

Tess's Fetish Training

A Latex Christmas

3

Amelia Stark



Tess's Fetish Training

A Latex Christmas

3

Amelia Stark



Tess's Fetish Training – A Latex Christmas

The Latex Point 5 Club

Part Three

By Amelia Stark

© Copyright Amelia Stark 2021

The right of Amelia Stark to be identified as the author of this book

has been asserted in accordance with Section 77 and 78 of the

Copyrights and Patents Act 1988.

All rights reserved.

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilization of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying, and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the written permission of the author. All characters in this book are over the age of 18 and have no existence outside the imagination of the author and have no relation whatsoever to anyone bearing the same name or names. They are not even distantly inspired by any individual known or unknown to the author, and all incidents are pure invention.

First Smashwords Edition 04-11-2022

Published by Amelia Stark

Contents

[One ~ The new job.](#)

[Two ~ The catsuit.](#)

[Three ~ In the dungeon.](#)

[Four ~ On the cross.](#)

[Five ~ Shafted – Twice.](#)

[Six ~ Cause and effect.](#)

[Seven ~ Dominated.](#)

[Eight ~ Good Pussy.](#)

[Nine ~ Team bonding.](#)

Ten ~ Taking advantage.

Eleven ~ The Fellowship.

Twelve ~ The power and the sex.

Sample of Part Four.

Amelia Stark Books available on Smashwords

One ~ The new job.

The ten-minute walk from where I used to work, in the centre of St Albans, to 'Fetish Where?' in London Road, was a miserable one. I left my office at ten-thirty, laden with two heavy carrier bags and my shoulder bag, which was crammed full of my personal belongings from my desk. The money that 'Thomas, Smith & Baker' had splashed out to silence me meant nothing to me in the mood I was in.

Anger had been replaced with misery when it finally dawned on me that I was unemployed. I didn't even know what to do as an unemployed person. It had a stigma attached to it that I wasn't familiar with. I wouldn't miss the journey on the train, but I would miss working in a lovely city like St Albans.

I normally take in my surroundings and look in the shop windows, on my way to the station, but before I knew it, I was approaching the front door of 'Fetish Wear?'. I pushed the door open and entered the spicy world of rubber and leather clothing. A dose of smelling salts was probably the solution to my depression. Instead, I became submerged in the delightfully heady fragrance of latex rubber.

Suddenly, the world didn't seem such a harsh place.

I paused to study the two new outfits that the front mannequins were dressed in. The left-hand doll was wearing a blue latex dress, similar to the one Zoe had on the day before, except it had a high neck. A black leather collar had been fastened over the latex collar.

The other mannequin was wearing a shiny black latex minidress. They were both wearing matching stockings, gloves and hoods. The blue costume included a full hood, while the black hood had an oval hole for the doll's face. A ball gag had

been clumsily strapped on the mannequin's half open mouth. The presence of the hoods and gag, in my opinion, created a darker impression than the previous displays had.

I spotted Zoe, in her blue latex dress, talking to a young man. He was looking at the leather restraints, on the racks, on the opposite side of the store to the cash desk. Simon, the store owner, was standing at the cash desk with a young woman who was almost as tall as he was.

Simon was looking very dapper in a red plaid shirt and a tan leather waistcoat, while the young blonde woman was wearing a red latex dress, similar to the one I bought two days earlier. However, hers didn't have holes for her nipples to poke through. I vaguely wondered if her panties had a slot in them, like the pair I wore home on that fateful night.

I had to twist and turn with my shopping bags on my way to the cash desk. It was the young woman who spotted me first, then Simon turned, anticipating a customer. "Oh, Tess, you're early. Did you decide to take the whole day off?" He looked over the desk as I set my bags down on the floor. "Been last minute shopping?"

As I straightened and rubbed my hands together to get the circulation back, the young woman suddenly took an interest in me. "Simon, is this the girl you were telling me about? Zoe's friend?" She had an Eastern European accent but spoke perfect English.

Simon and I nodded. "That's right," I responded. "I said I would come down and help out at one o'clock."

“Did you get the morning off?” Simon asked.

“I’ve finished, so I can help out for a couple of extra hours, I suppose.”

“Excellent!” the young woman said. “My name is Petra Vogel. I’ve flown over from Hamburg to take over the day to day running of this store.” She offered her hand, so I shook it.

The woman had an iron grip and icy blue eyes that gazed into mine. I was a little confused, but Simon didn’t offer any more information.

“Tess, if you want to wait for Zoe to finish, she can show you the clothes we want you to wear,” Simon suggested.

Petra put her latex gloved hand on Simon’s. “Simon, I’ll take care of Tess. You’ve been very thorough here on the cash desk. Look after it until Jenny returns from her tea break.”

I couldn’t work out who was in charge, but I was rather keen to wait for Zoe. “I’m in no rush,” I said, trying to be helpful.

“Tess, you need to put those bags out the back...” She came out from behind the desk. “I’ll take one for you.” She picked one up. “Come on.”

I followed her to the back of the store and through the curtain. She led me into the cubicle with the sliding door and closed it behind me. Petra placed my bag in the corner, so I did the same and placed my shoulder bag on top.

Nosily, she gazed down at my bag and couldn't help noticing that it was brimming over with knickknacks, including a stapler, a range of pens, a digital clock and a pad calendar. They were just some of the things I scooped off my desk in anger.

"That's odd, Tess. If I was a detective, I would guess that you've just cleared your desk. Are you moving offices or moving jobs?"

We both straightened and faced each other. The red latex dress looked great on her. She had even added the red leather collar and was wearing red latex stockings. Her black ankle boots had three-inch heels which increased her height to 5'11" or six feet, six inches taller than me. She was solidly built, maybe two sizes larger than me, but the dress accentuated her impressive hourglass figure.

"Um, to tell you the truth, Petra, I finished today. I've left the company..." I took my coat off and hung it up by the door

"Tess, I respect ambitious girls. Is your new job in St Albans?"

"Well, actually, er, I haven't found a new job yet, but I'm looking."

She put her hands on her hips and frowned at me. "I see. Tess, get undressed. I'll

go and get your outfit.”

I raised my hand. “Um, Petra, is it something I can wear in the store?”

She had a round, healthy, suntanned face, and strangely, considering where she was working, wasn’t wearing much makeup. Her large crystal blue eyes were her best feature, then she smiled and the rest of her face lit up.

“Tess, are you a shy girl?”

I thought about the things I had done during the previous 48 hours. “I don’t think so, Petra.”

“Well, Tess, I manage this store now and I need beautiful girls like you and Zoe to present a new bold image. Zoe told me earlier that you enjoyed wearing latex, so I’ve sorted you out a nice costume to wear. I will dress the staff in an appropriate manner during normal shop hours. Simon has warned me that the city council busybodies are always nosing around so don’t worry. Get undressed and I’ll fetch your clothes.”

As she spoke the smile slipped and her expression became serious. “Oh, all right, Petra...”

The woman had a strong personality, like Peter. I doubted if she put up with much dissent from her staff. She turned with a swish of latex and left the cubicle.

I had never felt so adrift in my life as I did that morning. Having people making decisions for me was what I needed so long as they didn't try to take advantage of me. I didn't want to tell Petra that I was unemployed, but it somehow came out after her innocuous interrogation.

I was down to my youthful underwear by the time she returned with a box, presumably containing my outfit. She placed the box on the countertop and removed the top. It contained brown latex items that looked odd.

"Oh, I was expecting a bright colour or shiny black," I blurted out.

"Tess you won't appreciate the colour of this catsuit until you've put it on." She reached into the box and pulled out a small container of talcum powder and held it up. "I'm going to have to help you put it on because it will be tight until the latex has settled into your shape. Take your underwear off and kneel on the chair."

I slipped the bra off. "Petra, I had an awkward experience on this chair."

I sat down on the edge of the chair and peeled my black holdups off. Then, standing and facing her, I pushed the full white panties down and stepped out of them. She studied my small but firm tits but made no comment about my body.

"Tess, the chair is here for a purpose. Zoe said that you're new to the scene but you're aware that the 'Point Five Club' is for lovers of rubber and leather. The meetings are an opportunity for members, sado masochists, to bring their

submissives. It's a place where BDSM lovers can practice bondage and deliver punishments. You do understand what goes on here after the shop has closed?"

"Um, yes, but I haven't been to a meeting yet."

"I understand that you've just joined." She nodded at the chair. "Zoe didn't say but I presume that you're nervous about receiving punishments."

"I didn't like being strapped to the chair, Petra."

"Well, there's no need to strap you to it now. Just kneel on the seat and I'll rub some talcum powder on the parts you can't reach, then you can do the rest."

Another persuasive person had me doing exactly what they wanted and once again I was naked and about to kneel on the chair.

"Um, Petra, did Zoe mention chastity devices?"

She placed her finger under my chin and lifted it. "Yes, she did, and Doctor Peter Finch was in on the discussion. He put the remote controllers on the shelf over there." She pointed at a line of remotes. "Yours can stay in for now, unless you want to do a number two."

"No, I'm okay..." I turned and climbed up onto the chair.

“Tess, did you know that you have an almost identical body shape to Zoe?”

“Yes, Petra...”

She placed her hand on my back. “Lean forward and I’ll sprinkle some powder on your back.”

She guided me down until my back was parallel with the floor and my tummy resting on the low back. However, I gripped the sides of the frame to stop myself from going right over.

I felt powder sprinkle onto my back. “So, you met Doctor Finch this morning?” I asked as soon as she started to rub the powder onto my back.

“Yes, after he dropped you off at work, he stayed for a coffee. I had never met him before today, but I had heard about him. We belong to the same fellowship.” She arrived at my peach. I felt her finger trace the red welts the cane left across the centre of my cheeks. “What did you do to deserve these, Tess?”

“I lost a race. Did Doctor Finch mention that I’m his...?”

“Girlfriend?”

“Yes.”

“Peter said that you are living with him. He also mentioned that Zoe is staying for the holiday. He asked me if I wanted to stay until I find a place to rent. I’ve rung around and I can’t find a place, so, if it’s alright with you, I’m going to accept his offer.”

Something wasn’t right. Peter was suddenly pals with a German woman who was flown over at short notice to manage the store. It was a huge coincidence that Peter and Petra belonged to the Fellowship. Did he make the arrangements after I told him about ‘Fetish Where?’, 48 hours earlier? On top of that, I was made redundant.

My world truly had been turned upside down leaving me feeling as though I was a cork bobbing about on choppy seas...

Two ~ The catsuit.

Petra was taking her time spreading the powder on the areas of my body that I couldn't reach. In particular my bubble-like peach. I could tell that she was deriding pleasure from feeling the contours of my body, suggesting she was possibly bi-sexual. There was no need to apply powder to my labia lips, but she made sure they had a good dusting.

She gently slapped my ass. "Tess, back up but stay leaning forward. I want your knees off the chair and your feet on the floor. I'm going to powder your legs and feet, then pull the catsuit on, starting with your feet."

"Shouldn't I sit down and help you, Petra?"

"No, I want you to do as I say." Her voice had taken on a hard edge.

I backed up so that I was standing on the floor and bending over while supporting myself on the arms of the chair. She finished powdering my legs, then fetched the suit. When I checked over my shoulder to see what she was doing I saw that she was preparing the suit by gathering the legs.

"Oh, it has feet," I said after she placed the suit on the floor between my feet.

"Yes, Tess. As you can see this is going to be fiddly and you're going to need to be patient."

I clung onto the arms of the chair and lifted my feet constantly while the young German woman pulled the suit up my legs. Then, when it was just above my knees, I spotted the dreaded slot in the gusset.

“Petra, I’d prefer to wear a suit that has a normal gusset.”

“Tess, a girl needs ventilation and has to go to the toilet.” She continued pulling the latex up my thighs.

“I’ve seen some with zips. I can’t wear this in the showroom.”

“Tess, there’s a matching skirt with the outfit.” She arrived at the under slopes of my ass.

Most of the rest of the suit was hanging down the front. I could see that the waist section was reinforced and there were little shaped teats for my nipples in the upper section.

“Please, Petra, can I see the skirt?”

“Sure, let me pull this over your buttocks first...”

It was the most difficult part of the suit. She tried but had to put more powder on before she could stretch the narrow waist over my pert ass. When it finally

slipped over my peach, the presence of a heavy-duty zip down the back made it easier to complete the fitting of the upper part.

She conveniently forgot about my request to see the skirt. I couldn't tell her that I wanted her to take the catsuit off, because a huge part of me wanted to wear it. The heady scent of latex was getting stronger. Petra's red dress and now the cat suit were contributing to a gradual reduction in my anxiety which had built to a crescendo when I entered the changing room.

After I had pushed my hands into the long arms while standing, Petra worked the latex sleeves up my arms. She then smoothed the bodice over my chest and worked the material over my shoulders. Before she zipped it, she pulled on the bodice, which was made of thinner latex, so that my nipples fitted into little protuberant sockets.

My nubs were hard and filled them without any problem. The latex wasn't very tight because of the open zip so I couldn't see what my tits looked like. The next item out of the box was a strip of plastic about 18" long.

"This is the inner collar, Tess. I'll just fit it, then pull the zip up." The strip seemed innocuous enough, so I remained still while she stood behind me and fitted it tightly around my neck.

"Are you ready, Tess, to be squeezed?"

"Not really..." I took a deep breath just before she started to pull the zip up. "Ohhhhhh," I gasped when the reinforced section pulled my waist in. That's tight," I gasped.

“You need to lose a few pounds, Tess.” She pulled the zip up right to the top of the collar, which like the red dress I wore, was snug around my neck. Then, I saw the full effect of the stretched smoky brown latex on my chest. My firm petite tits almost looked naked for I could see the outline of my areolas. If it wasn’t for the moulded thin latex imprisoning my nipples it would have looked as I had been sprayed with paint.

“Petra, this is indecent. I can’t go out in the showroom like this...” I cupped my tits. “With my breasts on show like this.”

“Nonsense, Tess. You look decent and absolutely amazing. The suit fits you like a glove and compliments your figure.” She handed the brown leather collar to me. “Put that on while I get the skirt.”

The skirt was the most important item because I was petrified that not only my tits were visible, but my sex and ass crack were also going to be visible to everyone. So, I was disappointed when I examined the short miniskirt Petra handed to me. The latex item was delightful, as was the rest of the costume, but the skirt wasn’t long enough. I didn’t want to look indecent.

“It’s too short,” I said. “Look, it only just covers my ass and mons.”

