45 degrees. “Zoe, everything you have seen since arriving at the club belongs to me. The houses, the members, and the cars. Gary here...” The lad, standing at the side of the bed with a huge erection, bowed his head in acknowledgement. “... Even you, Zoe. You belong to me. Then there’s Melvin and the car dealership. All mine. I’ve owned Melvin for a long time, over ten years. My fortune allows me to have what I want. Do you understand?”

She was the queen bee and totally convincing. Men like Gary and Melvin were the workers, buzzing around her hoping for a taste of her honey. I nodded, because I wasn’t surprised. “Ruff!”

“The only reason I’m telling you this, is so you understand why you’re alive; and why I instructed Melvin to give you a second chance after you embezzled hundreds of thousands of pounds of my money.”

She paused to let the reality sink into my brain. It was Lucy who held a thread with my life on the end, with one hand, and a pair of scissors in the other. I could imagine Melvin pleading with the dominatrix to keep me alive so he could turn me into his pet. I could imagine Lucy agreeing to his suggestion, so she had a hold over him and free rein to shag young men like Gary.

“To be a full member of this club, a man needs a Pet,” Lucy continued. “His first Pet got too big for her boots so had to be disposed of. You’re his second attempt and subject to more monitoring, thanks to Seth. Are you going to give us any problems, girl?”

I shook my head vociferously. “Ruff, ruff.”

She turned to the black statuesque figure beside the bed. “I love to see these wiggers barking like real bitches. Lean over Gary.” She reached out, and as soon as he had leant far enough, she wrapped her hand around the top of his huge shaft. She turned to me. “Isn’t it the truth that all you wiggers crave big black cocks in your whore cunts?”

“Ruff!” I nodded, stuck my tongue out and panted like a real dog.

“Huh! You see, boy, the girl is a fast learner. It’s in her psyche to rut like a bitch on heat,” She released his cock and turned her attention back to me. “Don’t worry, girl, Gary will give you what your wigger cunt requires. Won’t you,

boy?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” he said eagerly.

“Back to Melvin,” Lucy continued. “He made a mistake with his last Pet. A serious error of judgement. Boning the bitch when he should have been taking me shopping, was a serious error of judgement. I expect him to fuck his Pet, not fall in love with the creatures...”

My god, I thought. A girl was disposed of because Melvin forgot to take the dominatrix shopping! I was aghast at her lack of consideration for girls in my situation.

“So, Melvin has agreed to wear a special cock control collar, in exchange for me letting him have you, full membership of the club and the Bentley. The device was fitted an hour ago, after the meeting with the elders. I’ll be monitoring his sexual activity from now on and restricting him to one or two shags a day, depending on his response to his new status.” She turned to Gary. “Go fetch my husband. I need to see if the ring is working properly.”

She smiled at me but didn’t say anything until Melvin strode into the room ahead of the incredible black hulk. Melvin had real stature, but he was overshadowed by the slightly taller and wider younger man.

“Lucy, couldn’t we do this later?” Melvin asked boldly

“Why? Are you embarrassed because your pecker is as limp as a soggy frankfurter?”

Melvin’s dick was indeed flaccid. It wasn’t shrivelled though, just hanging limp in front of his huge ball sack. The gleaming silver ring, gripping his shaft, behind his scrotum, was visible because his genitals had been shaved free of hair. I wasn’t shocked by their appearance, but Melvin was clearly embarrassed.

“The bitch doesn’t have to be here, surely?”

“Melvin, you’re questioning my judgement. That’s a black mark against you and the loss of one fuck from your allowance.”

From the look on his face, Melvin was horrified and angry in equal measure, but somehow reigned in his temper. “Lucy, forgive me. I didn’t want to interrupt your tête-à-tête.”

“You haven’t. You’re here for a good reason, Melvin. I don’t trust devices like the one gripping your pecker until I’ve seen them work for myself.

He looked down. “Lucy, you can see the fucking thing works.”

“You get horny sucking pussy. Get slurping in your bitch’s minge. Give her a good tonguing...”

“Lucy...” He was going to complain again but stopped himself just in time.

He walked forward, dropped to his knees and after gripping my hips pressed his face against my ass so he could lap my thrusting labia. I was gobsmacked by the trio’s wacky behaviour, for there I was, perched on the ottoman, while Lucy and her boyfriend humiliated Melvin in front of me. It was by far and away the most bizarre thing that had ever happened to me in my life...

Two ~ Double Humiliation.

Time seemed to stand still while the lovers watched the top of Melvin's head slide up and down between my pear-shaped ass cheeks. I could feel his nose rubbing across my anus and hear loud slurping noises as he fervently went to town, lapping my pussy. Delicious sensations rippled through my nether region despite having an audience watching over me.

Lucy stared intensely at me. "Do you like that, bitch?"

Melvin could have gone through the motions, but he was attacking my clitoral ridge and fleshy entrance with gusto. I nodded in the affirmative. "Ruff!"

"Well make the most of it, bitch." She reached down and used her thumbs to part her plump black lips, without success. "You see, men did this to me before I could walk. So, one of the first policies of this club was that all Pets belonging to me should be trimmed. That includes you and your muff diving pal, Tammy."

She was confirming what I already knew, but the additional information explained what was behind the barbaric rule. I wasn't sure why Melvin was putting so much effort in, but I wasn't complaining... And, his efforts were just starting to produce results when he was interrupted.

"That'll do Melvin. I don't want the bitch coming all over your face. Stand up and let me feel your pecker."

He climbed to his feet and presented himself at the end of the ottoman. Lucy lifted his flaccid dick. "Nope, no blood in there. Right, let's try voyeurism."

You've been getting a kick out of all those CCTV cameras that Seth has installed, along with the films Eddy produces." She turned to her stud. "Gary, shaft the bitch and I want to see the end of your dick trying to escape out of her mouth. Go screw her."

The young muscular giant didn't need to be told twice, He was in position, foursquare behind me in a trice and lining up his enormous dick with my exposed close-range target.

I felt his crown nudge my entrance. "Ruuuuu," I groaned when my tender walls began to stretch as the invader burrowed deeper and deeper, like the drilling machine in Journey to the Centre of the Earth! "Ruuuuu," I complained again as I felt the tip prod my extremity.

"Now that, bitch, is what you call a weapon of mass destruction!" Lucy chuckled. "Makes your eyes water, Heh?" She turned to her husband. "Your bitch isn't going to be as impressed, when you finally get a hard-on."

Melvin looked on with a stoic expression on his face. Both Lucy and I were watching his cock to see if it would start to twitch. Meanwhile, Gary was able to start a long steady stroke, because my vagina instantly provided enough oil to grease his pile-driving piston of a cock.

"Ruu, ruu, ruu," I grunted softly when the tip of his massive shaft reached its limit, with each body slamming thrust of his hips.

Apart from absorbing the constant internal dull ache, I had to contend with my badly bruised cheeks which were providing me with a cushion from the

onslaught.

“Dip your head girl and worship your Mistress’s cunt,” Lucy ordered.

Jarring back and forth, I was unable to lap her pussy, so Gary gripped my hips more tightly and eased me forward a little until my lips were pressed against hers. She had a soapy flavour which enabled me to go for it straight away. I lapped around her portal for a few seconds then plunged my tongue into her orifice as far as it would stretch.

“Not bad, bitch. Keep it up,” she said, while patting my furry hood.

“Ruuuuu,” I groaned as a sensational climax rapidly peaked at a level I had never experienced before. Unfortunately, though, it didn’t last long – thanks to Lucy.

“Enough,” she shouted. “The bitch is coming and there’s no sign of life in Melvin’s pecker.” She lifted my head and helped me get my balance, as Gary withdrew with a loud squishy sucking noise. “Turn the girl around so she can clean your pecker. Then, she can try and do a job on Melvin.

While Gary helped me to turn, Lucy withdrew her legs and took the pillows to the other end of the bed. Poor Melvin had to stand and watch me licking the lad’s huge purple knob. I became frightened when he thrust it against my lips. I had to open my mouth and have a suck, but we both knew he wouldn’t be able to fuck my throat without killing me.

“Okay, Gary, come and empty your balls while the bitch tries to liven up my pathetic husband’s limp pecker.”

Melvin was dejected when he lifted his limp dick up to my mouth and whispered a message. “Pretend, Zoe. This isn’t going to work.”

I made some slurping noises, but they were drowned out by the stud’s grunting and groaning, as he pounded his cock into Melvin’s wife, right in front of his eyes. I felt sorry for the dude. No one should be cuckolded like Lucy was doing to Melvin.

He had wealth and position. He was once again a member of an exclusive club and could rub shoulders with his peers again. He had the Bentley and he had me, but by handing over control of his cock, he had allowed Lucy to take his sexual freedom away.

I could feel the bed nudging the ottoman as the heavy lad piston fucked his Mistress just inches away from where I stood. I glanced up and saw a look of total disgust on Melvin’s face.

“Fuuuuuuucking helllllllll,” Lucy suddenly cried, as she writhed through a vocal orgasm that sounded deliberately exaggerated. “Pound me boy. Give me every inch of your rock-hard pecker and the contents of those ass slapping balls.”

The lad picked up pace and then... “Uggggggghhhh,” he grunted, when he granted his Mistress’s wish and emptied his balls into her luscious black body.

“Off, boy and let’s see how the test is going.”

Melvin moved sideways to show his wife that the cock collar was doing its job. I looked over my shoulder to see the pair lying side by side with their heads on the pillows.

She pointed down at her glistening pussy. “Melvin I’m satisfied Professor Smith knows what he’s talking about. Now, choose your final task. Suck my cunt clean and pleasure me or blow Gary back to life. What’s it to be?”

Melvin’s expression of disgust didn’t translate into rejecting both options. He was a proud man, but he was the one wearing the cock ring and she could make his life a misery at the touch of a button. “Lucy, open your thighs. I’ve never sucked a dick and have no plans to start now.”

“Huh,” she snorted. “Tonight, is a new beginning and from now on, you’ll do as you’re told. The bitch can deal with Gary’s dick tonight but next time you might be on your own...” She shuffled sideways on the six-foot-wide bed and drew her knees up onto her chest, then ran her fingers up and down her thrusting black labia. “Come on, boy, time to tease my pucker, suck cream and eat my fabulous pussy.”

I could understand the lure of munching away on Lucy’s firm labia folds and exploring her twin orifices, but poor Melvin had to Hoover out a fair quantity of jiz while he was at it. If it disgusted him, he didn’t show it and I was totally surprised to see him drop onto all fours and start to crawl toward his dominant wife’s bald cunt.

Before he lowered his mouth onto her huge convex lips, she turned to Gary. “The bitch is all yours...” She then returned her attention to the back of Melvin’s head. “Good, boy.” She started patting it like he was a Puppy-boy.

When Gary clicked his fingers, I turned and crawled onto the bed. When he obligingly opened his legs, I crawled between them and started to lick his semi-limp shaft from his balls to his crown. “Atta, bitch. Make my black ivory horny. Then, you can slide your tight, white cunt on it again.”

He relaxed and watched as I kept licking his shaft and lolly-popping the knob until it was back to its mahogany-like hardness. A glance sideways told me that Melvin was enjoying serving his Mistress orally. I wondered if she was serious about making him do what I was doing, namely, sucking Gary’s dick. It would be the ultimate humiliation.

If Lucy had that much influence over Melvin, then he was as terrified of her as I was. Or, which was more likely, he would rather be wedded to a fortune and a bunch of luxury items than he was to the voluptuous woman beneath his salivating mouth...

