

# Catch a Fallen Star

Lorenzo Marks

Copyright 2023 Lorenzo Marks.

The right of Lorenzo Marks 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 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.

Author's note: All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.



## Chapter One

“Good evening folks, and welcome! My first guest tonight has been in the spotlight so much recently that she hardly needs an introduction. Not only is she a Primetime Emmy Award nominee, but she has also just embarked on a singing career with her first recording due for release in the summer—and on top of all that she’s also here tonight to talk about her upcoming debut novel! So will you please give a warm welcome to *People Magazine’s Most Beautiful Woman of the Year*—Miss Ashlee Meagan Spencer!”

As the audience rose in applause, Pig reached for the remote and muted the sound. After a typically staged delay, Ashlee appeared from behind the curtains and accepted the adulation of her fans. As ever, she looked mind-blowingly gorgeous.

Without the clutter of background noise, it was easier for Pig to focus on her face as he tried to grasp exactly what it was that made her so different from the rest. She had opted for a kind of *country retro* look today, clad in a simple high neckline dolly dress and brown leather ankle booties. As she perched herself demurely on the edge of her hostess’s couch, the hem of her dress rode up high enough to give the viewers a brief glimpse of lightly tanned bare thigh.

*Clever! Innocent but sexy. All she needs now is a floppy hat and a posy of wildflowers! The sweet teenager next door that you simply can’t take your eyes off! Every middle-aged man’s guilt-ridden fantasy!*

Even though Pig knew from his contacts at the television studio that Ashlee’s wardrobe had been specially chosen by her savvy personal assistant, Cassie Riddle, the desired effect wouldn’t have been half as convincing if it weren’t for the effortless way that Ashlee carried it off.

Her girly, impish smile, punctuated with little parentheses that formed on either side of her rosebud lips, her earnest, sparkling blue eyes, the way she flicked at her blonde hair and kept her bare knees coyly pressed together, all combined to exhibit an aura of freshness and honesty without obscuring the raw sensuality that smoldered underneath.

It was pure public image of course, but Ashlee didn’t have to work at it. Pig guessed that she would have learned at a very young age how to manipulate people with her natural beauty and charm. What power to be able to wield!

And it was precisely because of that subtle but unquestionable aura of omnipotence, that he obsessed about her night and day. Nobody was that perfect, and Pig was convinced that under the right conditions she could be transformed into an obedient whore, stripped of her dignity and pride, and willing—if not happy—to cater to her master’s every deviant whim. Of course, Pig saw himself as that master, and alone in his bed with his dick in his hand, he regularly visualized her naked and forced to perform the most despicable and vile sexual acts, her angelic face awash with tears of shame and humiliation!

He evidently wasn’t alone in this fantasy because among the hundreds of pictures of her that he had downloaded from the internet were dozens of *celebrity fakes*—digitally altered mock-ups with Ashlee’s head superimposed onto the nude body of a porn model, legs splayed, an erect penis in her hand or mouth, often wearing a dog collar or maybe a pair of fishnet stockings and fuck-me heels.

Entertaining jerk-off material perhaps, but ultimately dissatisfying in the obvious knowledge that the erect nipples and the wet, open pussies didn’t really belong to Ashlee. Even a couple of rare, grainy, long range paparazzi shots of the hot young actress in a bikini revealed little of her hidden delights, except to frustratingly confirm that her body looked as well-toned and shapely as he had always imagined.

On the television screen Ashlee was now holding up a copy of her book, a young adult novel about an impossibly sweet heroine clearly modeled upon the author herself. Another vehicle to further enhance her virginal reputation, certainly ghostwritten, but what did that matter to her adoring public? In today’s world of tattooed, spiky-haired divas and young actresses constantly in and out of rehab, Ashlee was a breath of fresh air, a welcome role model for the nation’s jaded and cynical youth.

The talk show hostess put the book to one side, and Pig turned up the sound.

“—I wish you the best of luck with it. Now before we close, I’d like to ask you something that I’m sure everybody watching would love to know—what’s going on with you and Tom Gates?”

Caught off guard, Ashlee’s smile faltered briefly, and a charming pinkish hue filled her cheeks. Recovering quickly, she said, “It’s nothing serious. We work together of course, but we’re just friends.”

“Friends? There have been rumors of quiet lunch breaks together off set. And what about that leaked photograph that’s been circulating on the internet of you and Tom kissing? Pretty hard evidence, if you ask me! Come on Ashlee, please tell us—is there a romance blossoming here?”

The mostly female live audience began yelling and hooting at that, causing Ashlee to flush even more. Shaking her head, she said, “No, it’s not like that at all.”

Somebody shouted, “Are you in love, Ashlee?” which prompted another noisy outburst. When the audience had settled down again, the hostess said, “So? Ashlee and Tom—are they an item?”

Her cheeks glowing, Ashlee grinned and shrugged. “Maybe. We’ll just have to wait and see.”

The look in her eyes said it all, and as the crowd erupted into wild applause, Pig switched off the television and gripped the remote until his knuckles turned white.

\*\*\*

As usual, Cassie Riddle awoke ten minutes before her alarm went off. Five twenty—force of habit. She lay still for a while, watching as the gathering dawn slowly illuminated the box bedroom she occupied at the back of Ashlee’s luxury townhouse.

She hadn’t slept well. The gray cloud of depression that had hung over her since Ashlee’s talk show appearance the previous night was now accompanied by a nagging, dull knot twisting inside her stomach.

It had been inevitable that Ashlee would develop a close working relationship with Tom Gates, her new co-star on the hit series *Falling In Love With Lisa*, but Cassie hadn’t been overly concerned. In show business, this kind of thing went with the territory, and with their glamorous good looks and emerging popularity, it was only a matter of time before the media attempted to sell the idea that their on-screen romance had turned into the real thing.

But at no time had Ashlee ever indicated to Cassie that there was anything special about Tom, and that was why her tacit admission that she had feelings for him had come as such a shock. In front of the whole country, too! Why hadn’t Cassie suspected anything? She was at Ashlee’s beck and call twenty-four hours a day and spent most of them in close proximity to her, and yet she hadn’t noticed anything about her boss’s behavior to suggest that she had actually fallen for the handsome young actor!

Apart from the unexpectedly intense emotional pain, Cassie also felt humiliated. The offhand treatment, the careless and hurtful remarks, the unrequited love, and simply being taken for granted for the past three years, all of that she could cope with—as long as it was Cassie alone who took care of Ashlee’s daily needs.

There had been moments when Cassie longed to display her true feelings for Ashlee, but she had seen and heard enough about her to know that to do so might result in termination of her employment. Cassie definitely didn’t want to risk that!

Ashlee was simply not that way inclined—which until now had been fine with Cassie because it had always been just the two of them together in private. For three years she had allowed her love to secretly blossom for the beautiful starlet, foolishly harboring the hope that Ashlee might one day understand just how much Cassie cared about her and, who knew, might just reciprocate her feelings. In the meantime, Cassie had contented herself with covert glimpses of Ashlee changing her clothes in her bedroom, the occasional *accidental* brush of her hand against Ashlee’s breast or thigh, and the always intoxicating scent of her whenever they sat together on the couch going through Ashlee’s scripts.

Now Cassie realized just how foolish she had been for not seeing the truth. Ashlee wasn't interested in her and never would be. She was a self-centered—yes, Cassie could allow herself to say the word now—bitch! And now that Tom Gates was apparently on the scene, she would most likely discard Cassie like an old, unwanted toy. Suddenly the future had become a desolate and lonely place.

Cassie willed herself out of bed and stood in front of the mirror. Slipping out of her nightie, she examined her nude body from top to bottom. Her mousy hair, cut into a plain bob, didn't exactly embellish her drab features. Even Ashlee—when she had bothered to notice—had told Cassie that she needed a more *youthful* style, clearly oblivious to the real reason why Cassie preferred this boyish look.

Her lean body naturally accentuated this image—ribs visible under her pale skin, tiny adolescent breasts with small brown nubs, a flat belly and narrow hips, and a tight, apple butt. The only part of Cassie's body that might have drawn attention was her highly prominent vulva, which was hidden under a rich triangle of black pubic hair.

Cassie knew she wasn't exactly ugly, but constantly standing in Ashlee's radiant glow only served to emphasize how far down the pecking order she was. She sighed, berating herself for even imagining that a *plain Jane* like herself could evenly remotely interest someone like Ashlee Meagan Spencer!

She showered in the small bathroom along the hallway and then dressed in a crisp, gray business suit with a knee-length skirt because Ashlee didn't like her to wear pants in public. *Too butch*, Ashlee had told her.

In the kitchen, Maria the housekeeper already had Ashlee's favorite decaf percolating, and seeing Cassie, took a coffee mug down from its hook.

"Give me five minutes," Cassie said, waving a packet of cigarettes. She stepped out into the yard, and after moving a safe distance away from the house, lit up and inhaled deeply.

Ashlee, who was a health nut in the extreme, abhorred smoking and would not permit it in her house. In fact, if she ever saw Cassie smoking anywhere, she would always reprimand her about her *disgusting habit!*

Furtively glancing behind her, Cassie caught Maria smiling through the window and she nodded at her conspiratorially before turning away to survey the panoramic view of the Pacific Ocean below.

Although Ashlee was not yet a millionaire, she was definitely on her way there, and being the sensible orphan-girl that she was, her first major financial purchase had been this sumptuous townhouse on the coast.

At first, when Ashlee had suggested that she move in to be more readily available, Cassie had been honored and thrilled. Not only would she be under the same roof as this ravishing woman, but she would be living in such salubrious conditions as she had never experienced before. With Tom Gates now in the frame however, those feelings of excitement and promise seemed a lifetime away.

She finished her cigarette, and after spraying her mouth with breath freshener, went inside to collect Ashlee's coffee and her *MacBook Air* laptop. She climbed the polished mahogany staircase and opened the bedroom door. The princess was still asleep, her lustrous blonde tresses flowing over pink satin pillows.

Cassie quietly placed the coffee and laptop on the bedside table and hovered over the sleeping beauty for a moment, taking in the delicate lines of her beautiful face before allowing her eyes to travel down to Ashlee's gently undulating cleavage. She longed to run her fingers over that smooth, flawless skin, but sadly it seemed that privilege was now reserved for Tom fucking Gates!

What a terrible waste, Cassie thought. There was no arguing that Tom was a very attractive man, and a successful soap actor himself, but the guy just came across as so shallow. If Ashlee really did have to date a man, Cassie could have suggested any number of better alternatives among the rich and famous. The stunning young starlet could pick whoever she wanted, after all.

She was just pondering the unpleasant possibility of whether they may have already had sex together when Ashlee, with her eyes still closed, said, "Cassie, must you really watch me like that?"

Cassie immediately turned pink, and stammered, “I-I’m sorry, Ashlee. You just looked so peaceful, and it seemed such a shame to disturb you.”

“Well,” Ashlee said, opening her eyes and propping herself up against the headboard. “That’s not what I pay you for, is it?”

“No, Ashlee,” Cassie mumbled, handing her the laptop. “The latest script has arrived.”

“Okay. Well I’ve got a busy schedule today, so you’d better get cracking, okay?”

Dismissively, Ashlee turned her attention to her laptop, and taking her cue, Cassie returned to the kitchen. With her own coffee in front of her, she opened her own laptop and started one of her daily tasks of scanning Ashlee’s fan mail. She opened Ashlee’s public email account and saw that over two hundred messages had arrived overnight, most of them undoubtedly asking for details of Ashlee’s budding romance. There were a few sad proposals of marriage, and then there were the myriad daily requests for guest appearances at various charity functions, all of which would be forwarded to Ashlee’s agent, Jordan Louise.

She rapidly scrolled down, sending cut-and-paste answers to some, deleting or blocking others, filing some for answering later—and then she saw an email she had secretly been waiting for—Ashlee’s stalker!

For several weeks now, an anonymous pervert who went by the peculiar moniker of *Pig*, had been sending Ashlee detailed descriptions of the disgusting things he wanted to do to her, and each time she had read them, Cassie had found herself becoming unexpectedly and increasingly aroused. There were often other similar obscene messages in Ashlee’s inbox, but for some reason, Cassie had found this vile man’s vivid and filthy imagination strangely fascinating.

Why these disgustingly detailed expositions had triggered this reaction, Cassie could not guess, but before deleting them along with the others, she had secretly copied their contents to a secure file. For some time now, Cassie had contented herself by curling up in bed, re-reading *Pig*’s filthy passages, and visualizing Ashlee tied up and moaning in pain and humiliation as this faceless man subjected her to endless hours of his sexual torment.

But today’s message contained a far more immediate and sinister threat, and one that, given the latest development in Ashlee’s personal life, planted the unexpected seed of a deliciously immoral idea into Cassie’s troubled mind. And as she delved into his latest electronic tirade, Cassie realized that she and this obviously disturbed man had a lot more in common than she had at first thought.

## Chapter Two

“And that’s a wrap! Thank you, ladies and gentlemen,” said Mike Dandy, the show’s producer. Ashlee breathed an inward sigh of relief. Another episode of *Falling In Love With Lisa* out of the way. Even though it was the launch pad to her rapidly spiraling career, the sickly-sweet love story-cum-comedy was beginning to make her stomach turn. Why did the American public lap up such insipid tripe?

As always, Ashlee found herself surrounded by groveling supplicants after shooting was over.

“Great stuff, Ashlee!”

“They’re going to adore this episode!”

“You looked even more beautiful than ever!”

“You were so convincing! You made me laugh and cry all at the same time!”

Ashlee really could have done without all this shit. She had a headache, she wanted to get to her gym and health spa, and this overwhelming fuss was once again beginning to wear her down. She managed to maintain her trademark smile while searching for Cassie among the crowd. In truth, she reveled in being the center of attention, but only when it suited her—and right now she was just looking forward to some alone time, working out to keep her body in perfect shape, followed by a relaxing sauna and massage.

“This way, Ashlee,” she heard Cassie say, and turned to find that her assistant had magically appeared at her side.

*Thank God! The love-struck dyke comes to the rescue again!*

They slipped out of the crowd to the back of the set, and down a stairwell which led out onto a secluded alley. Obviously, clever little Cassie had found this private escape route so Ashlee could avoid any hopefully waiting fans. The alley was empty except for a parked SUV with its driver standing beside the open rear door.

“Where’s Ben?” Ashlee asked. They had come in a chauffeured Mercedes Sedan that morning, provided by their usual executive car service.

“Last minute cancellation,” Cassie said. “This is the best I could do at short notice.”

“Well, it will have to do,” Ashlee sniffed, barely acknowledging the new driver as she climbed in.

Cassie joined her boss in the back and said, “Straight to Sunrise Health Club on Park Drive. You know where it is?”

“I’ll find it in no time, ma’am,” the driver smiled as he tapped the information into the dashboard phone. My name’s John, by the way.”

“That’s nice,” Ashlee said. “Does this thing have a minibar? I’d kill for a Perrier right now.”

As they pulled out into the bright California sunshine, “Ashlee took a long drink from the bottle that Cassie had just handed her and glancing up, noticed that John was watching her in the rearview mirror.

“Eyes on the road, John,” she said, at the same time noting that there was something vaguely familiar about his face.

“Sorry, Miss Spencer,” John said. “You’re my first celebrity, is all.”

*Jesus! Just what I need!* Ashlee groaned inwardly. *A groupie for a chauffeur!*

“Yes, well we’re no different to anyone else,” she said. “But I would prefer it if you got me to the club in one piece.”

“Of course, ma’am, you’re in safe hands with me. I’m a qualified advanced driver. And just so you are aware, I’m close protection certified, I hold a black belt in jujitsu, and I’m a licensed firearm carrier. And in the highly unlikely event that worse should come to worst, I was also trained as a paramedic with the Fourth Battalion in Afghanistan, so I guarantee you’ll come to no harm as long as I’m around, ma’am.”

Ashlee gave Cassie a sidelong look. “Really, Cassie? Where do you get them from?”

Cassie shrugged apologetically. “Like I said, short notice.”

Ashlee finished her mineral water and waved the empty bottle in Cassie's direction. Her temple was throbbing harder now, and she closed her eyes.

"I'm taking a quick nap," she said. "Make sure Captain America here doesn't kill us all on the way."

"Don't worry," Cassie said. "He told me that he has taken a special interest in your future welfare."

Ashlee was going to ask her assistant what she meant by that unusual remark, but she was suddenly feeling quite tired. As sleep rapidly descended upon her, it occurred to her where she had seen John before—he was that creepy security guard at the television studio who had once asked her to sign a publicity photo, wasn't he—?

\*\*\*

As Pig carried Ashlee up the stairs to her bedroom, he felt his cock rapidly stiffening. This was a moment that he had been dreaming about for a long time, and now with his left arm under her neck, her sumptuous golden locks tickling his forearm, and his right arm supporting her bare legs, he drank in the flowery scent of her as her eyelids fluttered under a deep, drug-induced sleep.

He couldn't quite believe that he had gained access to her private residence so easily, but he knew that life could sometimes reward you in unexpected ways if you focused on something hard enough, and on this occasion it had come in the form of Cassie Riddle.

When she had first emailed him, he had smelled a trap and quickly deleted the anonymous email address he had been using. In hindsight, the barrage of indecent messages he had sent had been rash and foolish, but Pig had been unable to stop himself. Simply standing by at the studio while Ashlee remained the center of attention had been too much for him to bear. He had figured that whether she read the messages or not, it had at least been some form of contact.

He had been especially cautious at the studio the next day, staying alert for anybody that might be watching him, but the day had passed without event. Emboldened by this and still curious, he had opened another email account and sent a somewhat non-committal response before signing off once again as *Pig*.

Cassie hadn't responded immediately, and he feared that he may have lost his chance, but then she had replied—*Do you really want her? I can help you if you are serious.*

Still not convinced that this wasn't an elaborate ploy to ensnare him, Pig had confirmed that his threats were not just idle fantasies, and that he had the skills and means to make them happen.

And that was the truth. Back in his former military life, through somewhat fortuitous circumstances he had spent three months at a remote *black site* in Kandahar Province, assisting a shady CIA operative in the re-education of a female Italian journalist who had been on the verge of exposing their unethical interrogation methods. By the time they were finished with her, this previously tenacious investigator had been transformed into a pliable automaton, emotionally and mentally crushed, and quite willing to do or say anything that they wanted.

Pig had learned much about the art and science of human mind control during this time, and the heady images of this olive-skinned beauty crawling around naked on a leash in a dusty courtyard, or kneeling for hours inside a tiny, cramped cage, had remained lucidly in his mind long after the controversial operation had quietly moved on.

