

# Jasmin

## The Saudi Heiress

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*Amelia Stark*

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# **JASMIN**

## **The Saudi Heiress: Part One**

**By Amelia Stark**

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## **Introduction.**

Jasmin is finding her feet in a world that was mostly denied to her while she grew up in Thornbury Convent. Her focus before she left the institution, and afterwards, has been on her athletic career.

Karen Jenkins coached the young athlete at the convent and became the 19-year-old's guide the moment she entered the modern world. Luckily, Jasmin has a modest income that enables her to pursue her dream of becoming an 800-metre champion.

Karen is in league with Tom Eastman, the head coach at the 'Old Bedfordian Athletics Club'. Unbeknownst to Jasmin, Karen and Tom have got form for coaching young athletes in skills other than those on the athletics track.

The pair are just about to step up Jasmin's sexual training, when a solicitor, Ibrahim, arrives at the athletics track to give Tom and Karen an ultimatum. Has their past caught up with them? Is Jasmin as innocent as she appears?

How will Ibrahim's demands impact on the teenager and her coaches? The story will evolve when the action moves from a cool autumnal England to the hot and humid atmosphere of Saudi Arabia. Because this book contains explicit descriptions of sexual situations and punishments it is only suitable for mature adults over the age of 18.

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## **Chapter 1.1 ~ Jasmin's ambitions.**

I was lucky to have a friend like Karen. She took an interest in me from the first time she watched me run. Karen Jenkins was an ex 400 metre champion at the national level and was often invited to coach at the convent when someone like me showed some promise. When I emerged, aged 19, into the world, from the sheltered life I led at Thornbury, she was the one who organized my accommodation and restructured my athletics coaching.

My circumstances were different from most girls in the convent, in that I didn't know who my parents were. I had long accepted that I was an orphan. It had been difficult at first. My peers targeted me for my lack of parents and stoic personality. I could have felt sorry for myself for the rest of my days, but my running lifted me and gave me a purpose in life.

Whoever conceived me had left enough money in trust to pay for my education and then provide me with £25,000 a year, in perpetuity. The value of that amount would diminish every year, but it was enough to live on while I pursued my dream. After paying my rent on a small flat and my membership to the 'Old Bedfordian Athletics Club', there was plenty left to live in reasonable comfort while I spent as much time as I wished training for my sport.

I decided to delay going to university for at least a year. It was a huge step to take after leaving the convent just before I turned 19. However, because of Karen's help, I had navigated the problems that reared their ugly heads from time to time and, I thought, matured rapidly.

I was still wearing a t-shirt and panties when Karen arrived to pick me up for training. It was Friday, so I was booked for an early track session at 08:00 with Karen and Tom Eastman. I had given her a front door key, so she was able to come straight up to the fifth floor and knock on the door to my flat, number 55.

I checked it was Karen through the spy hole, then let her in. “You’re early,” I said cheerfully to my slim athletic friend.

We were the same height, but I was probably a stone heavier than Karen. She was wearing a blue club tracksuit and white trainers. Her short blonde hair was loose and cut in a boy style.

“Slow getting up?” she asked as she followed me to the bedroom door.

I sat down at my dressing table and watched her in the mirror as she started to make my bed. “Karen, you don’t have to do that.”

She ignored me. “Have you eaten breakfast?”

I started plaiting my long black hair. “Yes. I had three boiled eggs.”

She smoothed out the covers, then came and stood behind me. “How are you getting on with your new silicone friend? Did you work out how to use it?”

She was referring to the dildo that she gave me the last time she dropped me home. I felt my face heat up. I continued with my hair. “Um, is that why you came early, to grill me about the dildo?”

“No, I came to make your bed and your breakfast if necessary. Someone has to look after you.”

I handed her the hair band so she could tie my hair. “Thanks, Karen, but you’ve got to stop mothering me. I left the convent six months ago.”

“Ah, but you admitted that you haven’t had any boyfriends yet. The dildo is the first step to normality. I bet there are guys out there who are drooling over you.”

I studied my reflexion. I had good bone structure for someone of mixed race. My skin was honey coloured and my large eyes were dark brown. I guessed that one of my parents were from the middle east and the other from England.

I stood up and faced her. “Karen, I haven’t come across any boys drooling over me.”

“That’s because you don’t go out enough. Jogging around the lakes doesn’t count. You’re more likely to meet the wrong kind of guy down there.” She walked over to my wardrobe and opened it. “You don’t even buy yourself any nice clothes. Jasmin, you need to get a life.”

“I’m happy, Karen. If I’m not jogging, I’m at the gym most evenings so I’m too tired to party into the night, like you and Tom.”

“Huh, chance would be a fine thing. Tom though, likes clubbing.”

I lifted my t-shirt off as I walked over to a chest of drawers. Karen sat down on the bed and watched me select the sportswear that I planned to wear to the training session. I threw the items on the bed beside my crumpled top. I noticed she was studying my body which wasn't unusual.

“Jasmin, you didn't answer my question about the dildo.”

I studied her serious face. “I can report that your gift is in full working order.”

Karen had given it to me at the beginning of the week. The dildo was smaller than the average size of a man's cock. It was perfect for me though because I had never been penetrated with anything other than girl's fingers. I immediately discovered that the dildo filled and stretched my teenage quim. I took her advice that evening and used it while lying on my back with my knees on my chest.

Karen warned me about the blood, so I was well prepared. There wasn't much but it made me cautious during the first exploratory session. I didn't get to appreciate the dildo's ability until I eased it into my tight quim the following morning.

My experience of orgasms was limited to just two levels of excitement. Stroking my own delicate folds always produced delicious sensations. But, when my friends at the convent delved into my slick cleft and played with my clitoral flesh the result was always thrilling and immensely satisfying. We girls knew how to make each other moan and squirm with delight without using any foreign objects.

So, the time had arrived, thanks to Karen, to behave like an adult. Having inserted the realistically shaped dildo to a depth of about six inches, I began to wonder what all the fuss was about. Then, I began to move it back and forth. As the thrilling sensations built, I discovered that there was something even more exciting than winning an important 800 metre race!

I was totally relaxed undressing in Karen's company. We had showered together many times. She had also massaged my back, butt cheeks and legs while I lay naked face down on the massage table. Although she had come close to touching me intimately, she had never made a pass at me.

If she had, I wouldn't have been surprised because it was commonplace at the convent. We were all curious about sex, each other, and boys. As far as girls were concerned, I never had the nerve to go beyond playing with their sex, using my fingers or my mouth. Boys from the nearby monastery often came to join the choir for celebrations and special occasions but we were watched like hawks by the nuns.

Then there was the Abbot...

Post convent, I became aware that I was more aroused looking at a male body than a female one. Tom Eastman, my coach, was to blame for that.

"You were telling me that Tom trained you when you were my age," I said to Karen, trying to move on from the dildo.

"That's right."

I picked up the sports bra and put it on. I went over to Karen, whereupon she fastened it for me, then patted my butt.

“He must have been about twenty-four. That’s young for a coach,” I said.

“He was fresh from university,” Karen replied. “He’s got a degree in exercise and sports science so was able to begin coaching as soon as he got a job. Do you know, he was as good back then as he is now.”

Returning to the items I selected, I slid the cotton panties down my legs and stepped out of them. “Did you ever date him?” I picked up the blue running briefs, pulled them on, then sat down on the bed. I turned to look at Karen while I waited for an answer.

“Well, yes, we did for a while. I soon realized that he was a heartbreaker, so I settled down with another guy. Come on, hurry up or you’ll miss some valuable coaching time.”

Knowing that Karen had been with Tom, emboldened me. “Karen, I’ve been having thoughts about Tom...” I pulled my t-shirt on and waited for her answer.

“Thoughts? Since I gave you the dildo?”

“No, before. I can’t get the thoughts out of my head. The dildo made things

worse and its always Tom I think about.”

“Jasmin, Tom’s a nice guy and he’s horny, but he’s incapable of holding down a relationship. As soon as another girl makes eyes at him, he moves on and discards the previous girl or shags them both at the same time. Isobel is a good example...”

“The receptionist?”

“Yes. He got her hired and she’s only too willing to let him shag her...”

I noticed a trace of irritation in her voice, maybe jealousy. “Well, if anything happened between Tom and me, I’m going in with my eyes wide open. I like him and I’ve got a lot to thank him for...”

“His reward should be your success. Tread very carefully, Jasmin.”

Tom didn’t charge me for his time because I was in the club’s team. Nor did I give money to Karen, but the membership fees were high, so I guessed they were amply rewarded by the club. I pulled my socks and trainers on, then donned my blue club tracksuit, before sorting out my sports bag.

Karen followed me into my tiny kitchen and waited while I filled my drinks bottle with energy drink. As soon as I had put it in my bag, she placed her hand on mine and flashed her blue eyes at me. “Jasmin, I like you a lot and I don’t want to see you get hurt.”



That was the first moment that I detected a smidgen of intimate connection with Karen. The hand on mine, the body language and the meaningful eye contact were all signals that I had experienced over the years at the convent.

Hers weren't much different to Tom's, but in his case his cock hardened within his tight shorts whenever we were alone. That was all the proof I needed to confirm that he fancied me...

## **Chapter 1.2 ~ Tom's visitor.**

Tom had one eye on his stopwatch and the other eye on the lithe figure of Jasmin Frost, striding around the far side of the circuit. It was a cool October morning at the 'Old Bedfordian Athletics club'. The clouds were high, the track was dry and there was only a light wind. It was therefore the perfect morning conditions for his prodigy to go for a personal best over 800 meters.

Jasmin had a small lead over Karen Briars, a former national 400 metre champion. Karen, who was eight years older than Jasmin, helped Tom with the teenager's training whenever she could. They both believed that Jasmin was a natural talent for the 400 and 800 metre distances.

"How's she doing?"

Tom turned his head, surprised by the man's voice, for he hadn't heard him approach. "Um, this is a private training session. Also, you shouldn't be in the athlete's section."

The Arab man held up his hands and gave Tom a broad grin. "I'm here to talk to you about Jasmin..." He was holding a business card which he handed to Tom. "My name is Ibrahim Khalid. I'm from the law firm, 'Hussain, Khalid and Omar'. I have some pressing business to discuss with you."

Tom held the card up. "Wait one minute..." He turned his attention back to the track just in time to see the girls complete their first lap.

He captured Jasmin's time and watched the pair as they picked up the pace for the final lap. Karen had set the pace for the first lap but was then overtaken by Jasmin as they passed the finishing line.

Tom lowered his eyes and studied the card. He saw that the law firm was based in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. There were enough ghosts in Tom's cupboard for him to feel a tinge of fear whenever solicitors reared their ugly heads. He had experienced several brushes with the law over the years. Unfortunately, it was an occupational hazard.

He had been coaching teenage girls for eight years and there had been some bumps along the way. After some unsubstantiated accusations of inappropriate touching in the early days of his training career, He never trained a teenager on their own. He enlisted either Karen or Sue, another runner he had coached, as training partners to quell any fears that parents or guardians might have.

The Solicitor's sanguine attitude put him at his ease. "I had no idea solicitors worked outside office hours, let alone before breakfast," he said with a trace of sarcasm in his voice. It was just before eight on a Friday morning.

The dark skinned, bearded Arab responded to his comment with a smile. "Tom, when a matter is urgent, I get out of bed early. My journey has been long, so I decided to let you know that I'm here to talk to you as soon as you've finished this training session."

"Ibrahim, I need you to wait over in the stand for half an hour." Tom pointed at the modest building that stood close to the running track, some 20 yards away from where they were standing.

For a small athletics club, they were lucky to have enough covered seating for 500 spectators.

The suited Arab glanced over toward the stand. “Tom, I will wait, but bear in mind that I’ve travelled a long way to talk to you about Jasmin and it is an urgent matter. Come and sit with me as soon as you can.”

Tom’s temperature rose. “I’ll come when I’m finished. Please go to the stand and wait.”

The grey suited solicitor, gripping a bulky leather briefcase, shrugged before turning and heading toward the exit to the athlete’s compound. Tom’s irritation worsened when on turning his attention toward the track, he saw that he had missed the finish. Tom ducked under the rail and approached the teenager who was bending with her hands on her knees.

Jasmin was gasping for air, but still lifted her head and gasped a few words. “That was fast...”

Jasmin’s naturally tanned body was glistening with sweat, as was her forehead and cheeks. Her huge dark brown eyes sparkled with vitality despite her grimace due to the effort she had just exerted down the final straight.

Tom nodded and looked glum. “Sorry, kid, I got distracted. It was a great run though.”

Karen arrived with a smile on her face. “Cor... she tore up the track...” the young blond woman frowned. “What did you say, Tom?”

“The visitor distracted me, so I missed the time. I’m Sorry.”

When Jasmin straightened, she looked surprised, then looked around. Her eyes settled on the solicitor, who had taken a seat on the front corner of the stand, not more than 20 yards away. “Who is that man, Tom?”