“Tess, it’s part of a premier costume that we’re trying to sell to customers. You’ve no need to worry because you’ll be on the shop floor with Zoe. Stay upright and you’ll be okay. Besides, it’s not going to be a busy day today. We have a few members coming in during the day, but Tess will deal with them.”

“Ummm, if I’m uncomfortable in it, can I choose something else to wear?”

“We’ll have a chat at lunch time, Tess. I was going to ask you if you wanted to wear the hood, but it’s not necessary in the store.”

I shivered at the very thought of donning a full hood. Just seeing it lying in the bottom of the box gave me the collywobbles. “No... no, I’d rather not.”

“Okay, Tess. Look, you’re wearing a five-hundred-pound outfit and it fits you perfectly. Both you and Zoe have the ideal figure for showing off our top products. All you need is confidence in your appearance. The women who shop in here will want to look like you, while the men will want their partners to wear what you’re wearing. St Albans is one of the most affluent areas in England so products like your catsuit should sell well. Sit down for a moment. I’ll get you the shoes that go with the outfit.”

As soon as she left the cubicle I walked around, stretched my arms and bent over. The sensation of being wrapped in latex mesmerized me to such an extent, I felt dizzy and euphoric. All my troubles were a distant memory as I ran my hands over the smooth material.

The suit was such a tight fit, I was able to imagine I was naked. However, the presence of the swishing skirt brought me down to earth. Also, the never-ending sensations caused by the chastity device were a dampener on my excited state. The discomfort from the butt plug was counterbalanced by the snugness of the dildo in my quim. I was getting used to it though, and its presence made me worry less about the slot in the crotch of the catsuit.

Petra returned with a pair of brown ankle boots that had tiny fake padlocks on the buckles. Once I was on my feet, I began to feel nervous again. “Tess, comb your hair and tidy your makeup. As you can see, I don’t approve of too much. Use the back stairs to the second floor. I’ll send Zoe up and you can have a coffee together. After twenty minutes you two can join Jenny on the shop floor and relieve me. Simon is only staying for one more day, so I’m trying to spend as much time with him as I can.”

“Oh, he’s leaving, is he?”

“Of course. He sold the company to the ‘Respect Fellowship’. His solicitor is dropping by after lunch to complete the paperwork. Some of the Fellowship directors will also be here. Come on, off you go. We can’t stand here chatting all day.”

I went first and took the route to the club’s reception at the rear of the building. When I emerged, I was surprised to find a young black lad on the desk. He was wearing a red plaid shirt and a leather waistcoat, identical to the clothes Simon was wearing.

“Hi,” he said brightly, scanning my body up and down. “I’m Brian, you must be...?”

“Tess. I’m Zoe’s friend.”

“Oh, right. She’s such a cool babe. She’s always complaining that Simon hasn’t got enough staff.” He scanned my body again. “That outfit is the horniest I’ve ever seen an assistant wear in the shop. Simon was more reserved than the new

boss.”

I glanced at the entrance to the dungeon stairs, thinking I would change the subject. “Is the dungeon open?”

“It will be at One o’clock. The new manager, Miss Vogel, wants the new owners to see all the facilities. We have some guests coming too. I’ve got to make sure everything is clean and tickety-boo.”

“Any chance of having a quick look around before I go upstairs?”

“Sure, I’m surprised Zoe hasn’t shown you around. Come on.” He came out from behind the desk and before I could say anything, he was standing on the top step, beckoning me to follow him.

I was about four steps behind him. The walls of the stairwell were decorated with pictures of women wearing latex and leather. Unlike the ones on the second floor, the dungeon pictures were graphic and showed girls in lewd poses. I wondered how I was going to feel when my picture was put on the wall...

Three ~ In the dungeon.

I had just descended a couple of more steps when I spotted Zoe in one of the photographs. The teenager was secured with leather cuffs to a large wooden 'X' cross. She was wearing a latex corset, suspenders and stockings, leaving her sex visible at the apex of her thighs. A dildo had been partially inserted into her quim.

The small photo was of high quality and there was no one else in the picture. Her expression was deadpan so I couldn't tell if she agreed to be tethered to the cross.

"Come on, Tess," Brian called out from the bottom of the stairs.

I turned and froze. The lad was staring up my skirt and my legs were parted. "Oh!" I exclaimed and pressed my hand against the front of my tiny skirt. There were small halogen lights on the risers of each step, so the lad had a grandstand view of my sex. In particular, my labia and the peeping stainless-steel shield – until my hand blocked his view.

He folded his arms and watched me descend the rest of the stairs. "God, Tess. You can't work here if you're worried about the members getting a peek of your cute pussy."

"Well, um, er, I'm new," was all I could think of saying.

He pushed open the door and waved me through. "Zoe showed me her chastity device. It makes sense as a precaution against rogue customers. Don't you

think?”

I wanted to change the subject as we emerged in a small lobby. “Does the dungeon have its own staff?”

“Oh, yes. There’s always someone around when it’s open.”

“Do many members use it?”

Yes. It’s very popular with the full members and their submissives.”

Once we had passed through an anti-room where more pornographic pictures were pinned to the walls, we entered the dungeon. It smelt of sweat and canned fragrance spray. I guessed the fake rock walls were painted plaster of paris, or a similar material.

“Tess, there are two aisles of cubicles. They’re a bit like Victorian prison cells. The members have to book ahead to hire one for an hour. There are twelve cells altogether. Do you want to look inside one of them?”

“Okay, quickly...”

He gave me a beaming smile. “I can tell this shit turns you on. Let’s go down the first aisle.”

When we turned the corner and entered the corridor between the cells, I was pleased to find it was lit – by a gloomy red light. I spotted, at the end, the 'X' cross I had seen in the picture. It wasn't in a cubicle, so it looked more like a display. However, there were leather straps hanging from the arms and a couple of other places.

“I can turn the lights on in a cell, if you want, Tess.”

He was a nice friendly lad. Yes, I was annoyed that he saw up my skirt, but he didn't make a meal of it. “No, let's go to the end.”

As we walked the short distance, I glanced in the darkened cells. I noticed benches, heavy chairs, along with metal brackets and chains hanging on the walls. What really interested me though, was the cross at the end of the aisle.

I stopped in front of it. “There's a picture of Zoe strapped to this on the wall,” I mused.

“Yes, everyone wants their picture taken on the cross. Would you like me to take yours?”

“Oh, I haven't got time...”

“It'll only take a minute.” He turned and picked up a camera from a nook in the

fake rock wall, showed it to me and returned it to the shelf. “That’s an instant picture camera. Just step up onto those steps. I’ll do the buckles up and take the picture. Zoe will be surprised when you show her that you’ve been on the cross.”

“She will. Do you mind taking it?”

“Not at all, step up.”

I turned and stepped backward onto the wooden ledge on the end of each lower arm. The ledges were about three feet apart, but I didn’t have a problem. Brian knelt and buckled both ankle cuffs, then reached up and buckled the wrist cuffs, thus securing me to the cross. I expected him to return to the camera but instead he reached around my waist and pulled out the ends of a wider strap.

“That’s not necessary, Brian,” I said anxiously.

“It won’t take a minute to do it right, Tess.”

There were three buckles on the six-inch-wide belt which squeezed my already small waist. Then he reached around and did the same with my neck so that I had yet another layer of leather crossing my throat.

“Now for the piece de la resistance...” He reached around behind my head and pulled forward a ring gag. “Open wide and I’ll pop it in.”

“Brian, I don’t want that in my mouth.”

“I cleaned it after the final picture was taken last night. Don’t be shy. The effect is amazing.”

His manner and the fact that we were alone meant that I didn’t sense any danger. After all, I was in a safe place. I reluctantly opened my mouth whereupon the lad expertly worked the ring in behind my teeth and fastened the strap at the side.

I hated it. “Urrrrrr!”

“Not very comfortable, is it? Hang on.”

He turned and fetched the camera. Then after he switched a spotlight on, he took a picture. The photograph had just slid out of the front of the camera when someone called his name.

“Brian, where are you?” I thought it sounded like Simon.

The lad turned to me. “I’ll be back in a moment.” Then as an afterthought. “Don’t go away.”

“Uhhhhh!” I exclaimed, but he had returned the camera to the shelf and was on his way to the far end of the dungeon.

I was left staring at the slowly developing photograph of me strapped to the cross. I could hear voices, which became louder, then when they appeared at the end of the aisle, I could make out what the group were saying.

Simon, who was with a man and a woman, was staring down the aisle at me. “Brian, when Zoe has finished with the customer, tell her I shan’t need her till later.”

Brian glanced in my direction with an anxious look on his face. “Sir, shouldn’t I...?”

“No, Brian, do as you’re told. When you return, check over the cells in the other aisle. Miss Vogel wants the dungeon ready for when the new owners arrive just after lunch.”

“Yes, Sir. I know that.” He glanced in my direction one more time, then hurried away.

Simon was accompanying a middle-aged man and a young woman. The man was dark haired and was wearing a blue pinstripe suit. The young blonde woman was wearing a knee length red dress and a black leather jacket with a fur collar. She looked alert and was definitely interested in me.

The trio set off in my direction. Both strangers only had eyes for me, but Simon wanted to show them the interior of one of the cells. He opened a barred door and pulled the cord to turn the light on. I couldn’t see what they could, but from

the look on the stranger's faces, the man was impressed while the girl attention wandered back to me.

Simon didn't need to describe anything, for it was self-explanatory. He turned the light off, closed the door and together with his guests set off in my direction.

"Simon, I didn't expect you to arrange a demonstration for us today..."

"No problem..." The trio stopped in front of me. "This is Tess, one of our product ambassadors. She is modelling the 'Misty Line' catsuit set. This colour is caramel, but it's also available in midnight grey, Caribbean blue and Clitoral pink."

"Is it a two-piece costume, Simon?" The man asked.

"There's a full hood included with the set. There's also an accessory pack which I believe Tess will be wearing to the party. The price for the basic catsuit three-piece set is four hundred and ninety-nine pounds."

The man didn't flinch when Simon disclosed the price. I was in a state of panic though. Gagged and tightly strapped to the cross, I could only stare while the men discussed the latex outfit I was wearing. I desperately hoped that once the couple had all the details and checked out the outfit, Simon would lead them back to the showroom.

"Can the 'Misty Line' items be split up? For instance, can the catsuit be supplied

without the skirt?” the young woman asked in a posh, southern accent.

“No, it comes as a package,” Simon replied. “The skirt is included because the catsuit has a slotted gusset...”

“Uhhh,” I grunted when Simon reached out and lifted the front of the skater-style skirt to show them the proof.

The girl looked up to check on my reaction, but the men’s attention was on my most secret spot. They were probably focused on the chastity device that blocked my orifices and divided the plump lips of my labia.

“Oh, that’s a surprise, she’s wearing a...” the man began.

The young woman leant forward for a better look. “It’s remarkably streamlined. Impressive.”

“Jane, Steven, It’s a Roth-Twin X twenty-one, chastity device. The very latest gizmo on the market.”

“It looks like it’s made of Stainless-steel,” the young woman muttered.

Seeing the young woman’s interest, Simon gave them the sales patter. “It is Jane. Not only does it control temptation, it also protects your loved one from

nefarious individuals when you're not around."

They both stared at my lips and the stainless-steel shield dividing them, with an interested look on their faces. I was fearful that Simon was warming to his task and that my ordeal had only just begun...

Four ~ On the cross.

Simon was going beyond the call of duty and making my life a misery. For a man who had just sold the company and was on his way out, he was being ridiculously thorough in his sales patter.

“Can the chastity device be worn for any length of time?” Steven asked.

“Yes. It’s comfortable for twenty-four hours or more. Obviously, it has to be removed for the lady to poo. It has several functions. There’s GPS, punishment, stimulation settings and it can also be linked to your in-house virtual assistant technology.”

“That’s an impressive bit of kit,” Steven observed.

I was holding my breath and released it when Simon dropped my skirt and turned to the customer. “If you’d like a closer look, I can fetch the remote controller and demonstrate the functions.”

“I would like that, yes,” the man replied.

The young woman grabbed the man’s arm. “Steven, have we got time. I haven’t chosen the outfits for the party tonight.”

“Don’t fuss, Jane. We have plenty of time.” That was the signal for Simon to set off down the aisle; and for me to swear a number of expletives silently to myself.

I was horrified and furious that I had once again gotten myself in a desperately awkward situation.

“Katie would look good in this catsuit, don’t you think?” Steven asked his partner.

He lifted the skirt and in doing so increased my discomfort. I had never worn a ring gag before, so I wasn’t used to having saliva dribble down my chin. My jaw was beginning to ache, as were my stretched arms. He stared at my thrusting lips for a moment, then looked up at me.

“Is it comfortable, Tess? The chastity device, I mean.”

I couldn’t answer him, but the truth was that I had gotten used to the stainless-steel cock and plug occupying my holes and flattening my clitoral flesh, so I nodded.

“You see, Jane. It’s functional and comfortable to wear. Katie’s used to wearing a butt plug. This is one small step further.”

“Let’s wait and see...” The young woman stroked the latex just above the leather strap across my stomach, then ran her fingers up to my right nipple. From the way she was examining the tight latex, I guessed that she had fallen in love with the suit. The sensation I felt when she gently squeezed my nub was exquisite.

“This costume is far too extravagant for Katie. I wouldn’t mind wearing it this evening. I like this colour, Steven. It would make a nice Christmas Present. I wonder if they’ve got my size...”

“What about the Roth-Twin?”

“Huh, you’d like to get control of my holes. No, maybe we should buy one for Katie. Let’s watch the demonstration first and decide...”

My heart was racing out of control. Simon must have known that I didn’t agree to demonstrate the chastity device’s functions and yet he was going to fetch the controller. Then, I remembered that he was selling the business, so it hardly mattered if he upset me.

Then, my spirits were lifted when two figures appeared at the end of the corridor. Simon had returned with Petra, who was bound to put a stop to the fiasco.

However, as they neared, I got a completely different vibe, especially as Petra was carrying an identical box to the one the chastity device was packed in.

“Jane, Steven, this is Petra Vogel, the new manager of the store.

She shook their hands. “Mr. and Mrs Howard, I’m sorry I wasn’t available when you arrived. Simon explained that you two joined the club last week.”

“Yes, we’re new members,” Steven said. “We were surprised to hear the store is under new management.”

“Are you local?”

“Yes, we’re from Harpenden and we’ve bought several items from here since we moved into the area,” Steven replied.

“Petra, if displays like young Tess here are anything to go by, I think you’ll be selling a lot of latexwear and toys in the future,” Jane added.

For the first time, Petra studied my body, then lifted her sparkling blue eyes to mine. They were so intense, I felt a shiver run down my spine, as if a lump of ice had found its way inside the suit.