After a couple more cautious emails, Pig finally succeeded in coaxing Cassie into revealing her identity, and it was then that he recalled seeing her escorting Ashlee around at the studio—an unfashionable, but not totally unattractive young woman with a constant frown of worry on her face.

The next stage was to meet her in person. Pig had gone about this in the same clandestine way, first arranging to meet her in a shopping mall, observing from a distance to make sure nobody else was lurking around, then texting her mobile to move her on to a new location and then repeating the process again until he was absolutely certain that she was acting alone.

Finally, when he had her sitting on a quiet park bench, he had come out from behind a tree and joined her. During this, and another subsequent meeting, he had decided that she was genuine about this, and when he had learned why, it had all fallen into place – the woman was a lesbian, and she was clearly as obsessed with Ashlee as he was! The deal she was offering was as simple as it was titillating—if he indeed had the ability to train and brainwash Ashlee as he claimed, then they would get to share her as their common slave.

The idea was outrageous, highly risky, and if he was honest, considerably overambitious, but Pig was hooked. The prospect of having Ashlee at his beck and call and obeying his every command—something which millions of like-minded men surely fantasized about every day—was too delectable to resist. And the idea of letting Cassie have her way with Ashlee didn't bother him at all. In fact, he thought that Cassie wasn't a bad looker herself, and he made a note to try to convince her to let him join in with their lesbian trysts.

An added incentive of course was Ashlee's money, as Cassie had pointed out. Enslaving her would also mean taking control of her already quite sizable financial assets! There would of course, be complications once Ashlee's new personal life started to emerge, but management agents, studio directors and lawyers could all be kept at bay provided Ashlee was under his total control. If she didn't want to file a complaint, there would be absolutely nothing that they could do, no matter how suspicious they might be. And with no immediate family in the wings, there was little likelihood that anybody would try to interfere through a power of attorney hearing.

So the deal had been struck, the abduction arranged, and now here he was, standing over Ashlee Meagan Spencer in her very own bedroom with his bag of pharmaceutical tricks, ready to initiate the long process of transforming Ashlee into a shamefaced, self-loathing submissive, conditioned to perform the most depraved acts at his bidding!

\*\*\*

“Are you sure you know what you are doing?” Cassie asked anxiously, as she watched Pig insert the needle into Ashlee's median cubital vein. Although she had committed herself to this venture because of the awesome possibilities it held, she was suddenly reminded of how very little she knew about this man, and the thought of Ashlee dying in her own bed suddenly gripped her with a vice-like panic!

“Relax,” Pig said, taping the catheter in place. “I told you I've done this many times before.”

He certainly looked professional enough, with sterile gloves on his hands, and a paper surgical mask covering the lower part of his face. Beside him was an IV stand which was now steadily dispensing a carefully regulated cocktail of drugs into Ashlee's bloodstream.

Cassie's eyes returned to the myriad plastic containers, glass bottles, vials, laminate pouches, and piles of blister packs. Esoteric names such as Rohypnol, phencyclidine, sodium amytal, lysergic acid, scopolamine, and sodium pentothal seemed to lift from their labels and spin before her very eyes!

*Poor Ashlee, Cassie thought. She's spent her entire life eating healthy, keeping fit, a non-smoking, moderate drinker, and now her body is going to be pumped full of all kinds of mind twisting narcotics!*

Despite her empathy, Cassie couldn't suppress a little flutter of exhilaration as she studied her desirable boss's sleeping form. Up until now, she hadn't fully convinced herself that this was really going to happen, but there was no denying now that the mysterious Pig was the real deal!

Even though he had not so far done anything to ring any alarm bells, the possibility that he might double-cross her hadn't escaped Cassie, and she had taken the precaution of slipping a pepper spray canister into her pants pocket. After all, if he was capable of cynically turning Ashlee into a walking puppet, why not Cassie as well? But then again, he had so far trusted her as much as she had him, and for now she felt relatively comfortable around him.

“Well, that should do it for now,” Pig said, pulling off his gloves. “She will have to stay on the IV for another two hours before I proceed to the next stage.”

“What happens then?” Cassie asked.

“Ashlee will by then be rendered into a semiconscious state, leaving her subconscious mind open to the verbal suggestions that I will give her.”

“And that’s it? Then she’ll be ours?”

“Not quite,” Pig smiled. “It will require two more of these sessions in order to completely alter her inner psyche. And that will only provide the foundation for the weeks of psychological remodeling she will undergo.”

Even though they had already discussed their plan in detail, it had occurred to Cassie that if Ashlee was out of circulation for any length of time, it was bound to be noticed.

She said, “What about her work? Ashlee’s a high-profile celebrity. People will start missing her within hours.”

“You will call in on her behalf tomorrow and explain that she is suffering from influenza. I will ensure that she awakes with the necessary symptoms for the sake of authenticity. After that, you will secretly lace Ashlee’s food and drinks with a mixture of barbiturates and amphetamines and other compounds that I have already prepared for you. The dosages will keep Ashlee in a mentally vulnerable state, although she will appear alert and vibrant to outside observers.”

“What if she suspects something?”

“Even if she does, after I have finished with her initial programming today, she will no longer have the strength of mind to challenge you. You’ll be surprised at how easy it will be to influence her decisions from now on. Put it to the test without being too obvious about it.”

“And then what?” Cassie asked, a shiver of delight running up her spine.

“You won’t be seeing me at all over the next week. It’s important that we both go back to our normal routines in the early stages. I will contact you when it’s time to initiate the next session. Patience, Cassie. Everything is under control. All you have to do is follow my instructions to the letter.”

Pig had already explained how their teamwork was imperative to the implementation of this diabolical scheme. Cassie knew all of Ashlee’s movements in advance of course, so whichever drug enhancement needed to be added to her food or drink would all depend on how Pig wanted Ashlee to behave in any given situation. The idea, he had said, was to have Ashlee slowly but surely dismantle her own carefully constructed reputation in the public eye, while at the same time forcing her to become increasingly dependent upon himself and Cassie.

That way, no matter what others may suspect—Tom Gates, Jordan Louise, Mike Dandy—Ashlee would be subliminally compelled to reject all offers of outside assistance should they arise. At least, that was the plan.

## Chapter Three

Drifting in and out of delirium, shivering from the cold with her head almost splitting in two, Ashlee wondered if she was going to die! Her feverish dreams were so vivid that she couldn't differentiate between sleep and consciousness. Her continuing nightmare was a tormenting loop that placed her in the back of the cheap SUV driven by that spooky security guard, John. The details of her imaginary circumstances eluded her febrile mind, but she knew that she was in an almost desperate need to be somewhere, her protestations falling on deaf ears however, as the stupid jerk kept driving her round and round in pointless circles. And his incessant talking! Over and over, repeating himself again and again! She would have screamed at him to shut up if she'd only had an ounce of strength to do so.

She opened her eyes and spied a glass of water on the nightstand. Her tongue felt like it had doubled in size inside her dry mouth and as she reached for the glass, her weak fingers knocked it to the floor.

"Cassie!" she croaked, the vibrations of her voice sending an electric bolt through her skull.

Her body began to shake violently under the duvet, and she pulled her knees up to her chest. She couldn't understand how she had gotten this ill so quickly. Could it be food poisoning? She'd had a green salad, yogurt, and mineral water for lunch, that much she could remember, but there was something bothering her, nagging away at the back of her mind, although she was unable to pinpoint what it was. Everything seemed to keep zooming back to Pig's insistent voice, and his intense, dark features remained imprinted in her mind every time she closed her eyes.

*Pig? Why did I just call him that? He said his name was John.*

"Ashlee? How are you feeling?"

Craning her neck, Ashlee was unexpectedly pleased to see her loyal assistant appearing by the side of her bed.

"Water—thirsty—" Ashlee squeaked.

She lowered her raw eyelids as she felt Cassie arms shifting her into a semi-sitting position. There was the sound of gurgling water and then the cool rim of the glass touched her lips.

"Little sips, Ashlee," Cassie said.

Ordinarily, Ashlee would have been quite indignant about being treated like an invalid, but she currently felt so helpless that she was grateful for the assistance. An ice cool towel was pressed against her forehead, and she heard Cassie say, "You've had a fever but the worst of it is over now."

"How long have I been out of it?" Ashlee said.

"Almost twenty-four hours. I was about to call an ambulance at one point, but your temperature started to settle."

"I've lost a whole day?"

"Don't worry, I've notified the studio—and Jordan of course—and your bookstore promo had to be rescheduled, but no real harm done. It's probably a good thing, in a way. You've been pushing yourself so hard lately. Perhaps your body just demanded a rest. It was lucky we had John here to carry you inside."

*John? Pig? His unnerving expression. His incessant chatter.*

"Where is he?" Ashlee said, her eyes anxiously searching the room.

"He's gone, of course."

"But he was here, wasn't he? In my room?" Ashlee said, aware now that she was only dressed in a damp, sheer nightie.

"You were unconscious, Ashlee," Cassie said calmly. "I asked him to help us."

"Did he—was he here when you undressed me?"

"Don't be silly!" Cassie said, open mouthed. "Why would you even think that?"

Ashlee had to admit that she wasn't thinking rationally. Of course, Cassie would never have allowed that to happen. And yet, she couldn't disentangle herself from the persistent idea that John had been sitting here talking to her while she lay in an undignified delirious sweat—for a very long time!

\*\*\*

At six am, Pig punched his timecard, greeted the arriving guards who were starting their shift, and went out into the fresh morning air. He crossed the parking lot and climbed into his SUV, and it was only when he had passed through the studio's front gates that he allowed himself a smile of satisfaction.

He had been on tenterhooks all night, half-expecting a call from the chief of security, or worse, a visit from unsmiling men in dark suits, keen to ask him about his dubious past in Afghanistan. There was no rational reason for this, but now that his plan was in motion, he couldn't stop himself from wondering if there was anything that he had overlooked.

Almost certainly, by the time Ashlee was ready to employ him as her personal bodyguard, there would be plenty of concerned friends and associates wanting to know why she had chosen him specifically. That would all be handled with Cassie's help, along with Ashlee's subtly enforced cooperation.

But when Ashlee's stock later began to fall as her behavior deteriorated, there would inevitably be inquiries into the mysterious new man in her life. Suspicious folk would wonder what had triggered her rapid change in personality, and Pig's unexpected arrival on the scene might cause them to wonder if there was a common link, so for now Pig had decided to distance himself from Ashlee and Cassie until it was time for the next round of drug-induced psychological reprogramming.

He ran his mind back over the day of Ashlee's abduction. As part of the security team, it had been simple enough for him to disconnect the single hardwired close circuit camera in the alley without being seen, before bringing his SUV round back. Right on cue, Cassie had secretly hustled Ashlee outside and they had all driven off without arousing any suspicion. When they had reached the parking lot gates, Pig had shown his security clearance, and the guard hadn't even bothered to check the back seat where Pig's two female passengers were hidden behind one-way tinted glass windows.

None of this was failsafe of course, but with Cassie on his side, Pig figured that should anybody eventually join the dots, he would already be firmly ensconced in Ashlee's household and the young celebrity would by then be malleable enough to tell any inquisitive visitors whatever he wanted her to.

The trick now was to keep a low profile and trust Cassie to secretly administer his carefully prescribed dosages of uppers and downers into Ashlee's food and drink without arousing her suspicions. After a short period of apparent normality, the fun could then begin.

\*\*\*

Cassie emptied the plastic sachet of yellow powder into a glass of pomegranate juice, stirred it in thoroughly, placed the glass on a tray alongside a bouquet of flowers, and went up to the starlet's bedroom.

Ashlee was back to her annoying, bossy self, which actually came as something of a relief to Cassie after the events of the past two days. Despite her pent-up bitterness, Cassie had been a little disturbed at seeing the normally healthy actress looking so drawn and fragile. Even though Pig had assured her that Ashlee was in no long-term physical danger from her narcotic infusions, Cassie had fretted constantly while her employer had languished in her sick bed.

Now, as Ashlee reeled off a list of tasks while surrounded by dozens of bunches of flowers and get well soon cards sent in by adoring fans, Cassie realized she needn't have worried. Listening to

Ashlee talking on her phone while gesticulating for Cassie to put the tray on the nightstand, it felt like the bizarre events of the past forty-eight hours had never happened.

Even so, Cassie was well aware that Pig had already deeply implanted the first seeds of Ashlee's mental and emotional reconditioning. There would initially only be subtle changes in Ashlee's behavior, Pig had explained the previous day before ushering Cassie out of the bedroom so he could spend the next four hours quietly talking to his unwitting patient. This was where the important work was to be done—repeated suggestions that bypassed Ashlee's rational conscious mind, creating a new mindset and implanting fears and phobias, cravings and desires, where none had existed before.

In a way, it all seemed rather unfair to Cassie. After all, wasn't everybody's personality shaped by their early experiences in life? And if a person had encountered adversity—in Ashlee's case, abandonment by her father, the death of her mother—and yet still managed to come through it as a competent, level-headed, and ambitious young adult, then surely it was her right to be that person, because quite simply, that was who she had turned out to be!

But if Pig was to be believed, he had the capability to take a perfectly well-adjusted person, and turn them, for example, into a manic depressive with suicidal tendencies, or perhaps transform someone that was academically bright into a slow-witted idiot. The implications were endless! According to Pig, it was even possible to tamper with an individual's deeply-set belief systems, including politics, religion, social morals, even their sexual persuasion—the latter being something that Cassie was particularly interested in, of course!

And the part that fascinated her the most was that there could be no recourse for the victim even if outsiders did suspect something was wrong, because the very nature of her malady would be impossible to detect! People change, you are who you are, not who you were, or might one day become, and ultimately everybody reacts only to what they see in front of them, because after all, actions speak louder than words. This was the cruel fate in store for Ashlee, but far from repulsing Cassie, it filled her with a stomach warming, toe-curling throb of arousal!

She lingered nearby while Ashlee completed her call, feeling a twinge of nostalgia for her brief spell of power during which she had been administering to Ashlee's needs. Then again, she reminded herself, if everything went according to plan she would have a whole lifetime ahead of her in which Ashlee would be hers to do with as she pleased—what a turnaround that would be!

\*\*\*

*Maybe I'm not completely over my illness,* Ashlee thought as she pushed the half-eaten bowl of chopped, fresh fruit away from her. She picked up a slice of whole wheat toast, contemplated it a moment, and then dropped it back on its plate.

"Everything okay, Ashlee?" Cassie asked from across the kitchen table.

"Not hungry," Ashlee mumbled.

The disconcerting truth was however, that she did want something to eat—but just not this bland stuff. She couldn't figure herself out. All her life, she had been obsessive about her diet and always regarded breakfast as her favorite and most important meal of the day. Cereal, yogurt, fruit, nuts, lean eggs, these had been her staple since she was a young girl, and until now she had relished her early morning meal.

But today for some unexplained reason, she found herself craving—and this was something she had *never* hungered for before—a fried cook up! Images of streaky bacon dripping with fat, fried eggs over greasy French toast, mushrooms, and hash browns! The thought of all those calories and high cholesterol made her feel sick, and yet at the same time, her mouth was salivating!

*What the hell is wrong with me? Where did these vile yearnings come from?*

Dieting, keeping fit, taking care of her body inside and out, these things had never been a struggle for her. They came as naturally as fine-tuning her unquestionable beauty. She didn't regard

healthy eating as a chore but a pleasure, but right now Ashlee was experienced a nagging doubt about the strength of her willpower. If, at that moment, Maria had laid a plate heaped with egg, bacon and sausages in front of her, Ashlee didn't think she would have been able to stop herself from tucking in! The realization frightened her, because it was the first time in her life that she had ever felt as though she wasn't in control of herself.

Unsettled, she grimaced as she sipped on her green tea and said, "What time is the fundraiser, Cassie?"

"Eleven. Ben will be here in half an hour."

"Oh," Ashlee said, "Isn't Pig picking us up?"

"Pig?" Cassie asked, looking up from her iPad.

Even as the words left her lips, Ashlee had no idea where they came from! What was this preoccupation with this ridiculous name Pig all about? She loved Ben their regular driver, and deeply trusted him and the agency he worked for. The Mercedes Sedan he drove was state of the art and the hallmark of luxury. Why in God's name was she asking after that toady-eyed loser Pig and his shitty little SUV?

"I-I meant John, the replacement driver when I fell ill," Ashlee said quickly.

*Did I really call him Pig?*

"I didn't think you wanted to use his services again," Cassie said. "You weren't very impressed with him, as I recall."

"No I wasn't, I-I just meant that I want you to thank him for assisting me when I passed out, that's all," Ashlee blustered.

"Oh, I see," Cassie said, narrowing her eyes. "Well, I could always call his agency if you like."

"No, that won't be necessary," Ashlee said, and she was sure she was blushing slightly now. "Perhaps you could send him over some flowers or something? Maybe a free pass to the studio set?"

*Why am I even saying this? It's not as if he saved my life or anything!*

And then she remembered.

"Wait a minute. Correct me if I'm wrong, but doesn't he already work at the studio as a security guard?"

"Yes, he does," Cassie said. "I was referred to him when I was trying to arrange alternative transportation in a hurry. But I'm sure he'll be delighted to hear from you—he told me he's a huge fan."

"Thank you, Cass," Ashlee said—and then for some unimaginable reason, she promptly leaned across the table and kissed Cassie lightly on the lips!

Aghast, Ashlee immediately pulled away and slumped back in her chair, and for a moment they both stared at each other in stunned silence.

*What the hell did I just do?* Ashlee thought in a panic.

"I-I'm so sorry!" she stammered. "I have no idea what just came over me!"

Cassie, looking far from offended, said, "It's okay. Really."

"No, but I mean I never intended—" Ashlee could feel her cheeks burning with shame.

"I understand," Cassie smiled. "Forget about it, Ashlee. Okay?"

Still shocked at her own behavior, Ashlee merely nodded and stared intently into her teacup. It was the first time in their working relationship that she had ever apologized to her assistant, but the kiss had been wholly inappropriate! Where had that even come from? And the fact that Cassie was a raging dyke made it all the worse!

Trying to gather a semblance of decorum, Ashlee cleared her throat and said, "Would you lay out some clothes for me, please? Something suitable for the fundraiser—well, why am I telling you this? You know what to do."

"Of course, Ashlee," Cassie beamed, and rose to her feet looking like a girl who had just won the lottery.