Tom mentally compared the pair of athletes who were standing side by side. Karen, white but suntanned, was slightly paler than Jasmin who had a naturally tanned body, due to her mixed heritage. Karen was thinner and wirier and had the perfect body for middle distance running. Jasmin, on the other hand, was more solidly built. Tom thought that the teenager could develop into a good heptathlete, if she put her mind to it, due to her jumping and throwing potential.

“He’s a friend of a friend who’s dropped by for a chat. He’s going to wait,” Tom explained.

“Are we still going to have breakfast together?” Karen helped Jasmin on with her tracksuit top.

The youngster used her huge brown eyes like a weapon sometimes. So, Tom was aware that the teenager was looking forward to their once a week visit to McDonald’s.

“Yes, Jasmin. You might have to hang around for a while. Come on...” Before either girl could fire another question at him, he set off for the changing rooms.

With a solicitor prowling around the club, Tom was getting more anxious by the minute. As soon as he heard the girls catching up, Tom turned to walk backwards. The girls, each carrying a bag, and wearing their tracksuit tops were chatting about the 800-metre race and their tactics.

Karen always wore the skimpiest of running briefs. They were little more than a ‘V’ of material covering her mons and a triangle not much bigger to cover her firm ass. Jasmin was also wearing race briefs but hers were fuller. “I’ll catch up with you in a couple of minutes,” he shouted at them.

He had a training routine that included a session of fitness diagnostic tests and a massage before the athlete showered. Karen was his constant and was onboard 100% with his unusual, but successful training methods.

He had been employed by the ‘Old Bedfordian Athletics club’ for five years as ‘Head of Female Elite Development’. He was given a free reign to train the club’s young female athletes from the age of 18. Jasmin, who he had been training for 6 months was, to begin with, one of the shyest athletes he had ever trained.

Not only was Jasmin developing as one of the most talented athletes the club had ever had on their books, but she was also becoming less shy as a result of his hands-on training methods. Initially, she wanted to wear shorts over a leotard when she was running in races. He eventually managed to persuade her to ditch the shorts so that she could shave a second or two off her times.

The next step came in August when she agreed to don a separate pantie/top set for a county meet. She received another confidence boost when she won the 400-meter title. Shy kids never won anything, so he had to broaden her horizons and make her confident in her own skin.

Karen brought her to him and was probably aware that he would become obsessed with her. She had deliberately kept the brake on and was far more protective of the teenager than previous girls they trained together. However, his relationship with Jasmin had slowly evolved, just as he hoped it would, the first time he met the attractive teenager.

He was on the verge of stepping over the line when in walked a solicitor wanting to discuss the young athlete. It was a curious coincidence, so he had to tread carefully until he found out why a solicitor's firm from Saudi Arabia was interested in Jasmin Frost.

Before he checked on the girl's fitness, he wanted a word with Isobel, the club's teenage receptionist. The desk the flirtatious little minx sat at, catered for both the athletics club and the adjoining sports centre's visitors. They opened at 07:00 and closed at 23:00. She looked up when he appeared from the corridor beside her desk. Her eyes dropped to his shorts which were on the tight side.

She lifted her eyes. "Tom, what's going on? We don't usually get strangers turning up like that Arab guy and joining the athletics club."

"Isobel, you shouldn't have let him in without calling me first." He waved his mobile phone at her.

The freckled, red head frowned. “Tom, he paid cash for a year’s membership and gave me a tip. Nice guy. Said you were expecting him...”

Tom guessed that the man wanted to impress him by buying a membership, which wasn’t cheap. “Never mind. Show me the register.”

Tom looked over the young woman’s shoulder when she brought up the details on the computer screen. He reached down and put his hand on hers as she used the mouse to view the details.

Ibrahim Khalid was 45 and a Saudi National. His address was 42 Portman Square, London W1 5FR. He had provided a landline number, but not a mobile number. So, a posh London address, as well as offices in Riyadh. Food for thought.

“I’m taking a coffee break at ten, Tom...”

“Take it later, Isobel.” He checked the coast was clear, then dropped his hand to the gap between her thighs which she parted for him.

She was wearing a dark green tennis skirt and matching polo shirt, the club’s uniform. He pushed his fingers against the warm, moist gusset of her dark green panties. He stroked the tight material, feeling the contours of her teenage sex. The girl was hired on his recommendation and had more than lived up to her promise.



“I’ve got to go out, but I’ll be back by midday, come down to the office. I’ll be ready for a cup of coffee.”

“It’ll be hot and sweet, Tom.”

He withdrew his hand, raised it and inhaled her divine womanly scent. “Isobel, if any more strangers show up, give me a shout. The training sessions are supposed to be private.”

He was on his way back to his office before she had a chance to reply.

## **Chapter 1.3 ~ Tom's sticky situation.**

Tom was still mulling over various imaginary reasons for the solicitor's appearance when he entered his office. Karen had parked her butt against the front edge of his desk while she chewed on an energy bar.

"Everything okay, babe?" he asked as he approached her.

"I told Jasmin to shower. She pushed herself hard in that race... For you, Tom. Not getting her time was unfortunate."

"Yes, that damn solicitor fucked with my head. Was she upset?"

"Nah. I don't think you can do any wrong in her eyes."

Tom positioned himself in front of his assistant. "Was she that good this morning?"

"Yes, her times are getting faster. I'm not worried about her running I'm worried about her infatuation with you. She's not like the others." Karen reached out and tugged his shorts down, far enough for his cock and balls to escape.

"Come on, Karen, she's old enough to make up her own mind. I give the girls what they want, whether it's a fit body or a little sex education. We make a good team. We're careful, they become good athletes and we get a kick out of training them. In every case, broadening their minds has increased their performances on

the track.”

“It baffles me what they see in you...” Karen said jokingly, then wrapped her hand around Tom’s cock and began to wank him. “While I was waiting for Jasmin to get dressed this morning, she asked me if I had ever had sex with you.”

“What did you tell her?”

“That I had known you for a long time... and yes, I had been your girlfriend once. I told her the truth. That you’re a womanizer.”

“Did that satisfy her curiosity?”

“She asked me some searching questions. I told her that we had a thing together when you were training me. Tom, I’ll be honest. I’ve tried to warn her but like the others, she’s dreaming about you fucking her.”

Tom lifted her chin, bent forwards then kissed the pretty athlete forcibly on the lips. “You’ve really excelled yourself, Babe. Go and lean over the desk. I need to reward you.”

Karen tightened her grip. “Tom, I think you need to pull back from the brink with Jasmin. She’s different from the others. More fragile and more talented.”

“I hear you, but I think the kid is made of sterner stuff. I’m certainly not going to disappoint her.”

“She is infatuated with you, Tom. You could hurt her.”

“That is the last thing I want. I’ll be careful.” Tom squeezed her chin gently. “Your thoughts are noted.” He stared into her dazzling blue eyes. “Our time is running out...”

She released his cock, pushed her tiny panties down and draped herself across his desk. Gripping his shaft, Tom ploughed her furrow with his knob, mashing her clitoral flesh and teased her entrance until his crown was slick with her juices.

“Ahhhhhhh, Tom,” she said as he dove into her gushing quim until he was hard up against the back of her thighs and firm ass.

He gently massaged her bare back while hammering his cock into her succulence with powerful, rapid thrusts. Tom was in a hurry to find out what the solicitor had on his mind, so he was more aggressive than usual. On the other hand, he wanted to keep Karen happy, so that she continued her good work with their prodigy.

“Karen, I want you to deal with Jasmin while I go and see the visitor. Wait with her here until I return, then we’ll go and have some breakfast...”

There was just a single grunt of acknowledgement from the young athlete, for she had arrived at the finishing line before Tom and was trembling her way through a sea of thrilling sensations. Gripping Karen's slim hips tightly, Tom imagined that the girl on the desk was Jasmin and that he was pounding his cock into her virgin quim. That was enough to harden it even further and help him have a more explosive ejaculation.

"Jesus, Tom, you put the hammer down there," Karen muttered.

After withdrawing he waited for Karen to stand and pull her panties up. "Yes, that was a sweet fuck, babe. Thanks for everything." He gave her a kiss and hurried away to meet the visitor.

Ibrahim Khalid hadn't moved from the end seat of the front row. He was busy tapping a message into his phone and didn't look up as Tom approached him. His briefcase sat on the seat next to him, so Tom sat beside it.

"Sorry for the delay, Ibrahim," he said. He wasn't of course. Tom was annoyed that the solicitor had interrupted the training session and added stress where none was needed. "Couldn't you have rung me and made an appointment?"

The Arab turned and slipped his phone into his inside pocket. "No, Tom, it's better this way. I wanted to watch Jasmin run and see you training her."

"Well, Ibrahim, you missed the training and only witnessed the race."

“Not true...” He pulled out his cell phone and fired it up. “No, I was sitting in my car, in the car park. You wouldn’t have noticed the drone. It’s almost silent and the size of my fist.” He aimed the screen at Tom who stared in amazement at the crystal-clear video clip of him chatting with both Jasmin and Karen.

“That’s got to be illegal,” Tom stammered.

“No, I don’t think so, Tom.” He switched his phone off and pocketed it. “It’s a useful demonstration of my firm’s abilities to see and hear the things that are important to us and our clients.”

“What’s this about?”

The solicitor opened his case and took out a folder. After closing the lid, he placed the folder on the case and opened it so that Tom could read the top page. “It’s important that you read and understand this document.”

‘Special Circumstance Guardianship Order’, was the title of the document. It was dated 08-01-2003 and continued – The court orders...

Tom scanned through it. “This is dated... um, this is Jasmin’s birth date.”

“Correct,” the solicitor confirmed. “The order was granted by the High Court on that date. “My firm was granted special guardianship of Jasmin Frost for an indefinite period.”

“That doesn’t make sense. I thought that an order like this is dissolved when the person becomes eighteen.”

“Normally, that’s the case, but there are special circumstances in Jasmin’s case.”

“What are they?”

“I am not at liberty to say. Her birth certificate bears the adopting parent’s names, Kenneth and Judith Frost. She won’t remember them because they handed her over to the convent when she was five years old.”

“Does she know about this?” Tom tapped the top sheet of paper.

“No, and there has been no need for her to know. As far as she’s concerned, her education at Thornbury Convent was paid for in a trust left by her dead parents. We at Hussain, Khalid and Omar have monitored her life closely, but have seen no reason to interfere until now.”

“Why now?”

“I am not at liberty to say. What I will say though is that a decision has been made about her future and that involves you.”



“I’m listening.”

“She was advised, when she left Thornbury to take a gap year, to see if she could make a success of her athletics career. That means she’s had six months to focus on her running. My firm has decided, because of her Saudi-English heritage, that she should spend some time in the land of her forefathers.”

“Who is her father?”

“I am not at liberty to say. It is irrelevant at this stage. What is relevant is that she has been invited to stay at a sports facility that has all the amenities for her to train and you to train her.”

“Me? You want me to go to Saudi Arabia?”

“Yes, Tom. You, Jasmin, Karen are all invited.”

“Ibrahim, your plan won’t get off the ground. I can’t leave my job here. I have a contract with the ‘Old Bedfordian Athletics club’. Karen is fully committed to working with me and I doubt if Jasmin fancies training in the desert.”

“Tom, you and Karen have been operating together for several years. The past could be catching up with you.”

“What are you referring to?”

“Let’s be kind and say, questionable training methods?”

Tom stared at the solicitor and began to have dark thoughts. “What are you referring to?”

Once again, Ibrahim opened his case. The dark-haired Arab swapped the first file for another. This time, the solicitor opened it and handed Tom a sheet of paper. “That is the statement from one of your accusers. We have five clients so far, all with similar stories. Five girls who you and Karen trained.”

The words on the sheet of paper came into focus then blurred as his brain froze. He blinked and read some snippets from Wendy Thomas’s statement. ‘It began with the massages...’ Then, ‘his hands were all over me...’ He read on. ‘He told me to take my running shorts off...’ Then, ‘He parted my legs and after massaging them, stroked my sex...’

The descriptions of the sex acts were graphic. It was a comprehensive statement that slanted the story to make him look like an abuser.

His hand was shaking. The statement had to be real because there were intimate details that only Wendy knew, like when he pinned her to the shower wall and fucked her from behind. She broke the showerhead as she clung on to steady herself.

“Wendy was nineteen at the time. An adult...,” he muttered.

“Tom, the statements are damning. It reads as though you groomed those girls while they were in your care. Any court would throw the book at you.”

“I don’t understand. What are you threatening me with? Put it in a nutshell.”

“To avoid it becoming a criminal case, instead of a civil one you must start packing. All hell will break loose if you turn down the chance to take Jasmin and Karen to the athletic training camp near Dammam, on the Persian Gulf coast. However, if you comply with my firm’s wishes, our clients will follow our advice to settle this matter out of court. It’s as simple as that.”