“Tess is one of our most attractive ambassadors and as you can see latex adores her. She’s not wearing the hood at the moment but I’m sure you can imagine what a spectacular outfit it is when it’s complete.”

“It’s top of the range with micro-welded seams that are invisible to the naked eye,” Simon added.

“Is it in stock? I take a size ten.”

“In caramel? I’ll check for you. Um, Simon suggested that you were looking for a costume for your submissive. I understand you’re bringing her to the party tonight.”

“Yes, we’re going to look for something a little less expensive. She’s the same size as Tess.”

“No problem.” She tapped the box. “Is the Roth-Twin for your submissive?” Petra asked.

“Yes. It’s certainly not for me.”

“Alright. Simon, invert the cross and I’ll quickly show Jane and Steven the device’s flexibility.”

“Uhhhh,” I grunted when Simon went to the side and reached up to a control board on the wall.

He winked at me. “Hold tight Tess, you’re going for a ride.”

What happened next was my worst nightmare. I hated those fairground rides where the car goes upside down. That was exactly what happened when the mechanism rotated the cross through 180 degrees. It meant that my hands were pointing at the floor and my feet at the ceiling.

“Uhhh,” I complained, but no one was taking any notice of me, because my skirts had tumbled down and unveiled my latex clad belly, my smooth pussy lips and my splayed thighs.

I was looking up at the four figures and saw that it was pointless trying to protest. I couldn't move and if I delayed Petra, then I would be hanging upside down for longer. Petra was on a mission to demonstrate the Roth-Twin to the customers, so I was going to have to grit my teeth and hope she didn't take too long.

She opened the box and handed the remote to Simon and a tissue to the young woman. “Jane, I'm going to withdraw the dildo. Do you mind holding it for a moment?”

“No, not at all.”

“Can I help?” the guy asked. I could tell that he was itching to get his fingers on my sex.

“Alright, Steven, hold the box for me.” He took it, freeing up Petra to don a pair of surgical gloves that she had put in the box.

I felt a familiar click. “I see, you've bought a couple of different size dildos in the box,” Steven said.

“I'll explain the different sizes in a minute.” Petra reached forward, gripped the

base of the dildo and slowly eased it out, along with the shield from my labia. She held the saturated dildo up for the customers to see the size and shape. “Tess has had this in for nearly a day. This is an ‘A’ which is the training size. There are five sizes altogether.”

She handed the dildo to the young woman who had laid the tissue on her hand, ready for it. “God that’s hot,” she muttered.

“It looked as though it came out easily,” Steven said.

“Yes. I’ve brought the ‘B’ and ‘C’ sizes to illustrate the difference in girth and length.” She reached into the box and picked one up. “This is the ‘B’.” I assumed she held it near the one that she removed from my quim. “Tess, is ready for a ‘B’, so I’m going to fit this now.”

“What about the plug? Do they come in different sizes?” Steven asked.

“Yes, there are three sizes. The ‘A’ is perfect for Tess’s body size, so I’ll leave that in. I can’t demonstrate the five stimulation levels until I’ve fitted it because the dildo section has to be connected to the butt plug for it to work.”

I felt the cold tip of the new dildo prod my succulent entrance, then as Petra exerted pressure, the chunkier phallus burrowed its way deep into my empty quim. “Urrrrr,” I sighed softly as I felt my tender walls being stretched way more than I expected. Petra had to increase the pressure, the deeper the banana shaped intruder delved.

She paused when the jack was half in the socket. “This is the point you have to stop and spread the girl’s labia, like this. The shield is perforated for obvious reasons and it’s wider than her pudendal valley.”

The latex clad fingers of her left hand performed the parting of my labia lips while she pushed home the jack into the socket.

“Wow, that was easy and it obviously stamps out any chance of the girl masturbating without their Master or Mistress knowing,” the young woman observed.

“If the girl has been trimmed... I mean if she’s had her clitoral flesh removed, then the shield can be removed from the device.”

“That’s not a thing now, is it?” Jane asked.

“Oh, yes. A lot of our clients have ‘clean’ submissives, especially in Germany. That’s a term from the slavery days. A lot of black girls, from central Africa are clean and make wonderful submissives. Of course, if trimming is desired, then the girl has to approve the medical procedure.”

“Of course...”

“Right, Simon, invert the cross and I’ll demonstrate the functions,” Petra said.

Petra took the remote controller from Simon, who then threw the switch on the wall. The cross slowly returned to its original position but it took me a while to get over the dizziness that was caused when the blood rushed to my head. However, my distress was put on hold when the 'B' sized dildo came alive in my quim.

"Ahhhhhhh," I groaned softly.

"The cross is a neat contraption, Petra," Steven said.

"Yes, our members often use this position to punish their submissives when they are at their most vulnerable. However, we're talking about pleasure today. With the dildo being a tighter fit, Tess will be rewarded with a more intensive experience, even on setting one." She showed the controller to the couple. "I'll turn it up to two and you'll be able to see the difference in her demeanour."

"Uhhhhh," I sighed when the stainless-steel cock's vibrations ramped up a level.

Petra lifted my skirt. "Steven, touch the disk on the end of the dildo..."

He reached out. I felt him touch it, then quickly withdraw his finger. "Wow, that steel dick is alive." Jane touched the disk and had the same reaction.

"Are you sure you don't want one, Darling?" Steven asked.

“If I can keep the controller with me at all times, I might consider wearing one tonight.”

“Of course, darling.” He turned to Petra. “Have you got two in stock?”

“Yes, in the warehouse. Shall we go and discuss the transaction in my office, while Jane wanders around the store.”

“Yes, that sounds like a good idea.”

Petra turned to Simon and handed him the controller. “I’ve finished with Tess for now. Take her upstairs and she can have her lunch.” She switched the spotlight off as she passed the switch, plunging the dungeon back to its gloomy red atmosphere.

As the trio disappeared around the corner, I was left staring at Simon with bleary eyesight. Was my ordeal over or was the ex-manager going to extend my misery for a while longer...?

Five ~ Shafted – twice!

A massive orgasm had been building while Petra discussed the lucrative sale, but the moment Simon took the controller, he abruptly switched the vibrations off. Our eyes were on the same level as he moved closer.

He showed me the controller. “Tess, do you want some more?”

Stretched into the shape of an ‘X’ and with a strap holding my neck tightly, I managed to shake my head a little. I was probably denying myself the most powerful climax of my life but ending the pain in my jaw trumped the pleasure on offer.

“Uh, ouuur...” I wanted more but I wanted the ring gag out.

“Mmm, most girls can’t get enough of what that stainless-steel dildo does to them.” He put the remote down and reached up. “There you go,” he said as soon as he had eased the ring from my mouth.

“Oh my god! That fucking hurt my mouth!” I exclaimed.

“Tut, tut, Tess. If Miss Vogel hears you swear, she’ll most likely thrash you when she takes this catsuit off you.” He ran his fingers across the latex bodice without touching my nipples, then slid his hand up to my chin.

He started massaging the sides of my jaw and cheeks. “Is that better? Having

second thoughts about my offer?”

“Simon, please release me. This is all one huge misunderstanding.”

“Misunderstanding? According to Brian, you asked to be strapped to the cross. Is that correct?”

“Well, yes but I didn’t expect...”

He put a finger on my lips. Tess, you’ve been a naughty girl climbing on the cross without mine or Miss Fogel’s permission. I think I should invert the cross and after fetching the tawse, whack your labia lips a few times.”

I shook my head slowly while I thought furiously for a reason that would get me off the hook. “Simon, you’re no longer in charge here. Petra is the manager.”

The handsome young man’s grin suggested that he had a counter argument. “Tess, until the contracts are signed, this is my business. Petra is throwing her weight around now, but she doesn’t have full authority until three o’clock.” He picked up the controller. “What’s it to be. Pain or pleasure?”

I didn’t want to be turned upside down in a gloomy dungeon and I certainly didn’t want my labia struck with a tawse. “Um, pleasure, I suppose...” I saw his finger push a button.

There was a click from the device suggesting he planned to take it out again.
“Wha... what are you doing, Simon?”

“Wait and see.” He came to the side of the cross and reached up to the control panel.

Suddenly, the lower stalks of the cross started to widen. “Simon, I can’t do the splits!” I wailed.

“I’m not going that far, don’t worry.”

He stopped the mechanism when I wasn’t far off the splits. Then the ‘X’ started to lean back. Actually, it was the front lifting. Simon stopped it, then lifted my skirt to unveil my sex. He had to touch me to part my plump labia lips, then he was able to withdraw the ‘B’ size dildo.

Because it was larger and my vagina was only just getting used to it, the ribs rippled my internal walls in a delightful manner. “Simon, what are you going to do?”

Having prepared me, he then unzipped. I stared dumfounded while he eased his huge cock out of his pants. “Tess, I’m sure you’ll agree. I can give you much more pleasure than any stainless-steel dildo.”

“Oh, oh, I dunno. Please...”

My dripping entrance was at the correct height for Simon to step forward and slide his cock into my salivating orifice. The vibrator had gotten me excited so Simon was about to reap the reward. The cross kept me completely still while the young man impaled me to the hilt.

“Tess, I’ve wanted to shaft you ever since I first saw you in the store.” He started slowly with long, slow piston strokes.

“That wouldn’t have been very professional,” I said softly as he picked up speed.

Holding the leather strap where it disappeared around my waist, Simon was able to thrust his cock into me with animal ferocity and know that I wouldn’t move a fraction.

“Simon, your cock is sooo harrrrrrd...”

“Well, your nest is hot and juicy, kid. It deserves to be speared by the real thing.”

I was wondering how many girls Simon had fucked, before me, on the cross, when the orgasm that had earlier stalled, arrived with a vengeance. Simon, using all 10” of his stout shaft, kept me on a high and worked himself up to a frenzy until his big moment arrived.

“Oh, girl, sweet fuuuuuuuck,” he muttered, as he emptied his balls into me with

a final powerful flourish.

Once he had calmed, he leant back and allowed his dick to slowly slip from my saturated quim. He ran the fingers of both hands across my chest again, from the centre out to my perky nipples.

“This catsuit was made for you, Tess. Do you like wearing it?”

“Yes. Please release me, Simon.”

“I’ve got to get back to the bar. I’ll send Brian down. He can finish what he started, then he’ll return the cross to its normal state before releasing you.

“What do you mean, finish what he started?”

Simon picked up a tissue from the box and wiped his dick before putting it away. “He said he was about to do a favour for you. I’m going to make it easier for the lad.” He stepped forward and pulled out the ring gag from behind my head.

“No, Simon, please don’t do that.” He offered the ring to my mouth, but I kept it shut. He grabbed my chin and squeezed, forcing me to open my mouth. It was still difficult with me resisting, but in the end, I gave in, lest he damaged my teeth.

He patted my cheek. “There’s a good girl. When you’re free, come up to the bar for a chat and I’ll tell you why you’re to blame for me losing my business.”

I thought there had to be a reason behind his cold attitude. I remained in my reclined state, with my legs widely spread and my skirt lifted, while Peter gathered all the items together in the box until there was nothing left behind.

Simon patted the box. “You’ll need the bathroom before you return this to your nest. I’ll put the box behind the bar for safe keeping.”

I was raging inward while I watched him depart in the red gloom. I wracked my brains, but I couldn’t think of a single reason why I could be the cause of his demise. My thoughts were disturbed with the appearance of Brian.

He strolled straight up to me. “Tess, you’re a real sport asking Simon to leave the dildo out for me.” He unzipped and whisked out the longest cock I had ever seem. It was black, shiny and as long as a foot ruler. “Huh, I thought you were shy. How wrong can a guy be?” he said in a light-hearted manner.

I stared in disbelief as he eased the plum-like head of his ebony snake into my juicy entrance and kept pushing until I could feel the blunt end prodding my extremity. Yes, he stretched my vagina, but it slid in so easily!

“Sweet, Jesus, Tess, you are a babe. There’s no doubt about it. Simon said I’ve got to be quick, so hold onto your horses!”

The lad wasn't joking. He wrapped his hand around the back of my thighs and hammered his cock into me as if he was trying to break the world record for the fastest fuck!

"Uh, uh, uh, uh, I groaned as yet another orgasm approached at breakneck speed.

The dull aching sensation each time he bottomed out was incessant, but it didn't distract my body from responding to the young man's thrusting black cock, constantly stretching my youthful quim.

"Ohhhhhhh," I exclaimed when his final push resulted in my orgasm peaking.
"Wowwwww," I sighed when he stilled.

Brian didn't bother to clean himself, just tucked his cock away. "Pretty cool, heh, babe?" He said while taking one last look at my gaping sex

Of course, I couldn't respond to him until he had removed the ring gag. First though, he returned the cross to its normal position, then started to unbuckle the restraints in the reverse order. I was too out of it to put any coherent thoughts together. I was tempted to release a stream of expletives, but the lad was studying me and the latex outfit with wonderment, as though a new superhero had appeared in front of him.

Finally, I stepped down onto terra firma and tried to rub the pain away from my aching jaw. "Brian, I enjoyed the fuck, but..." I looked into his smiling face and realized that he was innocent and genuinely believed I wanted him to shaft me.

He picked up the camera and tore the picture off. “What were you going to say, Tess?”

“Er, nothing really.”

He handed me the photograph. “Sorry, there’s only one but I must get back to work and finish checking the cells on this side.”

“Oh, alright, Brian.” I was relieved and left him to it, then followed the exit signs to the lobby, where earlier I had noticed the bathroom sign.

I encountered my first mirror as soon as I entered the poky little room. It was hanging behind two hand basins. I studied my reflexion and apart from my flushed face, and dishevelled hair, the immaculate outfit I was wearing looked fantastic. The shiny caramel latex moulded my body into a perfect hourglass shape. I looked like a high-class catwalk model, an impression that boosted my confidence.

I had a douche and a pee, dried my pussy with some tissue, then returned to the ground floor via the stairs. I paused at Zoe’s picture and held mine up against it. Mine was tame compared to hers. Thankfully, Brian hadn’t taken one of me with my legs splayed wide open.

There were two delivery men stacking boxes in the club reception area. I immediately felt embarrassed. Not because I was wearing a fantastic semi-transparent latex suit, but because the only thing hiding my sex was a flimsy skater style miniskirt.

The taller lad came over. “Hey, do you work here?”

I hid the photo by pressing it to my tummy. “Um, yes.”

“You don’t seem sure.”

“I’m working here on a temporary basis.”

“What’s your name?”

“Tess.”