When she was alone, Ashlee tried to calm herself. Was she losing her mind? The spontaneous kiss had been embarrassing enough, but there was something far worse that was troubling her—

when their lips had made contact, to her dismay, she had been aware of a warm and rather pleasant throbbing sensation in her lower belly!

This was insane! Ashlee had never been prone to homosexual tendencies in her life, not even experimentally as an adolescent! And nothing had changed there as far as she was concerned. Even if it had, she didn't find Cassie at all attractive, and she had never even remotely considered her in that light. In fact, Ashlee had always found her employee's obvious lesbianism rather amusing, if in a pitiable kind of way.

But if that was the case, then why had her own body just reacted in such a shamefully exciting way?

## Chapter Four

Pig pressed the security button outside the wrought iron gates protecting Ashlee's townhouse, and looking into the close-circuit camera, said, "It's me."

There was a click and a whir as the electronically operated gates swung open allowing him to pull into the driveway. He got out and removed two vinyl bags from the trunk, one containing the fold-up IV stand, and the other, his totally unethical pharmaceutical kit. He glanced around briefly to see if he was being observed by anyone, but the high stucco walls surrounding the front yard provided adequate protection from any neighborly prying eyes. In any event, if anyone did happen to see him, he could easily have passed as a plumber or cable repair man.

He was pleased with his level of self-control over the past week—a quality instilled in him during his years of military service. Now that he had a foot inside Ashlee's front door, he was keen to start playing around with her, but he willed himself to be patient.

In a world where instant gratification seemed to be the order of the day, very few people understood the great freedom that was to be found in discipline—a subject that Ashlee herself would learn a great deal about in the coming months and years!

Cassie was already waiting for him at the front door, a look of flushed anticipation on her usually pallid features. It was the first time they had seen each other since the day of the *abduction*.

"Hi, you're looking well," Pig said, entering the hallway. "How's our girl doing?"

"Sleeping like a baby," Cassie said, peering out toward the palm-lined street before closing the door behind them.

"How long?"

"About half an hour ago, as per your instructions."

Pig glanced at his watch. Perfect. That would allow him at least three hours with her, and this time he would be upping the ante considerably.

"So how has she been behaving—?" he began as they climbed the stairs and entered the bedroom, but seeing Ashlee on the bed, he stopped mid-sentence and dropped his bags on the plush carpet.

The pretty blonde actress was lying on her back on top of the sheets, one arm slung carelessly up above her head, the other dangling freely over the edge of the bed, while her bare thighs were pressed together, and her ankles crossed. She was wearing just a pair of fluorescent pink boxers, clearly displaying her prominent camel toe, and a white cut down t-shirt that left her flat midriff bare. From the tantalizingly pointed contours of her nipples beneath the lightweight material, she was clearly braless underneath.

Before their first subliminal programming session the previous week, Cassie had changed Ashlee into her nightie while Pig had waited outside, and then he had proceeded with her indoctrination while she lay under her bed covers. He had been tempted to take a quick look at the fleshly delights of his new prize then, but his obsession with self-restraint had made him resist. He hadn't come this far in order to become a sneaky little voyeur. When the time came for Ashlee's unveiling, it would be on his terms, and the lady herself would present herself at his bidding.

Nevertheless, the delectable sight before him almost took his breath away. He turned to Cassie and said, "Did you dress her like this?"

Cassie shook her head. "When the drugs started to take effect, Ashlee said she was going for a lie down. She was like this when I came up to check on her."

Pig trailed his fingernail up the sole of Ashlee's left foot, but apart from a slight flickering of her eyelids, Ashlee remained quite motionless. He looked intently at her angelic features for a moment, and then said, "Okay, I'd better get to work."

As he began to assemble the IV stand, he noticed Cassie still hovering by the doorway, and said, "Same rules as before, Cassie—I work alone."

"I understand," Cassie said. "It's just that—I'm a little curious."

Hanging up the plastic bag, Pig unzipped his medical kit, and started to lay out his collection of hypnotic drugs.

“About what?”

“Well, I’ve noticed some subtle changes in Ashlee over the past week.”

“That’s good. I intend to talk to you about that later. Let me see, has she been more— approachable this past week?”

“Yes,” Cassie nodded. “And she’s been uncharacteristically, how can I put it, touchy-feely? On Wednesday she actually kissed me on the mouth!”

Pig nodded, uncapping a brown glass jar.

“And there’s something else I’ve noticed,” Cassie went on. “She asked me to order Domino’s take out yesterday! Pizza! Ashlee, of all people!”

“How did she seem to feel about all of that?” Pig asked. “Was she comfortable about her little lapses?”

“Oh no, not at all!” Cassie said. “Every time she’s hugged me or touched my leg, she’s always pulled away, totally apologetic and embarrassed, as if she hadn’t intended to do it at all. The same goes with the fast food. After hungrily devouring most of the pizza, she rushed off to the bathroom and made herself vomit it up again. And she swore me to secrecy about it, as if she’s fighting some kind of inner craving that she’s terribly guilty about.”

Pig smiled as he sterilized Ashlee’s inner arm with a cotton wool swab.

Excellent! The alterations that he had implanted into her mind were already having the desired effect, and as per his suggestions, instead of embracing her new behavioral patterns and addictions, Ashlee was in a constant state of turmoil, desperately trying to repel these new and powerful urges!

The irrational cravings for unhealthy food, the unwanted lesbian tendencies towards Cassie, the subtle but ever-present preoccupation with Pig himself, all of these were part of the initial stage of a process designed to dismantle the person that Ashlee had developed into over the past twenty-three years. Where there was self-confidence, he would instill fear and uncertainty. Strength of character and mental focus would be replaced with confusion and indecisiveness. And most damaging of all, her self-discipline and control would soon give way to insecurity and deep unworthiness, leading to a hopelessly addictive personality.

And this was only the beginning.

\*\*\*

Alone again with Ashlee Meagan Spencer! How many men across the country wouldn’t give their right arm to be where Pig was now?

He sat quietly for a moment, secure in the knowledge that Ashlee was, consciously at least, oblivious to his presence. Her lovely blue eyes were now open, her eyeballs jiggling with the rapid eye movement associated with deep, dreamless sleep, but the cocktail of narcotics being pumped into her system had already brought her up to a higher level of receptivity. In this state, she was totally susceptible to anything he said, his words burning themselves into her subconscious mind, and bypassing all her rational and intellectual defenses.

Pig’s eyes were drawn to a thin line of fluffy hair that emerged from the waistband of Ashlee’s boxer shorts and extended up to her neatly indented belly button. He traced his fingertip along it, a delightfully rebellious little aberration growing on a body that was otherwise silky smooth to the touch. He wondered if this barely visible stretch of fuzz broadened out into a more abundant bush covering her distinct mound of Venus. It was hard to tell through the pink material but regardless, Pig wasn’t about to spoil his future entertainment by taking a sneak preview now.

Satisfied that sufficient time had elapsed for the narcotic brew to take full effect, Pig was ready to embark on a second fascinating journey deep inside Ashlee’s mind.

“Hello, Ashlee, can you hear me?”

Without turning her head or changing her deadpan expression, Ashlee said, “Yes.”

“And do you know who I am?”

“Yes. You are Pig.”

“You remembered my voice. That’s very good, Ashlee.”

“Thank you.”

“And do you also remember where we had out last talk together?”

Now a little frown creased Ashlee’s brow.

“Yes, I do.”

“And where was that?”

“The—cellar.”

“That’s right, the cellar. And we’re going to go back down there again today.”

Pig noticed Ashlee’s breasts rising and falling a little faster now.

“I want you to go to the top of the stairs,” he continued.

Ashlee’s frown deepened.

“Please, I don’t want to go down there!” she whimpered.

“I know,” Pig said. “But I will be there to protect you. I am the only one who can protect you, Ashlee. Now close your eyes and go down into the cellar.”

The corners of Ashlee’s mouth turned down and her eyes flickered.

“Are you in there now, Ashlee?”

“Y-Yes!” Ashlee whispered.

“Good. Now I want you to listen to my voice and absorb everything that I say. As long as you are concentrating on my voice, you will be safe in the dark. Do you understand?”

“I-I understand,” Ashlee panted.

“Excellent. So, let’s begin where we left off before. I’m going to start by asking you some questions to see what you remember. First I want to know how you feel about me. What does Pig mean to Ashlee Spencer?”

Ashlee wrinkled her nose quizzically.

“For example, do you find me attractive?” Pig prompted.

“No!” Ashlee promptly replied.

“Of course you don’t. You can have any man you want, so why would you possibly choose a lowly security guard? And yet I have remained constantly on your mind at some level this past week, haven’t I? Like a presence on your shoulder, always watching you. Why do you think that is?”

After a brief pause, Ashlee said, “Because you—compel me.”

“Compel? That’s an interesting word. How exactly do I compel you?”

“I-I’m afraid of you, but—”

“But? Pig prompted.

“I also—need you?” Ashlee’s answer came out like a question.

“So you fear me, but you can’t do without me? Is that what you’re saying?”

“Yes—it is.”

Ashlee’s normally smooth facial features looked a little contorted as she tried to rationalize her conflicting emotions, which was to be expected—prior to their session the previous week, she had been a balanced, focused and clear-headed young woman, and the fear and awe that she was inexplicably feeling about Pig had after all, been artificially planted in her head by himself!

Satisfied that he was successfully worming his way deeper inside her mind, it was time for Pig to probe at what had to be an old wound.

“Ashlee, tell me about your father.”

“I never knew my father,” Ashlee answered truthfully.

“That’s right,” Pig said. “He abandoned you when you were a baby, and you were raised by your mother until her untimely death when you were just twelve years old. Which means that you never had a father figure in your life, did you Ashlee?”

“No.”

“And that is not a good thing, is it?”

“N-No,” Ashlee said uncertainly.

“Your mother doted on you, and actively encouraged you to chase after all the shiny things in life that she herself had missed out on. But she failed you, Ashlee, because by setting you so high up on your pedestal, and by never criticizing or judging you, you came to believe that you really were that perfect young lady. Now that you are becoming even more famous, your peers have fallen into the same trap, idolizing you and fawning over your every move. But this is not healthy, Ashlee. You need an anchor in life, somebody to tell you when you are misbehaving—the male role model you never had. Don’t you agree?”

“I-I don’t know—”

“Of course you do, deep down inside, and starting from today, the nagging fear and curiosity that I inspire in you will begin to crystallize and come in to focus. You will quickly come to realize that I am that authority figure that has been so badly lacking in your life. Unfortunately, this new awareness will directly oppose your innate arrogance and pride, leading to you into a sorely conflicted state of mind. On the one hand, you will despise and look down upon me, but on the other, you will irrationally seek my favor, while simultaneously fearing my disapproval. And to add to your turmoil, as much as you will on some level try to resist these unwanted feelings, you will become increasingly bound by them as I become more deeply ingrained into your daily life. Dwell upon the words I have just spoken and tell me if you understand them.”

Her face now twitching with agitation, Ashlee said, “Yes, I understand.”

This was an interesting psychological void into which she had been placed, and still a relative layman, Pig was prepared to admit that he didn’t know how truly effective his suggestions were going to be. From his experience in Afghanistan, he knew that there would be some token resistance to any commands with which she was not entirely comfortable, but he had also seen enough to know that it was possible to eventually have a subject capitulate completely. The potpourri of drugs he had administered were the catalyst through which Pig could bypass Ashlee’s process of volitional thinking and allow him to talk directly to her impartial subconscious mind. His precise wording would therefore be important in order to remold Ashlee into the subservient, tormented and convoluted mess that he intended for her to become.

“And now I want to move on to your feelings about Cassie,” he went on.

No response from Ashlee, other than a brief succession of rapid blinks and an audible exhalation of breath.

“I’ll rephrase. Do you like Cassie?”

“She’s okay, I suppose.”

“I know that she is a loyal assistant, and that you depend upon her professionally, but is there anything else you wish to tell me about her since our last talk?”

“No—” Ashlee said hesitantly.

*No? This is interesting.*

“When I asked you if you liked her, I meant in a physical way. What do you think of her body?”

“Her body?” Ashlee said, “Well, she’s too thin, she’s plain to look at, and she has no shape, no breasts or backside.”

Pig detected a certain defensiveness in Ashlee’s voice, as if she were still grappling with the unwanted physical distractions that he had previously implanted in her during their previous session.

“And yet you like to touch her, don’t you?”

There was a moment of silence from Ashlee, and then she protested, “No! I do not!”

“Are you sure?” Pig asked, relishing the internal struggle she was going through. “I think you do. We talked about this, didn’t we?”

Then, almost in exasperation, Ashlee said, “Alright, I want to! I don’t know why, but I do!”

“That’s more like it,” Pig said. “Just be honest with yourself. It’s exciting but wrong. And yet it’s all been somewhat innocent so far, hasn’t it? You are like a curious adolescent exploring new facets of your sexuality. But now I want you to listen carefully, because it’s not going to be as innocent anymore. From now on, the hugs and kisses will no longer be sufficient. You will become plagued by a nagging desire to learn more about the intimate details of Cassie’s body. To your

utmost personal shame, you will be driven by a desire that you never knew you had before. These urges will be purely physical of course, and your homophobic beliefs will remain as strong as ever. This will leave you in a state of denial about your emerging homosexuality, and indeed other women will inspire nothing in you, but for alluring Cassie, you will be forced to make an exception. From now on, the balance of power will be with her because your need will soon become far greater than hers ever was. And so, with most of your future emotional energy being absorbed by myself and Cassie, this brings me to your relationship with Tom Gates.”

## Chapter Five

“Oh, G-Greg! Oh, you brought me a gift! That’s so sweet of you!”

“Well, it’s for your little brother actually, Lisa. You remember that trip to the zoo when we showed him the lion enclosure?”

“Yes, I-I do!”

“Cut!” said Mike Dandy. “Everybody take five.”

He walked over to where Ashlee and Tom Gates were standing in front of the fake facade of Lisa’s suburban picket-fence house, and Cassie inched up behind the set so that she could listen in.

“Tom,” she heard Mike say. “Could you give Ashlee and myself a moment, please?”

“Sure thing, Mike.”

Through the net curtain, Cassie saw the hunky actor give Ashlee a reassuring wink before being quickly descended upon by his retinue of gushing assistants.

“Ashlee,” Mike said, in an avuncular tone. “This—affectedness you’ve brought to the role today. It’s quite endearing, I suppose, but we never discussed it before shooting, did we?”

“I’m sorry Mike, I’m not following you,” Ashlee said.

“Well, the occasional stammering? I mean, it’s not really appropriate for the character, is it? The audience knows Lisa by now, and well—she doesn’t really talk like that, does she?”

“Stammering? What are you talking about? I-I didn’t stammer!”

“I’m afraid you did. And frankly, it makes Lisa sound a little bit dense. I’d be very grateful if you would just stick to the agreed character that you normally portray so very well.”

“I-I thought that was what I was doing!” Ashlee said sharply. “Are you quite sure you didn’t mishear me?”

“Quite sure. Everybody heard it.” Mike said, tapping his bottom lip. “Ashlee, as you know, we’re on a tight schedule and we’re already well behind because of your bout of influenza last week. Sweetheart, I do understand that you are always under a lot of pressure, but please just stick to the script and let me worry about everything else, okay?”

“Y-Yes, of course Mike,” Ashlee said, looking taken aback. “I-I’ll make sure it doesn’t happen again.”

“Well, that’s good then,” Mike said kindly. “We’ll just fix this scene up after lunch, shall we?”

\*\*\*

“It’s not much of a stutter,” Cassie said, back in Ashlee’s dressing room. “Barely noticeable, in fact.”

“B-But if Mike caught it, then everyone must have! Am I stammering now?”

“A little,” Cassie said, trying not to smile. She had already deduced that the intermittent stammering that the pretty actress had unexpectedly been afflicted with must have been introduced to her by Pig during their last session together. She had noticed it developing sporadically over the past few days, but it had become more pronounced now that she was on set. Perhaps it was linked to her level of anxiety. If so, the more she messed up her lines, the more distressed Ashlee would become, and presumably, her stuttering would get worse! What a simple but ingenious way of sabotaging Ashlee’s acting career!

This was all conjecture because despite Cassie’s pestering, Pig still refused to furnish her with any precise details about Ashlee’s reprogramming. It would look less suspicious for the time being, he had explained, if Cassie’s reactions to Ashlee’s behavioral changes were both spontaneous and genuine.

“S-So it’s true then?” Ashlee asked frantically. “You heard it, too?”

“Actually, I thought it sounded quite fetching.”

“Fetching? Cassie, I am a professional actress! I create an image that my fans want to see—”

As Ashlee ranted on, her long eyelashes batting away as if her vision had suddenly become blurred, Cassie was beginning to understand the direction that Pig was embarking on here. Ashlee had always been a control freak, everything and everyone around her neatly arranged solely for the betterment of Ashlee Meagan Spencer's career—and nobody was more minutely regulated than Ashlee herself! Self-control was paramount, image and appearance everything, and absolutely nothing could be left to chance. A newly acquired speech impediment might have puzzled and concerned the average person, but for Ashlee, it was as if a tiny breach had been opened up in her mighty fortress wall. If this aberration could be allowed to enter her carefully ordered life, then what else could happen?

"I'll have to review the tapes," Ashlee declared, pacing the room now. "If M-Mike wants me to address something that I don't even remember doing—"

She was interrupted by a knock on the door, and when Cassie opened it, there was Tom Gates, tall and calm, wearing his ever-present, toothy smile.

"Hey! How's my angel doing?"

Still flustered, Ashlee said, "T-Tom, what are you doing here?"

"I managed to slip away for a moment. I just wanted to see how you were shaping up."

Raising her chin indignantly, Ashlee said, "I don't know what you mean."

"Well, you know, the baby talk. I guess Mike didn't go for it, huh?"

"Baby talk?" Ashlee bridled. "Listen to me, I have no idea what may or may not have happened out there, but I can assure you that I did not deliberately alter Lisa's speech patterns. W-Why would I want to change something that has been working so well?"

"My sentiments exactly," said Tom, placing his large hands on Ashlee's shoulders. "It's just one of those things. Didn't work, so we move on, right?"

"You don't believe me?" Ashlee looked up into his eyes. "Tom, I didn't change anything, I swear!"

"You've got something on your mind," Tom said smoothly. "You've been ill, you're under pressure, these things happen. Let's forget about it, eh?"

With a little twist of jealousy, Cassie watched as Ashlee wrapped her fingers around Tom's hands and rested her forehead on his chest.