Tom turned the offer/threat over in his mind. Five girls! Similar statements read out to a jury would nail the lid firmly on his and Karen’s coffin. His assistant was mentioned in the statement as someone who cajoled and encouraged Wendy to accept Tom’s unusual training methods. Then, once she was compliant, Karen joined in the sex acts.

The thought of going to jail with a sex related conviction horrified him. “If, I can persuade Jasmin and Karen to go, when do we go and how will we get there?”

“I want you to tell the other two that this firm...” He took another card from his pocket and handed it to Tom. “...is going to sponsor Jasmin. There will be an initial payment of one hundred thousand pounds and an all-expenses paid trip to a training camp in Dammam.” He waited for Tom to read the card.

*Saihat Modern Enterprises*

*Sports Clothing and shoe supplier.*

There was an address, a website and phone numbers on the back. “Is this for real?”

“Absolutely. You three are invited to my Portman Square address tomorrow night at eight, to meet the man behind the company and see some of their products. I will give you your flight details before you leave. You will of course be travelling first class on Saudi airlines.”

It was too much information to digest all at once. “I need time, Ibrahim.”

“Unfortunately, Tom, that’s something you don’t have much of. I will ring you at three, this afternoon, to get your confirmation. If there’s a problem, that gives me the time to contact my clients and tell them that I’m putting the matter in the hands of the police. If that happens, then instead of stepping off a plane in Dammam, you’ll be stepping into a cell in Bedford police station.”

Tom began to think more clearly. “One hundred thousand pounds? Jasmin has the potential to run on the international stage in a year or two, but she’s far from the finished article... Maybe your expectations are too high.”

“This isn’t about Jasmin winning gold medals, Tom, although that would be nice. It’s about her life and education. She’s got a break in her competition

schedule so we think she should spend some time in Saudi Arabia where she can experience another side of life without interrupting her training schedule.”

“Don’t the girls have to cover up when they train and compete in Saudi Arabia?”

“Tom, Jasmin is British, not Saudi. The camp caters for Saudi and international competitors. Any other questions.”

“If the others agree, what do we wear tomorrow night. Is it formal or informal?”

“The outfits for the ladies and your suit will arrive at your house tomorrow afternoon. Then, a car will pick all three of you up at seven o’clock...” He got to his feet and pointed at the sheet of paper Tom was holding. “You can keep that copy of Wendy’s statement to show Karen.”

“I won’t be home tomorrow until two-thirty.”

“No problem. I’ll arrange for the package to be delivered after that. I’ll speak to you this afternoon at three...”

Tom stood up to allow the heavyset Arab edge past him. The solicitor then strode to the end of the row and climbed the steps to the exit. Dazed and worried, Tom sat down and stared at the sheet of paper and business card. He couldn’t focus. He couldn’t think straight. But there it was in black and white, the destroyer of dreams in one hand and his get out of jail free card in the other...

## **Chapter 1.4 ~ Jasmin's topsy-turvy life.**

Whenever I was with Tom, I had to concentrate hard on what he was saying, otherwise my mind wandered to the possibility of having sex with him. The sandy haired fitness coach was an incredibly attractive and fit guy, so it wasn't surprising that he was a hit with the girls. He usually strutted around the club in a blue singlet and shorts, often beside either a sports woman or a mother talking about their kid.

The tall, clean-shaven coach made plenty of time to coach me, mainly because I was on the verge of breaking through onto the international scene. It would be huge for the club, for him and for me if I could shave a couple of seconds off my personal best time. That's what we were working on that morning.

We both believed that I needed to develop and mature quickly to maximise my potential. I thought that I needed a sexual experience that was safe and commitment free. I was 19 and perfectly within my right to canoodle with my coach. However, I suspected that the club would take a dim view of him fucking one of their promising members, so I had to be careful.

The information that Karen disclosed to me didn't put me off the idea of having sex with Tom. I had no intention of falling in love with the first man who fucked me, or any man for that matter, until I was at least Karen's age – 27.

I wasn't surprised to find out that he was a womanizer and that even the club's receptionist had fallen under his spell. I wasn't stupid either. I was sure that Tom had been carefully preparing me and was close to making a move on me. This was happening at the same time as Karen bought me the dildo. I knew they were close, but how close was the real question?

As the hot water cascaded down my body, I stroked my baby smooth labia and once again dreamt of having sex with Tom. I imagined myself back on the bed with my knees up and Tom leaning over me while he slowly shagged me with long, powerful thrusts.

I was trembling and my pussy was tingling when I stepped out of the shower and pulled the towel off the hook. The cubicle was private, but the lady's changing room was public, so I wrapped the towel around my body and walked through to see if Karen had arrived yet. I couldn't see her, so I went to my locker to fetch my bag.

I carried it to a bench where I had some space, then proceeded to dry myself. With Thursday being a non-training day, I popped into town and bought myself a nice outfit. Tom was used to seeing me in sports gear. I thought it was about time I looked attractive. I couldn't apply much makeup at the club, but I could put some nice clothes on.

Sexy underwear – a matching pantie/bra set made from pink tulle was a good start. They had a rose pattern embroidered on them. The panties were tiny, a bit like Karen's running briefs. I had just fastened my bra when she entered the changing room. She came straight over with a broad grin on her face.

“Oh, dressing up, are we? Flashy underwear is only any good if you plan to go all the way.”

I put my hands under the ‘B’ cups of the bra. “That depends if you wear something transparent.”



“You saucy thing. What have you got in that bag?”

I pulled out a baby pink, long sleeve blouse made from thin cotton. It wasn't anything special or flashy, but it had a nice collar and 'V' neck.

Karen watched me put it on. “Very nice. Where did you buy it?”

“In Kudos. I bought the skirt in there as well.”

“A skirt? That'll make a change from jeans and... Oh, that's cool, like a rah-rah. ...”

I held up the black tiered, layered miniskirt. It was lightweight, flared and had a ruffled hem. Karen waited until I had stepped into it and fastened the catch, then told me to wait in Tom's office while she had a quick shower. She didn't see my long black, thigh length socks and black strap over shoes. After I combed out my long black hair, I retraced my footsteps to the door to Tom's office, which was next to the competitor's entrance to the track.

Tom was still talking to the stranger, the clean-shaven Arab Man who interrupted the session. Tom's office was at the opposite end of a corridor that led to the reception desk. I paused to study Isobel who was sitting with her back to the open passageway. I wondered if Tom was attracted to her lively character or whether he generally went for younger women, preferably teenagers like Isobel and me.

Tom's office was a dreary place to have to work in. I doubt if he spent much time doing paperwork. One end of the desk had been cleared so instead of sitting in one of two chairs facing Tom's desk, I put my bag in one and sat on the end of the desk where I could see the track out of the window. I could also see the front of the stand where Tom was still talking to the stranger.

I had been sitting for about five minutes when the conversation ended. Instead of leaving together, Tom remained sitting in the stand for a couple of minutes, staring at a sheet of paper. Eventually, he folded it, shoved it in the pocket of his shorts and left the seat. With my detective hat on, it looked to me as though he had received bad news.

When he pushed the door open and strode in, he still looked unhappy; but his expression changed when he clocked me sitting on the end of his desk. "Hello, who's this stranger? Do I know you?"

I laughed. "I'm the girl who just set a new world record for the 800 metres."

"Oh, is that so?" He stood before me and studied my outfit. "Jasmin, you look stunning..."

"Thank you, Tom. Is everything okay?"

He laughed nervously. "Sure. I'm sorry about that guy interrupting our session. However, he brought some good news."

That surprised me. “Oh, that’s good...”

“I’ve been trying to arrange a sponsorship deal for you... Let’s wait for Karen, then I’ll give you the details.”

His demeanour and message didn’t match. I knew Tom well enough to know if my performance on any given day, pleased or disappointed him. He turned and went to a tall clothes cupboard. He retrieved a blue club tracksuit and proceeded to put it on.

He was just zipping his top up when the door opened and Karen walked in. “Are you ready?” she immediately asked.

I slipped off the desk. “Karen, Tom has got some good news to tell us.”

Having stopped just inside the office, she closed the door behind her. “Well, what is it?” she asked Tom in a business-like manner.

The three of us formed an equilateral triangle in the room. Tom looked from Karen to me and back again. “I’ve secured a one hundred-thousand-pound sponsorship deal for Jasmin. The company will also cover the cost of accommodation, travelling to international events and better facilities.”

“Bullshit, you’re fucking with us,” Karen said in a serious tone.

“Karen, I wouldn’t joke about a thing like this.” He handed her a small card.  
“That is the company who is going to sponsor Jasmin.”

I stood quietly listening to the pair discussing the details of the sponsorship deal. Then, when Karen passed me the card, I read the details.

“Why haven’t you mentioned this to me before now, Tom? One hundred K! Wow! What are the conditions?” Karen enquired.

It was hard to believe that Tom kept Karen out of the loop while negotiating a sponsorship deal for me.

“I’m glad you asked. Let’s go and have something to eat. I’ll tell you what I know on the way.”

Karen took us to the local McDonalds in her Peugeot for our breakfast. At my suggestion, she used the drive through and then parked in the corner of the carpark. I sat in the back and dished out the food to my coaches, who considering the good news, were in a sombre mood. We munched our food and sipped our drinks in silence, no doubt turning over such a huge amount of sponsorship money in our minds.

It was Karen who broke the silence. “Tom, tell us what hoops Jasmin is going to have to jump through.” She paused. “What impact does this have on us training her? You said better facilities. Where would Jasmin train?”

They were all good questions. Tom listened and chewed. He seemed to be deep in thought. He held his finger up. "One minute."

Tom wanted to finish his food and maybe think about her questions. After putting my waste in a bag, I was left with a cup of tea. "Tom, this means that I'm going to have to wear the company's clothing. I've never heard of them."

I gave him the bag for his rubbish the moment he finished. "Let's see," he began. "The money, apparently, is to cover training costs. There will be additional money for travel, like air tickets and hotels."

"Wow, that's a major part of the expenses. Have they met Jasmin?"

"No, but the company want to see her, so I've agreed for the three of us to go to a meeting in London tomorrow evening..."

"What? I've got plans for tomorrow," Karen said.

Tom put his hand on Karen's arm and squeezed it. "This is important. We'll both continue to train Jasmin, so it's important that you come with us." He looked through the gap in the seats. "If we stick together, we'll make a wonderful team."

I nodded slowly while watching his eyes wander. The gentle thrill I normally felt in my belly, when he studied my body, was more intense than usual. I couldn't see Karen's reaction to his statement because I was sitting behind her, but her

being present in the car heightened my reaction. Was she watching him studying me? I wondered.

“How are we getting there?” I asked, to lead the conversation forward.

Tom was still twisting in his seat so that he could see both of us. “Ibrahim has arranged for a car to pick us up at my house at seven o’clock. He’s also sending a package containing our clothes which apparently will arrive in the morning...”

“What?” Karen exclaimed. “You can’t be serious?”

She beat me to a question, but my reaction was different. “They’re probably sending examples of the company’s sportswear.”

Tom nodded and smiled. “That’s what I thought.”

“I was going out tomorrow night with my friends,” Karen said. “I can fix that. Did Ibrahim give you any idea of times for this event?”

“He didn’t but we’re due to arrive at eight. Can you pick up Jasmin and bring her over for five. That should give you two plenty of time to get ready.”

“Sure. Maybe Jasmin would like me to pick her up earlier and take her shopping...”

“That would be nice.” I replied while catching sight of her smiling eyes in the rear-view mirror.

“Karen, could you drop Jasmin off first before dropping me back at the club?”

“That’s a pain, I’m almost home, Tom, after I’ve dropped her off.”

It was true. Karen’s house was only five minutes’ drive from my flat.

“I need to chat with you about an urgent matter.”

“Will it take long?”

“It might and it can’t wait.”

“Alright. Fasten your safety belts.”

Having observed Tom having a difficult discussion with the visitor and bringing good news away from the conversation, I was suspicious that Tom was keeping me in the dark about something important. It sounded as though he was going to divulge the details to Karen. I felt left out of the loop and couldn’t wait more than a day to find out what Tom was holding back...

## **Chapter 1.5 ~ Tom's tricky situation.**



It was a 20-minute drive from the club to where Jasmin lived. Karen helped the teenager to locate the one-bedroom flat on a new estate and secure a two-year lease on the property. They were halfway there when Jasmin leant forward and touched Tom's shoulder.

"Tom, I want you and Karen to come up to my flat and discuss what's on your mind there."

He turned to look at the teenager. "That won't be necessary, Jasmin. Karen and I can chat on the way back to the club."

"You're going to discuss the sponsorship deal with her, aren't you?"

"Well, er, it has something to do with the deal but it's mainly about coaching. Stuff that we need to chat about." Tom was a terrible liar and he doubted if he had convinced the teenager.