“That’s a fucking cool outfit, Tess. My name’s Karl. That grubby herbert is John.” He pointed at a black lad who was sitting on one of the boxes. “We and a girl named Sue are the warehouse staff. We’ve brought over a load of gear for the showroom. New stock that’s just arrived.” His eyes wandered down to my latex clad pointy nipples.

“Oh, okay.”

“Can you tell Miss Vogel that we’ve just arrived.”

“She’s with an important customer. I’m going upstairs to the bar. I’ll tell Simon.”

“Is he still here?”

“Yes, for a day or two.”

“What do you think of the new boss?”

“Miss Vogel? Um, she’s very attractive but bossy.”

“Are you going to the party tonight?”

“Yes, I am.”

I turned and set off up the stairs. I couldn’t go around all day holding my skirt against my ass, so I tried to stay upright and squeeze my legs together. When I got to the top, I glanced down and to my horror, both lads were staring up – up my skirt. I was ashamed of myself as I quickly moved out of sight of the lecherous warehouse staff.

I could feel my temperature rising, my face was burning because I felt like a dirty exhibitionist...

Six ~ Cause and effect.

There were more tables set out, maybe a dozen. Three were occupied by couples. They were eating sandwiches and drinking tea or coffee. Simon watched me approach the bar. It was the first chance I had to walk in the open and enjoy the tight grip the latex had all over my body, especially my small waist and pert rear end.

My tits were small, but perky and shaped nicely by the moulding on the suit's chest area. My waist was narrow, drawn in by the tightness of the thick latex. Meanwhile, a strong, invisible seam down my ass crack accentuated the rounded cheeks of my proud buttocks.

Simon, feasting his eyes on me as I approached, made me feel less anxious. I also got appreciative glances from the couple sitting at a table I passed. When I arrived at the bar, Simon pointed to the far end. "Come around, Tess. Now you're on the payroll you've got to learn how to serve the food and drinks."

I did as I was told, walked the twenty feet or so and waited for him to lift the bar flap. "I'm only working here on a temporary basis, Simon." I pointed out. I handed him the photo. "Is that good enough for the wall?"

He studied it. "Sure. I'll put it up myself."

On my right was a door marked 'Private'. "Is that your office?" I asked.

He touched me on the nose. "Nosy. Actually, I've already handed it over to Miss Vogel. She's entertaining the club member who you impressed so much..." He

leant closer and lowered his voice. “Probably fucking the pants off him, once she’s got his money.”

I wasn’t shocked. “Petra made sure his wife was out of the way by sending her off to the showroom.”

Simon nodded knowingly. He signalled to me to follow him to the other end of the bar where the till was situated; and beyond that, the food display. He pointed at the sink as we passed. “There’ll be plenty of washing to do this afternoon, in between impressing the guests.”

Working behind the bar suited me. “I can do that.”

“Miss Vogel intimated that you’ve been made redundant,” he said, once we were standing in front of the till.

“Um, yes, that’s true, but I haven’t decided anything about my future yet.”

He pointed down at the front of my skirt. “Don’t forget your companion. You’re driving without any brakes at the moment.”

“I thought his analogy was naff. “Is there somewhere I can return the dildo to my nest?”

He grinned. “Miss Fogel confiscated it. She’s angry about you using the cross without permission.”

“Does she know about you fucking me...?”

He shook his head. “Not yet. Don’t say anything. I can fix it.”

I lifted my eyes and saw that several monitors were positioned behind a valance, above the bar, so the customers couldn’t see them. The CCTV views were mainly of the store.

There were two other views. One showing the club entrance where the warehouse staff were stacking boxes; and another of the entrance to the changing rooms and storage area. Jenny came into view, carrying a box, so was obviously helping moving the stock into the empty space.

Simon looked up at the monitors. “The shop is quiet today. I expect most people who are out are getting last minute presents.”

I could see from the monitor that Zoe was accompanying Jane around the store while she looked for an outfit for a girl, Katie, who the pair referred to as their submissive.

“It’s nearly one o’clock. When are all the guests going to arrive?” I asked.

“Soon. We’re going to close the store at three. All the guests will be here by then. I saw you talking to the warehouse lads and noted their reaction to you and your outfit. They’re good guys and have worked here for over a year. By this evening, they’ll know that Brian gave you a good shafting.”

“Maybe he didn’t,” I said indignantly.

He squatted down and started to fiddle with some electronic equipment. “Watch monitor six.”

I looked up. The screen went blank for a second, then a red picture came up. It was the view from a camera near to the cross. I could clearly see myself leaning back with my legs widely parted. The scene was as lewd as anything I had seen on the internet. I felt faint, so I reached out and leant against the bar. The tall figure of Brian passed the CCTV camera and walked right up to the cross. Simon switched it off.

“I’m sure you don’t want to watch the action.”

“That’s disgusting, filming people having sex.”

“We have to keep an eye on the dungeon, Tess, for obvious reasons. All actions have to be consensual. The recording shows that you were happy to allow yourself to be tethered to the cross and be gagged.” He studied my glum face. “You’re a big girl now, Tess. You’re allowed to have fun.”

“Will Miss Vogel see the recording?”

He acknowledged a young man who had come to the bar, just the other side of the till. “Tess, do as you’re told this afternoon and I’ll make sure that section is wiped clean.” He moved along to a line of four glass domes that were covering plates of sausage rolls, sandwiches, mince pies and slices of Christmas cake. “Help yourself to whatever you want. There’s more in the kitchen...” He pointed to an open door opposite the food.

“Are you going to tell me why you blame me for what’s happened?”

“I will but take a plate from here and get some food from the kitchen first. You can eat it out here while I train you on the till.”

I glanced at the dark-haired young man waiting for service. He was leaning on the bar studying me. I had turned my back before he spoke to Simon. “New girl, Simon?”

I didn’t hear the reply for I entered the medium sized kitchen. Its equipment was on a par with a normal domestic kitchen, so Simon didn’t have ambitions to produce restaurant quality food on a large scale. There was a centre Island with a stainless-steel countertop.

More plates of food had been placed on it, along with an assortment of cutlery and napkins. The food was covered with clingfilm. I lifted the edge of the film and helped myself to a couple of turkey sandwiches, a sausage roll and a mince pie. I then returned to the bar only to find Peter was still talking to the young man.

“Hi, Tess,” the young man called out.

I raised my hand. “Hello.” I then took a bite of a sandwich.

“Tess, put four sausage rolls on a plate, pop them in the microwave and then deliver them to Sam’s table with an extra plate. I’ll make the coffee.”

“I’m looking forward to it,” Sam said.

I smiled at him. “Thank you.” I followed his progress back to his table where a middle-aged suited guy was sitting, studying his mobile phone.

Meanwhile, there was another man waiting at the bar, further down. I continued eating and took the opportunity to examine the till. There was a card reader on a lead and a safe beneath the till. It all looked straightforward enough. Simon was pouring a bottle of alcohol-free beer in a glass and chatting with the guy, who also kept glancing in my direction. I wasn’t surprised, because the catsuit really did look amazing on me.

Simon hadn’t finished chatting with the other customer when I returned to the kitchen to heat up the sausage rolls. He had though by the time I came out and was talking to Petra Vogel. She gestured to me to join them.

I took a step in their direction, but my attention was caught by movement on a

monitor, showing the front door. A man in a suit, carrying a briefcase, and a young woman, had just entered. I nearly dropped the plate I was carrying, for the man was none than Roger Baker, my old boss. I didn't recognize the girl he was with. I placed the plates on a tray, which I assumed had been placed there for serving Sam and hurried toward the old and new managers.

Panic had set in by the time I was facing Petra. "What's the matter with you girl?" She asked.

"A man has just entered the store who knows me."

"Tess, that's going to happen. You're just going to have to get used to it," Simon said.

"No, no, this man is different. I don't want him to recognize me. I'll have to stay in the kitchen until he's gone."

"Who is he?" Petra asked, in an irritated tone.

"Um, he's the director of the solicitor's firm I used to work for. He's the one who made me redundant. Petra, he's the last man I want to see while I'm dressed in a latex catsuit."

"What's his name?" Simon asked.

“Roger Baker.”

Simon laughed. “He’s my solicitor. That’s why he’s here. He’s dealing with the sale contract of the business, so he’ll be coming up here soon.”

“I have an idea,” Petra said. “Come with me Tess. Simon, you’ll have to do without Tess for ten minutes.”

Simon pointed at the tray. “She needs to deliver that food to Sam. He’s sitting with Mr. Jacobs. He sits on the town council and is an honorary member of the club. Nothing official, but he’s one of our best customers. He’s definitely someone we need to impress. He’ll be interested in the suit Tess is wearing.”

“Then you must serve him, Tess. Ensure your feet are eighteen inches apart and your legs straight. Remember, as well as serving the customer, you’re pleasing other members sitting close by. If the customer wants to check out the outfit, then position yourself accordingly. I’ll watch your performance and will punish you if you disappoint the customer”.

“Oh, all right, Ma’am.”

I returned to pick up the tray and as I did, I took another glance at the monitor. My ex-boss was still looking at the merchandize on the ground floor. I had to get a move-on. I was nervous as I approached the young man with the tray. I chose the side of the table where no one was behind me. I adopted the pose and bent forward while I moved the items from the tray to the table. Both men watched me intently.

“So, Tess, what size suit are you wearing?” Sam asked.

“Um, this is a size six, Sir.”

The suited guy gestured to me. “Put the tray down, Tess, and lift the front of your skirt. I want to see how it fits across your belly.”

After placing the tray on the table, I shuffled nearer to him, then lifted the front of my skirt. He stared down at my latex clad mons and my peeping pink lips trying to escape from the slot in the gusset.

“My name is Mr. Jacobs, Tess. Did Simon tell you who I am?”

“Yes, Sir, he did.”

“Good. Lean your shoulders back and push your belly forward so I can examine the suit’s main feature.”

I took a deep breath and glanced at Petra. She was looking at me sternly. I reluctantly complied, knowing that I was presenting my labia within a foot of his staring eyes. He reached out and stroked the latex across my belly.

“Ahhhhhh,” I gasped softly, when his thumb slid into my cleft and eased back and forth. “Sir,” I gasped.

“Tess, is the suit causing this reaction or are you normally this horny?”

“Um, I... er... don’t know what you mean.”

He laughed, then withdrew his hand. He showed me and Sam his glistening thumb. “Here’s the evidence.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, Sir.”

Before he could react, I leant forward and closed my lips around his thumb. “Mmm, mmm, mmm,” I moaned softly as I sucked it, then picked up the tray as I disengaged my mouth. I stood up and took a step back.

“I hope you enjoy your meal, Sir.” His expression was a mixture of surprise and pleasure.

I bowed and headed back to the bar. Petra led me into her office and closed the door. The customer, Steven, was sitting on a chair by the desk. He got to his feet. “Oh, hello, Tess.”

“Hello, Sir,” I replied cautiously.

“Mr Holt, er, Steven, I’m going downstairs to fetch the ‘Misty’ hood and accessory pack for Tess’s suit. When I return, I’ll fit it so you can see what the complete outfit looks like.”

Wearing the hood was one solution to my problem... “What about my name though?”

“Tess, don’t be silly, there are hundreds of girls named Tess. Don’t worry about it. Mmm, wait a minute. I might be able to solve that problem as well.”

“Could I stay behind the bar while he’s here?” I asked.

“I’ll take care of it, Tess. Don’t worry. Now, while I’m doing you a favour, do one for Mr. Holt...” She reached into the box sitting on her desk and pulled out the dildo section of the Roth-Twin that had been removed from my quim. “Demonstrate to Mr. Holt how easy it is to insert this.” She handed the gleaming Stainless-steel section to me.

The curved phallus was heavy and felt huge in my little fist. I stared at Petra in disbelief, but the expression on her face told me she was deadly serious. “I, um, is that necessary?” I mumbled.

“Yes, very. Mr Holt is about to spend nearly fifteen hundred pounds with us.”

Dumfounded, I couldn't think a repost to her reasoning and before I knew it, she had turned and left the room. I was left holding the huge, gleaming ribbed dildo in the obscenest fashion and there was only one place to put it!

Seven ~ Dominated again.

Mr. Holt didn't seem to notice my embarrassment and was all smiles. The middle-aged man turned his chair. "Tess, come to me." He was sitting on a static office chair.

"I'm... I'm not very good at this, Sir..."

"Never mind. I will help you. Come here." He was obviously used to dealing with submissive girls. I walked forward and stood between his parted legs. He looked at me sternly. "Tess, remove your skirt so I can see what's going on."

"Ummm, do I have to, Sir?"

"Yes, Tess, you do. With the skirt out of the way, we'll easily be able to insert the dildo. Hand it over while we do that."

"We?"

"Tess, I'm going to help you. Now be a good girl and hand me the dildo, then remove your skirt."

As soon as he had taken the heavy object from me, I released the catch on the side of the skirt. It tumbled down my thighs and pooled around my feet. My full body shape was revealed to him for the first time. He feasted his eyes on my form and lingered on the elegant convex shape of my latex clad mons and my

peeping sex.

He patted his left thigh. “Tess, lift your leg over mine...”

“I... I think I can do it...” He wanted my thighs apart. He wanted to see my sex. Then, I remembered that he had seen it already when I was upside down on the cross.

“Tess, do as you’re told!” he said firmly. When I capitulated, he helped me lift my leg until the back of my thigh was resting on the top of his solid thigh. “Good, girl, now your left.”

“Um, Sir, Miss Vogel won’t...”

“Don’t worry about Miss Vogel. She suggested the demonstration so do as you’re told.”

I had to place my hands on his shoulders to steady myself as I lifted my other leg. Moments later, with his legs together, I found myself kneeling on the front corners of the chair, straddling his thighs.

“Perfect, just straighten your body, and I’ll see if it’s as easy to insert as it appeared. Goodness, this suit is causing a reaction in your body, Tess,” he said as he collected a dollop of exudation by wiping his finger along my cleft.

I watched open mouthed when he sucked the end of his finger. He then guided the tip of the curved dildo to my gaping entrance.

“Should... Shouldn’t I be doing that, Sir? Oooo,” I gasped when he eased the domed end into my tight orifice.

“This is just a trial...”

“Ahhhh. That’s too big,” I gasped as the phallus stretched my youthful quim more than I was expecting. “It’s bigger than the last one.”

“Tess, it can’t be...” He continued to drive the ribbed dildo deeper into my ravished quim. I found myself squirming my hips as a way of helping devour more of the metal monster. “I’ll ease it back and forth for a moment...”