Three ~ Puppy-girl duties.

While Lucy was settling down to enjoy a long bout of cunnilingus, Gary placed his fingers under my bobbing forehead and lifted my head. “Bitch, the cannon is primed and ready for action. Crawl forward and slide your tight little snatch onto the largest black cock you’ll ever squat on.

He had every right to boast about his massive shaft and I would have been stupid if I wasn’t afraid of taking up the challenge and stretching my quim once again. So, it was with some trepidation that I crawled over his gigantic genitals and moved into position with my chest over his face. His cock was that long!

Steering the head of the black snake was tricky, while reaching between my hind Puppy-girl legs, but once it was docked with my salivating quim, I began the arduous task of impaling myself.

“Ruuuuu,” I groaned after I had lowered my ass just three or four inches.

So, I began rocking back and forth gently stretching my muscles to a greater depth with each downward nudge.

“Atta girl. You can take it all. Every last inch of my black shaft.”

“Ruff, ruff.” I shook my head, then, with my front paws supporting my weight on his muscular chest, I settled into a steady plunging stroke.

“Further, bitch. Take it all...” His knob was nudging my extremity and there was still an inch or two to go. “Your body will adjust...” He grabbed my hips and forced my body down.

“Ruuuuuuu,” I gasped when a deep ache spread out from my lower belly.

“There you are bitch. I told you your hole would be deep enough!”

The discomfort knocked me back for a minute, but after I had blinked away a couple of tears, the dull ache subsided. Then, once I had completed another dozen thrusts, I started to enjoy myself.

“Bitch, you are one tight motherfucker... Give me a yelp when you start seeing fireworks.”

“Ruuuuu,” I cried, because the fireworks had already burst forth, along with 5000 volts of energy racing around my nervous system.

“Go girl. Shag like there’s no tomorrow...”

It took me several exhaustive minutes to make him cum, and once he had exploded deep inside me, I felt drained of every ounce of energy. The inner latex of the Puppy-girl suit felt slick against my skin, while small droplets of sweat from my nose dripped onto the lad’s solid black chest. Meanwhile, Melvin continued with his cunnilingus duties as fervently as when he started. It was clearly a practice they both enjoyed.

“Not bad, bitch...” Gary pulled me forward onto his stomach. “Clean me.” He helped me to turn through 180 degrees, whereupon I hunkered down and began licking my juices from his limp dick.

“Enough, Melvin,” Lucy said, pushing his head back. As he retreated like a naughty boy, she dropped her legs and sat up. “The fun’s over. I’m going to get showered and I’ll be down in an hour to watch the rut race. Take the bitch down and give her something to eat.”

Melvin, his face covered with cunt juice, sat up and wiped his hand across his face. “What about the collar, Lucy? When are you going to switch it off?”

“Melvin, you are a fool. Your erections are switched off with a constant suppressant from the collar. The anti-suppressant, I control, will give you a hard-on for half an hour. You get your first at midnight tonight. Make the most of it.”

He looked horrified but he didn’t challenge her statement. “We’ll talk later, Dear.” He signalled to me. “Come on, girl. Let’s get going.” He helped me onto the floor and followed me out of the room.

“Close the door!” his wife shouted.

I had experienced some kinky shit in the previous three days, but the encounter with the black threesome, topped everything that had gone before!

Once Melvin had dressed, he took me down to the lower ground floor in the rickety lift. According to the sign on the door, the large room we entered was the maid's living room. Long and narrow, it was divided into three sections, each being about twenty feet long and twenty feet wide.

At the far end were five sets of bunk beds. Two on each side wall and one at the end. Half a dozen blue bean bags were bunched together in the centre of the bedroom section. A long, dark blue curtain that could divide the section from the rest of the living space was drawn right back.

Kitchen units occupied the left-hand wall of the centre segment, including a sink, microwave and oven. A dining table and six chairs stood in the centre, while a long sofa was pushed against the right-hand wall.

The first part of the room we entered was the changing room. Four dressing tables stood against the left-hand wall, along with 3 tall chest of drawers, while a long hanging rail with dozens of maid's costumes in a variety of colours stood on our right.

Two white girls sitting on the sofa, dressed in white satin corsets and thongs, got to their feet as we entered. "Mr Watson..." the girl wearing a red wig exclaimed. "...it's good to see you."

"Hello, Yasmin, Cloe. Could you keep an eye on Zoe while I fetch her a plate of food from the dining room? I want her to have a break before the rut race."

"Sure, we can do that. We're waiting for Henry to punish us. Then we'll have to go back upstairs."

“What have you been up to?”

“We served the wrong meals to two guests. Henry isn’t happy with us.” She looked down at me. “I’ll give her a bowl of water while you fetch the food.”

“Thanks, Yasmin. I’ll tell Henry about Zoe. That’ll give one of you more time to recover.” Melvin unclipped the leash and hurried out of the room, leaving me with the girls.

Yasmin pointed at a large rug laying in front of the sofa. “Girl, go and lay down over there. You’ll be out of the way.” After I had settled down on the rug, Yasmin filled a dog bowl with water and placed it on the rug beneath my chin. “Drink up. Shagging is thirsty work.”

I noted that the girl was so well trained that she bent over with her legs straight and her stilettos 18” apart. The white gauze thong she was wearing left nothing to the imagination, so I was able to read the letters ‘PSC’ tattooed on her mons through the fabric and see the dark cleft between her plum labia lips.

Six suspenders hanging from the corset were attached to white stockings that had frilly tops. She was wearing a white leather collar around her neck and a beautiful shoulder-length red wig.

When she turned to return to the sofa, I saw that one of her cheeks was tattooed with her name, ‘Jasmine’ and the other with the ‘PSC’ shield. There was also extensive bruising that was common among all the girls who worked at the club.

Once Jasmine was comfortable, she went back to looking at her phone.

It wasn't long before Melvin returned with a bowl of rice and chicken and placed it next to the other bowl. He had kindly chopped it up to make it easier for me to eat without utensils.

“Yasmin, I want you to bring Zoe up to the member's lounge at eleven. Henry will be down soon and will let you stay with my Pet.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

To eat the food, I changed to better position and started munching away. I had been eating for about five minutes when the door opened and in strode Henry, the floor manager. He was carrying a cane and had a determined look on his face.

“Girls, you know your crime and the due punishment. Thongs off and hunker down beside the bitch.”

I shrank in a hunched position and stayed perfectly still while the duo removed their skimpy underwear and hunkered down beside me with their asses in the air. The manager straddled Cloe's back, beside me, first and raised his arm. Switt! Switt! Switt.

“Ahhhhh,” the youngster cried moments after the rapid strokes landed in the crack of her ass.

I felt for her and couldn't avoid watching the hot heavy tears rolling down her pretty face. She was a tough kid though and managed to give me a wan smile. Moments later, Henry moved on to take aim at the valley between Yasmin's pert cheeks. I had been there and would no doubt suffer similar punishments in the coming days.

Switt! Switt! Switt. Switt! Jasmine was similarly affected by four vicious strokes that caused her to cry out more vociferously than Cloe.

"Yasmin, you received an extra stroke because you're the senior girl," Henry informed her. "I want Cloe up in the dining room in five minutes and you there in twenty. Got that?"

"Yes, Sir!" they chorused from their lowly positions.

As soon as Henry had left the room, both girls scrambled to their feet and rushed over to the clothes rail. I had lost my appetite, so I turned to watch Yasmine help Cloe dress in a black satin maid's dress. Once the zip was pulled, Yasmin fetched Cloe's thong and held it low for her friend to step into it. Once they had straightened the skirts and petticoats, the pretty youngster studied herself in the mirror of one of the dressing tables.

After applying blusher and lipstick she turned around and faced Yasmin. "How do I look, babe?"

"Drop dead gorgeous, kid. Go slay them."

The youngster hurried out of the room clearly focused on one thing – keeping Henry happy, and at all costs, avoid upsetting him again. They had demonstrated diligence in the face of a strict regime that responded to failure with harsh discipline. I could only marvel at the way the girls kept their spirits up, while living and working at the Petrosal Social Club full-time.

Four. ~ Supper and sex.

Yasmin tidied the rail and the dressing table, then came over to where I was sitting. She stared down at the half-eaten contents in the bowl, feet 18” apart.

“Not hungry, girl?”

I gazed up at her magnificent thrusting pussy and shook my head. “Ruff, ruff.”

She bent at the waist and picked up the bowls, while subconsciously displaying her cunt to an imaginary man behind her. “Is this your first day?”

I nodded. “Ruff!”

I turned my head to watch her take the bowls over to the sink. First, she emptied the food into the trash, then she washed the bowls and put them on the draining board. Everything was extremely clean and tidy, even the beds were made in the bedroom section.

She turned and approached me. “I see someone has been boning you. Was it your Master?” I looked down to see a large glob of jiz oozing out of my entrance.

I shook my head. “Ruff, ruff.”

“Mmm, that’s something you’re going to have to get used to during your stay at the club. Hunker down again and get your ass up. I’ll clean you and then you can lap my cunt. I need you to take some sting out of the bruises.”

I eagerly dropped to my paws and lowered my head and shoulders, then waited for Yasmin to get into position.

“Looks like you’ve been a naughty bitch.” She stroked my bruised labia, which was beaten by Seth before we left the flat earlier.

“Ruff!” I responded to her observation.

What transpired was far more than sucking cum from my orifice. The pretty youngster set about furiously lapping my labia, then probing my succulent portal with rapid flicks of her tongue. Her ministrations soon had my senses vibrating like a tuning fork.

Yasmin then moved up and teased my anus, before thrusting her powerful tongue in as far as it would go. To finish, she licked the entire length of my ass crack and nether region a couple of times, then stood up.

“That’s how you do it, kid. Now it’s your turn.”

As I rose into a sitting position, she climbed forwards onto the sofa, spread her knees and lowered her upper torso so her ass pushed back in the lewdest manner toward me. We were the only ones in the room, so it didn’t matter at all. I moved

into position, pushed my nose between her cheeks and began licking the entire length of her valley, her perineum and most importantly her bruised labia.

“Sweet, kid. You’re a fast learner.”

Her modified labia had taken the bite of the strokes, two either side, so I licked her lips gently before concentrating on the entrances to her orifices. I had just thrust my tongue into her quim when the door swung open.

“Girls? What’s going on?”

“George!” Yasmin cried, as the handsome young black man approached.

While the young woman twisted away from me, got to her feet and hurried over to the young man, I wondered if the newcomer was Melvin’s brother. I turned to watch Yasmin jump into his arms. He cupped her bare ass and lifted her up while she kissed him.

“It’s been a long time, George.”

“I’m living in Dubai now. I don’t come back to these shores very often.”

She kissed him again. “We all miss your practical jokes.”

“I bet Blake and Lucy don’t. Who’s your friend?” He set her down and the pair approached me.

Like a good Puppy-girl, I adopted the correct pose with my thighs widely parted and my paws to the side of my nipples.

The young man hunkered down and examined my body. His eyes dropped to my bulging pussy and mons, which bore the letter’s ‘MW’. “Oh, this is Melvin’s new bitch. Why didn’t you say, Yasmin?”

She put her hand on the young man’s short frizzy hair. “I thought you knew. Didn’t you see her earlier?”

“Nope, just arrived.”

“Late as usual... Um, I’ve got to be upstairs in ten minutes. I’d better get dressed.”

“I’m sure you can find time for a quickie.”