"That's okay, Tom. While you chat, I'll make you some coffee. After you've finished, you can bring me into the conversation. I want to know more than you've already told me, or I'll reject the sponsorship deal."

"Huh! Reject one hundred K. Don't be silly..."

"Then, humour me and come up to my flat. After you've had your chat, you can

fill in some of the blanks.”

Tom pondered for a moment. He thought his problem was going to be Karen but suddenly both girls were being difficult. It probably wasn't a good idea to tell Karen about the legal fix they were in, while she was driving, so he relented.

“Karen, are you okay stopping at Jasmin's?” he asked.

“Um, Okay. I hadn't got anything planned for this morning so I can spare an hour or two.”

Tom had visited Jasmin's flat a couple of times when he helped her move several second-hand pieces of furniture. He thought that the girl had good taste, something not common among modern teenagers. Karen parked the car in an almost empty carpark. It was the middle of a Friday morning when most of the residents were probably at work.

The trio took the lift to the fifth floor, whereupon Tom carried Jasmin's bag and tagged along behind the girls. It was the first time that he had seen Jasmin dress in a sexy outfit. It was a sign that the teenager was blossoming. The front door opened into a small lobby with the bathroom door on the left and the lounge on the right.

“Oh, I like those cushions,” Tom said as they strolled into the lounge. They had each been embroidered with the image of a foot high cat.

“Thanks. One day, when I have more space, I’ll get a cat. Make yourself comfortable. I’ll put the percolator on.”

Jasmin took her bag from Tom and scooted off to the bedroom.

Tom pointed at the end of the sofa. “Sit there, Karen, and I’ll sit here.” Tom dropped into the only easy chair in the room, positioned at right angles to the sofa. He wanted to watch her reaction to the letter. One of the reasons for agreeing to stop was that it would give Karen a chance to sit and digest the fix they were in.

“So, what’s so secretive about the training that you couldn’t discuss in the car?” she asked.

He lowered his voice. “Our past, babe. Ibrahim is a partner in a solicitor’s firm.”

“Oh, fuck. So, he wasn’t talking to you about sponsorship?”

“Yes, he was. The two matters are linked. I’ll explain why in a minute. Ibrahim says that he has been contacted by some of the girls we’ve trained and that they have made accusations against us. What’s more likely is that he tracked them down.”

“Why would he do that?”

“To have a hold over us.” Tom decided to drop the bombshell. “He wants us to take Jasmin to a training camp in Saudi Arabia on Monday.”

Tom raised his finger to his lips when he heard the bedroom door open. Jasmin, who had changed her top to a white ‘V’ neck crop top and removed her long socks, stopped behind the sofa, just past Karen. She leant forward and gave Tom a sighter of her impressive cleavage. Tom thought that her long black hair contrasting with the white top, enhanced her amazing appearance.

“Coffee?” she asked cheerfully.

They both asked for black without sugar. Tom watched the girl’s shapely form as the teenager trotted past a small dining table and into the kitchen, at the far end of the room. The door was open, but she couldn’t hear what they were discussing. Tom took the folded statement out of his pocket and handed it to Karen.

She ignored the letter to admonish him. “Tom, we both saw your jaw drop when Jaz leant over the sofa. She’s deliberately teasing you. She’s trying to engineer a situation.”

“Good job you’re here to protect me, Heh?” he said nervously. “Read the statement.”

Karen unfolded the statement and read the entire document. She looked up with a shocked expression on her face. “My god, she’s gone into every detail. She makes me sound as bad as you.”

“Yes, unfortunately she does. We could try and deny it. but Ibrahim says he’s representing five girls. Imagine, five statements like that one, read out in court, in front of a jury!”

“My god. What does he want from us?”

Tom took the document back and tucked it away in his pocket. “It’s Jasmin who he’s interested in, not us. His law firm are her legal guardians.”

“But she’s nineteen.”

“He showed me the special guardianship form. I’m guessing that he’s using us to get Jasmin to Saudi Arabia. He may not have the authority to take her out of this country against her will, so he’s using us as a facilitator.”

“That’s dreadful. Why Saudi Arabia?”

“Apparently, one of her parents is a Saudi. Ibrahim said that his law firm have decided that she should experience the Saudi culture. I get the impression that they don’t want to interrupt her athletics training.”

“So, her legal guardians want her to go there with us, so she has continuity in her coaching. But for how long?” Karen asked.

“We’ll find out tomorrow when we sit down with Ibrahim and the sponsors.”

“You must tell Jasmin what we know about her background. And, while you’re at it, tell her that we’re going to Saudi Arabia on Monday.”

“You’ll go?”

“Sure, once I’ve got some assurances from Ibrahim. What’s his surname?”

“It’s Khalid. Ibrahim Khalid. He says that he wants her to train in Dammam, which is on the coast of the Persian Gulf. Apparently, Saihat Enterprises have first class training facilities there. And, he said that she will be treated like a British girl and not a Saudi.”

“I want to know what will happen about the girl’s accusations against us.”

“Ibrahim said that his law firm will pay them compensation. You know, settle out of court, if we do as he asks.”

“Tom, it sounds fishy to me. However, Saihat Enterprises may be looking for young stars with Saudi blood to promote their products. Jasmin is young and if she avoids injuries, she could have ten to fifteen years at the top of her sport.”

“Tomorrow, we’ll find out what their hopes are for her in the long term.”

Jasmin entered the lounge carrying a tray with their coffee on. She let them take their mugs, then sat down on the rug, cross-legged to hear what they had to say. She put her hands in her lap, but left a small window beneath, giving Tom a glimpse of her pink panties. He felt his cock stiffen while passing on the few details he had found out in his brief conversation with Ibrahim.

Tom explained about the law firm’s guardianship, which didn’t come as a shock to the youngster. Then, he explained about her Saudi heritage and the trip to the training camp in Dammam. He couldn’t answer any of her questions, but nevertheless, she seemed excited at the possibility of training by the sea.

“Do you think the solicitor knows who my parents are, um, were?” Jasmin asked Tom.

“I think he knows, but because you were adopted, he would be breaking the law if he told you,” Tom explained. “However, it’s a huge step to find out that you have Saudi blood flowing through your veins.”

“Yes, I agree. I want to know more, but that’s a good start. Will the club let you have the time off?”

Jasmin put her hands on the floor, behind her, then leant back. He wondered if she was aware of the effect her pose was having on him, for she was revealing, to his gaze, the narrow, taut barrier that imprisoned her teenage sex.

“Well, um, I need to get more details from Ibrahim tomorrow. I don’t want to leave the club in the lurch, but if I have to, I will.”

“I’m loath to give up my job, Jasmin,” Karen said. “But, I will if this sponsorship deal is as good as it sounds. If Ibrahim confirms that he wants us to continue coaching you, then I’m all in.”

“Wow, I need to find a way of thanking you. You’ve both been so good to me.”

Tom smiled at the teenager. “Don’t worry, we enjoy coaching you...” He laughed.

“Tom, Karen, I’ve already thought of a way to thank you both.”

“Oh, what’s that?” Karen asked.

“Did you tell Tom about the dildo you bought me?”

Tom nearly dropped his mug of coffee. “What’s that got to do... Um, Jasmin, what’s that got to do with your athletics’ training?”

Karen sat forward on the sofa. “Jasmin, what are you up to?”



“Did you tell Tom, or was it his idea? Don’t lie to me.”

Karen looked daggers at the teenager. “Jasmin, this isn’t the best time to discuss this. I think you should focus on preparing for tomorrow.”

“Karen, Tom, I want to get the sex thing out of the way, then we can all relax when we’re together in Saudi Arabia.”

“Sex thing? Karen, help me,” Tom spluttered.

“You two are still having sex together, aren’t you?” Jasmin asked Tom forcibly.

“Did Karen say we were?”

“No, but I can tell that you are by the way you touch her arm. The way you look at her. They are your tells, like in gambling.”

“How do you know about tells?” Karen asked.

“I’ve watched a lot of movies and I’ve watched a lot of people.”

“Jasmin, life isn’t like the movies,” Karen retorted in a kindly tone. “It’s true though. We are still good friends and yes, we fuck from time to time. The dildo?”

That was Tom's idea."

"Karen!" Tom wasn't sure how things had gotten so quickly out of hand. Telling Jasmin that he had suggested giving the teenager a dildo put him on the spot. He was at a loss for words while he watched Jasmin get to her feet.

"Karen, how are we going to do this?" The teenager asked, as she released the catch on the waistband of her skirt. The black layered skirt dropped to the floor and pooled around her bare feet.

"Jaz, you have the floor. I'm just a spectator," Karen said softly.

Tom feasted his eyes on his prodigy's semi-naked, super fit body. While he stared and tried to think of a suitable response, Jasmin whisked her top off to reveal that she was wearing a beautiful set of matching pink lingerie. He focused on the panties, which were the same size and style as Karen's running shorts – incredibly brief and tight.

He had bedded more girls than he cared to remember, but he had never been in a situation where he wasn't in control. "Jasmin, you're very young..."

"Tom, I'm not a child, I'm an adult and I know what I want," Jasmin said with far more confidence than her usual reserved manner. "Besides, Karen was nineteen when you first had sex with her..."

It dawned on Tom that he was going to get what he wanted, but incredibly, in the

most unexpected manner...

## **Chapter 1.6 ~ Jasmin's decision.**

With one swift movement, I lifted the crop-top off and threw it on the sofa. My lingerie was a tad briefer than what Karen was wearing when she raced against me, a couple of hours earlier, but there wasn't much in it! I bulked at wearing the extremely scanty sportswear on the track, in public, but I felt good in the expensive lingerie in front of the man and woman who coached me.

I took a risk accusing Tom of knowing about the dildo and it had paid off. He had planned to fuck me, probably on the massage table. He had been building up to it over the weeks, massaging the back of my legs, to the top of my thighs and occasionally nudging my sex through my shorts. He also liked me on my back with my knees up so my muscles were tighter.

The last couple of times he massaged me in that position, he engineered it so that I was wearing just my race briefs. Somehow, he managed to avoid touching my bulging sex while he massaged my thighs and buttocks. We were both aroused, but he wasn't quite ready to take the final step. He needed Karen to provide the final piece of the puzzle – the dildo – so that I had some experience of being penetrated.

If it wasn't the massage table, then maybe he planned to fuck me on his desk. Was it cleared for me, or had Karen been lying there earlier? Or, had Tom just had sex with Isobel, the redheaded receptionist? In any case, I judged that he might have made his move if the stranger hadn't turned up at the track.

Tom kept his cool around me when I was wearing brief sportswear, but he reacted completely differently once I was wearing lingerie. While Tom feasted his eyes on me, he gripped the arms of the chair. His tongue wasn't hanging out, but his mouth was slightly open.

“Jasmin, you’re very young...” He muttered.

“Tom, I’m not a child, I’m an adult and I know what I want. Besides, Karen was nineteen when you first had sex with her.”

He turned his head and gave Karen an accusatory glance. When he looked back, I had hooked my thumbs in the narrow waistband of my panties. “Jasmin, wait...” He was too late, my panties were on the way down.

Once they had dropped to my ankles, I bent forward and took a moment to recover them. After throwing the tiny briefs on the sofa, I stepped out of the skirt and approached the silent, handsome coach sitting in the easy chair.

Karen got to her feet. “Thanks for the coffee, Jaz. I’m going to wait in the car.”

I turned. “Karen, I want you to stay.”

“What? No, I’m not going to sit here and watch Tom shafting you to his heart’s content.”

“Karen, I want Tom to make love to both of us.”

“You want a three in a bed?” Tom exclaimed.

I looked over my shoulder to see Tom studying my naked ass. “If that’s what it’s called, then yes. I want all three of us to enjoy the experience, together. We’ll have no secrets and work together closely from this point onwards.”

“Jaz, that’s a naïve concept. You’ll become besotted with Tom. When that happens, you won’t want any girls to even look at him.”

“No, that won’t happen. Oh!” I exclaimed when Tom placed his hands on the sides of my buttocks. I felt him hesitate for a second then grip my cheeks more firmly. “Karen, I have no intention of falling for any guy, let alone the man who coaches me.”

“Oh, I’m not good enough for you, heh?” Tom said in a jovial tone.

“At the moment no man is. I have a relationship with my fitness and running. I don’t want a romantic relationship with a man. I just want sex.”

“Jaz, I understand. You couldn’t have chosen a more experienced guy, but for your first time, you really don’t want me around.”

“Oh, but I do. You see, my sexual experiences mainly involve being with girls, at the convent. I’m used to feeling a female body next to mine.”

“Tom, what do you think?” Karen asked.

His hands were gently massaging my pert peach. “Um, why don’t you go and wait for Jasmin on the bed.”

“Oh, so you suddenly think this is a good idea?”

“Babe, Jasmin is holding all the aces. But, if we’re going to do this, then, as you know, I’ll be in charge.” After parting his knees, he gripped my hips and pulled me back. “Do you two understand?”