I glanced down to see him holding the device with his right hand while his left hand gripped my hip to steady me. “Ahhhh,” I sighed when Mr. Holt partially withdrew it, then attempted to drive it in further.

Before I realized what was happening, he was sliding the curved, fake cock slowly back and forth in my hot furnace.

“Tess, I need a little more juice...” The size and movement of the ribbed dildo soon triggered sparkling sensations in my groin, signalling that an orgasm wasn’t far away.

“Ohhhhh, Sir, I think that’s working....”

“Yes, yes, I think so too.” I didn’t notice his left hand leaving my hip, or that I was leaning in toward him as my elbows relaxed.

The more excited I became, the less aware I was of what was happening around me. My head went down on his right shoulder as the thrilling sensations culminated in yet another intense climax. “Oh,” I sighed when the dildo slipped away for a few seconds, only for it to be replaced by a slightly softer intruder.

“There’s a good, girl,” he cooed softly in my ear. “You can take over now and enjoy yourself.”

Once my succulence enveloped the new visitor, Mr. Holt’s hands gripped my hips and urged them to start moving up and down. I had soon established a smooth rhythm, but I was having to do most of the work. Wave after wave of thrilling sensations vibrated through my body while I rode Mr. Holt’s dick.

My thrusts soon became jackhammer piledrivers, for as long as the man could avoid reaching his climax. When he did, I peaked quickly. Then, as the fizzing electrical storm radiating around my system dimmed, my body dissolved and I became as weak as a kitten. I was still lying with my head on Mr. Holt’s shoulder when hands under my armpits lifted me far enough, for his dick to slip from my nest.

“I’ve got you, Tess. Let me help you.”

I looked over my shoulder and was shocked to find Miss Vogel leaning over me. “I’m so sorry, Petra,” I whispered.

“Never mind. Never mind, Tess. I’m going to fit part of the Misty accessory pack which Mr Holt has purchased, so that he can see the effect the extra items make to the overall look of the outfit.”

“Where are we going?” I blurted out. As my knees slid off the chair, the taller woman steadied me.

“Over to the armchair, Tess. This will only take a minute.”

“Did... did you see...me. I’m sorry, I don’t know what...”

“Never mind, kneel on the front of the chair and dip your head into the seat...”

I had been persuaded to do an identical thing in Peter’s flat, so I knew the consequences. “Please, Petra...” Down I went, headfirst, hiding my red face in the seat of the armchair.

“Tess, I’m changing the butt plug. I’ll explain why in a minute.”

I scrunched my face up and exerted as much pressure as I could to eject the existing one. What a relief it was to be rid of it, only for a new one to be pushed into my rectum.

“Urrrrrr,” I groaned when the largest part stretched my young, tight anal muscles. Then as it slipped home, the pain became a dull ache.

“Well, done, Tess. Next, I’m going to slip a tampon in to soak up any access juice in your quim.” I didn’t object to that, but it felt strange having someone else push the wad of cotton wool up into my vagina. “The third item, Tess, is a clitoral clamp. I’m going to fit it. I’ll be finished soon, then you can raise your head.”

I had a fair idea what a clitoral clamp was and hated the idea of having one gripping my pussy flesh. And, I wasn’t prepared for the intrusive way it had to be fitted. Petra gripped my ridge, pulled on it, then closed the clamp. “Owww,” I cried. “That hurts.”

“Don’t be a baby, Tess. I’m just tightening it, so it doesn’t fall off...”

“Petra, that really hurts,” I complained.

“I’m fitting the fur ball...” I felt a click. “Now for your tail.” There was another click as she pushed something into the anal plug. Moments later, she dragged the fat, sodden tampon out of my quim.

“A tail?” I gasped.

“Yes, every cat has a tail. You can stand up now.”

Petra helped me to back off as I stood up. My hair was a mess and I was dizzy from an overload of embarrassment. I reached behind me. “Oh!” I gasped when I found a thick, furry tail wavering behind me.

It was about 18” long and standing bolt upright. I ran my hand down it, to where it felt as though it emerged from the butt plug.

“Petra, I can’t wear a skirt with a tail.”

“Correct, you can’t, Tess. The skirt goes back in the box.”

“But... But I can’t walk around like this. My bits will show and the clamp hurts.” I moaned.

I reached down, past the brown fur ball that Petra had referred to. I couldn’t touch the clamp without causing more pain. I felt past the clamp to my soft whirlpool-like fleshy entrance. Thankfully, it was dry.

“There’s nothing covering my...”

“Tess, the accessories are designed to save a girl’s blushes. Come over to the mirror.”

There was a mirror attached to the wall in the corner. Mr. Holt, who had remained quiet, followed us over and watched me twist and turn as I studied my reflexion. The furball at the front hid the slot in the latex suit while the tail hid the slot at the back, but... “Petra, if I bend over...”

Petra took hold of my shoulders and turned me side on to the mirror. “Watch carefully. Clench the butt plug with all your might.”

I clenched my rectum and anal muscles as hard as I could and was amazed to see the tail slowly lose its rigidity and flop down between my legs.

“Now bend forward.” I looked over my shoulder and saw that it did its job in covering my sex, but the moment I relaxed my muscles, the tail slowly lifted and revealed all. “Tess, you’ll get used to it. Sit down so I can fit your hood.

It felt odd leaning against my tail, which was thick and soft. I imagined that my outfit was going to cause quite a stir at the party. “Tess, this is from the accessory pack. It has cat’s ears a nose and whiskers.”

She let me hold it and examine the caramel-coloured latex hood while she put my hair in a flat bun. The ears were lined with the same brown fur as my tail and muff. After she had removed the collar, she took the hood from me and unzipped it. Then, it was just a case of pulling it onto my face and head before pulling the

sides around.

“It’s very tight, Petra.” The zip was on the way down.

“Tess, it’s time you started calling me Miss Vogel.”

“Oh, yes, sorry, Miss Vogel.”

She had dodged my complaint and completed the task by encasing my head in thick latex. I was imprisoned by the substance and yet I was thrilled by the experience. The heady scent assaulted my senses and made me feel giddy. The mouth hole was normal, but the eyeholes were small. They were large enough to see what was going on around me though.

“Tess, Zoe will be wearing an identical suit in clitoral pink. Together you two are going to be the main talking point at the Christmas Party.”

“Zoe is wearing an identical suit? With a tail and hood?”

“Yes, she will be once the store has closed at three. It is exactly the same as yours.” She held up a pink leather collar with a gold disk hanging on the front. “Look, I took this from the display. It has the name Kitty on the disk. That’s what we’ll call you while you’re wearing the suit. I’ve also found one with Kat on for Zoe.”

She put the collar around my neck, over the top layer of latex and buckled it at the back. I felt the disk at the front and couldn't get over the feeling that I had become someone's pet. That feeling was magnified ten-fold when she clipped a pink leather leash to a 'D' ring on the back of the collar.

"Mr Holt, would you like to take Kitty down to the sales floor and introduce her to your wife? "

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure, Miss Vogel."

"Once your wife has seen her, please unclip the leash so Kitty can return to the bar."

"Yes, Miss Vogel. He took the leash from the dominatrix. "Come on, Kitty.

I was embarrassed to be led out, through the bar and into the seating area. I had to walk past my old boss who was standing at the top of the stairs with the girl I had never seen before. He watched me approach and I suspected he watched me descend the stairs. No one else was wearing latex so I stood out like a sore thumb.

However, I was anonymous and would remain so, as long as I wore the latex cat hood and the disk hanging from the collar...

Eight ~ Good pussy.

I was expecting Zoe to be surprised when I approached the cash desk, but she wasn't. Instead, she smiled and looked impressed. She had been working at the store for more than a year so had probably seen people wearing far more extreme fetish gear than what I was wearing.

"Tess, that outfit looks so cool on you," she said as soon as Mr. Holt and I were standing at the desk.

"Thanks Zoe..."

Mr. Holt who had been looking around, interrupted. "Zoe, where's my wife?"

"She finished shopping, Sir, and had to leave. Your wife said she would meet you at Tom's. She said she would message you."

"And the bill?"

Zoe pointed to two large carrier bags on the floor, at the side of the desk. "Both outfits and the Roth-Twins are in those bags, Sir, and here is the bill."

I waited for Mr. Holt to hand over his debit card before interrupting. "Sir, I've got to return to the bar..."

“Oh, yes, let me unclip you,” he said. Once he had done that, he grasped my arm. “I’ll see you later, Kitty. You two aren’t going to be the only cats at the party.” He slapped my peach, sending me on my way.

I used the stairs beside the desk to return to the second floor. I emerged at the dancefloor end. The photo wall was on the right while the bar was on my left. A group had gathered between the main stairs and the bar. Petra, still wearing the red latex dress was among them. Men in suits and young women hovered around, trying to stay close to their bosses. However, Roger Baker and his companion were standing at the bar talking to Simon. I had to go to the bar, but I wasn’t sure if I could reach it without being waylaid.

I had made so many mistakes, I wanted to tread carefully. The problem was that as I set off, virtually everyone turned to watch my progress.

“Kitty!” Petra called out. “Come over and meet my guests. As I approached, the four men and three young women studied me with interest. “Gentlemen, we’re calling Tess, Kitty for the day. She’s wearing the ‘Misty’ line catsuit with basic accessories.”

“Hello, Kitty,” each man said with a chuckle before they gave me a friendly hug.

The youngest man, Trevor Miller, squeezed me tightly. I would remember him because he pulled my tail and then put his hand on my ass. He squeezed it before he let me go.

Petra stepped in and led me a couple of paces away. “Tess, you’ll get a chance to spend some time with the Elders after all the legal paperwork has been dealt

with. Remember that you're a member of the Fellowship, so these four men are your Masters, as much as Doctor Finch is."

"Oh, I didn't realize that. Do you mean that they'll want to...?" I left the dreaded words hanging in the air.

"Tess, you've been through the vetting procedure. I've been telling the elders how you helped with Mr. Holt's purchase. Without you the company would not have had that sale."

"I... I did stuff, I shouldn't..."

"No, Tess, the Elders are pleased that you understand your responsibilities. They say that the Fellowship is richer with you as a member. Do as you're told and everything will be fine. You are going to make Doctor Finch proud."

"You don't think he'll be disappointed in me?"

"Absolutely not. Look, Tess, Jenny is helping behind the bar. I want you serving the tables and mixing with the guests until the men retire to the office to complete the paperwork. While they're discussing legal niceties, I'm going to take the girls downstairs where they're going to choose a dress for this evening. The party starts at six, but members will start arriving soon after five. Zoe will be getting changed soon, but she's going to help me dress our guests and any members who want a new outfit."

“What shall I do up here?”

“Help Karl and John sort the tables and chairs out. There’s also more decorations to put up. Those guys look after the warehouse for us so are an important part of the business. Are you ready to be part of the team going into the new year?”

I nodded. “I suppose so, but I want to speak to Peter, er, Doctor Finch, before I decide.”

“I’m sure he’ll want you to support the Fellowship’s new venture. You must realize that it was you who brought this fine business to our attention.”

I saw the implications and a link to what Simon was suggesting that I was somehow to blame. Working in the store would give me something to do. Then there was the latex clothing. I was hooked on the heady scent and loved wearing and being wrapped in latex. On the one hand, I was living the dream and on the other, becoming a sex toy for powerful people.

“I’m happy to see how it goes, Miss Vogel.”

“Good. Run along then and be a good Pussy.”

I was worried about what she expected from me; and I was also worried about the lack of protection for my precious, exposed entrance. I would have given anything for a pair of panties but having a tail sticking out of my buttohole put paid to that. I was disappointed to hear that I was going to be on my own in the

dining area.

I crossed the room to the bar and stood beside Roger Baker's companion to wait for Simon. The girl's black hair was cut in a short boy-style. It suited her cute round face. She was slim, and about my height but looked younger than me. The pair were sitting on bar stools while Roger chatted with Simon.

Roger swivelled on his stool and nudged the girl. "Lucy, move down a stool..."

"Yes, Sir." She did as she was told, then Roger moved down a stool to be near me.

I could hardly move away because snubbing him would upset both men. It was Simon who spoke first, having moved sideways to face me. "Kitty, this is Mr. Baker..."

I was still standing but I was leaning with my buttocks against the stool. "Hello, Mr. Baker. Nice to meet you." I raised my tone an octave, just in case he was good at recognizing voices. My heart missed a beat when his expression changed for a moment, but it was a false alarm.

He reached out and gripped my tail, then slid his hand up until it slipped off the end. "I'm a solicitor but I'm also a cat and latex lover. That suit you're wearing is the most feline bit of latex kit I have ever seen."

"Thank you, Sir. Perhaps you might like to buy one for your companion." I was

being catty but hadn't thought through my remark.

"What do you think, Lucy? Could you see yourself going out for an evening in a catsuit like this one?"

Her eyes were like saucers. "Sir, it's far too daring." I could tell that she was shocked by the suggestion. Shocked by me being so close to her.

I was still resting my butt against the stool when he reached out and placed his hand on my latex clad stomach. "It's a lovely suit, Kitty. It looks very tight around your waist."

"The suit, Roger, is manufactured with a thicker midriff section," Simon informed him. "The thickness of the suit averages out at nought point five, but it's thinner across her breasts and posterior area; and thicker elsewhere. Kitty won't mind if you feel the material covering her breasts, will you, Kitty?"

I shook my head slowly. My mixed feelings were at the extreme end of the spectrum. On the one hand I hated having the very man who had sacked me, pawing my body, but on the other hand, I liked the idea of deceiving him. I found myself wondering just how low a man I respected so much, would stoop. I whipped up a fantasy in my mind that I was the one with the power and that I was dominating him.

He reached up and cupped my left tit which was nearest to him. His thumb and forefinger gently squeezed my nipple as he felt the shape of my breast. The sensation was so sensuous it was easy to imagine he was feeling my bare tit.

“Wow, the latex is such a tight fit...” His hand left my breast and slipped down, across my stomach and settled on my belly. His little finger brushed the top of my muff. “Is this fake fur glued to the latex?”

I was standing at right angles to Roger and facing Simon. “Kitty, tell Roger about the clamp.”

My face started to heat up and my heart pound. “Simon, is that necessary?”

He leant forward. “Do you want me to tell Roger?” He was blackmailing me. He was punishing me for a crime I wasn’t aware of.

I didn’t want my identity revealed to Roger while I was dressed in a latex fetish suit. “Um, yes, um, okay. The fur is attached to a clitoral clamp. The latex suit has a slot...”

Realization crossed Roger’s face. “Oh, I get it.”

“Tess, the best way to demonstrate the feature is to sit on the stool.” Roger urged.

