



MURDER, MY SLAVE
A TREVOR GANTT EROTIC MYSTERY
GEMMA STONE

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Murder, My Slave
A Trevor Gantt Erotic Mystery
by

Gemma Stone

ISBN: 978-1-950910-32-8

A Pink Flamingo Ebook Publication

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Chapter One A New Home

Trevor Gantt stood in the law office of John Norwood. "Thanks for all your help, John."

"No problem, Trevor. I am happy to be of assistance. Buying a house off the internet without seeing it, except in photos, is unusual but not unheard of." Handing the new owner the keys, the lawyer said, "Welcome to the neighborhood."

"Did my things arrive?"

"Yes, the day before yesterday. You paid the movers to unpack. I supervised, and everything is just where you instructed."

Thirty minutes later, Gantt turned onto the gravel road that led to Cherry Hill, the mansion he had purchased. As he drew closer, he saw a smaller structure about fifty yards in front of the main house. Beside it was a pond. A young topless woman was swimming. When she saw the car, she dived underwater and surfaced wearing her bikini top. *Talented*, Gantt thought. As he pulled his car to stop, he watched her withdraw into the small building.

Getting out of the car, he knocked on the door. The woman he had seen answered the door, still in her bikini and drying her hair with a towel. "Hi, I'm Trevor Gantt, the new owner."

Extending her right hand, she said, "I'm Emma Ward." Gantt shook her hand. "Please come in." Entering, he saw a single long room. Part was set up with a four-poster brass bed. Beyond that, there was a sitting area, and beyond the sofa and chairs, there was a kitchenette. "Can I get you a cup of coffee?"

Wanting to spend more with the attractive woman, Gantt said, "Thank you. That would be great." Walking to the kitchen area, she poured a mug and handed it to him. "Do you live here?" he asked.

“Yes, the bank let me live here rent-free in exchange for looking after the place. I guess now that you’re here, you’ll want me to move out.”

“I’m afraid I don’t need a caretaker.”

“I’m sorry about your first sight of me. As you can see, it’s fairly isolated out here. Usually the only car I see all day is the postal carrier, and he keeps to a regular schedule. I often skinny dip. Lucky for me today I had my bikini on,” she explained.

Gantt was anything but sorry. “Do you do anything other than housesit?”

“I’m a writer. I write BDSM erotica,” Emma said without a trace of defensiveness.

“Is that lucrative?” he asked.

“I do OK, and I don’t have many expenses. But I guess if I have to move that will end.”

“Tell me,” Gantt said, “do you just write about BDSM, or are you also a practitioner?”

“You know what they always tell writers: write what you know. Do you know bondage and discipline? I’m a sub.”

“Are you collared?”

A lascivious smile lit up her face. “Oh, you *do* know it. No, I’m not collared, but I have a woman in town I see. She’s vice president at the local bank. Would you like to see her?” Gantt gestured with his coffee cup, indicating the affirmative. Emma walked to her laptop on a desk in the sitting area. A few keystrokes later, a photograph appeared. He saw a good-looking blonde, about thirty, in Dominatrix gear.

“She’s very attractive. How long have you been involved in the lifestyle?” he asked.

“Three years—ever since I graduated from college.”

“You’re right. I do know the lifestyle. I’m a Dom,” Gantt acknowledged.

“It really is a small world, isn’t it?”

Without any explanation, Gantt said, “Take off your top.”

Emma hesitated, “No,” she said, blushing.

“I’ve already seen your tits. They looked quite nice. Now I want to see them up close.” As her blush faded, Emma untied her bikini top and pulled it off over her head. Gantt approached her. Putting down his mug, he fondled her breasts. She was about 5’4” with a slender build. Her breasts were not large—a B-cup—but they were pert and fit her frame. He put his hands on her hips. Her bottom was tied on either side in bows. Gantt tugged and untied both sides at once. She clamped her legs together protecting the skimpy bottom. He pulled it out between her legs. She was now nude. As he fingered her pudendum, he felt she was wet. “Does being naked always turn you on?”

Emma grinned. “Not when I’m alone.”

“I’d hate to turn you out in the streets. Come to the big house for dinner. Perhaps we can work something out.”

“Thank you, Sir,” she replied.

“Come at six, and there’s no need to dress. Do you understand, sub?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good. I’ll see you at six, and be prompt. I’ll show myself out.” With that, he turned and left.

As per Gantt’s instructions, Norwood had stocked the refrigerator. Gantt’s own spices, other pantry items, and his wine collection had been brought by the movers. He popped a whole chicken the convection oven. Five minutes before six o’clock, Gantt glanced out the front window and saw a naked Emma Ward crossing the expanse of green grass between the two structures. *Obedient*, he thought. *I like that*. He opened the door. “Welcome, sub. I’m glad to see you obeyed my instructions to remain in the buff.”

“You were quite clear. Aren’t you overdressed?”

“There will be time enough after supper. First, I want to talk to you and get to know you. Would you like a glass of wine? I have white in the fridge, and I also have red.”

“What’s for dinner?” she asked.

“Nothing elaborate. Just roast chicken and wild rice,” he replied.

“Then white, please.”

Trevor walked from the foyer into the kitchen, followed by Emma.

As he set out the food, he said, “I thought we’d just eat in here. There’s no need to break in the dining room. We’ll just be casual.”

“I’m certainly dressed for informality,” Emma responded. As they ate, she asked, “What brings you here? What do you do for a living?”

“I’m retired,” he said.

“Retired? At your age? Exactly how old *are* you?”

