

A debt collector messes with the wrong woman

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Scarlett Genovese was checking her Sex Syrup account to find out what the hell had happened to her nipple clamps. She'd ordered them five days ago and they still hadn't arrived. She wouldn't normally mind, but one of her highest tipping submissives was due tomorrow.

Then she heard the doorbell ring. *That's odd; I don't have anything in my diary this afternoon.* Scarlett looked in the mirror. Fortunately, she still had her face on. Usually her makeup needed a bit of a touch up after an appointment but the morning's client had been in and out in ten minutes. She hadn't had time to build up a sweat.

Scarlett opened the door. Before her stood a tall, boxy man. He had broad shoulders and wore a black suit. The cheap gold chain around his neck suggested that he thought he was more important than he actually was. Scarlett smiled flirtatiously. She could see a black BMW parked in the road, which suggested he was the type to splash the cash.

Rather surprisingly, the man took a step forward, attempting to force his way into the house. Scarlett stepped into his path and aggressively grabbed his crotch.

The man yelped in pain.

Scarlett used her other hand to reach for the pepper spray that she kept in a pot plant by the door.

"Let go of me."

"Take a step back, and I shall."

The man snarled. He was accustomed to being in control. He had no idea why this woman was more proficient in defending herself than most of the women he visited, but he did not like it one bit. Reluctantly, he took a step backwards. However, he wore an expression of hostility in a vain attempt to hold onto a shred of dignity.

"Right. Now who are you and what the hell do you think you're doing trying to barge into my house?"

“We have business,” he said in a shifty, intimidating tone.

“Yes. Well, it’s not very helpful if you don’t tell me what business, is it?”

“Just business.”

“Being intimidating really is much more effective if you get to the point.”

“You owe me money.”

Scarlett inhaled sharply. Her cool façade began to quiver. “I’ve never met you.”

“I work for Bozzo.”

“Bozzo?” she asked, getting impatient.

“Boris Smedley.”

“Oh, Boris. Right. You are correct. I did take out a loan with a broker called Boris.”

“Right, so hand it over.”

“I’m sorry, but exactly who and what are you?”

“It’s obvious, innit?”

“Not really.”

“Look,” he said, leaning in close and snarling down at her. “You owe me a grand and I want four hundred now.”

“Oh, I love it when a man gets all masterful,” teased Scarlett, with a wicked twinkle in her eye. She reached out and ran a hand down his chest.

The man shivered, involuntarily.

Then Scarlett grabbed him by his shirt and dragged him into her house.

The man had experienced this approach before, although not by anybody quite as forward. Usually, when a woman offered an eyelid flutter in lieu of payment, he would grab her, pull her close and then laugh in her face. However, something about Scarlett enthralled him. She was much older than he was but had something about her that the women his own age lacked. She was frank, confident and clearly not a stranger to seduction.

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The man stood beside Scarlett's bed buttoning up his crisp white shirt. He caught a glimpse of himself in the full-length mirror and puffed out his chest. His lips automatically formed a smug grin. Boy did he have skills! He had managed to seduce a woman without even saying one nice thing to her. This bird just couldn't get enough of him.

He pulled on his tailored black trousers, taking a quick look at his cock before he put it away. *You did good for me today, boy.* He smirked again. Then he sat down on Scarlett's satin sheets and began putting on his shiny, black leather shoes.

He glanced at Scarlett. Even from behind she looked elegant – a perfectly smooth, graceful back, curved like a cello. He could tell he'd pulled one seriously classy bird; her garden even had topiary in it. His eyes twinkled the way they always did when he looked at a woman he'd had, and, man, had he *had* her. He'd be down the pub tonight, telling his mates how he banged her so hard she couldn't walk.

"You still owe me the money," he told her, smirking. "This doesn't change a thing."

Scarlett didn't look up. She was too busy scribbling something with a pen.

"That had better be a cheque," he told her.

Still, she didn't look up.

When, eventually, Scarlett had finished writing, she turned to face him, still completely naked. She passed him the piece of paper, smiling.

"Now, *this* is how I like to get paid," he grinned. Then his jaw dropped. He demanded, "Hang on, what's this?"

"It's my invoice," she explained.

His mouth dropped open.

"You were here for seventy-two minutes and I charge by the hour, so that's two hours at two hundred pounds each. That makes four hundred. Then I've added an extra fifty because I had to use my strap-on to get you off, which is not included."

He tried to speak, but no sound came out.

“But you did cry a little afterwards, so I’ll knock off ten percent to sweeten the deal.”

The man’s jaw was now resting on his chain necklace.

“So let’s just call it a round four hundred, shall we?” She grinned, widely. “Wait a minute? Isn’t four hundred exactly what I owe Boris this week?”

Finally, the man found his tongue. “You bitch.”