Karen studied me. “Are you ready to play a submissive role in our lovemaking?”

Had I fallen into their carefully laid trap? Was their plan all along to make me their submissive? I doubted it, but they had known each other a long time so it was possible. When all was said and done, after we had consummated our tri relationship, I would be happy for Tom to be the boss in bed.

“If you are, then I am,” I replied uncertainly, knowing that my inexperience was showing.

“All right, I’ll go to the bedroom. Send Jaz through in five minutes.”

Tom, who had a firm grip of my hips, squeezed them tighter, then waited until we were on our own before pulling me further back until I was sitting on his package. “Jasmin...” He leant forward so he could talk softly in my ear. “I bet



you're wondering if you've bitten off more than you can chew,"

I shook my head. A shiver ran down my spine when he kissed my neck. "Tom, I don't want you chewing my neck."

"Kissing is part of the deal." He moved his right hand around onto my flat belly and his left hand around higher, to beneath my right breast. "It's supposed to get you aroused."

Accepting his advice, I leant my head over while he kissed my neck a couple of more times. "Your hands, Tom, are exciting me..."

He lowered his right hand to my mons and simultaneously began to gently massage my tit. "Your body is exciting me, Jasmin..."

"Oh!" I gasped softly when he went in search of my sex and his finger found my pudendal cleft. When he teased my clitoral flesh, a thrill ran through my body. "Oh, Tom, that feels so good when you do that."

"Jasmin, you'll find that a man's touch is far removed from your previous experiences in a convent." He stroked my clit and massaged first one tit, then the other. I closed my eyes briefly as the thrills intensified. "I know what girls like, Jasmin. Are you wet yet?"

He was the right man for the occasion – my first time having 'normal' sex, as most people would call it. My experiences were all oral, and as I had found out

using the dildo, in my vagina, there was a massive difference between a tongue and a cock.

“I think so Tom. My tummy feels all gooey.”

He dropped his hands to my hips, then slid them down my thighs. “Lift your knees, Jasmin.”

As I did, he supported the back of my thighs and lifted so he could bring his knees together. When, he lowered me I had to part my thighs as my feet dropped either side of his legs. No soon had I settled onto his lap, the hands returned to their previous locations. There was a difference though, Tom had access to my succulent entrance.

“Can you feel my cock, Jasmin?” He whispered in my ear,

I wiggled my ass and felt his stiff member pressing against the valley between my cheeks. “Uh, ha. I can...”

“Rub it for me while I stoke your fire...”

“Oh, Tom,” I gasped when he slipped two fingers inside my quim while simultaneously twisting my right nipple.

I rocked my butt up and down, pushing it against his rock-hard erection. “Can you feel my cock pressing between your tight little ass cheeks?” he asked.

“I can, Tom. It feels huge...”

While Tom slid his chunky digits back and forth in my wet, tight, ‘honeypot’, the term we used for it in the convent, I began to appreciate the huge difference between the way girls and boys thought about sex.

Tom was hungry for gratification, whereas the girls I had slept with were more interested in the pleasurable side of the acts we performed on each other. Because my thighs were parted, Tom was able to use his fingers as though they were his cock, jacking them into me, as deep as they would go. My body’s reaction was much more extreme than anything I had experienced before.

Tom squeezed my tits, rolled my nipples and explored me internally as though I was his toy. He waited until I was moaning with delight, then suddenly withdrew his fingers and released my nipple.

“Oh,” I gasped. “That was exciting.”

“Jasmin, your nest is ready for my cock, but first, you must warm it up, like I’ve lubricated your vagina.

“Oh, Karen will be waiting,” I reminded him as he encouraged me to get to my feet by gently pushing my naked butt.

After stepping forward, I turned in time to see Tom push his tracksuit bottoms down and kick them away. “Jasmin, if you want my cock, then you’re going to have to unveil it and show it some love.”

It was the moment of truth. I looked him in the eye and licked my lips. Unpleasant memories of the Abbot giving me the choice of the cane or sucking his cock cascaded through my head. I chose the cane to begin with...

I dropped to my knees and pulled Tom’s shorts down to his ankles but didn’t take my eyes off his massive cock. His hairy balls were huge and his dick was longer than the Abbot’s. Karen hadn’t really prepared me by buying a smaller, silicone version of Tom’s penis.

“It’s huge, Tom...”

“Jasmin, it’s the right size for you.” He patted me on the head. “Have you done this before?”

“I practiced on the dildo.” There was no need for Tom to know what I had suffered at the convent.

“Then, take your time. Tongue first before using your lips to lollypop my crown.”

I clasped the shaft with both hands and began licking the helmet shaped purple knob from as many angles as I could. Tom stood still, lightly resting a hand on my head.

“You’re doing fine, Jasmin, just fine...”

I transitioned to the Abbot’s lip-fuck mode or as Tom put it, ‘lolly popping’ his knob. I bobbed my head rapidly while carefully allowing his crown to nudge my soft palate on the downward lunge.

“If you go a little further, Jasmin, I’ll be able to feel more... Oh, yes, that’s it...”

As I bobbed my head, I could feel Tom getting more and more excited, just like the Abbot had before he filled my mouth with his sacred jiz. Tom though, called a halt to my oral duties before ejaculating.

“That will do, Jasmin. This isn’t a sprint at this stage. It’s a chance to explore each other’s bodies.” He unzipped his tracksuit top.

Having climbed to my feet, I wiped the saliva from my chin. “Did I do okay?”

“Yes, you were brilliant. Let’s go and see if Karen has fallen asleep.”

Tom placed his hand on my ass and steered me toward the bedroom door. With

the foreplay out of the way, Tom couldn't wait to get to the main event...

## **Chapter 1.7 ~ Jasmin's admirers**

My bedroom was small and cramped, but on the upside, it had a short run of fitted wardrobes and an adjoining shower room/toilet. There wasn't much room either side of the standard double bed but there was space at the end. I was delighted to see that Karen was laying sprawled on the bed and was as naked as I was. Tom, who was still wearing his blue club t-shirt and carrying his discarded clothes, was a couple of steps behind me.

Karen, lying at right angles to us, rolled onto her side. "Have I missed all the action?"

Tom pushed me gently in the back. "Jasmin, go to the end of the bed and show Karen some of your oral skills."

"That sounds like a good idea..." the slim athlete responded. As I moved around the bed, Karen rolled onto her back and lifted her knees. "How do convent girls eat pussy?"

"Um, just like any other I suppose..."

When I placed my hands between her feet, she lifted her knees and spread them wide, causing her sex to blossom and her clitoral ridge to stand proud. Tom's hands on my waist urged me forward. With my knees on the bed, I was in the perfect position for Tom to shaft me from behind. As soon as Karen lifted her feet, I was able to put my hands on the back of her thighs to support myself.

With my heart in my mouth, I dipped my head and parted my lips. Licking and



sucking Karen's sex was an act I had imagined doing every time we showered together. I had finally gotten the chance, so I was determined to give it my best shot.

"Oh, yes, Jaz, you're on the button... I love that..."

Tom's hands were back on familiar territory – my peach, which was at the perfect height for massaging and shafting. "Mmmm," I moaned when he rubbed the area where my leg elastic would normally be.

Without the hinderance of my briefs, Tom was able to rub the uncovered ass flesh and stroke my sex with his thumbs. "Jasmin, wow! You have no right to have such a firm ass at the age of nineteen," Tom said.

"Ugggggggh, what, no!" I exclaimed after lifting my head. Tom had moved his thumbs up and parted my cheeks close to my anus. "I'm not ready for that," I added.

Karen reached forward and placed her hands either side of my head. "Jaz, Tom needs somewhere to ejaculate. Don't worry, he'll be gentle. Now, carry on. Your cunny skills are fantastic."

I dipped my head again with even more apprehension than before.

Tom's thumbs were slick from rubbing my labia. "This is how I break an ass-virgin in, Jasmin. I'll go easy as it's your first time."

After rubbing some pussy cream on my obstinate entrance, he returned to my labia, then dipped a thumb in my succulent entrance.

“I just need a little more juice, Kid.”

Tom used his slimy thumb to massage my tight anal whorl until the muscle slackened and allowed it entry. “Uhhhhh,” I complained softly while Tom worked his thumb in a circular motion until the ring of muscle no longer gripped it. Then, the moment he withdrew it, I tensed again.

Beneath me, Karen began to squirm when I penetrated her quim. “Yes, Jaz... more... deeper... Ohhhhh, that is sweet...” She placed her hands on my head and tried to pull my mouth onto her sex hoping my tongue would gain an extra inch.

“Mmmmm.” It was my turn to gasp when Tom placed the tip of his crown against my wetter entrance and applied enough pressure to penetrate me by about three inches.

He held onto my left hip while he steadied his cock and drilled it into my virgin-like tightness with powerful short thrusts. Then, I grunted, when I felt an unexpected sensation the moment his knob prodded my extremity.

“There we are, Jasmin. I told you it would be a perfect fit,” Tom said as he started to withdraw.

Then, gripping my hips with both hands, the muscular running coach began to piston his cock with steady, firm thrusts, having each time slowly withdrawn in a teasing fashion. I released a little moan each time his cock bottomed out, for it felt as though the thrusts were increasing in power.

It wasn't long before I joined Karen. I couldn't tell the strength of her orgasm but mine was as thrilling as anything I had experienced before in my short life. It was a miracle that I was able to concentrate on what I was doing. Karen, who had grabbed handfuls of my hair, stopped me from raising my head when I tried to express my emotions.

Then, the moment I had been dreading. Tom slowed, withdrew and prodded my already prepped anus.

"Ugggggggh" I groaned when he dove in, stretching my sphincter in a brutal fashion.

It complained by generating a dull ache that took time to fade. It was worse than I expected so I assumed that Tom forgot his promise to go easy on me. He drove his cock to a greater depth. I could tell because my butt cheeks were suddenly taking a battering. I wasn't sure what was happening when Tom upped the pace, then I realized he had reached his peak. "Fuck, sweet fuck, Jasmin..." He groaned while ejaculating the contents of his balls into my darkest recess.

Karen lifted my head. "Come to me..."

Moving my hands to either side of her chest, I leant forward, whereupon Tom withdrew, freeing me from his stout shaft and enabling me to fall forward into Karen's arms. She straightened her legs, and after we both squirmed our bodies, we were lying, facing each other, on our sides.

Tom knelt on the bottom of the bed between our feet and placed his hands on our butt cheeks. "Two mischievous girls if ever I saw a pair. Sorry to spoil the fun, but I've got to get back to work. I have a bunch of girls from a college coming in at one o'clock and I've got to prepare the facilities."

"Oh, which college is coming?" Karen asked.

"St Thomas's," he replied.

With our tits touching, I could have kissed Karen, but I held back. Instead, I looked down our naked bodies to see that Tom had stood up after removing his hands. "Tom, you haven't given Karen any attention," I pointed out.

"Haven't I?" He picked up his shorts from the floor and started to put them on.

I looked into Karen's smiling eyes. "On the desk this morning?"

Karen looked at Tom. "This kid doesn't miss anything." She placed a hand on my hip. "How do you feel about me touching you intimately?" She stroked my hip and the top of my thigh.

“I like it...” I lifted my left knee and slid my foot up to my right knee, thus inviting her to touch me before she left with Tom.

“Jaz, you have a beautiful body...” She moved her hand under my thigh, then slid it down to my grinning labia, whereupon she gently stroked my fleshy folds. “... and an amazing little cunt.”

“That’s just what I was thinking, Babe.” Tom was zipping his tracksuit top but watching what we were doing. “There will be plenty of time to fool around tomorrow. Come earlier if you want. I’ve got to work in the morning, but I’ll be home soon after two o’clock.”

Karen withdrew her hand and rolled off the bed. Her clothes were right beside her on the nightstand as she stood up. “Let’s see. I could pick up Jaz at noon. We’ll grab some lunch, buy some summer bargains, if there are any left in the shops, and see you, maybe around four?”

“Perfect!” Tom exclaimed. “Are you happy, Jasmine?” He studied me with a concerned expression on his face.

Having discovered more about Tom and Karen, I was savvy enough to know that I was just another girl in his long line of conquests. Karen had admitted as much when she got cold feet and tried to warn me about him. I was in no doubt that Karen knew exactly what she was doing when she brought me to the ‘Old Bedfordian Athletics Club’ six months earlier.

Karen was clearly dominated by Tom, who made her go through with their pre-agreed plan while she was having second thoughts. Karen liked me and the feeling was mutual. I respected Tom for his coaching ability, and I was grateful for him for being around when I needed a guy to broaden my horizons, but the attraction was purely physical. Out of all the men that I had interacted with, he was the most attractive, but there wasn't a single spark in my thoughts for having a loving relationship with him.