"You're right," she sighed. "I haven't been myself at all lately."

"You need a time out," Tom said. "How about spending the weekend at my place? Just you and me. Private beach, dinner on the terrace, I'll take you for a ride in my speedboat if you like."

"Oh, Tom, I don't know. Ever since that talk show hostess opened her stupid mouth, the media haven't stopped hounding us."

"So? Let them talk. It happens all the time in Hollywood. What do you say? I think it will do you some good to relax for a while. Besides, I've missed you."

Observing from the sidelines as Ashlee gazed up into Tom's eyes, Cassie balled her fists tightly. *They're acting as if I'm not even in the same room!*

It fleetingly looked as if they might kiss in front of her, but mercifully the moment passed—or more precisely, it stalled. Had Cassie imagined it, or was there a slight stiffening of Ashlee's shoulders as she turned her mouth away from Tom's? There was no denying the look of affection in her eyes, but for some reason she had hesitated just before their lips had made contact. There was an awkward pause which Cassie filled by clearing her throat. Ashlee looked at her with an almost guilty expression, and said, "I'm sorry."

Although it wasn't clear who she was referring to, Tom took his hands off Ashlee's shoulders and said crisply, "It's okay. I can see you're upset. Give me a call and let me know what you decide."

And with a curt glance in Cassie's direction, he left without another word.

\*\*\*

*Clink-clink!*

*Wake up, Ashlee! It's Playtime!*

She jerked upright, listening to the blood rushing in her ears. In the gloom, a man was standing at the end of her bed, his face hidden by shadow, and glinting in the moonlight, a pair of handcuffs was swinging from his fingertips!

Her body frozen in fear, Ashlee opened her mouth to scream but as her eyes slowly adjusted, the dark figure began to dissolve, and the shiny reflection of the cuffs morphed into the shape of her silver jewelry box on the dresser.

As her muscular control gradually returned, Ashlee let out a breath. She had been having a nightmare, the details already slipping away, but a residual sense of terror still hung over her. There had been a faceless man and Ashlee had been kneeling on the floor while he dangled the cuffs in front of her while taunting her in a voice that she recognized but couldn't quite place.

A draft wafting across her bare legs alerted her to the fact that one of the windows was slightly ajar, and Ashlee swung her legs over the side of the bed, crept toward it, and peeped nervously outside. The manicured lawn, softly illuminated by the moonlight, was empty, and there was nobody out there that she could see lurking behind any of the ornamental firs. Unable to recall whether she had left the window open herself or not, she climbed back into bed and drew her knees up to her chest, feeling oddly alone and vulnerable. This was a new experience for Ashlee who, since the death of her mother had learned to tough things out no matter what hardships came her way. She had long prided herself on her resilience, and in particular her ability to rely upon herself. Now however, she found herself yearning for the comfort of some company—but the only person immediately available was Cassie, down the passageway.

*No way! Get a hold of yourself! You are not going to see Cassie at this time of night because of some stupid nightmare!*

Since her unforgivable kissing faux pas, Ashlee had strived to keep a little more physical distance from her assistant, but on reflection she recalled that there had been quite a few fortuitous moments of seemingly innocent contact—a hand on the arm, thighs brushing together on the sofa, one or two accidental collisions that had ended up more like hugs. But they had surely been Cassie's doing hadn't they? She was the dyke, after all.

Ashlee glanced at her cellphone and pondered calling Tom, but he was still a little peeved that she hadn't yet taken him up on his weekend stay, and if she contacted him now, Ashlee was afraid that it would give him the upper hand in their fledgling relationship.

She turned over and closed her eyes, but her anxiety refused to subside and her thoughts stubbornly drifted back to Cassie. She didn't want to wake the poor woman because they both had a long day ahead, but if Ashlee didn't talk to somebody soon, she feared she was on the brink of a panic attack, something she had never experienced before!

*Dammit! I'm the boss around here! If I want to talk to my employee in the middle of the night, then I have every right to do so!*

With a final timid glance at the window, Ashlee jumped out of bed again and scampered like a frightened child towards Cassie's bedroom.

"Cassie!" she whispered—not entirely sure why, as they were the only two in the house.

"Cassie! Are you awake?"

Ashlee felt both foolish and needy, but she was driven by an almost irrational fear now, and her pride was swallowed up by a desperate craving for human contact. She opened the door and slipped inside the cramped box room. In the gloom, she could just make out some movement in Cassie's bed, and almost immediately her apprehension began to ease.

"What? Ashlee?" Cassie mumbled, as the bedside lamp came on.

"Cassie, I-I'm sorry to wake you," Ashlee mumbled, and she really was now that the immediate danger had apparently passed. She felt herself coloring up as she fumbled to find the words to explain why she was standing in her personal assistant's private quarters at two in the morning.

“Are you alright?” Cassie said, leaning up on her elbows, and as the sheet slipped down, Ashlee couldn’t help staring at her white, bony shoulders.

“Yes, I thought I saw someone.”

The words sounded so stupid now, and Ashlee wished she’d had the strength to stay in her own room, but the thought of going back there still filled her with an inexplicable dread.

“Where?” Cassie blinked at her. “In your room?”

“Yes, well no—I mean he’s gone now.”

“Who’s gone?”

“I-I didn’t exactly see—”

Ashlee realized how idiotic she must have sounded, but to her relief, dear old Cassie said, “Would you like me to take a look with you?”

“Yes, that would be—thank you,” Ashlee said lamely, and then averted her eyes as Cassie threw back the sheet. She had no idea if her assistant slept in the raw or not, but as muddled as her emotions had been of late, she thought it prudent not to look. A second later she felt Cassie’s fingers searching out hers, and finding the intimacy reassuring, she permitted herself to be taken by the hand.

“Come on,” Cassie said. She was wearing a short silk robe and in the moonlight, it looked to Ashlee as though she were naked underneath. They padded back along the passageway like a pair of teenage sisters and when they reached her room, Ashlee pointed at the now intimidating window. “The window was open.”

“Did you lock it before you went to bed?” Cassie asked.

Again feeling entirely foolish, Ashlee said, “I can’t remember.”

Quite bravely in Ashlee’s mind, Cassie went over and took a good long look outside before announcing, “I don’t see anyone. Would you like me to call security?”

The last thing Ashlee wanted was for anyone else to know what a fraidy-cat she had been. “No, that’s okay. I guess I imagined it.”

“Well—”

Cassie hovered, as if she was waiting to find out the real reason why her sleep had been interrupted. But she would have been wrong, wouldn’t she? Ashlee had had a terrible scare, that was all! And yet, if she allowed Cassie to go back to her room, Ashlee would be all alone again, and for whatever reason, she wanted to avoid that at all costs tonight.

Once again, Cassie saved Ashlee from having to beg. “Would you like to come back to my room? We could talk for a while if you like.”

Trying not to sound too relieved, Ashlee said, “Oh, are you sure?”

For the second time that night, Cassie offered her hand, and this time Ashlee had no hesitation in taking it. Even though the solace she felt as they returned to Cassie’s room was tinged with disquiet as if there were something unhealthy going on, she felt she had no option but to go with it. When Ashlee went to sit on the stool by the dresser, Cassie pulled her over to the bed, and again Ashlee surprised herself by offering no resistance.

They sat side by side, still holding hands, and Cassie said, “Tell me who you thought you saw in your room.”

“What?”

“You said *he’s* gone now.”

“Oh. Well, it all seems so silly now. I just dreamed the whole thing.”

“And in your dream—did you recognize him?” Cassie persisted.

Ashlee turned towards her, puzzled. “No, I didn’t see his face. Why are you asking me this, Cassie?”

Now it was Cassie’s turn to look sheepish. “I’m going to show you something, but first I want you to promise that you won’t be angry. I only hid it to protect you.”

Despite Cassie’s kindness, Ashlee felt a tiny prick of irritation. “Hid what?”

Cassie ran her tongue over her lip and nodded to herself as if she had come to a decision. Then she reached under her pillow and pulled out her iPad, flicked open a folder, and then placed it on Ashlee's knees.

"These messages started arriving in your inbox about three months ago. I didn't want to alarm you, so I filed them separately, just in case they might ever be needed by the police. They've stopped coming now, and it was probably just some crank, but when I saw your face just now, I thought perhaps it was time you knew."

Ashlee scrolled slowly through the emails, initial bewilderment slowly turning into repulsion and then outrage as she eventually grasped the fact that their vile content was directed at her! Cuffing, gagging, blindfolding, collaring, hanging, whipping, training! Despicable acts that Ashlee had never conceived of in her life!

"This is disgusting! Why are you showing me this? It's your job to filter these kinds of obscenities out, isn't it?"

"I know. But as you can see, the specific nature of these messages, the threats, are a little different to the usual perverted nonsense. Even so, I didn't think that the threats would ever come to anything, but after tonight, I just thought it would be better to put you in the picture."

Ashlee's jaw dropped. "You think that this freak actually—?"

"No," Cassie said. "Well, now I'm not sure. Your open bedroom window made me wonder."

*Dear God!* Ashlee thought. *My nightmare! Was somebody actually standing at the end of my bed?*

"Maybe we should call the police," she said, her mouth turning dry.

"Well, we don't really know if there was an intruder," Cassie said. "You told me yourself that you might have dreamed it."

Ashlee thought about that, and again, in the comparative safety of Cassie's room, she decided to resist the idea of asking for outside help unnecessarily. At least she now knew that she wasn't completely delusional. Okay, maybe this sicko hadn't physically broken into her house, but this was evidence that there was someone out there with menacing intentions. Even with all the standard security measures in place, she realized how defenseless they would be if this pervert did manage to get into the complex, or for that matter, when they were going about their daily business outside. Sure, there were usually plenty of people around her every day, but there would always be the odd occasion when she would be momentarily alone and open to attack.

Now it was Ashlee's turn to take Cassie's hand. "I don't suppose you tried to find out who sent the messages, did you?"

Cassie shook her head, "No. I didn't want to involve anybody. I just hoped he would go away."

Here, Ashlee had to agree. Even if Cassie had shown her the messages before, Ashlee would have balked at calling the police just yet. That would have been just the kind of intrusion into her private life that she didn't want. Even so, it hadn't sunk in until now that she had reached a level of celebrity status where she really should employ her own personal round-the-clock bodyguard—someone she could trust and depend upon.

"Well, maybe he will," Ashlee said, although she still couldn't suppress the sense of foreboding that had haunted her since the visit of her ephemeral intruder. And with her cold bed waiting, her next words came out as a bit of a personal shock, if not a total surprise.

"Cassie, would you mind if I slept in here with you?"

Cassie looked at her curiously. "In my bed?"

Ashlee swallowed self-consciously. "If it's okay. I'll just take one side and try not to keep you awake. I'm still a bit frightened."

If somebody had told Ashlee a week ago that she would ever have uttered such a pathetic request to her lesbian employee, she would have laughed in their face, but right now she meant every word. It was a humbling experience and for the first time since she was a child, Ashlee understood what it felt like to really need somebody else's company.

Wordlessly, Cassie pulled back the sheets and they slipped inside together, the narrow bed making it impossible not to make physical contact. Fortunately, Ashlee was wearing a pair of cotton briefs under her t-shirt, and she turned her back to Cassie, trying to keep her breathing level.

It felt very strange to be lying next to her like this, and Ashlee could feel Cassie's hot breath on the nape of her neck as she said, "Is this better, Ashlee?"

"Yes, thank you," Ashlee said, then feeling the need to add, "I just don't want to be alone right now, that's all."

But to Ashlee's confusion and growing consternation, that most certainly was *not* all! Her heart was still thumping rapidly and there was no mistaking the warmth spreading between her thighs as Cassie snuggled up behind her! Ashlee was tempted to ask her to move back over, but that would have sounded strangely inappropriate since it was she who had asked if they could sleep together!

And when Cassie's small hand slid around Ashlee's waist and then moved up inside her t-shirt, rested briefly on her belly and then tentatively cupped her right breast, Ashlee closed her eyes tight in disgust, yet seemed incapable of moving it away! As Cassie's wet lips touched against her earlobe, Ashlee emitted a tiny whimper of fright because what they were doing she found unsettlingly delicious but very naughty. She felt like a young girl breaking a family taboo, and that any minute her father would come storming angrily through the door, dragging her out of bed by her hair—but in the absence of any actual paternal memories, the only face of authority that flooded Ashlee's troubled mind belonged, of all people, to that odious man, Pig!

## Chapter Six

Cassie silently watched the first rays of dawn creeping underneath the curtains. In her excited state she had remained wide awake, relishing every intoxicating moment while Ashlee slept beside her.

Although they hadn't technically made love, Ashlee had, after some initial reluctance, proven surprisingly amenable to Cassie's fumbling advances. As she had molded her body into the curve of Ashlee's back, Cassie had tentatively explored the soft flesh of Ashlee's breasts, quickly teasing her nipples to attention before tracing her fingertips down over her navel, then brushing them against the downy hair protruding from her briefs, and only then had Ashlee stiffened and frustratingly clamped her thighs together.

Heartened that Ashlee hadn't gone as far as bolting out of bed, Cassie had renewed her digital exploration from behind, tickling Ashlee's firm buttocks and then sliding her hand inside the waistband of her briefs to seek out the warm cleft between her cheeks.

When Ashlee had halfheartedly protested at this tender invasion, Cassie had returned her attention to her boss's substantial titties, gently caressing and squeezing them while peppering Ashlee's neck with light kisses. After several minutes of these tender ministrations, Ashlee's shoulders had begun to rhythmically rise and fall, and Cassie had remained almost motionless so as not to rouse this perfect goddess from her slumber.

Cassie was finally in heaven—and she could happily have stayed like this forever. All these years of fantasizing had come to fruition so naturally that she had to remind herself that Pig was behind Ashlee's behavioral alterations. But did that matter? Whether she had been programmed or not, Ashlee had actually chosen—no, asked!—to share Cassie's bed, and the most exhilarating part of it had been Ashlee's acquiescent reaction to Cassie's fondling!

She was so pleasantly wrapped up in her carnal nest that her alarm startled her and before she had time to turn it off, Ashlee was awake, rolling over and blinking in confusion as she stared into Cassie's eyes.

"Morning," Cassie said, withdrawing her hand from underneath Ashlee's shirt. She had hoped that she might get a kiss, but instead Ashlee sat up frowning as she took in the unfamiliar surroundings.

"What time is it?"

"Five-thirty."

"Oh," Ashlee smoothed down her t-shirt and perched herself on the edge of the bed with her back to Cassie. "Um, what's on today?"

"Celebrity catwalk?"

"Oh, yes. That."

Cassie knew that Ashlee hadn't been over keen when she had been invited to take part in Ella Rosenstein's annual charity fashion gala, but her agent, Jordan Louise, had insisted it would be another ideal platform upon which Ashlee could showcase her beauty and talent while helping raise money for a variety of needy causes. Jordan certainly knew what she was doing—what better way to enhance Ashlee's popular appeal?

Still prone, Cassie stared at Ashlee's back, resisting the temptation to reach out and stroke it. "Do you want to cancel?"

"No, I'll be okay," Ashlee mumbled. "I think I'll go take a shower."

Cassie felt a small knot tighten in her stomach as her beautiful employer stood to go. All of the warmth and intimacy she had been relishing seemed to have instantly evaporated. In the light of a new day, Ashlee appeared to be back to her old self again.

As she reached the door, Ashlee paused and said, "About last night."

"Yes?" Cassie leaned up on her elbow.

"I just wanted to thank you for being a good friend—I know I haven't told you that before."

*Friend?*

Cassie's heart sank.

Still with her back to the room, Ashlee turned her head, offering Cassie a profile of her pretty features. “I know that you are, well, that you have feelings for me, and I do respect that, really I do. But well, I’m just not made that way—I hope you understand?”

Cassie bit her lower lip and nodded.

“Let’s try and forget about last night and carry on as before, okay?” Ashlee said.

Cassie swallowed. “Okay.”

Before heading back to her room, Ashlee added, “Cassie, I think we’re a really good team. I just want you to know that.”

*So, that’s it? A team? Cassie thought as she glared at the empty doorway. Okay then, you keep fighting it, you stuck-up cow! Thanks to my new friend Pig, you are going to become my bitch whether you like it or not, and frankly, after the way you still insist upon treating me, I’m beginning to think I prefer the latter!*

\*\*\*

Breakfast had been an awkward affair, eaten mostly in silence, although there was clearly much that ought to be discussed. Ashlee knew that her attempt to simply brush the events of the previous night under the carpet had been both inadequate as well as unfair on Cassie. Even though her nighttime terror had been quite genuine, she could no longer deny the fact that the subsequent intimacy in Cassie’s bed had been the culmination of a sexual tension that had been building between them for several days now. Ashlee knew she could have halted proceedings as soon as Cassie’s hand had begun to wander, but even though it felt very wrong, for some unknown reason Ashlee had permitted it to continue, and worse, her body had responded in kind.

Therein lay the problem—in the cold light of day, filled with remorse, Ashlee was well aware that she could not allow herself to progress any further down this most dangerous path. She had spent the past few years meticulously constructing a public persona of an almost virginal quality which would be destroyed overnight if it became common knowledge that she was having a lesbian affair with her personal assistant!

*A lesbian affair? Me? Where are these thoughts coming from?*

And yet, knowing what must be done suddenly seemed a very far cry from acting upon it. Telling Cassie to forget what had happened was all very well, but could Ashlee forget it? Once again she had the feeling that she was spinning out of control, and it absolutely terrified her. With Cassie willing and available just down the hall, what was to prevent Ashlee—God forbid!—from becoming a regular visitor to her room? The sudden surge of emotional impotence that engulfed her almost made her want to cry!

*I’ve got to get control of this before I crack up!*

As she toyed with her barely touched granola, Ashlee briefly considered the prospect of parting company with her loyal assistant. Ashlee glanced surreptitiously across the table, as if Cassie might be reading her mind, but she was engrossed in the day’s incoming emails. The problem was that after three years, Cassie knew Ashlee so well—her daily routine, her likes and dislikes, when to speak and when to back off—that she always seemed to be a step ahead of her boss’s needs. She had become practically indispensable and replacing her now would be a major headache.

If this undesirable complication in Ashlee’s life wasn’t enough, there was also the matter of those disgusting and unsettling emails to consider. As with the unfortunate episode in Cassie’s bed, Ashlee had had time to reflect on her online stalker, and the part that troubled her the most was the fact that Cassie had kept them to herself for so long. What had she been thinking? That Ashlee wouldn’t be able to handle their lurid contents? If anything, they only served to prove that her instincts were correct, and that the services of a professional bodyguard were well overdue. If it weren’t for the awkward atmosphere at the breakfast table this morning, Ashlee would already have

told Cassie to start looking around for a respected agency, but right now she needed a bit of breathing space herself.