“I would if I could, but I can’t. Henry will hook me if I’m late in the dining room.”

She turned, and aiming her ass at George, then deliberately bent at the waist to pick up her thong.

“Very nice, kid...” He cupped her cunt and slipped a couple of fingers in her juicy entrance. “Shame to waste all this oil.”

Yasmin stood up straight and disengaged from his fingers. “Catch up with me at midnight, Sir, and you can drill for some more.”

He slapped her ass as she set off for the rack of dresses, then followed her. “I’ll give you a hand. I’m sure Melvin’s bitch will help me scratch an itch.”

She took a black maid’s dress off the rail and with George’s help, stepped into it and drew it up her body. “Sorry, George, Melvin wants me to take Zoe up to the member’s lounge. The ‘Rut races’ will be starting at eleven...”

George stood and watched Yasmin slip the thong on. “Ah, ah, you can’t deny me twice. I’ll bring the bitch up and make sure you don’t get into trouble.”

She shrugged and spun around in the dress, causing the taffeta petticoats to fly out and reveal her cute ass cheeks. “Alright...” She sat on a dressing table stool, attended to her make-up and tidied the red wig.

George waited for her to hurry from the room before returning to where I was sitting. He knelt on the rug within touching distance and sat back on his heels. “Is this your first time in a Puppy suit, kid?”

I could see why Yasmin was fond of him. He was younger than Melvin, possibly late-twenties and he had a friendly easy-going manner. A lot of the men in the firm were serious, intense individuals – not George.

I nodded. “Ruff.” I desperately wanted to respond properly to the guy and ask him questions, but it would have to wait until another day.

“I bet you loathe this place...” I nodded in the affirmative. “Do you hate wearing the suit?” I shrugged my shoulders and pulled a face. “You’re doing better than most. Melvin said you’re a wiz at cooking the books. Is that right?” I nodded.

Word of my embezzling skills had obviously spread throughout the club. I didn’t think I had been particularly clever hiding my nefarious activities because I got caught, but the Firm seemed impressed.

George clasped my nipples and gave them a twist, like every other man who had spotted them, then reached down and stroked my bulging labia. The suit accentuated their puffiness in the seated position, making them the focal point of my stance.

“Up you get girl and turn around. I want a better look at these cute lips and your puppy rear end.”

As I climbed to my paws and turned through 180 degrees, George started to unzip. He was friendly and easy-going, but when the chips were down, he was like his brother and the others. Yasmin wouldn’t let him shaft her, so as second

choice, I was on hand to satisfy his lustful desires.

“Oh, yes, very cute, kid...” Thumbs parted my labia. “A meaty pussy for a change. How long it’ll stay like this is up to you.” I wasn’t sure what was behind the comment. Since Melvin walked into Orbital Motors, all decision making had been removed from my life.

“Ruuuuuuu,” I whined in an effort to tell him I wasn’t happy about losing my clit.

“Kid. If I were you, I’d get in your Mini and just drive. Go where it takes you and never look back. Imagine you’re Cinderella and you’ve only got until midday on Friday. Make something of your life.”

He was a fantasist and obviously nothing like his brother, but he still wanted to shag me. Moments later, George was sliding his granite-like cock into my hot, juicy nest. It had girth – lots of it – and stretched me in a similar fashion to Gary’s, but George, thankfully, was a couple of inches shorter. “Kid, it makes a change to find a young, healthy body to shag in this place. Some of the resident Puppy-girls have been around the block a few too many times for my liking.”

He quickly established a jerky stroke, where he withdrew his dick slowly, then suddenly slammed it home, almost knocking me off my paws. It was an attempt to get some extra depth and prod my extremity. He failed in that, but his unusual style was effective and quickly ignited a thrill in the pit of my stomach.

“Ruuuuuu,” I moaned softly to tell George I was enjoying the ride.

“Good, girl. I luuuuuuue tight pusseeeee,” he sighed, then stepped up the pace by slamming even harder against my nether region.

“Ruuuuuuuuu,” I gasped.

“Yesssssssss,” he groaned when his cock finally released copious amount of jiz into my deepest recesses.

After easing out, George slapped my ass. “I suppose I’d better get you upstairs or my brother is going to blow a fuse. Just remember my advice, Zoe.”

I turned around to find he was on his feet and tucking his tackle away. It was one of the more enjoyable episodes since my inclusion in the Firm’s club activities and like Yasmin, I hoped I’d be seeing George again.

Five ~ The rut race.

When we arrived in the member's lounge, I was pleased to see the huge smile on Melvin's face. He hugged his brother before taking the leash from him. I sat and didn't bother to listen to their chat about Dubai and George's travel arrangements. I was far more interested in the TV monitors hanging high on the wall.

There were ten large screens in total, nine with different views of the well-lit gardens. One screen had a lot of statistics listed, most of which I didn't understand, but there were several names I recognized, including mine, Tammy's, Simon's and Rex's. I looked along the nine monitors for activity and saw that the first screen was focused on the Puppy-girl kennel. Curiously, a 6' high doorframe-like structure had been set up just outside the cabin.

The Vet was hunkered down beside a Puppy-girl, talking to her and stroking her head as though he was giving her instructions. The next seven monitors showed different sections of the three gardens, while the ninth featured the Puppy-boy kennel. There, crouching beside a Puppy-boy was Tina the kennel maid, similarly chatting to the lad. There was an identical frame erected near the kennel rail, presumably for Puppies to run through.

Quite a few of the members were staring up at the screens, chatting with each other. I guessed there was going to be a race starting soon and George was having similar thoughts.

He pointed up at the screens. "Is this what Yasmin was referring to as the 'Rut race', Bro?"

"Yes. The club started them about a month ago."

“How does it work?”

“The Puppies are released when a buzzer sounds on the porch of each kennel. They get a countdown to warn them...” He pointed up at a digital clock that showed 9:52 ticking away the seconds. “First up is Rose, who is being chased by Max...” He pointed up at the screen displaying the stats. “You can bet on the time it takes the boy to run her down. They run clockwise through the gates and she’s obviously got the length of the three gardens head start.”

“What’s the next column of numbers?” George asked.

“Their form over their last five races. You can see that Max can run the circuit in eighty seconds and Rose in ninety-one seconds...”

“Mmmm, so he’s going to catch her after about four laps.”

“Correct, maybe five. You can see all the spread bet times on the board. Most of the bets are placed on the internet. The races attract a worldwide audience of about three thousand. The Firm grossed twelve million profit from last month’s races.”

“Twelve million, heh?”

“Yes. These races are streamed live to twelve countries, three times a week.

“With so much money at stake, can you ensure accurate times?”

“Yes, we can. The moment the boy spears the bitch and their nodes contact, the clock stops.”

“Ah, the nodes. Is that their main use?”

“One of the uses. The moment that first thrust finishes the distance race, the second, penetration race begins. Look at the second panel on the screen. You can spread bet from ten to twenty thrusts and go up to one hundred and fifty to a hundred and sixty until he creams her.

“And the numbers below?”

“Two hundred and forty millimetres is the girth of Max’s pecker and 5 is the tightness of the bitch’s quim, on a scale of one to ten. Ten being the tightest. That’s virtually unknown at the club.”

“Can I be the one to judge that measurement?” George asked jokingly.

“Ha! You wish. The last measurement on the screen is for lubrication. Again, on a scale of one to ten, it tells our clients how much slime the bitch has.”

“God, I wouldn’t have a clue what to predict. I’ve never counted the amount of thrusts it takes to shag a girl, but I do like a bit of lubrication,” George confessed. “And, I’ve never measured the girth of my dick! What’s to stop them fooling around and fixing the results?”

“I’m glad you asked me that. Well, it’s all to do with the six gates and the plug up their asses.”

“Really? Tell me more.”

With the time ticking down to 3:45 I too was interested in the details of the plug stretching my rectum.

“It provides a little inducement in the form of sharp jolts. The frequency decreases with each gate they pass through. The jolts start every ten seconds and stop when the nodes contact each other for the first time. However, that triggers a new set of jolts that increase in strength the longer the lad takes to shag the bitch.”

“Huh, the committee have thought of everything.”

“Even for when we have new bitches like Zoe and Tammy. They get a head start of one gate and a reprieve from the jolts until they pass through the second gate”

Being forced into a Puppy-girl suit was one thing but to be made to run like the rabbit in a greyhound race was awful beyond words. The seconds were ticking

down, 0:34 and the Puppies were being readied. I was going to see, with my own eyes, how well Rose would do. She wasn't going to escape the eventual rut, but if she got a move on, she could reduce the amount of shocks she received.

Most of the interested men crowded beneath a monitor that had a split screen, showing both Puppies being held by the collar. 10... 9... 8... The brothers, standing at the back of the room, one either side of me, stood watching the screen. 3... 2... 1... Bzzzzz.

“Ruffff!” They both yelped and raced away, heading for their first gate.

Rose raced down to the gate near the houses, while Max shot off toward the gate at the top of the north garden.

I watched the screen that showed an overview of the race so I could judge if there were any advantages to be had. When the picture started wavering, I realized it was coming from a camera on a drone. The flying device waited in the sky for the puppies to complete three laps, then it flew down almost to the ground to follow the gambolling diminutive figure of Rose.

It went through the gates behind her, giving a thrilling action shot of the poor kid, yelping every time the anal plug jolted her. It was the most popular screen to watch because the members had a stunning view of the girl's plump labia as her rear end sashayed from side to side. They may have been enjoying the action shot, but I felt sick in my stomach, knowing that I would soon be fleeing for my life around the gardens and yelping every time the butt plug delivered a jolt of electricity.

After 3 laps, the members were getting excited when the camera switched to rear view and showed the panting Puppy-boy just one gate away. The drone rose into the air and fell in behind Max, for an even more exciting action sequence as he closed the distance on Rose. I felt so sorry for the young woman as she set off up the hill toward the gate outside the Puppy-boy kennels.

She had to cut across the lawn at an angle, run through the temporary gate, then head for the top gate, cutting across the lawn at an angle again. Max, who was a big black lad in a transparent Puppy suit, grunted every time his cock ring shocked him. He was getting tired and he laboured up the hill. He was however catching her and finally reached her tiring body halfway across the middle garden. The drone dropped back so it could cover the fuck-fest that was about to begin.

“Ruuuuuuu!” Max yelped as he jumped on the crouching figure who had collapsed with fatigue. She had pushed her ass in the air, accepting that the race was over.

A roar went up in the room from the members who had chosen the correct spread bet. Then they simmered down to watch Max pummel the young woman’s quim in an exhibition of brutal animalistic fucking. Microphones either on the puppies or on the drone, captured every cry, moan, gasp and squelch escaping from the pair of participants.

More cheering rippled around the room when the lad stilled and brought the race to an end. The drone backed off and returned to its higher position, which showed both the vet and Tina walking up to collect their Puppies.

Mervin jerked my leash. “Time to take you to the kennel, Zoe. The kennel Master will want to check you over and grade your quim.”

Huh, I thought. More like he wants to spear me, then I remembered Melvin's explanation of the figures on the screen. As I was led toward the hall door, I looked over my shoulder and saw that George was studying my rear end. Would I ever see him again? I wondered and would he ever spear me again? I wanted to, especially as he was one of the nicer men I had met during the week.

John Truman, the vet, was inside the kennel, putting Rose into one of the cages. Tammy was also inside eating a bowl of food on the floor.

Melvin waited for the Kennel master to close the cage door.