So long as all three of us were benefiting from the relationship, we had a good chance of achieving my aim of breaking onto the international scene.

While Karen put her clothes on, Tom waited for an answer.

"I'm very happy, Tom. Let's hope that your solicitor friend wasn't bullshitting you."

"Huh, the devil will be in the detail," he responded. "When's your next gym session?" I picked up the t-shirt that I slept in and dropped it over my head. I didn't bother with the panties as the shirt covered my ass – just.

"Sunday morning at ten."

"Good, I'll be around."

Karen, who had just finished dressing was listening. "By that time, we might be packing."

“Good point...” Tom waited for Karen to walk around the bed, then I followed them to the door.

Tom lifted my chin and kissed me briefly on the lips. “Put some panties on,” Tom said, then headed for the lift with his arm around Karen’s shoulders.

They were clearly close but needed someone like me in their relationship. Karen said that she feared me falling for Tom, but maybe it was the other way around. Maybe, she feared Tom falling for me...

Her last comment brought it home to me that I might be flying to the Middle East in a couple of days. Finding out that I had Saudi blood shocked me at first. However, the more I thought about it, the more excited I felt about travelling to the land of my forefathers...

## **Chapter 1.8 ~ Tom's disintegrating world.**



There was an icy silence in the lift as it descended to the ground floor. “What are you thinking, babe?” Tom asked Karen.

They emerged into the cool October day. It was 12:05 and the time was slipping by too fast for Tom’s liking.

Karen pressed the fob for her car as they approached. She stopped to face her boss across the roof of the car. “Tom, I’m thinking that Jasmin is out of our league.”

She opened the door and dropped into the driver’s seat. Tom followed suit and waited for Karen to start the car. “How do you mean?”

“Well, it’s strange, but I’ve come to consider that the girls I coach at Thornbury Convent are special. Jasmin was no different. From the way they are treated by the nuns, I expected to find out that Jasmin came from a privileged background. I have never been able to mix with the girls to get to know them better. It’s weird how there’s always a nun within sight, sometimes within hearing distance.”

“Right... You’ve said that before.” Tom held back from saying what he thought to give Karen time to explain what was on her mind. “So...?”

“When I heard that she was getting a guaranteed twenty-five K a year, I was surprised it wasn’t more. Now, this solicitor character turns up throwing money around after six months. It’s fishy, Tom. We should have left Jaz alone until after the meeting tomorrow, just to be on the safe side.”

“I hear what you say, but in case you didn’t notice, Jasmin made all the running...”

“Stop, Tom. The minute she asked us up to her flat was the moment you decided to make your move.”

“You confirmed that the dildo was my idea.”

“Did you want me to lie?” Karen asked.

“That’s beside the point. Jasmin made up her mind that she wanted sex. However, I agree that we should dampen her ardour until after the meeting tomorrow night. We have to remain close and work together, or you and I are going to be in hot water.”

“It’s good that Jasmin is happy...”

Tom placed his hand on Karen’s thigh. “What about you?”

“I’ll be happy so long as we don’t fall foul of the law. For the sake of the deal, you’ve got to be on your best behaviour.”

“Umm, I don’t know what you mean.” Tom squeezed her thigh and noted her sombre mood. “Babe, you know you’ll always be my number one.”

She kept her eyes on the road. “Well, I can’t wait to meet Ibrahim and find out his plans for us after the training trip to Saudi Arabia. When are you going to tell Janet?”

“I’ll track her down after I’ve sorted out the gear for St Thomas’s.”

“Ah, yes, will Maggie Taylor be bringing them?”

Maggie was one of St Thomas’s sport’s mistresses, specializing on the athletics side. They used the stadium once a week on Friday afternoons and Maggie made sure that she spent some private time with Tom.

“Probably... Um, why do you ask?”

“I’ve been talking to Isobel...”

He removed his hand after patting her thigh. “Okay, Maggie, Isobel and the others are behind me now. In all probability, neither of us have a future at the club.”

“Maybe it’s just as well, Tom. It’s a chance for us to make a clean break from the

past...

It was a depressing note to finish their discussion on. Tom wanted a job to return to after the trip to Saudi Arabia. He was a good coach, and the athletics club environment suited him down to the ground. He would agree with Karen though, to keep her sweet for the time being.

She was his number one girl. She understood his need to coach young attractive women, provided he didn't get too besotted with them. Besides, threesomes were her thing. Their current difficulty was the worst situation to date, but he was determined to get through it and land on his feet.

Karen dropped him off outside the main entrance, so it was only a few seconds before he came face to face with the red-headed receptionist, Isobel.

"Tom, where have you been?" she asked with a worried look on her face.

"Oh, something came up. Are the girls from St Thomas's here yet?"

"No. I've been trying to contact you because Miss Greer had an important matter to discuss with you. I found your phone in your office."

"Yes, sorry about that. I'll track her down."

“She’s coaching Mrs Harris on court two until one o’clock.

“Okay Isobel. I’ll catch up with her there,” he said as he skirted her desk.

“Tom, Barbara came in early...”

He stopped. “Oh, did she say why?”

“No one tells me anything. Do you want a cup of coffee?”

“Later,” he replied, then set off for his office.

Although Tom had the overall manager’s title, Barbara performed the same duties as he did, on the other shift, but was basically his deputy. She was doing the four to eleven shift, but it wasn’t even one o’clock. What was going on? He wondered.

The office was empty but checking through the window he spotted his opposite number chatting with the groundsman. Barbara and Keith were standing beside the long jump sandpit, laughing about something. After looking for his keys to the store cupboard and not finding them, he hurried out of his office and down to the track.

Barbara spotted him coming so broke off her conversation and headed towards

him. “Tom, have you sorted things out with Janet?”

He shook his head. “She’s coaching at the moment. I’ve got time to prepare for the St Thomas’s girls visit. They always book the arena from one to four on a Friday.”

“Oh, you don’t know then...”

“Know what?”

“Tom, it would be best if you heard the news from Janet.”

Barbara was too rigid and standoffish for Tom’s liking. They worked well together but she was a stickler for the rules and not Tom’s type at all. “Stop fucking around, Babs. What’s going on?”

“The Fosters are making you redundant and they’re putting me in charge of the athletic club.”

“Fuck! Are you serious?”

“I have never been more serious, I’m sorry.”

“Shit!”

“Tom, I’ll take care of the college kids. Go and see Janet. She’ll fill you in on the details.”

Tom was speechless. A wave of mixed emotions cascaded through his mind. It made no sense, unless news of the girl’s complaints against him had filtered through to the Foster brothers who owned the complex.

There were also financial irregularities which he got dragged into, but the matter was cleared up six months earlier. He also felt relief. Redundancy meant that he didn’t have to leave them in the lurch while he galivanted off to Saudi Arabia.

However, he wouldn’t have a job to return to, if he came to a legal understanding with Ibrahim, after returning to England. Everything hinged on him being able to coach Jasmin.

“Thanks Barbara. I know the club will be in good hands.”

Tom trudged away, shoulders slumped and depressed. Apart from his relationship with Jasmin, everything else was going down the toilet. Tom had to pass the reception desk on his way into the other side of the complex.

Isobel was talking to a visitor when he arrived at the desk. He gave her a wave, pushed through the turnstile and set off for the tennis court hall. The domed building was the latest addition to the complex. It housed two indoor carpeted

courts and was a huge earner for the company.

Sure enough, the elegant figure of Janet Greer was knocking balls across the net to her pupil, Mrs Harris, a lady in her fifties. Janet, an ex-tennis international, was a hands-on working manager. She hired Tom and supported him through a few tricky moments. It was her idea to bring in Karen to work alongside him and quell the concerns of some parents.

He went to the vending machine and bought a cup of coffee, then sat on a bench to wait for his boss to finish. Janet was aware of his presence but carried on regardless until the lesson ended.

Tom got to his feet as the pair came off court, then because of Janet's nod, he took her bag and followed the pair out of the dome. He waited while Janet said goodbye to Mrs. Harris, then followed his boss to her office.

Janet turned and placed one hand on the end of the desk. She was wearing the centre's uniform, a green t-shirt and matching pleated skirt. She was thirty-five but didn't look a day over thirty.

"So, Tom, from your expression I can tell that you've heard the news from Barbara."

"I have. Are those cunts really making me redundant after all I've done to put the athletic club on the map?"



His vitriol didn't shock her. "They are, Tom. I phoned head office and spoke to Harry Foster's secretary. She's a cold-hearted bitch. She confirmed the contents of the email but wouldn't discuss a reason. What have you done to upset the Fosters this time?"

"Nothing new I know about. The inquiry into the accounts came up empty handed. We were cleared of any wrongdoing."

"That was six months ago. Surely this can't be connected to that investigation," Janet said, then reached under her skirt and started to draw down her tennis briefs.

"Who knows? Didn't they say anything?"

She placed the balled panties on the desk and picked up a sheet of paper, then handed it to Tom. "That's a printout of the email. There's no indication of a reason, but as you can see, they're giving you a decent severance package."

He scanned the document. He blinked in surprise when he saw the £40K figure. It was generous and he would accept it without question. "Janet, I'm okay with this."

"You deserve it Tom. Fuck knows who they'll bring in to replace you."

"There's no mention of Karen in this email."

“Well, she’s self-employed. I expect they’ll contact her separately. I’m worried, Tom, that I’ll be next.”

He placed a hand on her arm. “Babs, you have nothing to worry about. I’ll keep my side of the bargain...”

Tom had no intention of disclosing Janet’s proclivity for embezzling money. He had the evidence, but he would never use it, especially once he had left the company.

“And so will I, Tom. How do you want me?”

While Tom had watched Janet coaching, his mind had wandered from redundancy to sex. Tennis outfits were almost at the top of his arousal list.

It might be his final fuck with his petite boss, but he doubted it. Making him redundant didn’t stop him from visiting the sports complex. Janet kept herself in tiptop condition and was often gagging for sex. She lived in a sexless marriage, so Tom was a useful and handy outlet for her sexual frustrations.

He almost hesitated but he couldn’t resist her shapely ass. “Bending, holding onto the desk.”

When she was in position, the hem of the pleated skirt rode up and revealed the

lower half of her tight labia. More became visible as she dipped her back and spread her feet. He lifted her skirt to reveal her secrets, then pushed the material up onto her back.

“Now they’ve made me redundant, I think I’ll take a holiday in the Middle East...” He pushed the front of his shorts down and steered his rock-hard cock into her hungry, creamy orifice for its third outing of the day.

The sports coaching scene was full of young, sexually frustrated wives who threw themselves at him on a regular basis. He was very selective though and few passed his selection criteria – young, fit and attractive.

“Tom, I’m going to miss our coaching conferences,” Janet muttered as soon as he had struck up a steady thrusting rhythm.

“Me too. They’re the highlight of my week,” he lied.

Boning middle-aged women was okay but his real passion was drilling virgin-tight younger women and seeing the reactions of their young bodies. Tom closed his eyes and tried to imagine that the ass he was gripping and the hole he was shafting belonged to Jasmin.

As he approached his peak, he realized that he was coming to the end of one journey and was about to start another. That gave him an extra boost and moments later, made Janet’s day...

## **Chapter 1.9 ~ Karen's dilemma.**

Karen wasn't in a good mood, having had to drop Tom at the club and then drive all the way home. She and Tom went way back, so she was used to making allowances for his unreasonable behaviour. However, she was at the end of her tether. The writing was on the wall even before she brought Jazmin Frost to the club and into his sphere of interest.

She had delayed the inevitable for six months by refusing to help him get her into his bed. Because Jasmin had a successful summer season on the track at club and county level, Karen was able to keep Tom's focus on her running and not her body. That changed recently when the competition season finished.

She reluctantly gifted Jasmin a dildo and so the familiar process began. What Karen hadn't expected was Jasmin's reaction to the awkward situation. She was relieved that the teenager had shown her willingness to have sex with Tom, but anxious that he would ruin the prospects of a real talent, like he had with a couple of the other girls.

If that situation wasn't difficult enough, a solicitor showed up at the club with an ultimatum!

Karen didn't notice the Mercedes parked in the carpark of her apartment block, nor the Arab seated within it. She noticed a tall dark-haired man as he approached the front door, just ahead of her. Then, when he turned his head, she recognized him as the solicitor who Tom had talked to at the 'Old Bedfordian's Athletic Club'.

“Hello Karen,” he said before she could think of anything to say.

“Wh... what are you doing here?”

The solicitor was wearing a grey suit and carrying a large briefcase. A disarming smile came across his dark-skinned, clean-shaven face. He was seriously handsome, Karen thought.

“I’m here to put you in the picture.”

Karen paused with her key hovering near the front door lock. “It’s Ibrahim, isn’t it?”

“Yes. Ibrahim Khalid. I’d like to have a chat with you.” He flashed another smile at her.

“Oh, now...? My flat is in a mess...” So was she. Karen didn’t like surprises or the unexpected.