“I’m going to get dressed,” she said as casually as she could. “What time is Pig going to be here?”

“Pig? You mean John, right?” Cassie said, glancing up from her laptop.

*Dammit!*

“Yes, John!” Ashlee said crossly.

“In about an hour,” Cassie said, “I’ve laid out your clothes already.”

“Fine,” Ashlee said, avoiding Cassie’s eyes. “I’ll meet you back down here then.”

Up in her bathroom, Ashlee slipped out of her cotton toweling robe and stood under the overhead shower spray with the water on cold. It was time to take hold of herself again. All of this late-night paranoia, her unacceptable flirting with Cassie, the inexplicable junk food craving—it all had to stop now. Where it had come from, she had no idea, but today she would regroup, put on an amazing show at the fashion gala, and then get back on track at the studio. And the occasional stammering that she had now seen on tape for herself was just another unwanted blip that could be cured by a speech therapist if necessary.

She went back into the bedroom feeling invigorated by her power shower, inspected her naked body in front of the mirror, and was pleased with what she saw. Regardless of her recent mental aberrations, she was still in perfect shape, lean but curvy enough to keep them all bedazzled.

Cassie had set out a rather daring ensemble for her today, considerably more racy than would normally be expected by Ashlee Meagan Spencer’s public, but then what harm could it do? If she turned up today looking a little more luxurious than usual, it would only add to her allure.

She glanced at the bedside clock as she pulled the sheer panties up over her thighs. They fitted snugly around her crotch and buttocks, and she postured for herself in the mirror before reaching for the matching push-up bra. Looking at the insolent way her breasts jutted forward after she had fastened the strap, Ashlee almost changed her mind, but time was short and she wanted to be mentally composed by the time Pig got here—

*Pig! I asked Cassie when Pig would be here! Why did I say that?*

Cassie handled all those arrangements anyway, but judging by her unsurprised reaction, she must have gone ahead and booked him. Did that mean Ashlee herself had instructed her to do so? Worryingly, Ashlee had absolutely no recollection of having done this, and yet she must have been aware that Pig was driving them today, or else why else would she have just used his absurd nickname downstairs?

Once again, those little wings of anxiety fluttered in her stomach as Ashlee’s struggled to get a grip. She had been so preoccupied with the embarrassing situation with Cassie that she had must have temporarily blocked out Pig’s nebulous background presence. Even though she had only ever spoken a few words to the man, for some reason he seemed to be persistently lingering in the back of her mind. It made no sense. He was a nothing person, a lowly security guard who functioned on a far lower orbit than herself, and yet knowing that he would be here again in less than an hour made her skin tingle with nervous anticipation!

She looked at her semi-naked figure in the mirror and took a few deep breaths. She was seriously tempted to cancel, but something held her back. Besides, it was too late to do anything about it now, and even if she did find him a little intimidating, the idea of Pig being around while she was still in this vulnerable state of mind was, she had to admit, a little comforting.

She slipped into the coral pink, sleeveless skater dress that Cassie had picked out for her, gave herself a twirl in the mirror, and then sat down at her dresser to apply her lipstick. No doubt the professional make-up artists at the gala would find it necessary to coat the models in the cosmetics necessary under glaring lights, but until then she would stick to the pastel colors and minimal eyeliners that her fans would expect of her.

She turned her face to each side, checking her profile, and when she was satisfied, she opened her jewelry box to select a pair of earrings—and that was when she found the handcuffs.

\*\*\*

It was with a tremor of excited anticipation that Pig stepped up to the front porch of Ashlee's luxury townhouse and rang the doorbell. After completing her third and final drug-induced mind-control session a few days ago, all the groundwork was now done, and he was ready for the next stage of her transformation. She should now be deeply infused with an interesting combination of addictions and phobias which would manifest themselves in varying degrees at different times over the coming months.

But the fun part was hopefully about to begin. Closely replicating his *black site* military instructor's techniques back in Kandahar, Pig had also been meticulously implanting a pair of trigger words into Ashlee's subconscious. The first, if it worked, would immediately revert her back to a trancelike state without the need for any further medical paraphernalia, while the second one should compel her to obey any external instructions no matter how much she might want to resist them, and yet with a total awareness of her actions as she carried them out!

Through the door, Pig could hear an animated conversation taking place, and he had a pretty good idea what it was about. He had instructed Cassie to plant the handcuffs and also disclose the emails in order to augment the growing sense of paranoia that he had been carefully insinuating into Ashlee's psyche. Now that she was ready, it was important that Pig was constantly close at hand to stage manage Ashlee's every move, and what better position was there to accomplish that than as her close protection officer? Pig had of course been priming her to this end, and all she needed now was a final nudge.

The door opened and Cassie, looking suitably upset, said, "Pig! Thank goodness you're here!"

Behind her, Ashlee was holding the handcuffs at arm's length with a look of revulsion on her face. "He's broken into my room!" she wailed, and then as if it had just dawned upon her that the offending item had also been handled by her would-be torturer, she dropped the cuffs onto the carpet.

"Who has?" Pig asked, making brief eye contact with Cassie.

"My stalker!" Ashlee wailed. "Oh, you may as well tell him, Cassie! He'll need to know everything sooner or later!"

## Chapter Seven

"I don't think I'm going to be up for this thing now," Ashlee said, leaning her forehead against the side window. "I'm way too stressed."

They were in Pig's SUV, following the winding road that would take them to Ella Rosenstein's hilltop residence overlooking the city.

"Just relax," Pig said, "I've got this. You have nothing to worry about."

"He was in my bedroom!" Ashlee moaned. "I don't know if I can ever sleep there again!"

"The feeling will pass," Pig said. "Let me take care of it and you just focus on doing your thing. You look great, by the way."

"I don't feel great," Ashlee said. "I think I'm going to throw up!"

Sitting beside her boss in the back seat, Cassie listened to this conversation with barely concealed amusement. Only a few weeks ago, Ashlee wouldn't have recognized Pig if she had passed him in the street, but now they were chatting like old acquaintances. Back at her townhouse, Ashlee had all but offered Pig a position as her personal bodyguard, and he had instantly segued into the role as if he had been around her forever. In a way, Cassie mused, he had in as much as his presence had been so deeply and systematically ingrained into Ashlee's mind that bringing him into her innermost circle now seemed quite natural to her. It was rather ironic that the two people Ashlee trusted the most were the very ones who were conspiring to totally destroy her pampered lifestyle!

Pig opened the glove box and passed a silver hip flask back to Ashlee. "Take a couple of hits of this," he said. "It'll calm your nerves."

"What in God's name is in it?" Ashlee said, eyeing the flask dubiously.

"Good old-fashioned Bourbon," Pig said.

"Are you insane?" Ashlee gasped, batting the flask away towards Cassie. "I don't drink hard liquor!"

"You do now," Pig said. "It's *Playtime*, Ashlee!"

Cassie was about to take the flask when Ashlee unexpectedly withdrew it, and with a distracted look in her eyes, unscrewed the cap.

"Take a good long drink," Pig said, and when Cassie glanced at him in the rearview mirror, he winked at her.

"But—I don't want to," Ashlee mumbled.

"Of course you do," Pig crooned. "Swallow it down now—that's a good girl!"

And then, to Cassie's utter amazement, Ashlee tilted the flask up against her lips and took a good, hard slug. As the burning liquid hit her throat, she coughed and spluttered, and a little brown rivulet escaped from the corner of her mouth.

*Playtime? What did Pig just do to her?* Cassie thought excitedly as she offered Ashlee a napkin.

"And again," Pig prompted.

Sure enough, despite her obvious distaste, Ashlee did as she was told and gulped down another mouthful of whisky. She almost choked this time, and the excess liquor trickled down her neck and into the cleft between her breasts.

"Oops!" Pig said, still observing the proceedings in the mirror. "Did she get any on that pretty dress, Cassie?"

"No," Cassie said, watching Ashlee dab at her cleavage with the napkin.

"How about her bra?" Pig said, and it was not lost on Cassie that he was now talking about Ashlee as if she wasn't even there!

Taking her cue from Pig's suddenly assertive demeanor, Cassie put her finger inside the top of Ashlee's dress, half expecting a quick rebuke, but when none came, she mischievously replied, "Yes, it's a bit sticky."

"Well, we can't have her smelling of booze when she makes her grand entrance, can we? Ashlee, you'd better take off your bra."

"I will do no such thing!" Ashlee snapped. But even as the words left her lips, to Cassie's astonishment, Ashlee was already slipping her hand inside her dress.

\*\*\*

*Surely I'm not doing this!*

An invisible cloak seemed to have settled over Ashlee as she mechanically sought out the clasp of her bra with her fingers. She could feel her cheeks burning with embarrassment as she pulled the straps over her shoulders and then pulled the garment out of the top of her dress. It was a slutty little maneuver made even more humiliating because of the amused expression on Cassie's face.

She turned her face away from her and spluttered, "I'm not—! This isn't—!"

But no words came to adequately defend her actions. She had done it because Pig had asked her to, and as much as she verbally protested, her body had defied her by following his suggestion!

But why? Since when had she started taking orders from him? This jarhead was working for her now, wasn't he? She had offered him the position that morning, although on reflection she couldn't recall saying as much. It just seemed to have been a mutually unspoken agreement. She had been in such a state of panic, and she had been so desperate for a strong presence to protect her, that Pig had seemed like the natural choice. But now he was talking to her as if *he* were in charge, and she felt powerless to counteract him. It was all so worryingly confusing!

But even if her mind was in a bit of a jumble, her physical senses were in perfect working order, and the texture of her brassiere which she was now holding in her lap, was frighteningly real—as was the smooth fabric of the dress rubbing against her liberated breasts!

Ashlee felt her cheeks begin to heat up, partly from the unwanted alcohol, but also from the growing realization of what she had just done in front of them!

*Dear God, what is happening to me?*

It was as if she had been gripped by a powerful external force, and as much as she tried to will herself to put her bra back on, she found that she simply couldn't do it! She had no idea what was holding her back, but it was almost as if she needed Pig's permission to counteract his own unacceptable suggestion. How could that possibly be?

"Cassie, do something!" she whispered, but Cassie merely shrugged, and with that indifferent gesture, Ashlee sensed a barely discernible shift in their relationship, as if those few hours spent canoodling in her bed had somehow shifted the balance of power between them.

With growing desperation, Ashlee looked up at the driver's mirror. "Pig, please?"

*Please? Why am I begging like this? I'm the boss!*

But the answer was already there, and she could feel it deep inside her. As insane as it sounded, Ashlee instinctively sensed that this was the new natural order of things. She was no longer in control and all three of them knew it! For the first time, she had to admit to herself that she actually needed both of them near her, and the realization both bewildered and terrified her!

"Relax, nobody's going to notice," Pig said, which Ashlee knew was quite untrue because she could feel her hardening nipples poking against the thin material of her dress. There would be at least a hundred guests at Ella's garden function, including selected journalists and photographers—what in God's name would Jordan say when her sweet little Ashlee showed up braless under a revealing mini-dress?

Despite the numbing effect of the liquor, Ashlee's heart began to beat faster as they rounded a bend, and the rocky hills parted like curtains to reveal brilliant sunlight glinting off the enormous front windows of Ella Rosenstein's fabulous ultra-modern residence. They pulled up behind a queue of high-end luxury cars edging slowly toward the gates, their glamorous occupants alighting in turn to a bedazzling welcome of camera flashes. Seized by sudden stage fright, Ashlee began to hyperventilate, and she heard Pig say, "Give her another hit, Cassie."

Once again, Ashlee discerned a subtle collusion between the two of them, but when Cassie raised the hip flask to her mouth, all she could do was shake her head before meekly parting her lips to take another gulp of the awful, burning whisky.

\*\*\*

As he inched his SUV up behind a metallic red *Infiniti*, Pig observed the small crowd of autograph hunters and paparazzi with a tingle of excitement. Ella Rosenstein was a wealthy retired fashion designer who now devoted her remaining years to a number of charitable causes. But she still liked to surround herself with the rich and beautiful, and there were enough *A-List* guests here to ensure the event would make the national gossip pages!

*Wait until Ashlee steals center stage! That will give you all something to write about!* he thought, as a valet in a white tux opened the door.

It had been his intention to try out the first trigger word at some point today, but events had unraveled so quickly this morning that he been forced to think on his feet, and it had been with bated breath that he had watched Ashlee swallow her first slug of liquor. Despite clearly not wanting the alcoholic drink, her conscious mind had been reduced to a helpless bystander as she had automatically complied with his request because she was now officially in *Playtime* mode—leaving her with no choice other than to automatically respond to any verbal suggestions given to her!

Gaining confidence from the ease with which he had convinced her to imbibe the whiskey, Pig had impulsively taken the next giant leap by recommending that she remove her bra, and when Ashlee had promptly—if not willingly—complied, he knew then that he had her firmly in his grasp.

With more high-end vehicles queuing up behind them, Pig swiveled in his seat and said, “We’re causing a tailback, Ashlee.”

She looked at him desperately and said, “I can’t go out there looking like this!”

Pig had to agree that, depending on your perspective, she did have a point—or two in fact, judging from outline of her perfect breasts and prominent nipples under the clinging fabric of her dress!

\*\*\*

“Look over there!” Pig said. “You’d better hurry up, or you’re going to be upstaged by Isabella Greer!”

Cassie peered through the windshield, and sure enough, the tall, redheaded actress was being assisted out of the *Infiniti* in front of them. An audible murmur of excitement swept through the assembled fans as Isabella took a moment to pose for the cameras on the red carpet. She was wearing a long, sequined gown, far more elegant than the saucy little outfit that Ashlee had been fooled into wearing!

“Oh God, not her!” Ashlee groaned. “Can’t we at least wait until she’s gone inside?”

Cassie looked at her impudently. “It’s not like you to back out of a challenge! Come on, let’s go knock them dead!”

Ashlee literally shrank into the corner of the backseat as Cassie offered her hand. “No, please! Pig, take me home!”

After witnessing the relative ease with which Pig had coaxed Ashlee into drinking alcohol and then remove her bra, Cassie was eager to test out her own powers of persuasion!

“Take my hand, Ashlee,” she said reassuringly. “Your fans are waiting.”

To Cassie’s jubilation, her employer let out a childlike whimper as they locked fingers. “Cassie, please! I can’t go out there holding your hand!”

“Why not? Were you planning on keeping our relationship a secret?”

Ashlee blinked at her, the growing alarm evident in her blue eyes. “Relationship? Cassie, I thought I had made myself clear—I don’t have those type of feelings for you!”

“Really? Then why was your pussy so wet when I touched it last night?”

Horrified, Ashlee glanced at Pig, who was now grinning at her like a Cheshire cat!

The valet, who had been waiting patiently, now poked his head inside the vehicle, and said, “Miss Spencer? I’m sorry to interrupt but we’re getting behind schedule here.”

From the way his eyes flitted down to the two women’s interlocked fingers before lingering briefly on Ashlee’s well-defined bust, it was likely that he had been listening in on their conversation, but Cassie was fine with that! The afternoon suddenly brimming with possibilities, Cassie gave Ashlee’s hand a tug and said, “Let’s go, Ashlee—it’s *Playtime!*”

She caught Pig’s eye and winked, and then led the popular young actress by the hand, out into the sunshine.

## Chapter Eight

A knot of dread twisting in her stomach, Ashlee managed with some effort to engage her trademark smile while clinging on to Cassie's hand. Her head was swimming, her cheeks flushed, and her legs felt as though they were going to give out at any moment. Ordinarily when faced with her public, Ashlee had the ability to slip into her girl-next-door mode, secure in the knowledge that she would naturally perform as they expected her to. All of that self-confidence had evaporated since the events of the previous night.

Blinking into the camera flashes, Ashlee reflexively raised her free hand to her chest, fully conscious of her nipples prodding against her dress. Too late, she realized that her feeble attempt at modesty had only served to draw attention to her unfettered breasts, and the paparazzi frenzy suddenly intensified!

"Ashlee! This way!"

"Over here, Ashlee!"

"Put your arm down please, Ashlee!"

Before she realized it, Ashlee had immediately complied with that last request, and any lingering hope that her bralessness might not be noticed were quickly dashed by the looks of amazement and delight on the faces of the assembled throng!

Now somebody cheekily shouted, "Push them out for us!" and to her growing horror, Ashlee promptly pulled her shoulders back and thrust her chest forward!

*God help me! I've lost all self-control!*

Intrigued by the sudden activity, Isabella Greer sidled across to see what all the fuss was about. There was no love lost between the two young actresses whose respective television shows were currently engaged in a fierce ratings war.

"Oh my, Ashlee!" she smiled, her green eyes sparkling. "That's a very interesting outfit you've chosen. Do you think Ella will approve?"

With her smile frozen, Ashlee whispered out of the side of her mouth, "Get me out of here, Cassie!"

At first, Cassie didn't reply, and now fully comprehending that she was no longer in a position to give orders, Ashlee added, "Please."

Isabelle heard that and she cocked her head quizzically at them before making a show of examining their entwined fingers.

"How sweet," she said. "I had no idea!"

"No," Ashlee heard herself mumbling. "I'm not—it's not like that!"

Now Cassie did speak, and there was just a hint of malice in her voice when she said, "I beg to differ. Tell you what, if you give me a kiss, we can go inside now."

Her stomach now churning with terror, Ashlee already knew that she was going to do it—for some awful reason she simply had no choice—and with her cheeks on fire, she pressed her lips against Cassie's in full view of the nation's press!

\*\*\*

As they entered the marquee tent, Cassie felt Ashlee's grip tightening on her hand, and said, "You're way too tense. You need another drink."

Ashlee shook her head and mumbled inarticulately, evidently still in a state of shock after her unwilling public show of affection on the red carpet. Cassie intercepted a waiter and took a flute of champagne from his tray.

"Drink it down," Cassie ordered, now quite confident that it was no longer necessary to be polite to her boss. She had seen enough now to know that not only was Ashlee compelled to obey

any instructions without hesitation, but that she had been reduced to such a state of confusion she was hardly putting up a fight!

Ashlee knocked the champagne back in one, grimaced and belched, and then handed the flute back to the bemused waiter. She wobbled unsteadily on her high heels, holding onto Cassie for support, her eyes slightly out of focus.