"That was some race, John. Rose gave Max a run for his money."

"She's our fastest bitch." He looked down at me. "Thanks for bringing your bitch over, Melvin. I'll give her a bowl of cereals before she races. Charge up her batteries."

My master unclipped the leash. "Thanks. I'll leave you to it."

"Wait around while I test their rabbit holes. Charlie will want the measurement to put into the computer."

"Okay. Is that the instrument?"

They walked over to the table where Melvin picked up a stainless-steel dildo, which was easily as big as Gary's dick. "This is one hell of a mean weapon."

The vet poured some sugar puffs in a bowl, then added milk from a jug. "They use them in Russian brothels to price the girls. It can be used in both holes."

He came over and set the bowl down beside Tammy's. "Eat that and get some sugar in you."

Once again, I found myself hunkering down beside my new friend. She glanced at me and winked, then went back to eating. If there was one good thing to come out of the week, it was discovering my sexual interest in my stunning new friend.

"Right, let's start with Zoe. She looks the creamier of the two."

"Ruuuuuuu," I groaned as he forced the huge metal torpedo into my quim – all the way in!

"There you are Melvin. The machine gives her an eight for slime and a nine for grip. You've got yourself one tight little bitch and oodles of cream." He slowly withdrew the smooth device.

"Yes, I couldn't believe my luck when I clapped eyes on her. What about

Tammy?”

“Let’s see.” I glanced at my friend and as our eyes met, she gave me a broad grin as the dirigible slipped into her succulent orifice. There was a pause while the vet studied the readings. “She’s a seven – seven. That’s about the average.”

“Which boy is chasing Zoe?”

“Davina’s Rex. He’ll relish the chase.”

“Zoe knows the lad’s form. That should put a spring in her step.”

The men disappeared outside to leave us to finish out sugar puffs. I had one more trial and then hopefully I’d be allowed to get some rest like Rose, who was curled up on her mattress fast asleep.

Six ~ In hot pursuit.

From my position sitting beside the vet on the boardwalk I had a grandstand view of one half of Tammy's race. For some reason, my nervous system was buzzing. It didn't make sense, but I was itching to have a run. I didn't want to be pursued by a sex craved Puppy-boy, I just wanted to do anything other than sit on my butt.

Tammy had a one gate head start, so when the buzzer went and the vet released her, she didn't have to hurry to the first gate. Then, when she arrived, a second buzzer went on the boy's kennel and the race was on. She too seemed eager to get going, suggesting her masochistic tendencies were coming to the fore.

Simon passed us first, racing through the wooden frame. He was lithe and fast, and I didn't think it'd take him long to catch Tam. I was wrong though. My new friend was also fast and throughout the race she made the lad work hard for the eventual fuck. By the time Tammy passed us to complete her third lap, she had a pained expression on her face.

"Ruuuu!" she cried, just after clearing the wooden frame. She had just disappeared when Simon tore through the upper gate.

"The bitch is flying," the vet muttered to himself, as the lad approached. He lifted his arm and wacked the crop down on the lad's bobbing ass. "Get a move on, boy!" he shouted.

Whether it was the pain from the stroke or a shock from his cock ring, the lad leapt forward and careered toward the bottom gate. On the next lap Tammy was just about to rush through the frame when Simon appeared at the top gate. He was catching her, so I wasn't sure if she'd last another lap.

Tammy nearly did, but the lad pounced on her just after they both emerged through the top gate. The vet and I had a grandstand view of the rut; and like the first race, it was a brutal affair. Both Puppies were desperate to complete the fuck before the painful jolts became more intense and frequent.

The buzzer that went as soon as Simon stilled, was the signal for the vet to set off, up the incline, to fetch poor Tammy, who remained crouched on the grass until he arrived. He was gentle with her and gave her time to recover, then led her back to the steps.

He pointed at the lower gate. “Zoe, go and walk the course to limber up, but don’t exert yourself. You’re going to need all your energy for the race.”

Tammy looked shattered but she managed a smile as we passed on the steps. I set off down the incline and passed through the gate, only to find about a dozen members had come out to watch me trot past. I felt energized and raring to go. It took all my willpower to maintain a walking pace.

“Make a contest of it, girl,” one called out.

I smiled up at them and felt like barking to get them excited. Further on, the brothers were standing, watching me approach.

“It’ll all be over soon,” George said, leaning forward. “Remember my advice.”

Unlike the others, Melvin and George didn't look quite as enthusiastic as the rest of the members. I passed them by and wagged my ass expressively. I was learning how to focus attention on my rear end and give the men what they wanted – namely a good gander at my thrusting cunt. Unlike the rest of me, that part of my body was hungry for the moment when Rex pounced on me and set about drilling for oil.

I trotted through the next gate and headed for the door frame standing outside the Puppy-boy kennel. Tina was squatting on the staging, chatting to Rex who had his back to me. The moment I reached the frame, I spotted the maid caressing his erect dick. It was glistening as though she had been sucking his knob.

When he turned his head, I could see that he was desperate to get at me, so I slowed to make him more frantic. I don't know why I did such an out of character move, but I guessed the Puppy-girl suit was bringing the devilish side of my nature out.

“There's the bitch, boy,” Tina muttered. “It won't be long before you catch her and fuck her brains out with your handsome cock.” I saw him move as he almost lost it, but she suddenly gripped his balls “No, boy. STAY! She's teasing you. You'll get your chance to give the bitch what she deserves and more.”

I wagged my ass and dipped my back to accentuate my hot, simmering cunt, as I headed for the top gate. A couple of members had walked up the middle garden and sat down on the level bank at the top, in the hope of getting a better view of the action.

I trotted past them and ignored their vulgar comments about my cunt, then after passing through the next gate, I trotted down to the Puppy-girl kennel, where the vet was standing at the top of the steps.

“Five minutes to the race, girl,” he said as he stepped down onto the grass to meet me. He was holding a tub of cream. “Turn around girl and let me rub this into your cunt.”

I looked up at him suspiciously and earned a deep frown. “Bitch, this is to make your snatch glisten for the cameras. Now, show me your cunt.”

I turned and lowered my shoulders, whereupon he rubbed some of the cream into my succulent folds. After thrusting two fingers, laden with cream, into my quim, he patted my ass. “All done...”

“Ruuuuu,” I moaned, because my pussy felt as if it was on fire.

I turned and sat down in front of the squatting vet. “Girl, I spiked the milk in your cereals with a pick-me-up to boost your energy levels. That’ll give you a chance to outrun the boy. Get back here six times without being caught and win a thousand pounds for your master. Oh. The cream will also desensitize your sex. If he catches you, he’s the only one going to enjoy the ride, so you’ve got even more incentive to outrun Rex.”

He took hold of my collar and led me over to the door frame. “Are you ready bitch?”

“Ruff!”

The drug was making me feel hyper and keen to start so I could try and run faster than the chasing hound. Somehow, the idea I was a rabbit with greyhounds chasing me had morphed into a scenario where I was a fox being chased by bloodhounds.

A buzzer sounded and I was away, running on four paws as fast as my short legs could carry me. The moment I passed through the lower gate another beep sounded which signalled that Rex had been released.

“Go, bitch, go!” Some of the of members cheered.

The numbers outside had increased and due to having had a few drinks, most were vocal. Some of their remarks were ribald and others encouraging. “Rex will screw your tight cunt,” one voice called out.

“You can run, bitch but you can’t hide your cunt,” another called out.

I found the mixed reception uplifting and because I was in a good place mentally, I used their cries as inspiration. I was just passing through the second gate, “Ruuuuuuu!” I yelped when the anal plug delivered its first jolt.

It felt like there was an enormous wasp up my ass stinging me. My instinct was to flee and outrun it if I could. I raced across the grass toward the male kennels and the frame erected for me to run through. “Ruuuuu!” I yelped again just before I reached it.

Tina was sitting on her heels, on the boardwalk, watching me approach. A broad grin lit up her face. “Huh, not so cocky now,” she shouted as I passed her and headed for the top gate.

The ten second jolts were awful, but they provided an impetus to my body to keep the pace up. The message from my brain was ‘run faster and you’ll outrun the incessant jabbing stings. That was the story of the first two laps as I trotted on four paws across the beautifully kept lawns. Then, on the third lap, I saw Rex entering the south garden as I was leaving it. He was catching me and the race wasn’t even at the halfway stage.

That knowledge dealt a blow to my confidence, but the constant jolts kept spurring me on. When I reached the top of the north garden, Rex was in the same garden, making his way up toward Tina who was cheering him on. I had the downslope in the south garden to look forward to as I raced across the centre garden.

When I emerged in the south garden and looked down, I saw the vet was on his feet. “That’s three laps, girl. Run faster. Get a move on,” he shouted as I approached.

When he raised his arm, I realized he was holding a crop. I had no option but to run through the wooden frame, so I tried to put a spurt on when I passed him. Thwatt!

“Ruuuuuu!” I cried when the crop slashed across both my cheeks.

Unfortunately, the thin latex stretched over my bubble-like buttocks didn’t offer

very much protection.

A little way through my fourth lap, I realized that I wasn't the only one tiring. I got through the next gate without seeing Rex when I looked over my shoulder, indicating he was still in the south garden. My hopes started to soar as I raced toward Tina who was still squatting on the boardwalk. On this occasion her thighs were apart, making sure her bald cunt was visible between the heels of her stilettos.

"You'll be worshipping this tonight," she shouted as I stumbled through the frame and set off for the top gate.

I suspected she was posing for Rex to spur him on. Rutting with the kennel maid would be a good reward for the lad, especially if she didn't normally let the Puppy-boys shag her. I wondered what she offered him when he gambolled past her.

Whatever it was, I didn't hear her inducement because I had reached the top of the incline and was entering the middle garden. Six members, on their feet, urged me on. "Go on, Bitch, you can do another circuit!" one shouted.

Another tried to slap my ass, but only landed a glancing blow. I hadn't reached the next gate when the same voice cheered on Rex.

"Go on, boy, you've nearly caught her." I knew from that moment I was doomed. However, even though my confidence was ebbing away, I raced on down the slope toward the vet.

I could hear the lad panting and the sound of his paws scuffing the grass just behind me. Physically, I was falling apart and losing my coordination. Mentally, I was finding it hard to deal with the impending failure and letting the vet down. I had to run past him knowing that I was seconds away from being caught. He was silent, aware the end of the race was near. The pain, the embarrassment, the hurt, all surfaced as I crashed to the turf. Seconds later the lad was on me.

“Ruuuuuu!” He cried in triumph and frustration.

I hadn’t raised my ass enough, which I tried to correct while he was bearing down on me. There was a brief pause, then his incessant prodding knob finally located my succulent entrance and he plunged in. I was dimly aware of the buzzer sounding, then a sharp pain. “Ruuuuu!” we both wailed having received similar punishments.

It was in my interest to make it easy for him and that’s just what I did by raising my ass as the lad started slamming his cock into my tight, juicy quim, at the speed of light.

“Ruu, ruu, ruu, ruuuuuuu ruu, I cried from the various pains ravaging my nether region. And, so it continued until Rex’s ferocious attack ended with him emptying his balls into my extremely sore and unresponsive quim.

The vet was right, whatever he smeared on my pussy, deadened it and took away any enjoyment I might have had during the rut. I didn’t have long for the vet to arrive and give me a drink from a water bottle.

“You done good, kid. You deserve a rest.”

He led me to the kennels and put me in one of the cages to sleep off my exhaustion. It wasn't late, but once I had fallen asleep, I don't think anything would have woken me, short of an explosion beneath my bed!