“Karen, this is important for your future.”

With a shaking hand, she inserted the key and opened the door. “You had better come in then...”

“Let me carry your bag.”

“Oh, all right.” The Arab followed her into the lobby, then down a corridor to her ground floor flat. “Don’t say I didn’t warn you,” she said as she opened the door.

“Karen, don’t worry...”

She ushered him into the hall which wasn’t in a mess, then led the way to the lounge which she hadn’t tidied in a week. She moved some clothing from an armchair for him. “Make yourself comfortable while I fetch a drink. I’m going to have an orange juice, what about you?”

“Nothing for me thanks.”

Karen hurried out of the room and fetched a bottle of orange from the fridge. After pouring half a glass, she added an inch of vodka, then returned to the lounge.

She sat down on the end of the sofa, close to where Ibrahim was sitting. “You said that you are going to put me in the picture. What did you mean by that?”

He sat calmly with a file on his lap as though he had settled in for the day. “Karen, did you add alcohol to your drink?”

She suddenly felt like a naughty schoolgirl about to be told off. “Um, I, er, added a drop. How did you know?”

Karen wasn't very confident in the company of strangers. Her weakness/nervous disposition only showed itself when she was under stress. It had been her undoing in her athletics career. Unable to handle pressure, she constantly fell short of her real potential. Tom was the only one she felt confident around and even his reassuring influence was beginning to wane.

“Well. Karen, because you were coaching Jasmin at Thornbury Convent, my firm has made it our business to know who you are and what makes you tick.”

Her grip tightened on the glass. “Oh, why me?”

“Let me explain, Karen. My legal firm, as you probably know, have been granted a ‘Special Circumstance Guardianship Order’, on Jasmin, in perpetuity.”

Karen was shocked when Tom told her about it. “You want to help her athletics career by organizing sponsorship for Jasmin. I get it. You’ve got dirt on Tom and me, to pressure us to keep training her. By the way, we would have done that anyway...”

He held his hand up. “Karen, the ‘dirt’ as you call it, is to focus your minds. My legal firm represents the family that governs Thornbury Convent. It is a unique institution for girls with special needs. Not the kind where the student is lacking in education but the kind where gifted students are given a boost that they

wouldn't get anywhere else in this country."

Karen considered his statement and thought about a young black girl, aged 18 still at the convent. The girl was an incredible sprinter but had a different coach.

"I agree that the girls all appear to excel in one sport or another."

"Karen, when you were being considered to train Jasmin, we examined your past and present relationships."

She was offered a very lucrative contract by the convent. "If you knew my past, why employ me?"

"Because you are a good coach. The sisters saw to it that your influence was purely athletics based. We were all pleased with her progress. Then, you helped her settle into a new life, which on the face of it, looked admirable."

Karen felt miserable, for Ibrahim was getting to the part where she and Tom abused the youngster's trust. "I should have shielded her from Tom. I tried but ultimately failed."

"With regard to Tom, we only started looking below the surface when Jasmin joined the 'Old Bedfordians'. That's when we turned up all the unsavoury stuff. Jasmin's progress has been impressive during the summer, but we had to do something about Tom, so a winter training camp in Dammam ticked all the boxes."



“I must admit, being able to train in such a nice location would be ideal for Jasmin.”

“Yes. That brings me to the crux of the matter, Karen. I want you in charge during the trip to the training camp in Dammam. Tom will be there of course, but you will be the one to liaise with the trainers at the camp.”

“Tom’s not going to like that. He’s very bossy.”

“He’s not the right man to be your Master in Dammam.”

“Does that mean a different man will be bossing me about?”

“Yes, a man who respects your superb skills. Female middle-distance coaches are rare, especially ones that can race against their pupils.”

“How long are we going to be there?”

“We anticipate yours and Jasmin’s stay at the camp will be a month, then...”

“What about Tom?”

“Tom may want to leave the training camp earlier if he feels that he’s not involved as much as he thought he would be. For that reason, we don’t want you to disclose our plans to him. Do you understand why it was important for us to have this chat without Tom hearing it?”

“Yes, I’ll be honest with you, Ibrahim, I wasn’t happy with Tom awakening Jasmin’s sexual appetite...”

“Never mind. What’s in the past can be put to one side if the training camp is a success. Life will go back to normal for Tom. Meanwhile, Saihat Enterprises will see to it that both you and Jasmin have the best training facilities that money can buy.”

“Wow, training in a hot climate and not in freezing England sounds fantastic.”

“Yes, but remember, Tom will not be part of that deal.”

“Is Tom going to lose out financially?”

“No. You will both be paid a retainer of five thousand pounds once you sign the agreement. Then, you’ll receive another five thousand pounds after four weeks on your return to England. Don’t forget, all your expenses will be paid while you are in Saudi Arabia.”

“That’s very generous, Ibrahim.”

“I expect you to do some homework on dress. It won’t be all training when you get to Dammam.”

“Of course. I’ll fire up the computer as soon as you leave.

“One more thing. No more alcohol for the time being.”

“Oh, okay. I’ll make an effort.”

There were going to be clashes with her normal lifestyle, but it was only going to be for a month. The unexpected privilege of overseeing Jasmin’s training boosted Karen’s enthusiasm for the trip.

Ibrahim showed Karen the contract, which he wanted her to sign in front of the sponsors the following night. He then left Karen to mull over a deal that would change her life in more ways than one - but not in the ways she was expecting...

## **Chapter 1.10 ~ Jasmin's journey.**

“Ugggggh!” I exclaimed when I was woken by an avalanche of cold water cascading down on my head. “What the hell!” I cried as I sat up, flailing my arms in all directions, trying to beat away my attackers.

“Jasmin Frost, get to your feet and remove your nightgown,” a familiar voice growled at me.

A single candle, standing on my bedside table, cast an eerie glow on the three authoritarian figures who had entered my bedroom. One sister was holding an empty bucket while a second was holding a rattan cane. They stood just behind the fearsome figure of Sister Wilkins who was holding a stainless-steel arm shackle.

Their shadows danced across the long, bare, stone wall. The room was heated by an old iron radiator that sporadically chugged and spluttered. The cold water negated the efforts of the radiator, so by the time I was on my feet, I was shivering uncontrollably.

“What’s this all about, Sister?” I asked.

It was an unnecessary question because the ‘goon squad’ could only have come for me in the middle of the night for one reason.

“Remove your tunic now!”

We, the poor students, felt the Abbess ran the convent in a similar fashion to when the monstrous stone building was built in the tenth century. All punishments were in the middle of the night, supposedly to drive the devil out before the dawn of a new day.

I knew that I wasn't going to get anything out of the three sisters. I didn't want them to rip the tunic off me, so I lifted it off, over my head and laid it on the bed. Naked and shivering I turned and pushed my elbows behind my back, whereupon Sister Wilkins closed one end of the solid cuff device to my left upper arm, just above the elbow and the other end of it to my right upper arm.

"Please, Sister, not too tight."

"Silence, Girl."

The cuffs were connected by a stainless steel, two section tube, one within the other. As she pushed the two cuffs together, a ratchet locked the tube in increments of an inch. "Sister, that hurts," I cried. "Please slacken it."

"Sister Harris give me the cane."

"No, all right..." But, I had crossed a line. Switt! Switt! "Ahhhhhh!" I cried. "All right!" I shouted. "I'm sorry..."

Tears rolled down my face as I danced about on the freezing stone slabs. Sister Wilkins never held back when she wielded the cane. I was left with two diagonal

stripes across the back of my thighs that sizzled with white hot pain.

“Jasmin, you will receive a stroke for every word you speak. Lead the way to the winery.”

I didn't bother to ask if I could put my slippers on. The second-floor corridor had a sisal runner which was coarse to walk on, but it was better than stone. When I arrived at the top of the spiral stone, staircase, I steeled myself for the long descent. The rooms in the convent had tall ceilings, even the ones in the basement, hence the staircases seemed to go on for ever.

I descended on the outside, taking care not to falter because I only had candlelight and I couldn't use my arms. The further I dropped into the bowels of the ancient building, the colder it became. At the bottom there were more candles marking the way to the winery.

The room was called that because once upon a time, it was filled with barrels of wine. They had been replaced with four empty barrels that had been cut in half along their length, then lined up, end to end, to look like eight barrels that had sunk into the stone floor. For a milder punishment, we were sent down to the winery to spend hours polishing the convex wooden surfaces until they glimmered in the candlelight.

One naked girl had been secured over the fourth barrel. I recognized my friend, Pearl Smith. Her body was pure white and appeared unblemished until I focused on the bright red marks along the crack between her ass cheeks. Her labia lips had also taken on an unhealthy purple hue.

Pearl was distressed and snivelling; and like me she was shivering uncontrollably from the cold. A rubber ball gag had been pushed into her mouth and strapped to her head, to silence her. Pearl was a tough cookie but had obviously given my name as a co-organizer of the party we arranged together. We held it in one of the storerooms not far from where I was about to be thrashed.

The mother superior in her black habit and the Abbot in his purple cloak stood impassively, waiting for me to be spreadeagled on the curved surface of the barrel.

“Over the barrel, Frost,” Sister Wilkins commanded.

Her goons took me by the arms and steered me over the barrel until my ass was uppermost on the top of the curve. They then fastened my ankles into two leather cuffs either side, about a foot above the stone floor, ensuring my legs formed an angle of 45 degrees. Finally, they fastened a leather strap across my lower back to anchor me in place.

The treatment, in bitter cold flickering candlelight was extreme but I wasn't uncomfortable. The wooden barrel beneath me warmed as I laid there, unable to move my body, except for being able to lift my head.

“Thank you, sisters, hand me the cane and wait at the end of the corridor,” the Abbot ordered.

As soon as the trio departed, he stepped forward. His holiness grabbed my ponytail and lifted my head. He was close enough for my chin to brush against



his cloak. I could see the shape of his stout member hiding behind the purple material.

“Pearl has confessed that she organized a vile gathering in this very basement where sins were committed. She has named you as the co-organizer. Is this true, Jasmin?”

The Mother Superior watched the proceedings like a referee in a rugby match. The Abbot brandished the cane, but the Abbess set the rules. She was there to ensure her girls were treated in accordance with the ancient book of Thornbury. I would receive a far harsher punishment if I denied the crime I was accused of.

I didn't want to spend the night, or a day, strapped to the barrel with only a blanket to keep me warm. The utter humiliation of being fed like a baby and having to wee onto the wooden surface brought many confessions, true and false.

“Yes, your holiness. I have lapsed. I am sorry for my weaknesses.”

“The Lord demands that you pay a penance, Jasmin.”

“I understand, your holiness. I deserve it.”

“Then, you have a choice. Pain to scorch the evil from your soul or pay a personal penance to God. The Lord God is within me Jasmin. Satisfy me and you will receive the holy seed. What say you?”

On every occasion when the Abbot was invited to punish us, he stood on one side of the barrels. That meant he never saw my sex from behind. He was able to punish it with his flexible cane, which was his intent, but the Mother Superior saw to it that he was never tempted to have vaginal or anal sex with me or any of the girls.

I turned my head sideways to look at Pearl's tear-stained face. She looked as miserable as sin. We were close friends but highly competitive. I decided that if she could take the pain, then so could I.

I looked up at the Abbot's red, chubby face. "I choose pain, your holiness."

He raised his eyebrows in surprise for I had chickened out the last time he had come to the convent to administer a punishment to me. He glanced at the Mother Superior who gave a wry smile, then shrugged. At least he would garner some satisfaction from thrashing an 18-year-old convent girl's naked ass. He released my hair and moved along one barrel.

Once he had removed the gag from Pearl, he returned to me and pushed the rubber ball into my mouth, then secured it in place by buckling the leather strap behind my head. I knew Pearl and she wouldn't have given me up easily.

The moment the Abbot took up the best position for the cane to find its target, Pearl managed to mouth the words – 'I'm sorry, Jaz'.

His target was the sensitive skin in the valley between my pert ass cheeks and

beyond, the soft, convex lips of my labia. The whistle of the cane cutting the air was the portent of fierce, unbearable pain...

\* \* \*

“Ahhhhhh!” I cried and found myself clasping handfuls of bedcovers.

I had woken from a vivid dream with a start and was disorientated for a second. I sat up and looked around my bedroom, then shook my head to try and clear the memory from my head. The punishments at the convent were the worse of my learning days and the memories associated with them plagued me too often for my liking.

We, the students had tried to analyse the reasons behind educating me and the other eleven girls in my year, in such an unorthodox manner. But, we had never come up with an answer that made sense. We had very little in common. A lot of the girls were foreigners and knew their rich parents. Three of the girls were from the middle East, while one other girl, like me, was an orphan.

I swung my legs around and stood up. It was seven-thirty, so despite the bad dream, I had gotten nine hours sleep. I lifted my t-shirt off as I headed for the shower room. I had an hour and a half to get ready for a morning run, if I could track down a suitable running companion.