*This should be interesting!* Cassie thought as they approached the judges' table facing the stage.

Their diminutive host, Ella Rosenstein, was engaged in animated conversation with Ashlee's agent, Jordan Louise, who as usual was the epitome of elegance dressed in a navy-blue maxi dress. She looked up at Ashlee and broke into a dazzling smile which immediately turned into a bewildered frown as she took in her number one client's racy attire.

"Um, Ashlee, may I introduce you to our host, Ella Rosenstein?" Jordan said.

With a brief flicker of disapproval in her eyes, Ella turned on her best society smile, and said, "Ashlee, my dear, it's such a pleasure to finally meet you. I do so love your show!"

Ashlee reached across the table to shake Ella's hand, promptly lost her balance, and knocked a glass of red wine into the old lady's lap.

"Oh, I'm so shorry!" Ashlee slurred, steadying herself against the table.

"I-It's okay," Ella said, although her expression suggested otherwise.

As a pair of waitresses rushed to Ella's assistance, Jordan turned towards Cassie and mouthed, *Is she drunk?*

Cassie gave her a helpless shrug and said, "Ashlee, let's get you backstage where you can sit down for a while."

"Okee," Ashlee said, and promptly reached out and took Cassie's hand. Everybody stared in astonishment, not least of all Jordan, whose jaw nearly hit the table!

Realizing too late what she had just done, Ashlee tried to wriggle her fingers free, but as they backed away from the table, Cassie whispered, "Don't let go."

Hand in hand, they attracted a few curious glances as they made their way backstage where the other celebrity models were getting ready.

"Wowie! Looks like you've got some serious competition today!" Cassie said.

Before Ashlee had a chance to reply, a flush-faced young man wearing spectacles and a bow tie came up to them and said, "Miss Spencer, my name is Clayton. I'll be attending to your hair and makeup. May I just say that it's such an honor to meet you—I'm a huge fan!"

Ashlee mumbled incoherently and after an awkward pause, Clayton led them over to a dressing table in the corner. As Ashlee flopped heavily into her chair, Clayton gestured to a cubicle and said, "Your outfits are hanging inside, Miss Spencer. You can change in private there."

In her alcoholic daze, Ashlee had unwittingly allowed her thighs to drift apart, and catching a titillating glimpse of her employer's underwear, Cassie had a sudden flash of inspiration. "Actually, Miss Spencer would prefer to model the dress she is currently wearing."

"Oh, but I was told—"

"Don't worry about that," Cassie said, surprising herself with her newfound confidence.

"We've already spoken to Ella, and she's fine with it."

The ruddy-cheeked make-up artist briefly contemplated Ashlee's figure-hugging dress which had now ridden even further up her shapely thighs. "Well, if that's what you want," he said uncertainly. "Shall we start with the hair?"

"Would you be kind enough to get us some drinking water first?" Cassie said. "Miss Spencer is feeling a little lightheaded."

As Clayton hurried off to find a waiter, Jordan Louise entered the backstage area, glanced anxiously around, and on spotting Ashlee, came flouncing across. Before she got within earshot, Cassie quietly said, "No matter what she says, you must insist upon continuing with the show."

Ashlee groaned and rubbed her temples.

"And you won't tell anybody about what happened back there in the car. Understood?" Cassie added.

Ashlee nodded glumly.

“Say it.”

“Yes, I understand. I must carry on with the show, and I can’t—won’t—tell anybody what happened,” Ashlee said.

There wasn’t any more time for Cassie to make certain that Ashlee wouldn’t say anything incriminating because Jordan was soon upon them. “Ashlee dear, whatever is wrong? You look terrible!”

Ashlee opened her mouth to reply, but catching Cassie’s eye, said nothing.

Jordan placed the back of her hand against Ashlee’s forehead. “Is it the flu again? Do you want to cancel?”

“No,” Ashlee muttered, and smelling the alcohol on her breath, Jordan wrinkled her nose in distaste. “My God! You *have* been drinking! I can’t believe it! Whatever possessed you?”

“I haven’t—” Ashlee began before letting out a most unladylike belch.

Jordan recoiled and glanced around to see if anyone was watching them. “Look this isn’t the time or place. We’ll discuss it later. In the meantime, we can’t have you going out there in this condition. I’ll tell Ella you are unwell, and we’ll get you back home.”

“I think Ashlee just needs some water and she’ll be fine,” Cassie said quickly.

Jordan raised her eyebrows. “I hardly think that is your decision to make, Cassie.”

“But Ashlee wants to continue, don’t you Ashlee?”

Head down Ashlee slowly nodded.

“Nonsense!” Jordan said. “I have no idea why Ashlee is drunk, but I’m not going to allow her to jeopardize her reputation here. There are over a hundred important guests out there, not to mention all the society reporters. Now call Ben and tell him to fetch the car.”

“Um, we aren’t using Ben anymore,” Cassie said, now wishing very much that the meddling bitch would just go away.

Jordan blinked at her. “Why ever not?”

“Ashlee hired John today.”

“John? Who the devil is John?”

“Her new driver and bodyguard,” Cassie said, aware that Jordan’s radar was pinging now.

*I sure hope Pig has a plan for when this money-grabbing cunt comes sniffing around the house!* she thought.

“Bodyguard? Why do you—? Oh, never mind. Call this other driver then, but get Ashlee out of here before—”

“No, I’ll be alright,” Ashlee said, raising her head.

“Excuse me?”

“I-I want to do the show.”

*Incredible!* Cassie thought. *This stuff is really working!*

Jordan straightened up, taken aback. “Ashlee, you are clearly in no condition—”

“I’ll be okay,” Ashlee said, unconvincingly.

Unaccustomed to having her authority challenged, Jordan looked at Cassie. “Help me out here. She really needs to go home.”

“Ashlee’s the boss,” Cassie shrugged.

“But her public image is my responsibility!” Jordan blustered, and now a few heads turned in their direction. “Without my guidance, she would have never made it this far!”

Quite unexpectedly, Ashlee wearily said, “Jordan, why don’t you just fuck off and let me get ready?”

Jordan Louise, who had never heard Ashlee utter a single expletive before, was quite possibly for the first time in her life, at a loss for words. She stared open-mouthed at Ashlee, glanced at Cassie, and then turned on her heel and marched off.

Ashlee looked miserably up at Cassie, and said, “She’s right. I feel like shit.”

Cassie couldn’t resist asking, “Then why did you just tell her to fuck off?”

Ashlee shook her head helplessly. “It just came out. I don’t know what’s happening to me!”

*No, but I do!* Cassie thought delightedly.

Just then Clayton reappeared with a pitcher of water and a glass on a silver tray which he placed on the dressing table. “Here you are, Miss Spencer!”

“Thank you, Clayton,” Cassie said, reaching into her bag and popping two pink tablets out of a blister pack. “Take these, Ashlee. You’ll feel better.”

“What are they?” Ashlee asked, obediently putting them into her mouth.

“Just a little pick-me-up,” Cassie said, which was about as much as she really did know about the mysterious drugs that Pig had left for her. As per his instructions, Cassie had been regulating Ashlee’s moods with alternate dosages of uppers and downers ever since her abduction, and she figured that now might be an appropriate time to get Ashlee’s pulse racing again.

“Drink your water,” Cassie said, as Clayton draped a towel over Ashlee’s shoulders. “I’m just going to have a little look around while you’re getting ready.”

The whole backstage area was quite busy now, and the rows of dressing tables were all occupied by glamorous women being attended to by fussing assistants. Cassie recognized many of the faces, including a few well-known Hollywood actresses. Although today was generally regarded as a bit of fun for a good cause, Cassie could almost smell the rivalry in the air as show time approached. For the established names it was an opportunity to revel in the limelight, while the up-and-coming stars had a chance to make their presence felt alongside them. But in Ashlee’s case, Cassie had a strong suspicion that this afternoon’s performance was destined to be a career-changing moment for all the wrong reasons!

\*\*\*

After parking his SUV, Pig was issued with a security pass and directed into the marquee via the staff entrance. The show was about to begin, so he took a seat near the back where he could survey the snooty cunts as they strutted about in their fancy clothes. If it had been up to him, they would have been wearing skimpy bikinis, or better still stark naked, but he wasn’t here for them anyway. There was only one performer he had come to see, and right now she should be getting her sexy knickers into a right little twist!

On cue, his phone buzzed in his pocket and he smiled when he saw a simple thumbs-up icon that Cassie had sent. That meant Ashlee had just read the message he had sent her from the parking lot: *Did you like my present, bitch? I’m right here and I’ll be seeing you after the show.*

Most likely, Ashlee would be begging Cassie not to send her out there, the paranoia that he had implanted in her mind now bubbling up into an overwhelming state of panic. But because she was also now programmed to obey no matter what, Pig was quite certain that Little Miss Goody Two-Shoes would soon be out on the catwalk anxiously peering into the lights.

On the stage, Ella Rosenstein wrapped up her welcoming speech and then *Sex Bomb* came thumping through the speakers as the first of the models paraded out to enthusiastic applause.

Pig had no specific plan for Ashlee from here on. The greater part of his pleasure would come from discovering how Ashlee handled her new and fragile state of mind. Even if she managed to get through this part unscathed, the headline-making public kiss with Cassie, and those paparazzi photos of her in her skimpy, braless outfit would soon be going viral on the internet. But with her muddled head in a frenzy, as well as being scared out of her wits, there was every likelihood that she would soon make a monumental fuck up in front of the world. That was the beauty of this— with just a little directional guidance from Pig, Ashlee would become the creator of her own downfall!

A bevy of glamorous celebrities opened the fashion show, including Isabella Greer, who was sporting a natty floral dress with a wide-brimmed hat. And then there she was, Ashlee Meagan Spencer, and a murmur of surprise rippled through the audience as the red-faced, wide-eyed starlet, tottered unsteadily on shaking legs, her nipples poking out against her tight skater dress.

Isabella gave Ashlee a wry smile as they passed each other, and it was when Ashlee reached the end of the stage, facing the judges table, that her worst nightmare unfolded. A waiter at a nearby table popped a champagne cork, making Ashlee visibly jump, her unfettered breasts bouncing freely as she shrieked in surprise.

There was a brief, confused hush in the audience before the normally super-cool actress suddenly looked down in horror as a dark wet patch spread quickly around her crotch. She tried to cover it with her hands, but a dribble of urine had already trickled down the inside of her thigh.

*She's pissing herself!* Pig thought excitedly.

A collective gasp resonated around the cavernous tent as Ashlee briefly froze under the intensifying camera flashes. Beside her, Isabella made an exaggerated backward step as the dribble turned into a steady flow, splashing onto the catwalk and sending little golden droplets up into the air.

For what seemed like an eternity, Ashlee remained rooted to the spot as her public humiliation was captured forever by dozens of cameras and smartphones. Then Ashlee bolted, blindly bumping into Isabella and knocking her off the stage, before skidding in her own watery issue and landing heavily on her knees. From his position, Pig had a clear view of Ashlee's skimpy white panties as her dress rode up her thighs, the soaked underwear now translucent and clinging tightly to Ashlee's round buttocks!

In desperation, Ashlee resorted to crawling on her hands and knees, urine still leaking from between her legs, her damp ass on full display to the shocked audience, although Pig noted there were more than a few amused smiles among them. At the judges table, Jordan Louise was standing with her hand clamped over her mouth. No doubt she was thinking the same thing as Pig—that Ashlee Spencer's career and reputation would never be the same again!

## Chapter Nine

Jordan Louise had immediately gone into damage limitation mode, and an appeal had been sent out for everybody present to delete the images and videos they had taken. Ella Rosenstein had also instructed the security staff to vet all employees' cameras and phones as a further precaution, but there was to be no stopping the internet and Ashlee's *wet wardrobe malfunction* had gone viral within hours.

The freedom of the press could not be denied either because it was just too juicy a story to ignore—and it had everything. Not only would any horny male be free to jerk off to pictures of Ashlee's shining, wet ass and transparent panties, but her other shocking behavior at the show was under great scrutiny too.

There were several gossip columnists out there that suspected Ashlee's squeaky-clean image was too good to be true, and now they were armed with enough muck to keep the rumors circulating in perpetuity! Had Ashlee come out of her lesbian closet with the Tom Gates affair being nothing more than a cover? After all, she had been living alone with her female assistant for three years now. And why had she insisted on wearing such a provocative outfit and chosen to go braless? Had she finally grown tired of living a lie, and decided to show her true colors to the world? Then there were the stories accompanied by a blurry photo of her necking the flute of champagne that suggested the whole sordid episode had been triggered because she was drunk.

Even Jordan's press release stating that Ashlee had recently been unwell, while pleading for some privacy and decorum, had been met with general skepticism. The fact was, Cassie understood, that people basically loved a scandal, and Ashlee Spencer's embarrassing mishap was making headline news. What the public didn't yet know was that this was just the tip of the iceberg!

After fleeing the scene in Pig's SUV, Ashlee had been holed up in her bedroom, refusing to take any calls or answer messages—of which, there had been plenty. Cassie had fielded them all in a professional manner, explaining that Miss Spencer was still recuperating from her illness, while dodging questions regarding their personal relationship. Jordan Louise had only communicated with Ashlee via Cassie too, obviously still miffed at the way she had been spoken to, not to mention the financial fallout that she might suffer because of this catastrophe.

Then there were the emails and social media posts. Although Cassie had always screened out the odd indecent comments in the past, there had never been anything overly obscene to deal with—discounting Pig's depraved series of tirades, of course. But since Ashlee's unexpected display, there had been a barrage of messages ranging from tongue-in-cheek, back-handed compliments, to requests for pornographic pictures and even offers to pay her for sex! All of a sudden, the pristine veneer surrounding Ashlee had been rudely stripped away, and what remained was just another hot piece of Hollywood property with the same urges and vices as everyone else!

This new public perception of Ashlee was potentially an unmitigated disaster as far as her television show was concerned. The very audience she had so meticulously courted were certain to rethink their opinion of her unless Jordan's spin doctors could turn the tide. The obvious angle of course, was to sell the idea that Ashlee was under great stress and that she had acted totally out of character. Then a series of corrective public appearances, apologies, and perhaps some sweet tears of remorse on live television might win back the hearts of her fans.

Unfortunately, as fast as Jordan had acted, the television network had been even swifter, and Mike Dandy had just phoned Cassie to inform her of their decision to suspend filming until a damage assessment had been completed. That news would be gleefully welcomed by Isabelle Greer and her people at the rival network and should go some way toward compensating her for the bruised buttocks she had sustained after Ashlee had bundled her off the stage!

This development had coincided perfectly with the next part of Pig's plan which he had unveiled on the ride back from the show while Ashlee was sobbing uncontrollably in the back seat. With a small company of paparazzi reporters now camped outside Ashlee's townhouse, they needed somewhere secluded to hide out—and Cassie had just the place to go. One of her aunts owned a summer cabin on an isolated lake up in the Oregon forests. For Ashlee right now, even the moon

wouldn't be far enough away from the public glare, but provided they got there without being followed, the cabin would serve as the perfect location for what Pig had in mind for her—and from what he had told Cassie, it had nothing at all to do with rest and recuperation!

\*\*\*

“Tom's not going to want anything to do with you now,” Cassie said. “Not after the way you kissed me in front of the whole world.”

“But you made me do it!” Ashlee said petulantly.

“No, I asked you for a kiss,” Cassie said. “There's a difference. Nobody forced you. Why don't you just accept your true feelings?”

“I told you before—I'm not a fucking dyke!”

“Of course you are,” Cassie smiled. “Deep inside you know it—you prefer women.”

“That's not true! I love Tom, not you!”

Cassie said. “Oh really? Then what about the other night when you came to my bed and you let me touch your—”

“Oh, just shut the fuck up!” Ashlee yelled, clamping her hands over her ears.

Listening to the exchange from the driver's seat, Pig had to suppress a little chuckle at Ashlee's newly acquired propensity toward bad language. It was just one of many little adjustments to her personality that he had made while she had been under the influence of his potent cocktail of drugs. He was also pleased to note the subtle but unmistakable power shift that had developed between the two women. While Ashlee's self-assurance was becoming increasingly worn down, Cassie was quite clearly gaining in confidence.

As entertaining as Cassie's mind games were, Pig tuned out of the conversation to concentrate on following the maps app on the dashboard. They had left the Pacific Coast Highway behind them and were now climbing up into the Blue Mountains on an empty road fringed with thick fir trees on each side. Getting away from the waiting paparazzi had not been as difficult as he had expected, and utilizing his advanced driver training, Pig had quickly managed to lose the two motorbikes that had followed them.

Eager to get started, they had opted to make the trip in one run, stopping only for food and gas, and they had been on the road for over eighteen hours. Cassie had covertly slipped Ashlee a sedative which meant that the traumatized young *prima donna* had slept most of the way, leaving them free to discuss their strategy for the coming weeks.

Even though the cabin itself was isolated, Cassie had informed Pig that there was a signal for internet access which would be useful for keeping an eye on the outside world, and in particular, handling Jordan Louise. Once she had calmed down, the greedy agent would most certainly want her prize asset back in her clutches and was also bound to become highly suspicious of Pig's involvement. That was why he needed the time and privacy to really work on Ashlee without external interference. After completing her training in the mountains, Ashlee should be so afraid of disobeying him that she would be compelled to reject any overtures from Jordan or anyone else—no matter how desperate for help she might really be. And just in case there was any defiance left in Ashlee by the time this sojourn was over, Pig intended to program a little safeguard into her psyche which would effectively silence any pleas for help that she might attempt to make.

They turned onto a rutted dirt road which broke through the trees and then came to a halt at the edge of pristine lake. A wooden rowboat was tethered to a landing jetty, and a hundred yards across the still water was the island with the cabin visible on the shore.

Pig got out and stretched his legs and the two young women walked past him hand in hand—no doubt at Cassie's bidding—to the end of the jetty. Pig allowed his eyes to wander over Ashlee's flawless figure and he felt his dick twitch in his pants. Cassie had chosen Ashlee's outfit of course, a red and white check shirt, tied just above her navel, ass-hugging powder blue shorts, and white

running shoes. Her long shapely legs were bare, and her golden hair was tied back in a simple ponytail. Standing against a backdrop of snow-capped mountains, she looked country fresh and absolutely stunning—and she was finally his to do with as he pleased!