“I’m forty. I was a lawyer in New York, a partner at a large firm. Years of that, coupled with several well-timed investments, has left me with substantial means. I decided to retire and enjoy life. So I moved to the country.”

“That’s impressive.”

“I know you have a girlfriend who tops you. Are you strictly lesbian?”

“Oh, no! I was primarily straight. My Sapphic relationship was more or less an accident. She chatted me up at a bar, and one thing led to another. Now I’m bi.”

“Have you ever been topped by a man?”

“A few times in clubs, but never on a regular basis.”

“You told me you’re sub. How submissive are you?”

“Extremely,” she replied.

“To the point of sexual slavery?”

“I’ve fantasized about being a sex slave.”

“I’m happy to hear that. I assumed so from how wet you got when I stripped you. If that is the case, I have a proposition for you. In exchange for permitting you to continue to live in the guest house, you will submit to me as my slave.”

Emma was suspicious. “What about my girlfriend?”

“I don’t think you’d have to forego her. I’ll talk to her, but I am confident we can work something out. What’s her name and which bank is she at?” asked Trevor.

“First Federal. Her name is Virginia Dowd.”

“Is that the bank that let you live here rent-free?”

“Yes,” replied Emma, embarrassed.

Trevor ignored her awkwardness. “Assuming I can come to some accommodation with Ms. Dowd, is my proposal acceptable to you?”

“What exactly would being your sex slave involve?”

“Living only for my pleasure. I would respect your limits, but other than guaranteeing your safety, you would satisfy my every sexual desire. I know you need time for your writing, so you can keep the guesthouse for that. Workdays, you can spend most of your time there during business hours, though you will be subject to me summoning you or barging in on you if I need your services. I also recognize that you will occasionally have to go into town and will have to be dressed for that. When you are on the property, however, you will be required to be nude.”

“I’ve always dreamed of being a kept woman,” Emma said, smiling and lowering her eyes.

“Then you agree?”

“Subject to an acceptable arrangement with my Domme, yes.”

Trevor stood and walked back to the foyer. He returned carrying a black leather collar. “Stand up,” he ordered. When Emma stood, he buckled it around her neck. “I have now collared you with all that entails. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” she said.

“Yes what, slave?” Trevor demanded.

“Yes, Master.”

“That’s better. Now let’s go upstairs and get started.” As they walked up the stairs to his bedroom on the third floor, Trevor said, “You will come here every evening at five

o'clock and will spend the night with me. On weekends, you be with me all day and night."

When they reached the master bedroom, Trevor sat and motioned for Emma to lie across his knees. He spanked her firmly, turning her derriere a rosy shade. When he was satisfied with his work, he said, "Stand up, slave." He placed his palm on her hairless mound. "You're very wet, slave. Does your Domme spank you as discipline?"

"Yes, Master, but I don't think she is very good at it. She's not that strong. She's better with the crop."

"So you've been trained to the crop, as well."

"Yes, Master."

"Get on the bed on your hands and knees, facing the headboard," he commanded. When Emma complied, he began to undress. "I assume you are on birth control." Emma turned head to answer. Trevor's tone was sharp. "I'm beginning to think I made a mistake collaring you! Did your Mistress Virginia train you at all? Did I tell you to look at me, slave?"

Emma returned to facing the headboard. "No, Master. I'm sorry, Master. Yes, I am on the pill."

"Good, and from your description of your sexual history, it sounds like we have to use condoms to protect against STDs." Trevor was now naked. He climbed onto the bed behind Emma. He inserted the glans of his penis in her vagina. Then he placed his hands on her hips and with no further preliminaries pushed in all the way, causing Emma to gasp. "Your cunt is so tight, slave. I like that."

"I feel full to bursting! How big are you?"

"Nine inches," Trevor answered.

"I can't wait to see that!" Emma burbled. A few minutes later, she asked, "May I come for you, Master?"

"Perhaps your Domme taught you a thing or two after all. Yes, come for me, bitch." Emma bucked and emitted a low moan. *Perhaps she's not a screamer*, Trevor thought. *I'll have to try to remedy that, but not today.* Soon after her

orgasm, he arched his back and froze. "I'm coming," he declared as he spewed his semen deep inside her.

Trevor pulled out and stood. "You wanted to see my cock, slave. Now, you can see it up close. Get on your knees and clean me with your mouth."

Emma did not any encouragement. She knelt before him, her face at the level of his deflating member. "You *are* huge, and so thick. No wonder I felt stuffed." Rather than keep talking and risk another rebuke, she licked his staff all over and then took it in her mouth. She loved tasting the remnants of his ejaculate mixed with her own juices.

"I'm sorry, slave. I had hoped to give you more than one climax, but I was too stimulated. Are you multi-orgasmic?"

"No need to apologize, Master. And yes, I am capable of more than one."

"Now that I've gotten that out of my system, before the night is through, I should be able to oblige. Stand up, slave. Let's go back downstairs. I'll pour us cognacs."

The next morning at nine, after Emma had returned to the cottage to write, Trevor called the office number for her Domme she'd given him. The voice on the other end of the line said, "This is Virginia Dowd."

"Ms. Dowd. My name is Trevor Gantt. I just moved to the area from the City. I purchased Cherry Hill. Do you know the property?"

"I do indeed," she replied. "Congratulations. It's a lovely old house."

"Thank you. I was wondering if you had any time today. I'd like to make an appointment to discuss my personal banking needs."

"Yes, can you come by at eleven?"

"I'd prefer not to come to the bank. I'm sure you can understand. Are you free for lunch? If so, I'm sure you know a quiet little restaurant where I can get a glass of wine with my meal and where we won't be overheard."