Seven ~ Taken to the limit.

The creak of the cage door woke me early Thursday morning. It was Tina with a determined expression on her face. She was wearing a white leotard made from a material as flimsy as the thongs I had been wearing to work. The girl's large breasts and nipples were clearly visible, as was the outline of her cunt and the tattoos on her mons and ass cheeks

The first time I met the young woman, three days earlier, she was pleasant and treated me well, but once I was fully transformed into a Puppy-girl, she showed her true colours. She favoured the boys and looked down on the girls. But, in her defence, the Vet showed more interest in Puppy-girls, so her bias wasn't surprising.

"Up bitch. Time to get changed." She urged me by prodding my ass with the crop.

She walked away from the cage and went to the other end of the room to release Tammy. I staggered onto my paws and crawled slowly out of the cage. Within minutes she had us sitting back, while she removed, first our collars, then the hoods. It was such a relief when she unzipped the main suite, down the front, for the tension was released on my body and I could breathe with freedom again.

She freed my hands and arms from the sleeves, then my shoulders while Tammy looked on. My new friend had been through the experience many times, but I had only worn the suit once before. Tina pushed the suit down to my hips, then removed the plastic strip collar from around my neck.

"Thank you, Tina," I muttered.

She ignored me. “Drop forward onto your hands and knees. I’m going to remove your tail but leave the plug in,” Tina informed me, once I was on all fours.

“Oh, why’s that, Miss?”

“You’ll see and stop questioning my actions.”

“Sorry, Miss.”

She unscrewed the tail, leaving a ball protruding from my anus so the plug could be pulled from my rectum. Once she had pushed the latex material off my pert ass, the rest of the suit came off easily. Tina then removed the rubber bands from my legs and tape from my fists and told me to sit at the table and wait.

Slightly disgruntled and feeling chilly, I did as I was told and waited while she removed Tammy’s suit, tail and tape. Tina led her over to the table, sat her next to me, then sat on the opposite bench. She picked up a small remote controller from the table and pushed the button.

“Ow!” we both exclaimed and jumped off the bench when the plug zapped the walls of our rectums.

“Fuck!” Tammy exclaimed, standing beside me. “Please don’t do that again, Tina.” We were both clawing out our cheeks to relieve the sudden burst of pain.

“Shut up and sit down. If you question my authority again, I’ll report you to the Kennel master. He’d love to have an excuse to thrash your lazy asses before you get into your maid outfits. Until I hand you over to Henry, you are still under my jurisdiction and will do as I say. Do you understand?”

Despite the fact that she was a similar age to us, we had to toe the line to avoid a serious beating in our ass cracks. “Yes, Miss,” we replied in unison.

“Right, put a leotard and trainers on...” She pointed at the items sitting on a chair.” Then we’re going to do ten laps of the garden before you help me feed the boys. After you’ve had a shower, I’ll hand you over to Henry at Seven o’clock.” She clapped her hands. “Get moving.”

I wasn’t sure about Tammy, but I was stiff, so some exercise was welcome. However, the leotards weren’t what I would have chosen to wear during a jog. Brief, thin, white and tight, they were little more than gauze bodysuits designed to flaunt our assets.

Both Tammy and I had small, firm tits and large nipples which stood out when they pushed against the thin fabric. The legs were cut high, as was the ass, so it was bunching between our cheeks before we started to run. Tina waited at the door, impatient to start. Once we had laced our trainers, we joined her on the boardwalk.

My heart sank when I saw fine water mist caused by sprinklers watering the garden. We were going to have to run through the spray on every circuit and get drenched.

“Girls, we’re running the same course you crawled yesterday, ten times, but in the opposite direction.” She pointed up the hill toward the gate.” We go that way. I want you to stay ten feet apart and watch your step on the slippery grass. I’ll set the pace, and for your sake, keep up with me. I’ll trigger your plug if I think you’re slacking. Come on.”

Gripping the controller in one hand, she trotted down the steps and set off for the top gate. We followed three yards behind her and by the time we reached the first gate, we were drenched. All three of us had shaved heads, so at least we didn’t have to worry about hair in our eyes.

The flimsy leotard clung to our bodies and if anyone was watching us from a distance, they’d think we were naked. I had seen some embarrassing fails on the internet and there I was experiencing one!

I was behind Tina who had a lovely shaped ass and athletic frame. Her running style was fluid and thankfully, she didn’t set too fast a pace. I strode along, ten feet behind her, confident I’d be able to run the ten laps without being punished. The top of the centre garden was empty, but I spotted, through the fine spray of several sprinklers, two figures talking to each other down by the house.

By the time we passed the boy’s kennels the gusset of the leotard had slipped into my pudendal cleft, just like the thong I wore to work. However, running with a strip of cloth rubbing hard against my clitoral ridge had more serious consequences. The kennel was quiet and there was no sign of the Puppy-boys.

As we emerged in the centre garden, I recognized the figures we were approaching. They were the vet and Henry the floor manager. Both were holding

crops, which could only mean one thing – they were going to swipe us if we fell behind.

“Come on girls, head and knees up. Lengthen your stride,” the vet shouted as we passed him.

He had no reason to hit us on that first lap, nor the next six, for we were matching Tina stride for stride. The moment we started lap eight and headed up the slope toward the top gate, Tina lengthened her stride. ‘Fuck’ I swore to myself as I tried to respond to her unexpected move. Unfortunately, my legs weren’t having it and I started to fall off the pace.

Even worse, Tammy passed me. “Sorry, babe, every girl for herself,” she muttered.

I recovered some of my poise on the flat across the middle garden and was relieved to be running downhill toward the boy’s kennels. The vet and Henry had moved their position and were standing by the wooden frame outside the boy’s kennels.

“Get a move on Zoe,” the vet shouted. “Last one has to scrub the floor of the boy’s kennels. Two and a half laps to go.”

That was the last thing I wanted to hear. I managed to stay within ten feet of Tammy’s delightful ass down the incline, thanks to momentum and the cool spray provide by the sprinklers. I was losing my concentration though. The tight gusset, rubbing in my pudendal cleft, had ignited sparkling sensations in my pussy and I was unable to stop the slow progress to an orgasm.

In the centre garden, a group of four men in dressing gowns had stepped outside onto the paving slabs to ogle our semi-naked bodies and give us some encouragement. “Go girls, go!” one shouted.

I was in touch with Tammy as we entered the south garden but started to drop back after passing through the frame to complete the eighth lap. ‘Fuck, fuck, fuck,’ I gasped to myself as I laboured up the incline to the top gate. All the spray in China couldn’t help my lungs to get more oxygen, or make my legs run a little faster, or slow the thrilling sensation spreading around my body.

Further on, I was relieved to be running downhill toward the boy’s kennel. But horrified when I saw the vet pointing the remote at me. “Ahhhh!” I cried when a sharp pain stabbed the internal walls of my back passage.

Tears were welling in my eyes and I nearly slipped over as I shot through the frame. “One and a half laps, Zoe.” Thwatt!

“Ahhhhhh,” I cried when the vet swatted my naked ass with the crop. It was a vicious blow that snapped me out of my orgasm. It was a different kind of searing pain which would stay with me for the rest of the race. I was back to ten feet behind Tammy, while Tina was a further fifty feet ahead and lengthening the gap.

When we approached the boy’s kennel for the final time, the vet had brought a Puppy-boy out onto the staging. He looked odd in his pinkish latex skin, but it was his huge erect cock that hammered the final message home. “Rex is waiting for the loser...” he shouted.

Fearing yet another Puppy-boy rut, I searched for some hidden reserves of energy. Alas, Tammy had the same reaction and managed to increase her speed. There were a dozen members in bathrobes to see me run past the central house, but there was only expressions of disappointment because I was clearly going to lose the race.

Tina was waiting for us as we arrived at the kennel and watched us collapse together on the steps. I had closed the distance but was still six feet behind Tammy at the end of the race. Tina, hardly panting at all, stood with her hands on her hips, legs parted and shoulders back.

She like us, was dripping wet. Most of the moisture was from the sprinklers but a fair proportion of mine was my own sweat and tears. Tina painted a lewd and sexy picture for any hot-blooded man and there were plenty of them at the club. She, like us, had made no effort to pull the gusset of her leotard out of her labia cleft.

“Neither of you are fit so I’ll be talking to Seth about you later.”

“Is Seth coming here today?” I asked breathlessly, a little too enthusiastically.

“Huh,” she snorted. “With what I’ve got to tell him, I don’t think you’ll be so pleased to see him. “Come on, my Master will be waiting for us at the boy’s kennel.”

She chose to lead us via the lower path where a dozen or so black members were

still congregated, some drinking coffee at the small tables, others chatting and smoking.

“Here they come!” one man shouted.

To a man, they all came to the edge of the path to get a look at our lithe, pulchritudinous bodies one more time.

“Nice ass on that one,” one commented.

“That’s Zoe, the bitch that raced last night...”

“She’s a nine...” another remarked.

“Great camera work on the final shagging...”

I cringed at the thought of dozens of men watching Rex hammer his dick into me, until the lad was totally spent. We passed through the gate and headed for the male kennels, up the gradient. The sprinklers had been switched off and the sun had risen above the trees to signal another lovely day.

I didn’t know what the vet and Tina had in store for me, but whatever it was, it was bound to involve more pain and sex...

Eight ~ Puppy-boy foursome.

The vet and the floor manager were standing on the porch, as was Max, the Puppy-boy who chased down Rose in the first race.

“Who came last, Tina?” the vet asked.

She waited for me to arrive. “Zoe was last, Master.”

“Okay. Tammy, go with Henry. Once you’ve showered and eaten, you’ll get changed into your maid’s outfit and spend the day under Henry’s guidance.”

The floor manager looked pleased. “I’ll take it from here then, John. I should be okay with the staff I have today. Cloe will put in a few hours overtime this evening if I need her.”

The vet waited until Henry and Tam had set off before rounding on me. “Zoe, you’re staying here with Tina because she’s an assistant short. The kennel needs a good clean and we have six boys to take care of.” He lifted the flapper of the crop into my face. “Tina is in charge of you when I’m not around, is that clear?”

“Yes, Sir. As clear as crystal.”

“Melvin isn’t here today so I’m your Master while you’re working in the kennels as an assistant kennel maid. Tina is your Mistress and don’t you forget it.” He turned to the young woman who looked as pleased as punch. “I’ll be out this

morning, Tina, so keep an eye on Sidney and the girls. Even though I'm not here for most of the morning, I will be back for inspection at midday in the morning room. Seth and his fiancé are coming this morning, so I'll want you two looking your best."

Seth and his fiancé??? I was shocked at the news and the way the vet announced his visit. I knew he was head of the Firm's security, but I didn't think he was a celebrity figure among the elders and staff.

"We will be smart, Master." As soon as the vet had sauntered off, Tina hooked her thumb and started up the steps. "Breakfast first, girl, then you can start cleaning the floors." I followed her into the cabin and Max fell in behind me.

"Oy!" I exclaimed when he shoved his nose in my damp ass valley. I went to swat his head away, but Tina turned and caught my arm.

"No! The boys have the right to behave like animals. We put up with it and even encourage their behaviour, provided they don't go too far. Once he's had a good sniff and lick of your cunt, he'll get bored. The same goes for the others. Touching their cocks is forbidden, unless you want it in one or more of your holes."

I pointed down at Max's huge erection. "Won't he get too excited and do something he shouldn't."