\*\*\*

*Maybe things will get better from here on,* Ashlee thought as she took in the spectacular view. She still felt sick to her stomach from the crushing shame of what she had done up on the catwalk, and even though she knew she should really be working with Jordan to fix up the damage, all she wanted right now was a place to hide—and of course, dear old Cassie had come up with the goods yet again.

*Although this isn't dear old Cassie anymore is it?* Ashlee thought, feeling her assistant's damp palm in her hand. Something had clearly changed between them, and as infuriating as she found Cassie's newly acquired superior attitude, Ashlee was, for some unknown reason, allowing her to get away with it!

It was this lesbian thing that was the most troubling. Ashlee had always found the concept of two women getting it on together as somewhat sad, not to mention repulsive, but now she was beginning to doubt her own sexuality—had she been fooling herself all along? Despite her angry rebuttal in the car, there was no denying that she had indeed allowed Cassie to touch her most intimately the other night. And the kisses, hand-holding, and hugs? Were these seemingly innocent shows of affection really a manifestation of some hidden, deeper feelings? Ashlee desperately hoped not!

As they stood together like a pair of honeymooners, Ashlee thoughts returned to Tom. He had tried several times to contact her, and the main reason she had avoided his calls was because she simply had no idea what to say to him! Her kiss had been caught on camera and was now being viewed by millions across the globe. How could she possibly explain that away? That it had been an accident? That inexplicably, she couldn't resist Cassie's request? How would that sound other than to confirm what Tom must already be suspecting? She recalled the moment when she had avoided his kiss in her dressing room. It had been an instinctive reaction which she had regretted immediately, and yet she had done it, nonetheless. What message had that sent him?

With a hollowness in the pit of her stomach, Ashlee wondered if she had already lost her lover before their relationship had even blossomed. What scared her the most was that her body seemed to be behaving contrary to her wishes. Despite her current state of confusion, she didn't feel any urges towards Cassie right now, so surely that meant she was still straight—didn't it?

One thing she was beginning to understand was that something terrible had been done to her, and whatever it was must have been responsible for her disturbing behavior over the past couple of weeks. Intellectually she guessed that Pig had to be behind it, and from her recent change in demeanor, Cassie must either be acting as his accomplice, or just enjoying the sudden power transfer. Unfortunately, this was where Ashlee felt so utterly helpless—even though she still viewed Cassie as her inferior and saw Pig as nothing more than the hired help, her gut feeling told her that she now needed them both more than ever!

"It's perfect!" Pig's voice from behind startled her, and she stiffened at the sudden touch of his hand on her shoulder. She could feel his breath on her neck as he said, "I think we're going to be very happy here ladies, and I want to get settled in before dark. Ashlee be a good girl and go unpack the trunk."

Ashlee didn't immediately process what he had just said, but then she turned to him. "Excuse me?"

"I want you to put our bags into the boat," Pig said.

Just a few weeks ago, Ashlee would have responded to such an insolent request with one of her verbal barrages that on more than one occasion reduced had Cassie to tears.

*How dare he!* she thought angrily, but when she opened her mouth to berate him, she heard herself meekly reply, “Just me?”

“That’s correct, young lady,” Pig said firmly. “Did you think you were here on vacation?”

Ashlee felt the color rising to her cheeks. “Uh, well yes—”

“Oh no, you got that totally wrong!” Pig interrupted, his fingers gripping her shoulder more tightly. “Cassie and I are here to relax, but you are going to work, and work hard! Now get moving, you stuck-up little bitch—it’s *Playtime* again!”

## Chapter Ten

Waiting in the boat, Cassie watched her famous employer struggle along with three suitcases, one in each hand and the other wedged under her arm. Pig had decided to make things difficult for her because Ashlee had argued back when he had told her to fetch the baggage—something that she would undoubtedly learn not to do in due course!

Cassie observed a noticeable bulge in Pig's pants as he sternly oversaw Ashlee's first chore, and it occurred to her that very soon he would be taking advantage of the trapped and beautiful celebrity in a very sexual way. This was part of their deal of course, but it raised a few questions in Cassie's mind now—the first of which was who would be sleeping where and with whom?

Although he hadn't explicitly imposed his authority, Pig had subtly assumed the dominant role in their budding three-way relationship, and Cassie found that she was content to let him take the lead. She just hoped he wasn't planning to keep the lion's share of Ashlee's fleshly pleasures for himself. Having already had a sweet taster herself, Cassie was keen for much more!

Ashlee literally dropped the cases into the bow of the boat, her pretty, flushed features pinched into an indignant frown. Cassie could only guess at the turmoil she had to be going through right now—here she was, being ordered around by the type of people she had for so long looked down upon, and there was absolutely nothing she could do about it!

"This is wrong! You can't tell me what to do!" she huffed, even as she trudged back to the SUV for the remaining bags.

"I thought I told you not to complain?" Pig said, his eyes gleaming with desire. "Now you've earned yourself another punishment. Take off your shorts."

Ashlee halted mid-stride, and mouth open. "What?"

"You're only going to get them dirty in the boat, so—drop them!" Pig smiled.

"I can't do that here in front of you!" Ashlee cried.

"Why not? I've already seen your underwear," Pig mocked. "So has the entire world, in fact! Shorts off now, or you earn yet another punishment!"

Something happened then that Cassie had never dreamed she would ever see. Ashlee's face briefly crumbled, giving her a glimpse of the vulnerable teenage girl she must once have been, but before the tears flowed, she somehow managed to pull herself together and with trembling fingers, slowly pulled her shorts down to her ankles.

While they were packing, Cassie had selected a pair of white satin briefs for Ashlee to wear under her shorts, and with her shirt knotted around her midriff, they were now on display, snuggled tightly into Ashlee's crotch and clearly defining her camel toe. Cassie felt a throb of pleasure in her gut as Ashlee stepped out of her shorts and self-consciously crossed her legs.

Pig nodded in approval, his burning stare compelling Ashlee to cover her groin with her hands. "Get to it, hot pants!" he said. "I don't want you rowing us over there in the dark!"

"Stop talking to me like that—what? I'm going to row?"

"Yep. You'll be doing all the cleaning and cooking too. Plus a lot of outdoor work. Didn't I just make myself clear? It's time you got your hands dirty in this life!"

"But why?" Ashlee whimpered, obviously realizing by now that she was in no position to bargain with him.

"Because you've been a pampered little bitch who has treated poor Cassie here like shit for the past three years, that's why! Now get that sexy ass moving or I'll have those little panties off you as well!"

That threat was incentive enough and Cassie watched Ashlee's lovely round ass cheeks jiggling as she bent forward to retrieve the next two suitcases from the trunk. After depositing the bags in the boat with the others—and giving Cassie a baleful look in the process—she went back for the last bag. This one had been packed by Pig, and it was so large and heavy, that Ashlee was forced to drag it, with her scantily clad butt pushed out and her long legs glowing in the evening sunlight.

"What in hell have you got in here?" she grunted as she manhandled the bag into the boat.

"Oh, your sports equipment and toys are in there," Pig said casually as he locked the SUV.

“Toys?” Ashlee looked genuinely confused.

“Yes, toys,” Pig smiled. “From now on you’ll always have your toys at *Playtime*. Hop in.”

\*\*\*

Pig had to resist the urge to reach out and squeeze those firm, ripe ass cheeks as Ashlee climbed into the rowboat. His cock was straining hard against his pants now, partly because of the titillating view Ashlee presented without her shorts on, but also in anticipation of the coming weeks ahead on the island.

*It's finally happening!* he thought ecstatically. All the planning and waiting was finally bearing fruit. He actually had the unobtainable Ashlee Spencer at his complete mercy, and she was powerless to stop him!

He cast off from the dock and sat down next to Cassie, leaving Ashlee perched on the center thwart with her thighs clamped together, and a petulant look on her face. Pig knew he could probably reprogram Ashlee to be more amenable, but he found it far more arousing to have her mentally resisting in this way. As she stared fixedly at the island, Pig nodded at the two oars laying on the bottom boards and said, “Put them into the locks and start rowing.”

“This is just not fair!” Ashlee muttered as she reflexively complied with his order. “I’m the one paying the wages around here!”

“Hey, nobody’s holding a gun to your head,” Pig said.

“But you’ve done something to me. It started when I got sick. I’m not stupid! I don’t want to be here, and I don’t want you working for me anymore!”

“Too late for that, missy. From now on, you are going to do exactly as Cassie and I say.”

“You won’t get away with it!” Ashlee pouted. “Jordan will call the police.”

“That may be so, but I think we’ll get past that with your assistance. Now stop complaining and get rowing.”

Clearly unfamiliar with boating, Ashlee struggled to get moving with three adults and a pile of baggage weighing the wooden vessel down.

“Come on, Ashlee!” Pig said. “Pull harder! We’ll be stuck out here all night at this rate!”

Grunting loudly, Ashlee gradually managed to get into a rhythm, and as the boat picked up momentum, they started moving slowly across the water towards the island. With her bottom lip sticking out, and the physical effort furrowing her brow, Ashlee moaned, “My hands are hurting! I’ll get blisters!”

*Wait until your training begins!* Pig smiled to himself. *Very soon, blisters will be the least of your concerns!*

It took a while to cross the stretch of water with only one of them doing the work, but Pig and Cassie settled back to enjoy the ride while their pampered celebrity boss worked up a considerable sweat. With each pullback, Ashlee was compelled to part her legs to gain leverage which afforded them a pleasant view of her barely concealed crotch. By the time they reached the little dock in front of the cabin, Ashlee was breathing quite hard, and her damp shirt was stuck to her breasts. Seeing how Pig was leering at her, she let go of the oars and clamped her arms across her chest while pressing her knees together.

“Stop looking at me!”

“I thought I told you to stop whining,” Pig said. “Now you’ve earned yourself another punishment. Shall we take her panties, Cassie?”

“No! Please!” Ashlee shrieked, still oblivious to her impending fate on the island.

“Nah,” Cassie said casually. “But her shirt is soaked. Better take it off, Ashlee.”

“Mphh!” Ashlee protested through pursed lips.

Her trembling fingers undid the knot and then flicked on the remaining buttons before slipping the blouse over her shoulders. Having automatically complied with Cassie's instruction, she held the shirt against her body and watched them with reproachful eyes.

"Now throw it in the lake," Pig said. "And then take our stuff up to the cabin."

"Pah!" Ashlee spat, as her shirt sailed over the edge of the boat, landing on the flat water. Her face a picture of petulance, she stood unsteadily in the boat and stooped to pick up the first two of the cases. She was wearing a white bra that pushed up her sweaty breasts, and Pig hungrily watched her bending forward as he tied off the boat.

Cassie went up and unlocked the cabin while Ashlee struggled with the cases, now clad only in her white bra, panties and running shoes.

*Dear God!* Pig thought as she flounced past him, her sizable breasts wobbling in the bra. *I don't think I can wait much longer!*

While their semi-naked boss made another trip to the boat, Pig dragged his eyes away and followed Cassie for a quick tour of the cabin. It was spacious and comfortable enough, with a large living and dining area, a kitchen with a well-stocked freezer, and two bedrooms separated by a small bathroom. These were the rooms that Pig was most interested in, and he was certain that Cassie would be thinking the same way. Even though he was longing to have Ashlee, he had decided to show a little self-control and give Cassie the first taste of her. During the mind-control sessions he had inflicted upon Ashlee, he had been careful to make sure that she was physically attracted to Cassie yet retaining her inborn abhorrence for homosexuality. This would create an exquisite conflict in her pretty little head as she battled against her newly implanted carnal urges!

For his part however, Pig was determined to become the alpha-male in this triangular arrangement, and that included gaining influence over Cassie as well. He knew that the skinny personal assistant was still a little wary of him—he had spotted her pepper-spray canister—but he had no intention of drugging her to get her under his control. As long as he allowed her unlimited access to her idol, he was certain Cassie would be happy to let him run the show.

A quick inspection revealed that the larger of the two rooms held a double bed, while the room in the back was just big enough for a single—an ideal set-up for what he had in mind.

He said to Cassie, "I think you two girls can sleep in the big bedroom together, while I take the other. Okay with you?"

"Sounds like an excellent idea!" Cassie said, the relief evident in her eyes.

Ashlee had deposited their luggage on the front porch, and keenly aware of her state of undress, she had been keeping her distance outside, but on hearing Pig's words, she now crept inside and poked her head around the corner of the bedroom door.

"I-I don't want to sleep with Cassie," she murmured. "Can't I take the single room?"

"When are you going to get it into that pretty little head of yours that you aren't making the decisions anymore?" Pig chided her. "You'll get used to it—in fact, I think you'll end up having a lot of fun together in here!"

Cassie giggled but Ashlee just stared at the big bed in dismay. After the changes that she had undergone recently, she was only too aware of what would inevitably take place between those sheets over the coming weeks!

"Right then!" Pig said briskly. "Let's get unpacked and then see what's in the freezer. I'm famished!"

"I need a shower before we eat," Cassie said, and it was no surprise to Pig when the horny little dyke added, "Ashlee, would you like to join me?"

"No, I would not!" Ashlee snapped.

Delighted at how quickly things were moving along, Pig let out an exaggerated sigh. "Still don't get it, do you? When it's *Playtime*, you do exactly as you are told. Go take a shower with Cassie!"

Having resentfully allowed her feet to carry her there, Ashlee audibly groaned when she saw the bathroom. It was clean but very basic, with a single washstand and mirror, a chain-pull toilet, and an old-fashioned cast iron enamel tub on legs.

“How quaint!” Cassie exclaimed. “We should just be able to fit in there together with a squeeze!”

“Cassie,” Ashlee said quietly. “You’ve got to help me. I don’t know how he’s managed to get this hold over me, but surely you can see that Pig is insane.”

“Then why did you give him the job as your protector in the first place?”

“Because—I thought I needed him, but now he’s started being really mean to me, and—”

“If you are honest with yourself, you do need him,” Cassie interrupted. “Just as you need me. The whole world is laughing at you right now, Ashlee, and this is the best place for you.”

“Yes, I know,” Ashlee said. “And I thought it was what I wanted, but the things Pig just said about making me work and calling me rude names, I—Cassie, I’m scared of him!”

While they had been talking, Cassie had been quickly undressing, and when she slipped out of her underwear and stood naked before her, Ashlee had to avert her eyes. Cassie then reached for Ashlee's bra strap, causing her to tightly hug her shoulders.

“Look,” Cassie said, placing her hand against Ashlee’s cheek. “Pig might be strict, but he knows what’s best for you. And if things do get a little rough, you’ll always have me here to kiss you better!”

*What is going on here? Ashlee thought desperately. She's as fucking mad as he is!*

Thinking of the double bed next door, it was clear that Cassie was planning a sexual lesbian relationship between them, and Ashlee inwardly shuddered at the thought of it.

“Please call Jordan,” she whispered frantically. “She’ll know what to do!”

“I don’t think Jordan is very happy with you right now,” Cassie said, shaking her head sympathetically. “Now I want you to take off the rest of your clothes. Hurry up.”

To her horror, Ashlee was already undoing the clasp of her bra before Cassie had finished the sentence.

*I've got no choice! My body is going to obey whether I want it to or not!*

Feeling the color rising to her cheeks again, she rolled her panties down over her legs and stepped out of them, before finally removing her running shoes. Just like that, the two of them were naked together in a small bathroom in the middle of nowhere, with that terrifying lunatic Pig just outside!

Cassie turned on the faucet and ran the water under her fingers. “Good, the generator is working,” she said. “Get in.”

Miserably Ashlee stepped into the slowly filling tub, feeling Cassie’s eyes on her as she tried to hide her breasts and crotch from view. The tub was designed for just one person, and when Cassie climbed in with her, Ashlee drew up her knees to avoid making contact. As much as she was hating this however, she became aware that her breathing had quickened, and her nipples were beginning to harden!

*Oh fuck, it's happening again! Not only am I unable to stop her from touching me, but when she does, I probably won't want her to stop! God help me!*

As the water rose up to their stomachs, Cassie lathered up a bar of lavender soap and said thickly, “Drape your legs over the sides, and put your hands behind your neck.”

With a mortified whimper, Ashlee again did precisely as she was told, spreading her legs, and freely exposing her breasts to her lesbian personal assistant! Cassie leaned forward and began to soap Ashlee’s breasts, her fingertips lightly caressing her nipples. Desperate for any form of escape from this nightmare, Ashlee closed her eyes and squeezed out a single tear of shame and self-loathing.

## Chapter Eleven

Sitting on his bed, Pig listened to the females making waves in the bathtub while he sorted through the big sports bag that Ashlee had been barely able to lift. There was a lot of fun stuff inside, most of it purchased from online bondage stores, but also some items that could be found in any hardware store or supermarket. Pig planned to use all of it on Ashlee during their stay on the island, as the depraved scenes he had described in his emails finally became a reality.

He heard a groan and a squeal from the bathroom and nodded with satisfaction. Although he was surprised at how quickly and shamelessly Cassie had made her first move on Ashlee, he had expected the little dyke to stake her part of the claim sooner rather than later. For her part, Ashlee would be hating every minute of her bath time, forced into a homosexual encounter that would leave her feeling depressed and ashamed once her unwanted climaxes had died down. He picked up a riding crop and slapped it into his open palm—by the time Pig got to work her on her, Ashlee would soon be coveting those private moments where she could safely nestle in the sanctuary of Cassie's arms!

There was still half an hour before sunset, so he went outside to explore. A gravel pathway led from the back porch toward a wooden building near the trees and Pig followed it, making mental notes along the way. The path was flanked by tall uncut grass punctuated with wild bushes, and a little further along, a thicket of stinging nettles surrounded a natural pond, its surface coated with green slime. The wooden building was unlocked, and when he turned on the light he saw that it was empty except for a tool rack and workbench along the back wall. He went around and located the generator along with several canisters of propane which appeared to be full. There was also a lot of junk scattered around here, and a cursory inspection revealed a few items that might come in useful—an old wooden rain barrel and a bicycle frame caught his attention in particular, inspiring some rather wicked ideas!

As he wandered back along the path, Pig's fertile and warped imagination kept adding to the myriad tortures and humiliations he had in mind for Ashlee. With the sun now dipping behind the tree line, he took a deep breath of country air and felt a wave of raw power ripple through him. It reminded him of his days back at the *black site* in Kandahar, and the intense gratification he had derived from watching that once proud Italian journalist demean herself in the most obscene and disgusting ways. Back then he had been the sorcerer's apprentice learning his craft, but now he was the master, this island his own personal fiefdom, and his slave was one of the hottest actresses on television!