After Tom and Karen departed the previous afternoon, I returned to my bedroom to tidy it. After I donned a pair of shorts and t-shirt, I warmed up a portion of spaghetti bolognese in the microwave. With my feet up, I pondered on my past and then my future.

The convent had a huge influence on the way my character developed. I only learnt, after I left, that Thornbury Convent wasn't the run of the mill learning institution. I and the other girls were taught to be confident individuals, unlike the stereotypical idea of a convent girl being meek and timid.

We were taught martial arts. I had a black belt in taekwondo and was taught Judo to a basic level. The convent grounds contained full athletic facilities and coaches were brought in to develop our athletics prowess. We were also taught English rugby, which was a brutal sport if ever there was one. I was an accomplished archer and shooter, for we were given hours of practice on the convent's own ranges.

There was a lot to complain about during the first 18 years of my life. There was also a lot to be pleased with, for I left the convent with a multitude of skills and a deep desire to one day be an international athlete.

That's where Karen picked up the baton and helped me transition into a life without boundaries. It had taken me six months to plant my feet in the outside world. Then, I had to cope with a tricky situation after finding out that Tom was a predator of teenage girls.

So long as Karen was around, I was prepared to bow to Tom's dominant nature, provided I continued to benefit from his excellent and rewarding coaching techniques...

## **Chapter 1.11 ~ Jasmin's development.**

They say that curiosity killed the cat. Well, I had come to the conclusion that being curious about sex and doing something about it had made me stronger. I felt confident and top of the world as I selected an outfit for my run. It was a cool grey morning, but the forecast was dry, so I chose a figure-hugging, Nike running set that I had never worn before.

The blue shorts were thin, so I donned a pair of light blue cotton panties first before pulling the shorts on. The tight crop top held my tits in place so I didn't need a bra beneath it. It would be the first time I had run with a bare midriff in public, but I put on my club tracksuit top for the journey down to the lakes.

Adam James agreed on the phone to pick me up and run with me for an hour. He was a fellow member of the club and was into fitness in a big way. He was black, four years older than me and had a girlfriend, so I was relaxed in his company. I had no intention of flirting with him, but I couldn't deny that I had imagined giving his black cock a squeeze.

It was just before nine when he messaged me that he was waiting in the car park. As I approached the car, a black Mini Cooper, he turned the music off, then reached across and opened the door for me. He clocked my tight shorts and watched my legs as I eased into the passenger seat.

“Girl, you're looking fit this morning.”

“Thanks, Adam. You look in good shape too.” He was wearing regulation shorts and a track suit top.

He normally had the music on low when he picked me up before, but we drove out of the car park in silence. I got the impression he was a boy racer the first time he gave me a lift home. When I said that I felt unsafe while he was driving, he slowed down and hadn't tried to impress me since that journey.

“So, are you going to the gym later, Jaz?”

“No, I'm going shopping with Karen, then we're going to an event in London.”

“London... With Karen?”

“Yes, and Tom. He's trying to secure a sponsorship deal for me.”

“Shit, that's good news. Hope you get it.”

We chatted about our relative disciplines for a while. His speciality was the 100 and 200 metres while mine was 400 and 800. Then he moved the subject onto coaches and finally asked me if I had a boyfriend. I could tell his interest in me had spiked when he saw what I was wearing.

Because I normally wore loose shorts, he may have thought I was giving him a signal. I told him I was too focused on my training and that I had no time for boyfriends. When I removed my tracksuit top, his eyes roved over my body, like black guys tend to do as though they have a right. He had seen me in my running gear but not closeup.

“Damn, girl. You have some seriously hot vibes going this morning. Good job I’m around to keep the stalkers away.”

I laughed. “I’ve had this outfit in the drawer for a couple of months. I thought it was time to give it a runout.”

“I’m pleased you did and that you called me.”

The lakes had a wide cycle/running track around them which in total was four miles long. Being a Saturday morning there were a few kids around, but they didn’t bother us, nor did anyone else while we did two circuits of the lakes. Adam was a muscular guy and a bit of a show off. When we finally jogged into the car park at the end of the run, he whisked his singlet off and threw it in the back of the car.

Before getting in the car, we both pulled our towels out from our bags, then spent a few minutes with them wrapped around our shoulders while drinking thirstily from our water bottles. We leant our butts against the front of the car and slowly recovered from the run.

We both spent a few minutes studying our wrist monitors to check our heartrate and analyse our performance. I could tell that Adam wanted to say something to me because of the awkward silence. I waited until we returned to the car to break the ice.

“What’s bugging you, Adam.”



“Um, I told you about Lizzy...”

“Your girlfriend?”

“Well, she ain’t my girlfriend anymore. I found out she’s sleeping around...”

“And, you’re telling me this, why?”

“I thought you ought to know.” He started the car.

“Do you sleep around, Adam?”

The car was moving. He waited until we were on the main road before answering. “It’s not the same, is it?”

“Huh, one rule for us and one for you studs?”

He winced. “Jaz, I was like that when I was your age, but I’m twenty-three now. I’m taking my sport seriously, so I don’t do drugs anymore.”

“What about drink, partying?”

“At the weekend. I’m going to a mate’s party tonight. I was going to ask you along...”

“Adam, I’m not looking for a boyfriend. I’m looking for an opportunity to excel at my sport.”

“So am I, Jaz. You know that.”

“I need to focus one hundred percent on my goal; and you’ve helped me today. I’m very grateful.”

He was silent for five minutes. I could imagine the cogs turning in his head. He was a nice lad and respected me. He was often in the gym when I was working out, but we never trained together.

“So,” he began slowly. “Is there no room for a man in your life, Jaz?”

If the trip to the Middle East happened, my future training plans would be up in the air. There was a possibility though, that I would continue to train at the ‘Old Bedfordians’ club with Tom. He was the manager there after all.

I liked Adam. He was proving to be a good friend. If I encouraged him, he probably wouldn’t leave me alone at the club. On the other hand, I didn’t feel threatened by him because he wasn’t the aggressive type. I thought I could cope

and keep him at arm's length.

I was curious about his attitude towards girls. Maybe I could teach him a thing or two, but I had to test him first. "Well, Adam, I believe that a guy can't remain friends with a girl if he's had sex with her once and she doesn't want to do it again with him. That's how friendships get broken."

It was a clumsy way of getting a reaction from him. He mulled over my statement until he steered the car into the car park beside my block of flats.

He cut the engine and turned to look at me. "Jasmin Frost, are you going to ask me up for a cup of coffee so we can continue this conversation or are you going to send me home where I'll have to have a cold shower to calm myself down?"

"Adam, I'm just a normal girl who doesn't want a boyfriend and all the angst that comes with a relationship like that."

"You're not normal, Jaz. You're a special babe and no matter what you say, me and the other guys at the club will drool over you whenever you show up on the track or in the gym."

"Adam, I'm only interested in what you think."

"Cool. Look, babe... Er, can I call you that?"

I nodded. “Sure.”

“Um, Jasmin, if I’m reading you right...” He grinned salaciously. “...you want a one-night stand with a guy and no afters.”

“Maybe.”

“Jaz, having sex with strangers is a risky business. Why not pick a guy who you know will take your wishes into consideration?”

“Have you got anyone in mind?”

“Well, he’s got to be an athlete like you. Not a coach or a teacher. That always leads to disaster. The guy has to be someone in your age group and it’s always better if it’s a guy a couple of years older than you, but not too old...”

“Oh, right. I suppose you’re the expert in these matters.”

“Mmm, sure.” Another grin. “I know just the guy...”

I opened the door and got out, then ducked my head to see his reaction. The look of disappointment was priceless. “What are you waiting for. Bring my bag.”

On my way across the car park, I began to wonder if I had made a mistake. Then I remembered I was going away for a few weeks which would give Adam time to cool off. Despite his assurances I doubted if he could disconnect himself from the idea of coming back for more...

## **The End of Part One**

## **Sample of Part Two**

## **Chapter 2.1 ~ Jasmin and Adam.**

As the lift ascended to the fifth floor, I tried to stay calm. I could tell that Adam was excited because of the huge grin on his face. He brought his bag as well as carrying mine so that he could change in my flat.

“Jaz, I hope I’m not being too presumptuous, but it will be okay to shower, won’t it?”

“We can take it in turns.” I had two but I wanted to hear his reaction.

“Huh. That’s a waste of water. Besides, I bet you haven’t had your back washed for some time.”

I didn’t comment for the lift had arrived on my floor. I led the way along the corridor and into the lounge of my flat. “It’s only a one bedroom...” I dropped my keys on the dining table.

He dumped the bags on the sofa and looked around the lounge/diner. “This room is more spacious than mine.” He unzipped his top, then stretched.

“God, you must live in a rabbit hutch,” I responded.

He chuckled and studied me. “Um, Jaz, at any point you can call a halt to this by simply saying stop. I’ll get dressed and leave, but something tells me that you won’t do that unless I get too rough.” He removed his tracksuit top, then lifted his singlet off. That left the muscular black lad standing in his shorts, socks and trainers.

I swallowed hard. “Fair enough, the bathroom is through there, on the other side of the lobby.”

“I’ll shower later. As this is a one off, I’m going to give you the special treatment. Jaz, I’m going to undress you in here, so sit in that chair.” He pointed at the old chair I bought at an auction.

His aggressive tone worried me and yet I welcomed the thrill I felt in my belly. I turned and sat down just in time to witness him push his shorts and underpants down to his feet. He kicked his trainers off with the clothes, then approached me wearing just his socks. His black cock, similar in size to Tom’s, was standing bolt upright. In contrast, his ball-sack was tighter and didn’t hang down as much.

He knelt down, surprising me and pulled my right trainer and sock off, then my left. “Is this how you treat all your one-night stands?”

“Jaz, you’re not like any girl I’ve met before.”

“I should hope not, Adam. We’re all different.”



“Stand up!”

There was hardly room, but I pushed myself up until I was standing with his nose practically touching the front of my shorts. “Take your top off Jaz.”

I was trembling with anticipation as I reached for the zip-pull. While I removed the tracksuit top, he reached up and gripped the waistband of my shorts.

“You look hot in these, babe...” He peeled them down slowly, revealing the cotton panties I needed to wear to save my blushes. “Very nice. I get to unwrap the present twice.” He left the shorts at my ankles then proceed to peel my panties off my butt. “We may never do this again, Jaz, but I won’t ever forget this moment.” He unveiled my mons, then once my panties had joined the shorts, I stepped out of them.

“Remove your top, Jaz...” He watched while I lifted the front edge of the sports running top.

“Wow,” he said softly as my tits bounced free of their tight prison.

“Haven’t you ever seen a pair of breasts before?” I joked as I completed the removal of the top.

“Like everything about you, Jaz, they are special...”

I had darker areolas and chunkier nipples than my white counterparts in the convent. Adam immediately reached out and began massaging my tits. The girls loved playing with them; and it seemed as though Adam was just as impressed. Like the girls, he couldn't resist rolling and squeezing my nipples. He was clumsier and less considerate, but I liked his manly, more aggressive touch.

"Let's go to the bedroom," I suggested.

"No, I haven't finished with you here. A man needs to examine the prize once it's unwrapped."

"So, I'm just an object, am I?"

"A beautiful one that can only be used once. Stand still." Leaving my tits for a moment, he started to run his hands over my body. Up and down my sides, feeling my ass and flat stomach. He stepped back. "Feel behind you for the arms of the chair, then lean back and push your tummy up."

He moved from a squat to a kneeling position as I bent backwards. I was super flexible, so I had no problem getting into the position he wanted.

"Like this?"

"Feet further apart," he ordered.

While I was making a more extreme convex shape with my body, he studied my sex from about a foot away. The wider I parted my thighs, the more my labia grinned.

“Satisfied?” I asked, looking down my body at his rugged face.

After reaching around and gripping my peach, he suddenly plunged his face against my sex. “Adam! Oh, Adam...”

I had only ever had a girl perform oral on me. Within seconds, I realized that there was no comparison to the whirlwind method that Adam used, when compared to my friend’s tame efforts.

“Adam, that’s too much... Oh. My God...”

He thrust his tongue into my pudendal cleft and began lapping it furiously. He was so aggressive he took my breath away. He supported my ass and pulled my sex up while munching my lips and thrusting his tongue deep into my quim.

“Jesus, Adam, that is so fucking goooooood,” I sighed as wave after wave of sizzling sensations fizzed around my nervous system.

Then, he stopped as abruptly as he started and stood up leaving my sex gaping. “Girl, you have the sweetest cunt that I’ve ever munched...” As he spoke, he

guided his cock into my succulence, like a torpedo being fed into its firing tube.

### **The End of the sample.**

I hope you enjoyed this First Part of my new Series

and continue to read each part as it is published.

Below is a list of my other books.

Thanks, Amelia.

This book has been published by Stark Books

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