"What, like fuck you?"

“Well, yes...”

“Your labia node and his cock node are switched on, so he won’t try and shag you. However, I can switch them off if I need to.” She pointed at six remote controllers hanging from a line of hooks by the door. “Twice a day, we take each boy over to the girl’s kennels and organize a shag. Unfortunately, there’s only four Puppy-girls in today so we’ll have to stand in for the missing two girls.”

I was aghast. “Does that mean we both have to let them shag us four times during the day?”

“Normally, assistant maids to that duty. We’ll see.” She led the way to the table. “Sit down and I’ll get our breakfast.”

The very thought of being mounted 8 times in a day sent shivers down my spine. I had seen enough from Tina’s behaviour to know she was perfectly capable of carrying out her threat. In the occupied cages at each end of the room, five Puppy-boys were on their feet staring through the bars at me, no doubt wondering when the fuck-fest would begin.

Against the back wall, behind the table, was a kitchenette. There were floor and wall cabinets, a sink, a fridge and a microwave. At one end stood an industrial washing machine and tumble dryer stacked on top. While at the other end was a door with the word ‘Private’ written on it.

Tina fetched a box of cornflakes and a plastic bottle of milk and prepared our breakfast. Max sat uncomfortably close behind me as though he was waiting for me to raise my ass. I felt distinctly nervous with six huge, horny Puppy-boys

standing and sitting just a few feet from where we were eating our breakfast.

I was desperate to befriend the young woman sitting across the table from me, so she would go easy on me. “How long have you been a kennel maid, Tina?”

“Long enough. Eat your breakfast.”

That didn’t work on the surly youngster, but at least I tried. I ate the cereals slowly and could have eaten another bowlful, but she was in a hurry to put me to work. It was cool inside the kennel and my leotard was still damp, so I sat feeling uncomfortable while I waited for my orders.

Tina left the room through the door marked ‘Private’ and returned five minutes later wearing a short blue pleated skirt and a clean white t-shirt. She tidied the dishes away, then removed a large plastic container from the fridge. She placed the box on the table, before fetching six bowls.

“This is the boy’s breakfast. It’s a mix of rice, vegetables and chicken. Fill one bowl at a time and feed one boy at a time. Microwave the food for two minutes, then place the bowl by the door of their cage. They have enough chain to sit outside the cage, once you’ve released them. Remember one at a time. Any fighting, fetch the wand.”

She pointed at the stick and crop hanging by the remote controllers. “Remember to serve the boys as if you are a maid serving a member. This is an excellent chance to practice the right posture for when you do your maid duties. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Miss.”

“Okay. I’m going to see how Sydney and the girls are getting on.”

Before she left, she took Max back to the front of his cage and connected the chain to the back of his collar, then hurried out of the cabin.

With Max chained, I felt much happier. I spooned some of the mix into a bowl, microwaved it, then went over to Max, who was sitting as far away from the cage as the chain would allow.

I butted my mons against his nose. “This is your chance, Max. Have a sniff, then eat your breakfast.”

“Ruff, ruff!” he snorted and licked the material where it bunched between my lips. He then shook his head.

I stepped back. “What’s the matter? Do you want a better sniff?”

His huge eyes studied my body and settled on the apex of my thighs, where he focused on my labia lips oozing out either side of the dividing strip of material. The poor lad was bursting to shaft me but knew he couldn’t.

“Ruff!” he barked and then stuck his tongue out a couple of times in a suggestive manner.

I reasoned that if I gave him a treat, he’d behave himself. They were human after all and understood the rules. “Okay, will you be a good boy if I let you have a better sniff?”

He nodded eagerly. “Ruff!”

I moved past him and bent at the waist, projecting my labia in the crudest manner possible. The moment I placed the bowl next to the door opening, he thrust his nose against the anus ball and started licking my bulging lips. I wanted to compensate him for being frustrated so I reached to the back and front of the damp leotard and eased the material out of my cleft.

“Ruuuuu,” he grunted appreciatively as he wiped his tongue up and down my smooth labia, then penetrated my succulent entrance.

What harm would it do to let him tongue fuck me? I reasoned. The lad was up for it, and I wasn’t touching his dick. So, I let him continue ploughing my furrow and dipping his tongue, until I was quivering through a delightfully explosive orgasm. I regretted having to eventually move sideways and out of range, but the others had to be fed before Tina returned.

I was buzzing as I prepared the next bowl of food. I hadn’t even bothered to straighten the gusset of the leotard as I approached Simon’s cage at the other end of the cabin. He was the pleasant young man who helped me dress on Monday, so I wanted to give him a treat.

“Hi, Simon. It’s nice to see you.”

“Ruff, ruff!” he barked and gave me a broad smile.

I patted his head, placed the bowl down and then opened the cage. Only then did I bend over, put my hands on my knees and present my uncovered cunt for his delectation. He eagerly rushed forward and clamped his mouth on my lips before attacking my delicate folds with aggressive flicks of his tongue. The orgasm arrived quickly, so I was able to shorten the time he took to worship my sex and then move on to the next lad.

After straightening my gusset to cover my pussy, I fed Jed and Rex, who were in the cages next to Simon. Both lads were miffed at being denied access to my orifice. I only allowed them a short sniff and lick before moving out of range. I then moved to the other end to give the last two Puppy-boys their breakfast.

According to the rules, I had no option but to let him have a good sight of my bulging cunt as I bent over. The problem was that the material was almost transparent and fuelled his, and the other lad’s excitement. Just the sight of my sex was driving them crazy.

Kale, next to Max, whined the loudest when I only allowed him a quick sniff of my mons, even though I stood with my thighs parted. He slobbered over my protruding lips but couldn’t get his tongue in my protected quim. He then tried again when I put Fred’s food down, outside his cage. In an attempt to get to my tasty orifice, he almost pushed me over from behind.

“Bad boy, I admonished him for gripping the material with his teeth and trying to uncover my sex. I pushed his head away, then opened Fred’s cage. I was just about to move back, when Kale grabbed me with his front legs and dragged me to the floor.

“Kale, what the fuck?”

“Ruff!” Max barked right in my face.

“Wha... what are you doing, boys...?”

“Raaaaaaaaa!” All three growled, warning me to shut up.

Kale rolled me onto my back, while Max pinned my upper arms to the floor. Then, when Fred emerged from his cage, he used his front paws to part my legs. The Puppy-boys were restricted in their range by lengths of chain attached to the top of the cage door, but Kale had pulled me within range of all three. I struggled, but between them they were ten times more powerful than me.

Using his paws, Kale pulled the leotard off my shoulders and then yanked on it to pull it off my tits.

“Please don’t tear it,” I cried.

“Rrrrrrrrrrr!” they all growled.

I was terrified of what would happen to me if Tina came back and found they had torn the leotard from my body. “Let me do it, boys. Please don’t tear the material.”

Max relaxed the pressure on my arms, enabling me to push the shoulder straps down my arms and over my hands, then Fred took over. Using his mouth, he drew the flimsy garment down my body, thighs and feet. Tossing it aside, he barked in triumph. “Ruuuuuuu!”

Kale who seemed to be the ringleader, then used his paws, with the other two in helping to roll me over onto my front. Once in position, Kale lifted my body until I was on all fours.

“What are you doing?” I cried when Fred mounted me from behind.

“Ruuuuuur!” Kale and Max growled in my ear, obviously warning me to keep quiet and still.

“Pleeeeeeease,” I groaned when Fred penetrated my succulent orifice and didn’t stop impaling me until he could go no further.

I held my breath, expecting a punishing jolt, but it never came, not on the first piledriving lunge, or any of the multiple thrusts afterwards. Fred pounded my petite body with a ferocity, driven by frustration. The other two waited patiently

for their turn. They kept me boxed in and made me remain on my hands and knees until I had been shagged thoroughly three times over.

They didn't release me until I had cleaned the last cock of my juices. On reflexion, I could have come off worse if they had decided to fuck my throat as well. Had I escaped lightly? Possibly, but I was certain that I hadn't heard the last of the episode.

Nine ~ Hard labour.

While I cleaned the jiz from my thighs and quim, standing at the sink, it dawned on me that the episode had been staged. Someone had switched our nodes off or forgotten to switch them on. All three lads worked together as though they had been given instructions before I arrived at the kennels. I came to the conclusion that the vet had planned the whole thing with Tina's help.

Having initially forgotten about the cameras, I played right into their hands and became the star of yet another movie. I was dreading facing the vet and members because the footage was no doubt being edited while I cleaned the dog's bowls and would be ready to view by the evening.

When Tina returned, she acted as though nothing had happened. She was happy that I had cleaned the bowls and put the dishes away. While I was putting the food back in one cupboard, Tina removed an odd device from another. She placed it on the floor in the middle of the room and waved me over.

"Zoe, come here." She waited until I was standing beside her. "We call this the hobbler. You're going to use it while you clean the floor. Just drop to your knees and place them in the pads."

The pads were set about 18" apart and joined by a bar that was jointed where it connected to the pads. The moment I knelt on the pads I felt them move under my knees.

Tina hunkered down, lifted straps up behind my knees, on my calves, and buckled them tightly. "There are four small balls under each pad so you can move in any direction. They are stiff so it doesn't shoot away. I'll get you your buckets and cloths.

I tested the mobile pads out by crawling around in a circle and noted that they saved my knees a lot of wear and tear. However, I was extremely vulnerable with my thighs parted and my ass stuck in the air. I noted all six Puppy-boys were watching me keenly and would probably do so for the duration of my task. While I laboured away, I was going to provide them with first class entertainment for the next hour or two.

Tina returned with two buckets full of water, along with a brush and floor cloth. She set them down next to where Simon was sitting and shooed the boys into their cages without closing the doors. “Stay in there until I say you can come out.” She turned back to me. “Scrub with the soapy water, then wipe over with the cloth. I expect you to do the whole kennel floor in one hour...” She pointed at the clock. “By eleven o’clock.”

While I made a start, Tina released the other three Puppy-boys from their chains and took them out of the cabin on leashes. That left the floor clear for me.

In my short life, I had never worked so hard as I did in the first half hour. The leotard was dry when I put it back on after being shagged by the trio. Ten minutes into my scrubbing task, it was drenched again.

Worse, the temperature began to rise in the cabin, making the task doubly difficult. At ten thirty I heard voices outside and as I was near the door, I crawled the three feet to take a peek. A group of members in dark blue pants and fawn blazers were strolling up toward the cabin. In their midst, were none other than Seth and his fiancé, a slim attractive black girl.

I also identified the male faces I had seen at the meeting along with Tina, Lucy,

Davina Rogers and Stella Briers from the wardrobe department. Tina had Kale on a leash, Seth's girlfriend was leading Fred, while Davina had control of the third Puppy, Max. I backed away and pushed my buckets back so I wouldn't be in the way. A minute later, Tina, Seth's fiancé and Davina entered and steered the Puppy-boys into their cages.

The vet entered with Seth, who was only interested in his attractive girlfriend. She was wearing an elegant, light turquoise blue, lace minidress and white trainers, possibly as a precaution on the slippery grass. Her satin underwear was a darker shade of turquoise and quite modest in its style. She was an attractive girl and wearing plenty of bling, including several rings and a heavy gold bracelet.

The young woman looked around the cabin and spotted me crouching behind the buckets. "Oh, is that the girl we've just been watching in the foursome movie?"

"Yes, dear. Actually, it was live feed action. Uncut," Seth pointed out.