Simon wasn’t going to be satisfied until I had completely shamed myself in front of my old boss. I went onto tiptoe and pushed my butt back until I was sitting on the stool. I didn’t want to, but I had to swivel my stool, then open my thighs so

he could see the bottom half of the clamp. The wider I parted my thighs, the wider my labia parted and the easier it was to see my plump lips, the stainless-steel clamp and more...

I gripped my widely parted knees to stop my hands from shaking.

“What do you think, Roger?”

“I think that Kitty is excited and has too much cream.”

I looked down to see a glob of milky exudation forming in my fleshy entrance.

Simon handed Roger a tissue. “Wipe it away, Roger. I don’t want the seats stained.”

I sat frozen while the middle-aged solicitor reached in between my thighs and dabbed the entrance to my quim free of my juices. “There, all done,” he said after withdrawing his hand.

I closed my thighs, swivelled the stool and turned my attention away from my old boss. “Simon, Petra wants me to serve at the tables.”

Roger put his hand on my thigh. “Kitty, have we met before?”

I turned my head and shook it. "I've never needed a solicitor, Sir."

Simon interrupted us. "I think Kitty will enjoy showing you around the dungeon, once we've sorted out the contracts, won't you, Kitty?"

I thought of a way out. "Simon, after you've signed the contract, Miss Vogel will be in charge. I think she's going to be keeping me busy." I slid off the stool and immediately felt relieved.

Simon wasn't going to give up easily. "Kitty, as a favour to me, you'll make time, won't you? We're both staying for the Christmas Party."

That made it more difficult to say no. "Okay, but only if Miss Vogel agrees."

I could tell that he didn't like me pushing back. "Alright. Take that tray..." He pointed at a brown plastic tray sitting on the bar. "...and clear the tables."

Never have I been so pleased to immerse myself in a menial task like waitressing. I tried it when I was at university to earn some spending money and hated it. My life was changing in so many ways, my head was spinning with conflicting thoughts. I didn't know which way to turn.

I missed my doctor and prayed that he arrived at the party sooner rather than later...

Nine ~ Team bonding.

Once the store closed at three o'clock, the elders from the Fellowship, Roger Baker and Simon, retired to Petra's office, to thrash out the deal. Before Simon left the bar, he told me to make sure all the tables were cleaned because the warehouse staff would be arriving to move them. His last words were, 'Help them as much as you can to reconfigure the table and seating for the party'.

Karl and John arrived minutes after the men had disappeared into the office. They had locked the store and Zoe had gone to change. All the women including Lucy were downstairs looking for outfits to wear to the party.

The guys had brought up crates of beer, which Jenny was unloading behind the bar. It only took me five minutes to wipe the tables over, then I helped the lads reposition them around the outside of the room. I had to put up with the lads tugging my tail before we started work.

There were awkward minutes when I tried hard to lower my tail each time I bent over. It was difficult with it springing up again, so I wasn't sure if I had flashed my feminine secrets to the lads or not. When Karl was satisfied with the configuration, I went to the bar to speak to Jenny. She was wearing a shiny black latex dress and a hood with an oval hole for her face. She was a jolly kid and seemed to enjoy working in a fetish store.

We hadn't been talking long when Karl came over. "Tess, we haven't got enough chairs. Can you come down with us to the storage room and help us bring a few up, then we can have a drink together afterwards."

They were all smiles and seemed like genuinely nice guys. Thinking my latex outfit wasn't suitable for that type of work, I tried to fob them off. "Guys, I'm

not very strong.” I suspected that they had seen a flash of my sex while I helped them and had thought of a way to get a better view.

Both lads stood examining my outfit. “Don’t be silly. Come on, let’s get this sorted.”

“Cat-girl was tough in the movies,” John said with a smile on his happy black face.

“Go on, Tess, give them a hand,” Jenny said. “You need to see where we keep all the display stands and gear.”

Petra said that I had to help them – Teamwork, blah, blah. – so, I ought to muck in. I capitulated and followed the surprisingly cheerful upbeat lads. We descended the back stairs to the club lobby, then the lads turned right and set off down the stairs to the dungeon.

“Oh, I didn’t realize we were going down there.”

“Yes, follow us...”

I sensed danger, but then, I guessed, I would feel anxious every time I went down into the dingy basement/dungeon after what had happened to me on the cross. We passed through the lobby, with the photographs stuck to the wall, then turned right. The route to the cross was to the left so I relaxed a bit more. The second aisle was identical to the first, except standing at the end was a modern

version of the punishment stocks.

The door to the storage cupboard was facing us and was open. Inside the large room, which contained a cornucopia of display stands, mannequins, tables and chairs, stood Brian.

He walked forward and stood in the doorway. “Guys, I’ve sorted out the best chairs. Shall we show Tess the stocks first?”

“Brian, I’ve come down to help with the chairs. That’s all,” I said firmly.

Karl put his hand on my shoulder. “Tess, we only want to show it to you. Relax.”

I tried to shake his hand off. “Please, Karl. Let me grab a chair and take it up to the second floor.”

Brian came forward, so I stepped back. “Tess, Miss Vogel asked us to show you the stocks and I know all four of us want to please our new Mistress.”

They shepherded me into the aisle, Karl with a hand on my back and Brian with a hand on my shoulder. Petra made a point of telling me to bond with the guys. I had a nasty feeling that she was testing me to find out what my weaknesses were. Well, I had many and the three guys were exploiting one of them.

“Please tell me what you are planning to do?” I asked as we neared the contraption.

“Tess, you wanted a second picture, so I’m going to take one of you while you’re in the stocks.”

“Everyone has had a go, Tess,” Karl said, trying to placate me.

“You went too far last time. Brian,” I responded.

“You enjoyed it though, didn’t you?” he said softly in my ear.

I turned my head and glared at him. “That’s not the point, Brian. Did Miss Fogel really tell you to show me the stocks?”

We stopped behind the contraption after walking around one of the triangular metal sides that supported an 18” strip of thick plywood. The wood section was about four feet long. It opened so the person could place their head and wrists in the three holes.

I turned around and noticed leather straps attached to the wall as though two people could be restrained at once. One in the stocks and one against the wall. I turned back to discover that Karl had lifted the top half of the wooden section.

“Is it true that Miss Vogel told you to show me this thing?!”

“Absolutely true, Tess. John’s gone to get the camera.”

“I forbid you to take advantage of me once you’ve lowered that part.” I pointed at the hinged wooden section that Karl was holding.

Brian held his hands up and he pulled a shocked expression. “Tess, you asked me to strap you to the cross. I promise, there will be no hanky-panky this time.”

John arrived with the camera and handed it to Karl. “Tess, we want to add your photo to the corkboard in the warehouse office.”

“I’m wearing a hood, Brian.”

“It’ll make a great photo.”

“Brian, I won’t be able to trust you again, if you do anything to me.”

“I swear, Tess, we won’t touch you. Just drop your neck and wrists in there...”
Brian was holding the sectioned to be lowered. Karl was holding the camera, about six feet away; and John was standing at the end.

I looked at the position of the stocks. If I complied with their wishes, my ass would be hard up against the wall. Also, I could see from the construction that it couldn't turn. Therefore, they couldn't attempt to take advantage of me from behind.

I took a deep breath and complied, even though I had serious reservations. I had to bend forward until my back was horizontal to the floor. The three dips in the thick plywood were well padded. as were the curved shapes in the top section. It closed with a loud click.

"Was it supposed to make that sound, Brian?" John asked as he fiddled with the catch on the end.

"John, don't touch it!" Karl shouted at him. He handed the camera to Brian, who looked startled, then came to the end where John was standing. "Did you push that button, dimwit?"

I twisted my head to try and see what was happening. "Karl, take the photograph, then get me out of this bloody contraption."

"Wait a minute. I think John accidentally locked it."

"Then unlock it," I replied, exasperated by their foolish behaviour.

Karl turned to face me and opened his arms apologetically. "I haven't got a key, Tess."

“Simon usually brings the keys down when the club opens. I guess Miss Fogel will have them now,” Brian explained.

“You’ve got to be joking. Why put me in this contraption if you haven’t got the key?” I exclaimed angrily.

“We didn’t know that John was going to push the button, Tess. It doesn’t lock normally.”

“I’m Sorry, Tess,” John mumbled.

Ten percent of me still thought they were fooling around. I was very angry. “Brian, go and get the key,” I demanded.

They were all worried. Brian was the ringleader. “Karl, take John upstairs to the club room and see if Simon has finished,” he said.

Karl looked pissed. “If he’s gone, I’ll have to explain what happened to Miss Vogel. She scared the pants off me when she dropped by the warehouse first thing this morning.”

“Hurry then,” Brian said. “I’ll keep an eye on Tess.”

The warehouse lads trotted off down the aisle, leaving me with the lad who had already shafted me once on a dungeon contraption.

“Miss Vogel is going to be angry with you, Brian.”

He bent down and looked in the eyeholes of the latex hood. “She’s a scary bitch but she told us to show you the stocks.”

“My neck and back are aching.”

“I could try and take your hood off...”

“No. You’d see my bloody angry face.”

“Huh!” He stood up and walked around to stand beside me. “This contraption does things, but I don’t know how it works.”

I couldn’t see him, but I was getting angrier by the minute. “Brian, don’t touch a fucking thing.”

“I was going to rub your back.” He placed one hand on my ass and grabbed my tail with the other. “I don’t know why but seeing you with a tail make me so fucking horny.” He, like the other men, gripped the tail and ran his fist up until it slipped off the end.

He rubbed my ass with his other hand. “Brian, that’s not my back.” He slid his hand down and brushed his fingers over the plain end of the clamp and my labia. “Brian, please...” a finger strayed to my moist, fleshy entrance.

“Girl, you might be cussing me, but this shit turns you on.” He moved his hand back to my ass.

I was miserable, partially because of my predicament, but mainly because I couldn’t control my libido. Every time I found myself in a compromising situation, my body became massively aroused and my furnace heated up. When Brian touched my most secret spot I should have screamed; and yet I wanted him to go further and investigate my velvet tunnel. It had to be the restraints and the fact that I was helpless that turned my quim molten.

“Oh, Brian, I don’t know what on earth is happening to me.”

“Don’t worry, Tess, the lads will send someone down...” Voices interrupted him.

He came around into my vision and went to meet the two men. I cursed under my breath because it was my old boss, Roger Baker and the store’s old boss, Simon. Things were not turning out the way I wanted, again...

Ten ~ taking advantage.

The meeting had obviously ended, and the lads had run into the pair. Simon was holding a bunch of keys, but he dropped them in his pocket as he approached me. Roger stared at me with a lusty expression on his face.

“You say the mechanism is locked, Brian?” Simon asked.

“Yes, Sir. John pushed the button.”

“Okay, I’ll deal with this. Go and help the lads tidy the store. The club doors don’t open till five.”

“Yes, Sir. I’m sorry that we locked Tess in the contraption.”

“Okay, you’re not in any trouble.” Brian seemed happier as he strolled off down the aisle.

“This is an interesting piece of equipment, Simon, but not very erotic.” Roger said as he walked around to one side and then the other.

“Looks can be deceiving, heh, Kitty?” Simon responded. He disappeared to the right-hand side. “Watch carefully, Roger.”

I heard a click, then the wooden part of the stocks started to rise and take my head and arms with it. In fact, the board was going up and back.

“Simon, what’s happening?!” I cried anxiously.

“Kitty, calm down. Wait and see. You’ll be more comfortable in a few seconds.”

The board rose, tilted and went backward until the top edge was against the wall. The side metal triangles had swivelled on the back point, turning the vertical plywood board into a horizontal one. It was marginally more comfortable for me, for I had gone from bending forward to standing upright. However, the wooden panel was only four feet off the ground, so I had to bend my knees. Having travelled up and back, I found my back was against the wall.

“That is so clever, Simon,” Steven said.

“Are you going to let me out of this thing, Simon?” I asked, trying to sound calm but failing.

“In a minute, Kitty. Let me show Roger the rest of the features.”

Simon ducked down and reached either side of my body. After grasping the ends of the wide leather straps hanging from the wall, he buckled them together, then tightened the strap, pinning me tight against the wall. Because the strong belt gripped my body just under my tits, I began to seriously worry about its purpose.

Simon backed away and pointed to the corners of the metal triangles that had lifted, as the triangle rotated. They were about four feet apart, the same width of the board my head and hands were sticking through.

“Look, Roger, open that little flap and pull out the stirrup.”

I stared in disbelief as both men hinged a stirrup out of each side. “There, all we have to do now is lift Kitty’s legs.”

They both reached for a leg each, Simon my left and Roger my right. “Simon, please, don’t do this.” I pleaded as they pulled my legs up into the air.

“Quiet, Tess...”

They had to spread my thighs wide apart to be able to hook my legs in the padded stirrups. The strap around my chest supported my body, while the height of my sex was perfect for either man to step forward and spear my quim. I couldn’t see it, but I suspected my succulent entrance was oozing copious amounts of cream.

It was Roger who stepped forward. He came close and lifted my latex clad chin, then looked at the gold tag hanging from the collar. “Brian and you called her Tess, Simon.”

“That’s right.”

“That’s a coincidence because I fired a girl today. Her name was Tess.”

“Common name. Why did you fire her?”

“She was a dick teaser. Making eyes at me, rubbing her tits against my arm, flashing her panties...” He reached down and released his tackle, then steered his knob into my entrance. “...then, when I took the bait...” My quim was liquified and quickly devoured the entire length of his moderately sized cock. “...when I slid my hand up under her skirt, the little bitch chickened out. I think she wanted to be my secretary.”

I was so intent on listening to his warped, inaccurate story that I failed to feel outraged at the way he was taking advantage of me. Roger was only half the man Peter was. Then, despite his best efforts to piston fuck me like a real man, the fuck was over too quickly to trigger my orgasm.

Simon waited for Roger to tuck his cock away before asking him another question. “So is Lucy the answer to all your prayers?”

“I think so. She interviewed well. When I brought up the subject of work uniform, she lifted her skirt and showed me her panties. I have them in my pocket.”

“It sounds as though you’ve found yourself the perfect submissive.”

“I think so. Shall I give you a hand to release Kitty?”

“No. Why don’t you go up to the bar and get yourself a drink. I’ll sort Kitty out.”

“This place has opened my eyes, Simon. We’ve both has a result today.” He patted Simon on the back, then headed for the exit.

Simon waited until we were alone. “Tess, are you still wondering why I was angry at you?”

“Can you release me first, please. My whole body is aching.”