"She looks as though she's recovered well."

"Yes, of course. Our girls pride themselves on their versatility and stamina. Come on, Sally, we have to let her get on with her work."

The pretty youngster, who was about my age, came over anyway. "Great performance, girl. Very convincing."

Having hunkered down to study me, she stood up and joined Seth by the door. He looked straight through me as if I didn't exist. Having a fiancé and treating me like dirt shattered some of the dreams I had been having about him.

The party moved on and left me alone to carry on cleaning the floor. Actually, I wasn't alone. I had six admirers who didn't take their eyes off me while I sweated my guts out.

It was 11:10 when Tina returned looking pleased with herself. I hadn't quite finished, but she didn't admonish me. She went to the fridge, fetched a carton of chocolate flavoured milk and two glasses, then sat down at the table. Once Tina had poured the milk, she came over to release me from the 'hobbler'.

"Come on, Zoe." She helped me onto my feet and over to the table. "We've got time for a break before the presentation."

I had a guzzle of milk and wiped my mouth. "Do you have a meeting at twelve every day?"

"No, only when someone important comes to the club."

"So, Seth is important then?"

"Huh! He's the most powerful man in the organization. When he gives an order, it's carried out, or else."

“So, he’s number one, then?”

She shook her head. “No, I didn’t say that. I said he’s the most powerful man. Everyone fears him, including your Master.”

“Yes, I agree with that. Have you met Sally before?”

“Once, when she came down from Birmingham on her own. Isn’t she gorgeous?”

“I suppose so. I thought he’d go for a white bride.”

“Huh, you’re joking. He and most of the others consider us lowlife. Our place is in a brothel, if they can’t use us for a better purpose. We’re Pets and have less rights than cats and dogs. You wouldn’t beat a dog, would you?”

I shook my head. “So, why do you stay here?”

“I like sex. I like power and I like pain. I get all three here and a contract that pays me a fortune when I leave in seven years’ time. When I’m thirty. To these guys, you’re over the hill at thirty.”

I shook my head because I didn't know if I could survive a year, let alone nine, to my thirtieth birthday. We chatted for a few minutes, then went back to Tina's private room and had a shower, one after the other. Afterwards, we dressed in the kennel maid uniforms, which consisted of a blue gingham minidress, a white cotton thong, white socks and white trainers.

I felt mildly ridiculous when we walked together down to the path and along to the back of the house where the patio doors were open to the morning room. However, the vet was standing in the opening and stopped us from entering.

"Girls, there's a problem. Wait outside for a few minutes."

I could see Seth and the elders huddled together in the middle of the room. Seth was on the phone talking earnestly to someone, while Lucy stood close by. Judging by the dark expression on her face, someone had just died or stolen all her money.

Several minutes passed before a man called out. "Is that Zoe out there on the path?" It was Seth.

"Yes, she's with Tina."

"Send Zoe in and Tina back to the kennels."

The vet waved me in. There was a lot of angry faces. In fact, there wasn't one happy one among the group. I walked up to Seth, who slipped his handset in his

pocket.

“Master, is there a problem?”

“When did you last speak to Melvin?”

I thought for a moment. “Um, it was just after the meeting with the elders. Yesterday evening. Just before I was put into the Puppy suit.”

“Did he say anything about the business or Orbital Motors?”

“No, Sir. Not a word.” I was emphatic and that did the trick.

“Fuck. I need you to get changed. I’m taking you back to the showroom. Wesley is there and struggling to make sense of what’s happened. He says you designed the Orbital’s accounts system and he needs help to unravel what Melvin’s been up to.”

“Melvin. Been up to?”

“Go and get changed. We’re taking Tammy back as well. I need all hands on deck. Half a million pounds has gone missing and more!”

Seth's final statement rocked me to the core and spun my world on its axis. What was to become of me if my Master disappeared and no longer existed???

Ten ~ Walking on glass.

Seth gripped the Range Rover's steering wheel so tightly his knuckles were white. He was shaking his head as he weaved his way through the busy traffic. He was driving erratically and making all the wrong decisions. He should have let me drive and we'd have gotten to our destination ten minutes quicker.

"I don't understand it," he muttered, then louder. "Lucy was saying that his brother turned up at about nine o'clock. Did either of you see Melvin's brother? His name is George."

I couldn't hide anything from Seth, otherwise he'd cut me up into little pieces. Tammy, who was sitting in the back, replied before I could say anything.

"I think he arrived after I was fitted into the Puppy suit, Sir. I saw him during the race standing outside talking to his brother. They were on the path cheering us on."

"I saw him, Sir, and he talked to me."

He turned his head and glared at me. "What! When! What did he say to you?"

I shrank into the leather seat and prayed that he'd accept my answer. "I was in my Puppy suit, in the maid's living room with Yasmin..."

"When? Why were you in there?"

“After I left the Maroon room with Melvin, he took me down to the lower ground floor and left me with Jasmin, while he got me something to eat.”

“That’s suspicious. He should have taken you to the kitchen. You weren’t to know that though. What happened next?”

“Once Melvin had fetched my food he left. Henry came down to punish Yasmin and Cloe, then about five minutes later, George turned up to see Yasmin. He wanted to fuck her. They chatted for a while, but she had to go upstairs to work and take me with her. George offered to take me up after he had fucked me.”

“Did he? Did he fuck you?”

“He did, then he took me upstairs.”

Seth was exasperated. “What did he say? Did he give you any clue that he and Melvin were up to something?”

I was walking on glass and If he suspected I was holding anything back, I was toast. “I swear, Seth, he never said anything like that. I can’t even remember what he was talking about.”

“So, he was talking then?”

“Well, yes, sort of. He spotted Melvin’s initials on my mons and my name on my ass. He asked me if I liked being a Puppy-girl and whether the club was treating me well. That was it. He knew I couldn’t answer back as he prattled on.”

Tammy leant forward between the seats. “George is a bit of a fool and has a reputation for making trouble, but the girl’s love him.”

“Yes, that’s why Lucy put’s up with him. I would have chopped his legs off a long time ago...” Seth admitted.

He simmered for the rest of the journey and I was relieved when we finally pulled into his parking space, two slots away from my Mini. I stared at my car and suddenly recalled George mentioning it just before he fucked me. I also noted that someone had used it and badly reversed it into my space. I was trying to recall what Melvin’s brother had said to me, when Seth grabbed my thigh.

“Zoe, what the fuck were you doing in the Maroon room with Melvin?”

That was the sixty-million-dollar question!

I spilled the beans on how Lucy had treated Melvin. Cuckolded him in the cruellest manner possible. As the story unfolded the anger seemed to seep out of Seth’s body. He sat back in his seat, listening to the rest of the story without interrupting me. I even told him about Lucy threatening to make Melvin suck her boyfriend’s cock clean.

That was enough detail for Seth. “Come on, let’s see if we can work out where the firm’s money has gone.”

Seth put Tammy on reception, freeing Terry up to sell on the forecourt. He wanted to know what was happening, but Seth told him to go and sell cars.

Wesley, who was sitting at Melvin’s desk looked up as we entered. “Boss, I’ve unravelled some of the encryption and found a significant movement.” I followed Seth around to stand behind the accountant.

I studied the screen of data. £240K was moved from the main chequing account to a company called OceanLite Industries yesterday afternoon.

“OceanLite. Could that be for a boat? Lucy mentioned that Melvin was thinking about buying a boat in Greenwich. We’ve got him. I’ll send a crew down to search the marinas in Greenwich, while I try and get more information on that company. Zoe, help Wesley go through the accounts. Don’t leave any stone unturned. I think Melvin has been planning this a long time and was waiting until he got his hands on the purse strings of Orbital Motors. That payment explains half of the money. I want to know where the rest has gone.”

“Do you think I can have a break for lunch, Sir,” I asked. “I’m absolutely famished.”

“For fuck’s sake. Not now. I’ll send Tammy out for some sandwiches. Tell her what you want.”

He stalked off to the desk on the left and sat down with a thud. I fetched a chair and pulled it in beside Wesley, the company's mild-mannered accountant. He immediately began to explain what he had been doing since 8 o'clock, which was when the bank notified the company directors of unusual activity on OM's three business accounts.

We worked from 1:30 to 4:30, non-stop and couldn't unravel what Melvin had done to the system. Seth was also frustrated because he couldn't find out anything about OceanLite, which was probably an offshore Shell company.

During those three hours I had plenty of time to think about Melvin's actions. After examining his banking activities, I came to the conclusion that he wanted the payment to OceanLite to be found. The rest of his transactions had been buried beneath a further layer of encryption. So, if that was the case, the discussion with his wife about a boat in Greenwich was almost certainly a red herring.

The more I thought about what George said during our brief meeting, the more I focused on my Mini. Had the brothers left a message inside? It was a possibility. I was alone during the last half hour on the computer. Seth was on the phone constantly, threatening and cajoling people to search the docks and marinas in Greenwich. So, while he was focused on the search, I took a sneak at Melvin's browsing history on the computer.

Then, I found a clue that triggered a memory. While looking at items on an online store, Melvin stopped at a page of Satnavs. Why would he look at them when every car on the forecourt already had them installed? I put two and two together and came up with an answer that fitted in with what George had said to me – 'Kid. If I were you, I'd get in your Mini and just drive. Go where it takes you and never look back. Imagine you're Cinderella and you've only got until

midday on Friday. Make something of your life’.

A thrill so intense ran through my body that I feared my expression would give the game away. Then, as I lost my nerve, I began to think of all the things that could go wrong. Seth only had to suspect that I had vital information and I’d be toast. He’d beat it out of me and then dispose of my body.

However, I was the only one with the information. Then, I thought of Tammy. Should I say something and try and persuade her to come with me. She might tell Seth and sign my death warrant, so I had to think of a way to broach the subject.

I had an idea. I looked up from my screen and put a pained expression on my face. “Sir, could I go to the loo, please?”

He looked up from his screen. “Sure. Don’t be too long.” His mind was elsewhere as I passed his desk on the way out of the office. He always studied my body but he didn’t even look at me.

I walked straight to the reception desk. Tammy watched me approach and sat back when I placed my hands on the surface and leant forward. “Tam. Did Melvin say anything to you?”

She looked around. “Do you know where they are?”

We were talking in code, fearing the other would not be on board with the

brother's plan. "I was hoping you would know."

Another pause. "Um, Melvin said you would know all the details." She said the sentence slowly and deliberately.

"I've worked it out."

"Good. When do we leave?"

"I'll get the keys to the Mini." We stared at each other for a few seconds, then I turned away and walked the ten paces to my office.

The keys were on the peg where I kept them. I grabbed them and walked back to the desk.

"I'll follow a couple of paces behind," Tammy said softly.

I was pushing through the glass entrance doors as Tammy got to her feet. Terry, about 50 feet away on the forecourt, spotted me heading for the Mini. "Zoe! Are you going home?" he shouted.

I ignored him, opened the car with the fob and pulled the door open. As I turned to sit in the car, I spotted Tammy stepping out into the sunshine.

“TAMMY!” I froze. It was Seth, calling her.

“RUN TAM!” I shouted.

Terry, who was approaching, watched Tammy run past him. “What the fuck!” he shouted, looking one way and then the other.

I dropped into the driver’s seat and slipped the key in the ignition. I turned it, pressed the starter button and gunned the engine.

“TERRY!” shouted Seth. Block the entrance. NOW!”