He had to do everything in reverse, including bringing the plywood section imprisoning my neck and hands to its original vertical position. He then unlocked the stocks, lifted the top and freed me.

I sat back on my heels, looking up at Simon. “It has something to do with my meeting Doctor Finch doesn’t it?”

“Yes, you put the Fellowship onto me through him, but the only way they could put pressure on me to sell was by threatening to inform the police that I was drugging my customers.”

“My god. How did they know that?”

He shook his head. “You went home wearing the free neckless. It was a one in a million chance, but Doctor Finch just happens to be an anaesthesiologist. He identified the substance in the rock straight away, and from that moment on, the Fellowship had me where they wanted me. The good news is that Roger helped me secure a good price for the company and they have agreed to let me stay on here as assistant manager to Miss Vogel. Come on, we had better go upstairs and have a drink to celebrate what I think has turned out to be a happy ending.”

I got to my feet and accompanied Simon upstairs. He might have been pleased with the outcome but after being fucked by the weasel solicitor and listening to his sordid tale, I was far from happy. Then, there was the necklace. Had it been responsible in some way for the way I capitulated to Zoe’s persuasive sales techniques? As I climbed the stairs, I began to reassess my impression of Zoe.

Was she a friend or had she given me the neckless knowing that it was made of a toxic substance...?

Eleven ~ The Fellowship.

Between four and five o'clock, Zoe and I helped the warehouse lads put up some more decorations. Thankfully, we weren't the ones climbing the step ladders. Zoe looked spectacular in her clitoral pink catsuit. The latex was dusty pink while her furry bits were baby pink. She was so friendly and attentive and completely unaware of the torrid time I had suffered in the dungeon.

The four girls who Petra dressed from the stock downstairs, paired up with their men and stood at the bar having some early celebratory drinks. The dominatrix had gone to town on the girls. Adding leather collars and cuffs and latex stockings and gloves. The men were delighted to see their companions sheathed in latex, but I wasn't sure if all four girls enjoyed the experience.

Then, at five o'clock, the rear club doors were opened and Julia sent me down to stand with Brian and welcome the club members. My outfit was perfect to showcase the store's latest products. It had the 'wow' factor, as did Brian's 'western' themed outfit. Petra had dressed him in a white silk shirt, black leather pants, waistcoat and a black leather cowboy hat.

After about ten minutes, there was a lull, enabling us to have a chat. "Tess, I look a right prat in this gear, don't you think?"

"No, I think it looks great. All that's missing is a horse."

"Huh. More like a motor bike."

“Fancy yourself as a Hell’s Angel?”

He moved closer. “Nah. You’re the angel and I want to give you hell. What about you and me going to the storeroom when we get a break.”

I patted his cheek. “Brian, what we did was a one-off. Forget it ever happened.”

“Are you kidding? Having sex with a drop-dead gorgeous babe like you? No chance!”

I was flattered. “Alright. Tuck it away in here...” I tapped his head. “...and save it for a lonely night.”

“Was that the first time you rode a black cock?”

I was grateful for the hood. “Maybe.”

“It was,” he said gleefully, then rubbed his crotch. “It’s ready and waiting whenever you want more.”

We were interrupted by the door opening. A cold wind accompanied the party of four. “Fuck,” one of the young men said while studying my outfit. “Great catsuit.

I feel warmer already.”

We examined their tickets and took their coats. They exchanged banter with Brian, then climbed the stairs to the clubroom. The girls were dressed in latex minidresses. The girl with the blue tube dress was wearing matching panties while the girl with the skater-style dress was only wearing a butt plug with a red jewel on the end.

Brian, standing beside me gazed up the stairs. “It’s a bit draughty working on the door, but it’s not a bad gig...”

I was going to respond, but the young Elder, Trevor Miller, appeared at the top of the stairs. He had to dodge the members who were on the way up, then continued down and stopped on the bottom step.

“Brian, I’m taking Tess for fifteen minutes. Maybe more. If you need any help, ask and we’ll send someone down.”

“Oh, yes, alright, Sir.”

He was disappointed to see me go. I liked the lad but not enough to meet him in the storage room. Trevor climbed the stairs beside me. “We’re going to the office for a chat, Tess,” he said in a friendly tone.

“I hope I’m not in trouble.”

“Have you been naughty?”

“Um, that depends on what you define as naughty.”

The clubroom was filling up. Trevor’s presence made it easy for us to weave among the members on our way to the bar. I was no longer the odd one out for there were at least 20 girls wearing latex outfits at the party.

Simon came down to lift the flap. “Will you be long with Tess, Mr Miller?” he asked.

We slipped in behind the bar so that Simon could close the flap. “I’m not sure, Simon. Fetch us a drink, would you?”

“I know Tess’s poison. Yours is?”

“Jack Daniels on the rocks.”

After Simon had moved down the bar to sort the drinks out, Trevor turned to me. “Tess, I’m going to take your hood off.”

“Um, Sir, if it’s alright with you, I’d like to keep it on.” I glanced along the bar

and then out across the room.

“Roger Baker and Lucy are over by the photo wall.” He reached behind my neck and unbuckled the collar. “They won’t see you for a while.”

“Oh, you know about...?”

“Only what Petra told me. I want you to give me the full account of your dealings with the solicitor.”

Again, he reached around my head to unzip the back of the hood. Moments later he was pulling it off my head. He reached in his pocket and handed me a clean hanky. Here, wipe your face.”

I dabbed my cheeks and forehead and pushed a few strands of hair out of my face. Simon placed the glasses down beside me and gave me a curious look but didn’t say anything.

“Thanks, Simon,” Trevor took the hanky back and examined my face while he refastened the collar around my neck. “Doctor Finch was right.”

“Peter? What was he right about?”

“He said you are beautiful.”

“Oh, er, he’s too nice,” was all I could think of saying.

“Peter said he would be here between six and seven. Come on, grab our drinks and let’s go and have that chat.” After picking up the hood, he pushed the door to the office open and ushered me inside.

I was immediately met by a shocking sight. Another of the elders was sitting in the office chair, leaning back with his hands behind his head. Standing, but bending at the waist, with her head in the elder’s lap, was the pink latex figure of Zoe.

Zoe’s hood, collar and clitoral clamp lay on the floor beside the chair. Her legs were well parted and she was supporting herself by gripping the arms of the chair. The elder’s hands were on Zoe’s matted hair and appeared to be urging her to bob faster. Her slurping sounds were mixed with the elder’s appreciative low-key grunting.

Trevor pointed at Zoe’s pretty sex, accentuated by the tightness of the latex suit covering her cute ass. A trickle of jiz had started its journey down her latex clad thigh, from her gaping orifice. “Quick, clean Zoe, then we’ll have that drink.”

I placed the drinks on the desk, then dropped to my knees right behind Zoe. I owed her one, so after licking up the slither of cum, I pushed my mouth against her sex and lapped her plump lips and clitoral ridge for all I was worth. I glanced sideways to see Trevor watching my performance intensely, while sipping his whisky.

Zoe wiggled her butt urging me to intensify my ministrations. I licked, nibbled and plunged my tongue into every crevice of her sex. I also hoovered out as much jiz as I could after poking my tongue into her succulence as deep as it would go.

When she finished her oral task, she had to stand, at which point I retreated and also climbed to my feet. All my doubts about her honesty faded when she turned to face me. There was a brief pause, then we were kissing each other passionately.

“Okay, so you two are friends. We get it,” Trevor said after gently slapping my ass. We broke apart, but she clung onto me. “Zoe, out. I need to chat to Tess.”

“Yes, Sir,” she said breathlessly. “What about my hood and clamp?”

“They stay off for the rest of the evening but put your collar on. “Oh, and do your hair.”

Zoe kissed me on the cheek, picked up the collar, then hurried from the office.

The older elder got to his feet. “The office is all yours, Trev.” He patted me on the head and handed me a comb he had removed from his back pocket. “Here, Tess. Do your hair before you leave the office.”

“Thanks, Sir.”

Trevor waited till we were alone then turned and cleared one end of the desk. He patted the edge. “Sit up here, Tess. I like to stand and be intimate when I’m discussing important matters.”

He helped me up so that I was sitting on the edge. The desk was clear behind me, so it didn’t take much imagination to guess his next instruction. However, the tall dark-haired Elder resisted the obvious and handed me my drink. We both sipped from our glasses. When he came closer, I opened my thighs which pleased him.

“Tess, Miss Vogel informed the elders that you were made redundant this morning.”

“Yes, Sir, that’s correct. I used to work for ‘Thomas, Smith & Baker’. I... I didn’t do anything wrong...”

He lifted his finger to my lips. “Hush. By coincidence, Roger Baker is Simon’s solicitor.”

I nodded. “Yes, Sir.”

“Tell me exactly what happened and the reason Baker gave, for making you redundant.”

While I sat on the edge of the desk, I recounted my conversation with Roger to the young, handsome elder. Halfway through my speech, he gently guided me back until I was laying on my back, on the desk. He listened and asked me questions that were easily answered. I included the encounter in the dungeon and how he had taken advantage of me with Simon's help. When I had finished, he picked up a screwdriver.

"Tess, I'm going to remove your clitoral clamp. You won't need it during the party."

"Oh, okay."

"Lift your legs until your knees are on your chest." He waited, then examined the clam-like device nestling between my fulsome labia lips.

He removed the fluff ball first, then the clamp by unscrewing the tiny locking screw. "There..."

"Ahhhhh, that's tender," I gasped when he rubbed my tender ridge and nub.

"Stop complaining, Tess. Pain and pleasure come hand in hand."

His thumb became more active, mashing and rubbing my clitoral flesh, providing me with both emotions at once. He expected me to learn and accept the Fellowship's ways and rules. He expected me to obey his every demand...

Twelve ~ The power and the sex.

I couldn't help feeling that I was being drawn into a sex cult and yet, I had no desire to fight against the powerful forces dragging me in. Trevor placed his hands on the back of my thighs and leant over. "I'm sure you want to make your contribution to the Fellowship's family spirit, especially on this night of celebration."

"Um, yes, er, of course, Sir."

He unzipped, removed his cock and eased his blunt knob into my salivating orifice. I was juicier and more molten than I had ever been. I fantasized that he was taking a risk inserting his cool shaft into my fiery inferno. His cock felt wonderful, although I wished it belonged to Peter. The deeper it burrowed, the more it stretched my youthful vagina. Then, he was rocking slowly back and forth, taking his time to appreciate the contours of the honey nest he was visiting.

"Tess, in the coming hour, I'm going to demonstrate the power of the Fellowship to you. That is, provided you're prepared to commit yourself one hundred percent to our family."

I was relaxed and in a blissful place while he powered his rock-hard cock back and forth, occasionally bottoming out, when he gave me a glimpse of his brutal side.

"Oh, yes, Master, I want to be one of the Fellowship's family..."

“Then, Tess, you will be rewarded...”

That was the moment my orgasm spiralled out of control. The rest of his words were lost, if indeed there were any more spoken. I moaned and cried, while the elder anointed me with his jiz and bamboozled me with his promises.

The crazy, spinning world calmed after he had withdrawn and moved around to the end of the desk. “Tess.” I opened my eyes to find Trevor leaning over me. He was holding a tampon. “Put this in and get off the desk.”

Once I had plugged myself and gotten to my feet, I realized that my labia was partially visible without the clamp and ball of fluff. “Um, do you want me to go out there like this, Sir?”

“Tess. Go, look in the mirror and comb your hair.” He handed me my drink and finished his own. “You and Zoe are going to be the focal point of this party.”

I downed the rest of my drink, then went over to the mirror. It was my fourth Bacardi and desperately needed. If I clamped my thighs together, about an inch of my pudendal cleft and plump labia lips showed. It was lewd, but because of the ultra-sexy latex catsuit, hugging my slim body the way it did, it wasn’t the only thing the eye was drawn to. My bubble-like ass cheeks, my cat tail and my pert, firm tits, were all distractions that persuaded me that I could live with people having a glimpse of my sex.

“Are you okay, Tess?”

“I think so, Sir.”

“Good. Go out there, find your old boss and bring him to me.”

“Me? I... I’ll die when he sees me.”

“No, you won’t. Just say hello Roger and take it from there. You look incredible, Tess. Be confident in yourself, for you are now an important member of the fellowship.”

“Oh, all right. Will it be okay if I get myself another drink?”

“Do what I ask first, Tess. You’ve got to focus and do as you’re told. That way you will be rewarded. Do you know the alternative?”

“Punishment?” I whispered.

“Yes, Tess. If you displease me, I will take you down to the chair and warm your posterior with the tawse. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir. I will go and get Mr. Baker.”

When I emerged from the office, Christmas music was resonating around the

club room. It was Wham's hit, one of my favourites. It put me in a better mood and I felt more relaxed. The bar was packed and all heads turned in my direction. Jenny and Simon, who were serving, also spotted me.

"Oh, Tess is back with us!" he announced to the line of drinkers who were mainly men. "Come on, Tess, help out here."

I walked along to Simon and ignored the compliments. "Have you seen Roger?"

He scratched his head. "You've got some bottle, Tess."

"I think he ought to know who he's been fucking."

"He's over there on the dancefloor hovering around Zoe. Um, by the way, Tess, he's no friend of mine. I was only doing what I was told to do."

"What do you mean?"

"Take him down to see you..."

"Ahhh, it was a set-up. There's a recording on one of your machines, isn't there?"

He touched the side of his nose. “Go and do as you’re told.”

After Simon let me out, I made my way through the revellers and almost immediately saw Zoe dancing on her own, on the raised platform. “Tess,” she shouted. “Get up here with me.”

That was the moment when Roger Baker turned and spotted me. I approached the startled man. He was down to his white shirt and had rolled the sleeves up.

“Oh my god,” he gasped. “It’s you, Tess... I... er, I don’t know what to say.”

“Roger, Trevor Miller wants to see you in the office.”

“What about?”

“About me.”

“Oh, um okay. Lead the way.”

That’s exactly what I did. As soon as I had showed him into the office, I was dismissed. I blagged another drink off Simon, then returned to the dancefloor and joined Zoe on the podium.

“Let’s give them a show to remember.” Zoe suggested.

She was a very persuasive kid. I couldn’t resist her character and cheeky face. “Why not.” She grabbed me and while we smooched to ‘I’m Dreaming of a White Christmas’, we had an enormous snog.

The members and guests soon migrated to the dancefloor to watch the spectacle of a pair of latex clad lesbians making out on the podium. Zoe slowly dropped to her knees, kissing my body until she was in position to thrust her mouth against my sex.

I was shocked by her risqué exhibitionism, but the drink and occasion overwhelmed me. I writhed and combed her hair with my fingers while she ferociously lapped my sex. When she finished, I returned the favour, gripping her cute ass cheeks and nuzzling her sex for all I was worth.

I was back on my feet when Peter arrived. He spotted me the moment I jumped down from the small stage. “Peter,” I cried and ran into his arms.

When I kissed him madly, he returned the passion and held me tightly for a minute. Then, he let me down. “Where’s the office, Tess?”

I pointed. “Behind the bar.”

“Come on. Trevor Miller phoned me five minutes ago. We’re to meet him there.”

Simon lifted the flap, then I opened the door before leading Peter into the office. Trevor was sitting beside the desk while Roger was standing at the far end. He looked as white as a sheet. Two chairs had been placed at an angle, facing the two men.

“Please, take a seat, Doctor Finch, Tess. Roger wants to make a statement.”

He looked as though he had seen a ghost. “Um, Tess, I want to apologize for my disgusting behaviour. I made a mistake this morning, making you redundant. I’m rescinding that. It never happened. You are still an important part of the firm. To make amends, I’ve decided to promote you to be my secretary. That is until your own office is ready. You’ll have your own clients and a secretary as well.”

“Money, Roger. Explain about the money,” Trevor said.

“Yes, you can keep what we’ve already paid you and from the first of January, your salary will be 45K a year.”

“Hours, Roger.”

“Yes, you’ll be on a four-day week from nine to five.”

“Thank you, Roger, you can go home now.”

“I’m so sorry, Tess,” he said as he passed me.

I waited for the door to close. “Sir, that was unbelievable...”

Trevor leant forward on his desk. “Tess, you belong to the ‘Respect Fellowship’. You’re part of our family now. We are powerful and tonight you’ve seen proof of our strength.”

Peter put his hand on my arm. “We, I, will look after you for ever, Tess. Never, ever doubt that.”

I nodded slowly. “I’m very grateful to the Fellowship. Thank you, Trevor.”

“By the way Tess, we expect you to work one day a week in this store and help out on the sales side. Now go back to the hall and have some fun.”

Peter stood up and kissed me. “I have a lot to discuss with Trevor. Go and have some fun, I’ll be with you soon...”

I was euphoric as I made my way back to the podium. I was surprised to see Petra dancing with Zoe. There was enough room for three, so I joined them. Roger had left the party. I wasn’t too worried about returning to work there, but I was concerned about the ease with which the Fellowship turned things around for me.

I was also concerned that I was massively in their debt. There was going to be a price to pay and it was bound to involve sex and pain. Hopefully, more of the former than the latter...

The End of Part Three

Sample of Part Four

Chapter One.

Waking with a hangover wasn't one of my favourite pastimes. My head was buzzing like a chainsaw and my mouth was as dry as an old sock. I slowly pushed myself up into a sitting position and wondered why I was alone in the pink room. I was naked under the covers and it looked as though I had slept alone, for the other half of the bed was undisturbed.

Recalling a fleeting memory, I lifted my hands to my neck. The gold collar was back! Was I restricted to four-word sentences again? If I was, I would complain to Peter. It wasn't a nice way to treat a girlfriend. Especially one living with him. I liked him being bossy and playing latex sex games, but restricting my speech was a step too far.

Then, remembering more of my actions, I reached down, under the covers. After parting my legs, I stroked my sex. The plug and tail were gone. My memory was hazy, but I recalled Zoe helping me in the toilet. I was feeling ill at the time and was in a state of drunken bliss,

I remember dancing and fooling around with Zoe and Petra on the podium and another girl who came with the Elders. It was barely large enough for the four of us to move around on. Peter spent a long time in the office with Trevor, then the pair came out and danced with Zoe and me. For two guys in their late thirties, they could move well to the music.

Zoe encouraged the warehouse lads, who had changed into their smart clothes, to mix with us. Brian was there, trying to get me to go downstairs with him, but I

resisted him and stayed on the dance floor. Then, after about my tenth drink, I went and sat down for a rest. That was the last I remember until I was in the bathroom with Zoe and Petra.

That's when they removed the butt plug and tail. They also removed the latex suit while I laid on the bedroom floor, then they must have put me to bed. I couldn't remember having the collar fitted. That must have happened while I was out for the count.

The digital clock read 7:46. I immediately wondered why no one had woken me. Then I remembered Peter's digital assistant.

"Roxanna, can I speak?"

'Tess, there are currently no restrictions on your speech.'

"Roxanna, where is everyone?"

'Tess, the Master is in the fitness room. You will find a pair of airpods on the nightstand. Fit them in your ears...' I rolled my eyes. The fitness room was the last place I wanted to go with my bear head.

I found the blue tooth earphones and pressed them into my ears. 'The Master wants you to shower, then fit the Roth-Twin device which is on the dressing table. Select a skirt and trainers from the robe, then join him in the fitness room.'

I threw the covers back. I was already fed up with a digital voice ordering me around.

“Roxanna, where is Zoe?”

‘Tess, the clock is ticking.’

“Fuck! Roxanna, how long have I got?”

‘Eleven minutes, twenty seconds to the first marker and counting.’

“Fuck, Fuck!” I raced into the bathroom, did a wee and stepped under the shower. “This isn’t happening to me,” I muttered.

I hurried as fast as I could. I took a towel back into the bedroom with me so I could continue rubbing my hair. I refitted the airpods, then noticed one of the wardrobe doors opening.

‘Tess, select a skirt from the top drawer and trainers from the bottom drawer, then put them on.’

“I know, I know,” I muttered. “First things first.” It was annoying having ‘Big

Sister' talking in my ears.

I took the trouble to loosen my anus and apply plenty of soap in the shower. My heart sank when I found the four parts of the chastity devices lying on the dressing table. I guessed the other one was for Zoe. Where the hell was she? I wondered. Every time I looked at the stainless-steel plug and curved dildo, they looked larger. Still, it was an easy device to fit, but bloody uncomfortable!

I squatted to push the dildo home, from below, as though I was doing a shit in reverse. "Oooo," I groaned when the cold steel stretched my anal muscles, then shot in past them and nestled in my rectum.

The curved dildo was larger in girth than the one I used to play with in bed, but smaller than Peter's magnificent cock. Strangely though my quim gripped the ribbed design and because I wasn't sexually excited, it needed a firm thrust to push it right in.

I then had to spread my major lips before I could press the jack home into the plug and the shield against my clitoral flesh. A click told me that I had effectively temporarily blocked myself from any form of masturbation. The whole process took less than thirty seconds.

I went to the wardrobe, pulled the top drawer open and took out a white skirt. I chose that one because the baby pink one I wore the previous day hadn't been replaced. The pleated skirt was tight around my waist and only just covered my butt cheeks. I found a pair of trainers that fitted me. My hair was still damp, so when I rushed from the bedroom, I took the towel with me.

I was supposed to turn right, along the landing, but I noticed that the door to the master bedroom was ajar. I couldn't resist having a nose, so I pushed it open. There, laying naked on her front, on Peter's bed, was Zoe. I felt a sudden pang of intense jealousy. There was no sign of Peter, so I guessed I was meeting him in the fitness room. I set off along the landing.

‘Attention, Tess. Ten seconds to the first marker.’

I was relieved to be pushing the door open and thus avoided being punished. The threat from Roxanne had worked and brought my senses to life.

“Roxanna, I'm ready,” I called out as soon as I was inside.

The long room was dark apart from an area at the far end where two cycling machines had been placed in front of a huge TV screen. The light from a large, curved screen, illuminated the two men, Peter and Trevor, with an eerie glow. They were racing each other on the bikes, while watching a virtual screen that showed them cycling along a forest track.

A light switched on, over a running machine quite close to where the men were cycling. It was one of two facing another screen.

‘Tess, bringing a towel to the fitness room, from the bathroom, is a minor infraction,’ a man's voice informed me through the airpods. Tess, my name is Douglas, I am your digital trainer.”

“What the fuck?” I muttered. “Douglas, what’s going on?”

Tess, your first exercise is on the running machine. The seconds are ticking.

I could see the machine but I wanted to speak to someone. Anyone! There wasn’t an aisle through the fitness machines, so I had to weave past several before reaching the running machine. The console was lit and a red number was flashing as it descended. It had reached 22... 21... 20... I didn’t doubt that I would be punished if I didn’t start using the machine.

I dropped the towel on the floor at the front and stepped onto the black rubber conveyor belt. The moment I started walking, the whole console lit up. The display showed a circular red pie and above it the readout – 0%. There was more information on the console, like speed and distance but my attention was grabbed by the brilliant graphics on the huge screen in front of me.

They were so good, it actually felt as though I was walking along a rough path, through a sparse forest. To my amazement, the sound of my feet treading on the forest floor came through the earphones, adding to the realism. I jumped when Douglas interrupted my thoughts.

“Tess, today, you will be tested, then your fitness will be assessed. Pick up the grips from the tray and hold them in your fists, then start jogging.”

I complied by holding the metal grips and increasing my pace to a gentle jog. The digital fitness instructor kept silent while I trotted along at an easy pace. I had never attended a fitness centre, but I was fit, and I was comfortable jogging.

I was slim and 5'5" tall. My shapely firm 'A' tits had very little bounce which meant I could get away without wearing a bra. All the men I had dated complimented my large firm nipples and usually homed in on them at the earliest opportunity.

'Tess, a runner will pass you, try and keep up with her. Fall behind and you will be punished.'

"Ow!" I exclaimed when a sharp pain stabbed inside my back passage. "That fucking hurt," I complained.

'Tess, that was a sample,' Douglas informed me.

'Tess, any future swearing is a minor infraction. This is your final warning,' Roxanna added.

Anger was welling inside me when a digital runner – a girl dressed in a white skirt, t-shirt and sneakers – entered the screen from the right. The digital figure overtook me and jogged off down the track. When I increased my pace, I was pleased to discover that I could keep up with her.

After a minute, I glanced at the console. It showed I had completed 5% of the journey. The darkened room and the crystal-clear screen almost made the exercise enjoyable. The forest scenery changed frequently from sparse to densely populated. From gloomy, overhead canopy, to bright open skies.

I had heard of the term ‘rocket up your ass’. Well, I received the first stabbing pain just after the halfway stage. As my legs tired and my puff ran out, the digital runner started to get away. She wasn’t running any faster, I was slowing.

“Nooooo!” I cried the instant the anal plug zapped me internally. It was a horrible, sharp sensation that brought tears to my eyes and a reaction from my legs.

It had the desired effect, but even though I closed the gap, it wasn’t long before I started to flag again. “I can’t keep up,” I wailed. “Douglas, don’t shock me again. Pleezzzzzz...”

Peter and Trevor, who were still cycling, didn’t even glance in my direction. They too were wearing airpods and probably listening to music while they cycled. The digital trainer remained silent, but the runner I was following began to slow down. A sign flashed up. ‘The exercise is finished. Warm down’.

I glanced down at the pie chart. It read 65%. After five minutes of walking at a brisk pace, the screen went blank.

‘Tess, return the grips to the tray and go to the rest area. I will inform you when to go to the next exercise machine.’

I stumbled off the rolling road, picked up the towel and walked over to the small rest area. The light came on as I stepped onto the ceramic tiled area. There was a padded bench, a sink and a water dispenser. I helped myself to a plastic cup of

water and sat down. I was sipping it when Zoe entered the room.

“Roxanna, I’m ready,” she said loudly.

She was dressed in a red skirt and trainers and made her way to the running machine. Her hair was wet like mine, but she had left the towel behind. We exchanged waves, then she stepped onto the running machine. I was surprised that she was being treated in an identical fashion to me. I could understand Peter wanting to get me fit, but not Zoe. After all, she was a guest, wasn’t she??

End of Sample.

Thank you for reading my work. I really appreciate it.

I hope you enjoyed the third part of this multi-part series.

Thanks again. Amelia.

This book has been published by Stark Books

Facebook - <https://www.facebook.com/amelia.stark.98>

Join Amelia's Facebook group 'Books of an Adult Nature'.

<http://bit.ly/AdultNature>

Follow on Twitter - AmeliaStark_18

Email – amelia.stark@mail.com

Amelia Stark books on Smashwords

Stand Alone Novels

[Winter Pet](#)

[Extreme Obedience](#)

[Amber's Total Transformation](#)

[Danger in the Backwoods](#)

[Dark Submission](#)

[Arrested Detained Enslaved](#)

[In Restraints](#)

[Groomed, Trapped, & Enslaved.](#)

[Making a Submissive](#)

Multi-Part Series

[Tess's Fetish Training A Latex Christmas \(3 Volumes\)](#)

[Becoming a Porn Star – Six Parts \(5 Volumes\)](#)

[Hooded Games – Five Parts \(4 Volumes\)](#)

[Arabella and Sandy – Two Parts](#)

[Obey Him – Five Parts](#)

[Trained to Race – Seven Parts](#)

[Trained to Obey – Nine Parts](#)

[Savage Jungle – Eight Parts](#)

[\(Including 3 Prequel Compendiums\)](#)

[His Doll – Six Parts](#)

[His Pet – Nine Parts](#)

[His Harem – Six Parts](#)

[The Captain's Club – Three Parts](#)

[Pony-girl & Puppy-girl World – Seven Parts](#)

[Double Domination – Three Parts](#)

[Maggie: Out of her Depth – Two Parts](#)

[Enslaved by the Rebel Army – Four Parts](#)

[The Replacement Pet – Three Parts](#)

[Selected Trained Delivered – Five Parts](#)

The Puppy-girl Farm – Three Parts

[The Pain Academy – Three Parts](#)

[Making a Puppy-girl – Two Parts](#)

[Hijacked, Restrained, Trained – Three Parts](#)

[The Vampire Doll Series – Four Parts](#)

(112 eBooks) (21 Series)

Compendiums

[His Harem Compendium Volume 1](#)

[His Harem Compendium Volume 2](#)

[His Pet Compendium: Volume 1](#)

[His Pet Compendium: Volume 2](#)

[His Pet Compendium: Volume 3](#)

Laura Sinn

[Laura Sinn's Author page](#)

Sweet Revenge – Three Parts

Tabatha Wild

[Tabatha Wild's Author page](#)

The Reluctant Waitress (3 Parts)

Reluctant Change

Making a Sissy

Switched – Into Another Body.

The Reluctant Player

Amelia Stark Paperbacks (23)

Trained to Obey: 1 Volume

A Submissive Lost: 7 Volumes

The Savage Jungle: 5 Volumes

His Harem Compendium: 2 Volumes

His Pet Compendium: 3 Volumes

His Doll Compendium: 3 Volumes

Christmas Pet