The quick-thinking gangster had covered half the distance between the showroom and the car by the time Tammy jumped in the car. The moment her trailing leg was inside, I let the clutch out and jerked forward. The doors slammed, enabling me to lock them. Seth, in a rage, ran sideways with his arms out to block me.

I could drive around him, but Terry had backed away and was doing a similar thing in the middle of the entrance, 40 feet behind him. I might have flattened Seth, but I couldn’t injure Terry who was only following orders. I had to do something, for Seth began to slowly walk toward the car.

“Turn the engine off and get out of the car!” he shouted.

I revved, stopping him in his tracks, then jerked forward. The moment I was within a yard of the retreating gangster, I grabbed the handbrake and jerked the steering wheel left. The car, true to form, went into a spin. It was a manoeuvre I learnt in B&Q car parks. We called it a 'Burn Out Spin' because if you carried on long enough the tires would be torn to shreds. The back of the car flew around and kept going round as I increased the revs.

Clouds of black smoke started to rise from the wheels as I continued to spin the car with Seth at the point of the axis. He followed me around, glaring at me through the windshield and shouting out loud. "Stop the fucking car!"

On the fourth circuit, I allowed the car to drift toward Terry. The poor guy was getting the worst of the smoke in his face as it slid in his direction. When he saw the tail of the car heading in his direction, he moved back and sideways, I saw a big enough gap. slammed on the brakes and shot forward.

Seth smacked into the side of the car as he lunged, then tumbled to the ground. To the surprise of a driver in a blue Vauxhall, the Mini tore out in front of him and joined the line of traffic which was stationery up ahead.

"Fucking hell, Zoe. Where'd you learn to drive like that?"

"Later, Tam. That fucker won't give up."

When I pulled up at the traffic lights, the guy behind me honked and leant out of his window. "Fucking women drivers," he shouted.

I ignored him, for I was watching my rear-view mirror. Sure enough, just as the lights turned green, Seth's black Range-Rover, Evoque D240, roared out of the forecourt. He had 240 horses under his bonnet, 50% more than I had, but his car was much heavier. I couldn't see what was happening, but there was a screech of brakes as drivers avoided the huge car.

I turned left down Totteridge lane and followed the slow traffic. It was the quickest way to get to the A1, which was one of the main north/south highways in England. However, I had no intention of using it until I knew where I was going. Tammy was looking over her shoulder and I kept glancing in the mirror. Seth was driving like a crazy person, overtaking cars and taking chances.

I stayed put in the traffic, for I had a plan. It was a risky plan, but one that I was confident would work. I needed three things. A long straight road, preferably clear of traffic. A hot headed, aggressive driver pursuing me, and a slice of luck.

"Zoe, he's catching us. He's only four cars back."

"I know, babe. I'm hanging a right up here. Make sure your belt is tight and hang on."

Hendon Wood Lane would have to do. All the traffic on Totteridge Lane was heading west, like me, so I was able to take a sudden sharp right turn into Hendon Wood Lane without reducing speed. Seth followed with a screech of tyres and maintained the distance. As I accelerated up to 50mph, he sped up too and started flashing me.

I was watching the oncoming traffic carefully. As soon as we entered a straight stretch free of oncoming traffic, I increased my speed to 60. The lane was quite narrow through dense woods and had two-feet high grass banks either side. I judged we were going fast enough for the manoeuvre.

The moment he lost his head and decided to ram me was the moment he lost control of the situation. Instead of trying to outrun him, I moved onto the centre line, jammed my brakes on and deliberately let the rear end fishtail 45 degrees. Then, I instantly fought the drift and straightened the car.

To Seth, it looked as though I had lost control. He did what I expected, steer left to avoid my car. The result was that when the Range-Rover slammed into the rear of the Mini, his front offside corner impacted dead centre with the Mini's rear fender and trunk. The Mini was straight while the Range-Rover was at an angle. Seth's heavier car helped me on my way, while he was the one who lost control.

The Range-Rover shot up the left-hand embankment, impacted a couple of small trees and came crashing back on to the road, where it rolled several times. Just before the car stilled, it exploded in a ball of fire. Moments later the wreck was out of sight as I rounded another bend.

"Fuck, Zoe! Did you see that!"

"Unfortunately, yes." My hands were trembling on the steering wheel. "I didn't mean to kill him..."

"May he rot in hell after all the things he has done in his life."

I couldn't get the image of the fireball out of my head and the fact that I had killed someone. I couldn't believe that I had imagined being his girlfriend. That was something that I'd keep to myself forever...

Eleven ~ The final piece.

We drove in silence for fifteen minutes until we reached a service stop at the A1/M25 junction. We were both stunned and shocked more than we realized.

I parked in a secluded spot, well away from the main buildings. I was worried about the car, so I climbed out to check out the rear. Tammy joined me and after removing our jackets we stood staring at the damage – a neat ‘V’, wrecking the fender and the boot lid.

“Good job it’s not ours,” she said, nudging me with her elbow.

She didn’t understand how I felt about cars, but her comment was a much-needed moment of light relief. I suddenly burst into tears. Tammy’s reaction was to grab me and wrap her arms around my body. “It’s over, Zoe. You just defeated the most dangerous man on the planet.”

I cried on her shoulder for a minute and then lifted my head. “I did, didn’t I?”

“Sure. We’re like fucking Cagney and Lacey reborn.”

“They were fucking cops, stupid. We’re villains.” We both laughed and hugged each other. Tam pushed me back and kissed me on the lips, then touched them lightly with her finger.

“No hanky-panky until we find the boys.”

That brought me back to reality. “Fuck! Yes. Let me check the satnav. I’m sure the address will be on it.”

Back in the car, I switched the ignition on and then fired up the satnav. My heart sank when a recent local journey came up. “Shit, I was certain from the clues George gave me that it’d be on the satnav.”

“What did he say?”

“Go where the car takes you. He knew about the Mini and he told me to remember his advice.”

I touched the history tab and was instantly rewarded with six choices. Tammy pointed at the third destination down. “Southampton. Have you been there in this car?”

“No... Christ, some clever bastard has doctored the entries. It must have been Melvin and George.” I tapped the route and read the address. Ocean Village Marina, Channel Way, Southampton. SO14 3TG.”

“Bingo. I know George is into boats. I wouldn’t be surprised if he sailed it from Dubai.”

“Wow, how are we going to find it?” I asked Tammy. “Did he give you a name?”

“Seriously? Look, neither of them trusted me because of my history with the Firm. I don’t blame them, but I was never going to pass up the opportunity to go to Dubai if they wanted me. No, Melvin told me that they would give you all the information we needed to find them. Think, babe. George must have told you the name of the boat.”

I held my head in my hands and thought through the conversation again. Then it came to me. “Yes! The name of the boat is Cinderella and we have until noon tomorrow to get there.”

“Are you sure.”

“Yes. I thought he was prattling rubbish, but now I know he was giving me everything we needed to rendezvous with them.”

“Kid, you’ve solved all our problems.”

“Have you got any money? because I’m penniless. All my stuff is back at the flat.”

“Same here. Do we need any...?”

I pointed at the fuel gauge. The needle was hovering near empty. “We haven’t got enough gas to get us to Southampton. It’s just over a hundred miles and we

only have enough for fifty and that would be pushing it.”

“God, we’ve only got the clothes we’re wearing. I hope George and Melvin will let us go shopping before we set sail.”

“We’ve got to get there first,” I pointed out. “Have you got any ideas how we’re going to do that?”

She looked out of the windshield. “I’m prepared to earn a few quid. There’s plenty of punters sitting in their cars.”

I clapped my hands to the sides of my face in mock surprise. “Tammy. You naughty slut.”

She put her hand on my thigh and pushed my skirt up, revealing the tiny ‘V’ of the thong at the apex of my thighs. “Whip them off and we’ll go hunting.”

“What? You’re going to use me as bait?”

“Sure. What man wouldn’t pay to stroke your shaven pussy?”

I lifted my butt and pulled the thong down. “Mmm. How much are you going to charge?”

“I think a tenner would be a reasonable fee...” She took my panties and held them to her nose. “Mmm, maybe twenty after they’ve had a sniff. Come on, let’s go and catch some fish.”

After locking the car, we set off to find a punter, arm in arm, as if we didn’t have a care in the world...

Epilogue.

It was a stroke of luck that it was mid-summer. The weather had been gorgeous for a couple of days and the Mediterranean Sea was as smooth as the skin on my mons. We had experienced some rougher weather coming down the east coast of France and then later as we skirted Portugal, but that was behind us. I gained my sea legs during those choppy days and became a better sailor.

The hot and calm weather enabled the Cinderella to glide across the water at a steady 20 knots with just her twin diesel engines ticking over. The Cinderella was a 50-foot luxury oceangoing yacht and had every facility we needed for sailing halfway around the world.

By the time Tam and I left the South Mimms services on the M25, we had half a tank of gas. We had no difficulty at all finding guys, but it wasn't as easy as Tammy first thought. The journey to Southampton went without hitch and we located the Cinderella without difficulty.

The lads were aboard, going through the charts of the voyage and were shocked to see us a day early. Melvin thought we'd go home from the club on Friday morning and drive down once I had worked out the clues. So, we sailed on Thursday night after a quick trip to the shops, where Tammy and I bought enough clothes for the three-week voyage.

The brothers were stunned when we told them about the car chase and Seth's demise. It was a huge bonus that they weren't expecting. Melvin took our passports from the office safe at Orbital Motors, and George organized our visas for the UAE on the internet, the day after we left Southampton. It was a relief to know that we'd all be legal when we arrived at our destination. George, who had lived in Dubai for years, explained that money talked and that he was a very wealthy man.

My Master, not only stole half a million pounds from the Firm (his wife), but transferred his entire wealth – another three million to accounts in Dubai. George had a successful security business there and was going to make Melvin a partner. The older brother had planned everything down to the last detail, except one thing, his cock collar.

Lucy insisted it be fitted the night he planned to escape from the Firm's grip. He went through with it, fearing that if he refused, she would suspect he was up to something. Unfortunately, the collar was self-contained and would continue to stymie his erections until it was removed. He didn't have the controller which could have triggered the antidote and given him a boner.

The prospect of going without sex for three weeks could have driven him crazy, but luckily, sailing Cinderella took his mind off his inability to fuck me – most of the time! I on the other hand, quite liked the idea of a break from sex after such a torrid time at the club.

George had other ideas though. He encouraged Tammy and I to develop our friendship and often joined us in bed, once Melvin had taken over the helm. My Master knew what was going on and let it go. He was hardly in a position to take George's place in the threesome...

So, everything was perfect. I was having the time of my life, sunbathing nude and swimming in the warm ocean on the end of a line. Tammy and I helped with cleaning and cooking duties while the men did their macho thing – steering the boat.

Then, something happened that stopped me dead in my tracks. We stopped in

Gibraltar for fuel. I stayed on board, while the other three went into town for supplies. Me being me, decided to have a nose around the boat. A small cupboard, in the main cabin that Tammy and George slept in was locked. I found the key and opened the door.

Four holdall bags were stacked beneath the bottom shelf. The first one contained the lad's old clothes. The second one, reams and reams of documents. The third one, a considerable amount of cash; and the fourth one, two Puppy-girl suits!

It was two days since we left Gibraltar and I hadn't mentioned the suits, nor was I going to. I didn't want to spoil the trip, so I planned to wait another two weeks to find out exactly what the Watson brothers had in store for me and Tammy...

THE END

I hope you enjoyed the Ninth and Final part of

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

Thanks, Amelia.

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