When he got back to the cabin, he could smell something good coming from the kitchen, and he went inside to investigate. Ashlee was dressed in a silk bathrobe tied around her waist, and extending to just above her knees. Cassie, stirring a pot of stew, was similarly dressed, and both women looked flushed and clean—although one of them looked decidedly happier than the other!

Pig picked up a carrot from the pine table, and said, "Smells good. Where did this fresh stuff come from?"

"There's a caretaker comes over to check the place from time to time," Cassie said over her shoulder. "I told my aunt I would be staying here a while, so he must have already been here."

Pig glanced at Ashlee, so Cassie added, "Don't worry, he's known my aunt all his life. He's discreet and reliable."

*Yeah, but I bet he would be more than a little surprised if he ever saw what is about to happen to Ashlee out here,* Pig thought.

"That's good. we don't want any visitors invading Ashlee's privacy," he said waving the carrot in Ashlee's direction. "She's a very embarrassed young lady after peeing her panties in public like that, aren't you Miss Spencer?"

Ashlee visibly winced and lowered her eyes, her mouth turning down at the corners.

*That's a good sign,* Pig thought. *She's starting to learn to keep her mouth shut.*

Then again, having spent the last half hour sexually servicing her personal assistant was bound to have taken some of the wind out of her sails!

His eyes were drawn to Ashlee's cleavage where her robe had parted, the points of her nipples poking against the silk. "What have you got on under there, Ashlee?"

Now she looked up again, a flash of alarm registering in her eyes.

"What?"

"It's a simple enough question. Are you naked underneath that robe?"

Cassie stopped stirring and turned to look at him—but she had to know that this would be coming sooner or later. After all, Pig thought, she'd already had her fun, so she could hardly accuse him of rushing things.

Ashlee glanced nervously at Cassie and said, "Why do you—?"

"Just answer my question before I lose my patience," Pig sighed.

"But I-I—"

"How hard can this be? Okay, if you won't answer, we'll just have to take a look."

"No! Please! You can't make me!" Ashlee's blue eyes were now wide and pleading.

"You got naked for Cassie in the bathtub, didn't you?" Pig said tauntingly. "I heard the splashing."

Lovely pink spots appeared on Ashlee's cheeks.

"But I can't!" she whined.

Even though this was a pointless conversation—if he wanted her naked, they both knew she would have to comply—Pig wanted to prolong her agony by pretending to negotiate with her. "Okay look, I can see you aren't wearing a bra, but I want to check to see if you're wearing any panties."

"She isn't!" Cassie interjected.

Pig glanced at her, and Cassie flushed and turned back to the stove.

"Turn around and raise your robe," Pig said.

"Please don't do this," Ashlee groaned, but even as she protested, she duly complied with his instruction, and with her back to him, slowly drew the robe up her body. First the tops of her thighs came into view, and then very gradually, Ashlee revealed the half-moons of her buttocks to him.

"Higher," Pig said, his throat a little dry.

Ashlee emitted a little sobbing noise as she hiked the robe up to the small of her back, presenting him with a full view of her naked butt. He had glimpsed her ass cheeks through her wet panties during her fashion show calamity, but this was different—Ashlee was showing them to him at his bidding! His cock now at full mast, he said, "Thank you. You may lower your robe and carry on. Now how difficult was that?"

After allowing the robe to fall back, Ashlee kept her back to him, but Pig could just imagine the look of outrage and shame on her pretty features. He waited for her to say something, put apart from a slight stiffening of her shoulders, she managed to keep her counsel.

*Interesting. Now that she is beginning to understand that she is physically helpless to resist, she has opted for silence as a defense strategy.*

So the mental jousting had already begun. She had by now grasped the fact that he held all the cards, but the real Ashlee would still be in there waiting for the first opportunity to get free of his spell. That was where the sport was—breaking her resistance. And to do that, he needed to systematically dismantle her pride and self-esteem.

Even though he wanted to pace himself with Ashlee to maximize his enjoyment, an idea popped into Pig's head that would cause her maximum embarrassment during dinner without unveiling all her bodily treasures too soon.

\*\*\*

*Why is he being so mean? I haven't done anything to him!* Ashlee thought miserably, as she went out to set the table.

Showing him her bare backside had been one of the most humiliating experiences of her life—okay, with the exception of her public on-stage slip and subsequent loss of bladder control, and perhaps also her recent bath with Cassie. Actually, now that she thought of it, the embarrassing moments were beginning to pile up quite rapidly!

One thing was now painfully apparent—coming here had been a terrible mistake. At first, she had been so devastated by her catwalk disaster that she would have readily agreed to anything they suggested. Indeed, it had seemed like a great idea when they were standing on the shores of the lake—but things had then changed at lightning speed. Away from the city, Pig and Cassie no longer had to keep up pretenses, and now Ashlee realized that she was in anything but caring hands. The problem was, as much as she hated them for the way they were now treating her, she now recognized that getting away from them was going to be far from easy. No matter how desperately she wanted to be free, she no longer had control of her body or even her emotions. She had become Pig's puppet to do with as he pleased! How could she have reached this confused and docile state when all her adult life she had been so composed and strong willed?

Again, it all came back to Pig and whatever he had done to her. But what had he done? And how could she reverse it? How could she possibly escape when she didn't even know what was keeping her here? The thought of being so utterly helpless chilled her to the bone—if Pig had just asked her to take the robe off completely, she knew that she would have done it immediately!

That brought her to another puzzling question—if he could make her do anything, then why hadn't he already ordered her to have sex with him? It was a nightmarish possibility but also an obvious one, and yet it had been that unfaithful little dyke Cassie, who had taken advantage of her instead. Was Pig simply content to stand by and watch as Ashlee sunk into a world of lesbian depravity? Somehow, she didn't think so.

As she laid out the bowls and cutlery, a sudden sickening image of Cassie's nude body flashed into Ashlee's head. After soaping her breasts, Cassie had slipped two fingers inside Ashlee's vagina, squelching back and forth under the water, and almost bringing Ashlee to orgasm. What a low point that had been as Ashlee had jerked her legs while biting her knuckles to stifle her cries of ecstasy—only for Cassie to cruelly withdraw her hand before gratification had been achieved.

To make her suffering even worse, it had then been Ashlee's turn to pleasure Cassie who had climbed out of the bath and planted her naked, skinny body on the toilet with her thin legs spread, while Ashlee had been compelled to lick her labia and clitoris. With her face buried in Cassie's thick pubic hair, Ashlee had almost felt the urge to throw up while her own treacherous pussy, already stimulated, had dripped with desire at the lesbian contact! As she moved around the table, mentally shuddering at the memory of it, she was so lost in her rambling thoughts that the big pink penis jutting up from one of the chairs took her totally unawares!

"Eek!" Ashlee jumped back, dropping a spoon on the floor.

"What is it? A mouse?" Cassie asked, coming out of the kitchen.

"No, it's a—oh my God! Is it real?" Ashlee gasped, her palms pressed to her cheeks.

\*\*\*

*It certainly looks real!* Cassie thought, suppressing a chuckle. She gave the rubber cock a little prod and it wobbled rudely on the suction cup that held it in place. Leaning forward for a closer inspection, Cassie was impressed by the dong's realistic details—the flesh-colored, soft rubber skin was ribbed with lifelike veins, and the retracted foreskin revealed a bulbous head complete with an eye at its tip. It was also something of a monster that Cassie estimated must be at least eight inches long!

"Cassie! Eew! Don't touch it!" Ashlee squeaked.

An electrical wire trailed over the edge of the seat and down to a small control unit. Apparently unlike Ashlee, Cassie had prior experience with vibrators and dildos, and although she had never

used this particular model, she had instantly recognized it as a sex toy rather than the severed member that Ashlee evidently had at first thought it to be!

"It's a vibrator Ashlee," Cassie said, picking up the control unit. "Don't tell me you've never seen one before!"

Ashlee peered a little closer and said, "Well, yes, of course I know what they are—I just didn't expect to see one on a chair!"

*Neither did I*, Cassie thought, as she pressed the switch. The rubber phallus jumped into life and began to twist and jerk, causing Ashlee to lurch back again. "I have to say, I can see why you were taken in at first," Cassie giggled. "Look, it's even got a big scrotum!"

"It's disgusting!" Ashlee said, wrinkling her nose. "Turn it off, please. Why ever would your aunt have such a thing?"

Before Cassie had a chance to answer, she heard Pig say, "It doesn't belong to Cassie's aunt—it's yours!"

Cassie looked up to see him standing in bathroom doorway, wearing nothing but a towel around his waist, and Cassie had to say that she was surprised at how hairy his chest was. Ashlee also stared at him and then coyly averted her eyes—it was the first time either of them had seen him out of his white shirt and pressed slacks.

"That's where you'll be sitting at dinner," Pig said.

"Me?" Ashlee said, aghast. "You want me to sit on that chair? H-How can I?"

"Are you really that dense?" Pig said. "Cassie, why don't you explain it to *Miss Purity* here?"

Cassie straightened up and asked Ashlee, "Do I really need to?"

Ashlee looked down at the obscene vertical cock, then at Cassie, and finally back at Pig. As she opened her mouth to speak, Pig put his hand up and said, "No more protesting. From now on, if I get any more comments or complaints, you will be punished for it. Do you understand?"

"I'm not—" Ashlee began.

"Now you've earned yourself a punishment," Pig said. "And each time you object, you'll accrue more punishments. Think about it. You must have figured out by now that you are going to obey me anyway, so why make life more difficult by opening that big mouth of yours?"

There it was again, that internal conflict revealed only in Ashlee's eyes, that made Cassie briefly wonder if she was going to burst into tears. But once more, Ashlee managed to get herself under control and simply nodded miserably.

"Finally, you're starting to get it," Pig said, taking his seat. "Cassie, did I see a couple of bottles of wine in the kitchen? I fancy a glass of red."

Cassie bridled a little at his offhand tone, but she was still on cloud nine after her first real sexual encounter with Ashlee, so she let it go. "Come on, Ashlee, let's go and fetch your master's food and wine."

She had intended *master* to sound ironic but again she couldn't shake the feeling that that was exactly what Pig intended to become. Dressed in their matching bathrobes Cassie thought they must have looked like a couple of slave girls from an ancient civilization as they served their bare-chested master. Was this really where they were headed? Pig the unchallenged patriarch in their twisted little family? That certainly wasn't the proposal he had put to her in the park all those weeks ago.

"Cassie, would you make sure that Ashlee is seated correctly before we begin?" said Pig.

His haughty demeanor was already beginning to wear thin, and Cassie almost told him to do it himself, but deciding not to spoil his puerile game, she went around to where her distraught employer was standing.

"I think you know how to do this," Cassie said, standing behind her. "Just open your thighs, part your lips, and slide on down."

She lifted the hem of Ashlee's robe, and with a shuddering sigh, the actress miserably lowered herself onto the rubber dildo.

\*\*\*

*This is the absolute worst!* Ashlee screamed in her head as she sought her labia with her fingers. She could feel Pig's burning gaze setting her cheeks on fire as she worked the bulbous head inside her. To her utter shame, her insides were still very wet, and it only took a little maneuvering before her body started to slowly accommodate the false rubber cock.

"Ungh!" Ashlee couldn't help exhaling a little grunt as she gradually settled her full weight onto the phallus. Even though it stretched her, it didn't hurt as much as she had expected, and despite the emotional distress she was suffering in having to defile herself in this way, it seemed she would be able to cope on a physical level at least.

Unfortunately, she had forgotten that the sex toy didn't just look like a real penis, it behaved like one as well, and when Cassie turned it back on Ashlee's eyes opened wide and she let out a gasp of surprise.

"Ooh! Oh my God! Fuck!"

"Yes, you will," Pig smirked at her. "All the way through dinner. We'll see how many times you climax before your bowl is empty."

Ashlee didn't know where to put her face as the disgusting thing whirred inside her. Here she was sitting at a dinner table, impaled on a vibrator in front of her two employees, while a most unwelcome stirring began to rapidly build inside her! God forbid that she should climax in front of them, and yet she already knew that unless they allowed her to stand up, that outcome was inevitable.

"P-Please!" she gasped, as her hips began to buck of their own volition. "Please turn it off!"

Ignoring her appeals for mercy, Pig poured three glasses of wine and raised his glass. "A toast to our new temporary home!"

Cassie took her seat and also lifted her glass. "To home!"

"Ashlee?" Pig said. "Don't be impolite, now."

Ashlee had finally accepted that resistance was futile, and she wrapped her fingers around the stem of her wine glass and raised it shakily in front of her face. Just then, her body jerked in a little spasm of pleasure and red wine spilled out of her glass onto the checked tablecloth.

"You're making a mess, you clumsy girl!" Pig chuckled. "Try to sit still!"

*Oh, dear God!* Ashlee thought desperately. *I'm going to come and there's nothing I can do about it!*

"I can see that you are enjoying yourself with your new toy, but you must remember your table manners," Pig mocked.

Chewing her lower lip, Ashlee looked away as she tried to keep herself under control, but she was fighting a losing battle! The ignominy of what she had just been through with Cassie paled into insignificance compared with this impending humiliation!

"Hungh!" Ashlee cried out with a bewildered mixture of despair and ecstasy as the persistent rubber invader threatened to send her out of control.

As her first orgasm erupted, she heard Pig say, "Drink up, Ashlee!" and she instantly placed the glass against her lips just as she reflexively threw her head back. As the glass clinked against her teeth, her body convulsed, throwing the contents of the glass into her face and obscuring her vision.

"Aah! Fuck!" she yelled frantically. "Pig, make it stop!"

But the rotten swine just laughed, and when she cleared her eyes, Ashlee saw that Cassie was giggling too. Sitting there with this obscene thing buzzing and twisting away inside her, Ashlee dearly wished she could run and hide, but she was very much stuck in place—not physically restrained but cemented to the chair by an invisible glue that Pig had somehow managed to place inside her head!

The same sense of abashment and wretchedness that she had earlier experienced in the bathroom with Cassie, now swept through her again, only this time, as she watched her assistant

serving up their country stew, she realized that unless they switched off the vibrator for her, the devastating cycle was just going to repeat itself over and over!

Cassie dabbed at Ashlee's face and neck with a napkin and then tucked it inside the opening of her bathrobe. "There," she said in her newly acquired condescending tone. "Try to get most of your dinner in your mouth this time."

No words came to Ashlee's lips as the awful vibrator continued with its relentless task, triggering the pleasure sensors in her befuddled brain for a second time. Ashlee gripped her spoon tightly, her wet face flushed, her legs trembling, and her pussy hot and wet, as she prepared herself for a long, difficult, and utterly soul-crushing first meal on the island!

## Chapter Twelve

Lying on her side in the double bed, Ashlee could see the rowboat through the bedroom window, and across the expanse of silver water, Pig's SUV, parked under the trees on the other side. How simple it would be to steal away while they were sleeping, and yet her invisible chains kept her exactly where she was, naked under the sheets with Cassie snoring lightly beside her.

She could feel her assistant's bony hip pressing against her buttocks, and she inched away toward the edge of the bed. It wasn't just her self-disgust that made her want to avoid contact—she was by now acutely aware of how her body would react to the sensation of her skin against Cassie's. Lying here glumly pondering her situation, she wondered how it was possible to become so physically aroused by an act she found so revolting. Ashlee could have wept at her utter helplessness!

How had they succeeded in ensnaring her like this? And more importantly, how could she break the magic spell that Pig had cast upon her? But even as she tried to puzzle it out, with a sinking feeling she recognized that deep down inside there was one inescapable truth—as much as she desperately wanted to break free from this nightmare, she instinctively knew that she couldn't leave Pig. How seriously fucked up was that? For some unfathomable reason, although she hated him with a passion, she realized deep in her heart that she simply couldn't do without him! She had heard of battered wife syndrome, but she could never have imagined in a million years that she would be experiencing a similar affliction with a total stranger!

Unbidden, her tormented mind drifted back to the painful memories of the catwalk show. All those well-heeled guests snapping away with their phones as she had crawled through her own urine in front of them! Ashlee could feel her cheeks getting hot at the mere memory of it!

How much damage had that catastrophe done to her career? Although the television network had suspended shooting, she trusted Jordan to get things sorted out, despite Ashlee having been so inexplicably rude to her. And just why had she spoken to her agent in that manner? She recalled really meaning it at the time, only to regret her words a moment later.

Then there was the stalker. Why was she so terrified of a phantom that may or may not exist? Every time she thought about the handcuffs in her own bedroom, her stomach knotted in fear. That wasn't like Ashlee Spencer at all. There was so much going on that she just didn't understand.

She sighed and sat up, feeling pressure in her bladder, but when she attempted to get off the bed, her legs suddenly felt as heavy as lead. Of course! What had Cassie's last words been after they had finished thrashing around on the bed? *Don't get up before me*. Five simple words that Ashlee's was apparently programmed to obey to the letter!

Without wanting to look at her employee's naked form any more than she had to, Ashlee reached behind and gave her a none too gentle shove—unlike Pig, Cassie didn't intimidate her.

“Cass! I want to go to the bathroom.”

Cassie opened her eyes and said, “Really? We can do it again right here if you're feeling horny!”

“No, I need to pee, stupid!”

“Okay,” Cassie said. “Go on, but then come straight back to bed.”

“Fuck you very much!” Ashlee muttered, putting on her bathrobe. It was covered in wine stains and particles of dried stew after the appalling experience she had suffered at dinner—Pig's cruel laughter as she had endured one orgasm after another was still ringing in her ears!

She tiptoed outside toward the bathroom, and unable to stop herself, paused by the dining table. She placed her hands on the table and peered cautiously over the edge. The pink rubber dildo was still there, jutting up rudely from the seat of the chair as if mocking her. She stared at it for a moment, transfixed by its round bulbous head and thickly veined shaft, still unable to digest the fact that she had been impaled upon it for over an hour, experiencing at least six orgasms as it twisted around inside her most intimate place—and all in front of Cassie and Pig!

For the second time in as many minutes, blood rushed to her cheeks, and she tore her eyes away from the vile object which had given her so much physical pleasure yet such excruciating embarrassment at the same time.

She did her business as quickly and quietly as possible for fear of waking Pig and then went back to bed. Cassie was propped up smoking a cigarette, her small, pert breasts exposed over the top of the sheets.

Looking away from the long brown nipples that she had been forced to suck the night before, Ashlee made a weak attempt at retaining a level of authority by waving her hand in annoyance.

“Please don’t. You know how much I hate cigarette smoke.”

“Yeah, I know,” said Cassie. “I always had to hide down the bottom of your garden for a secret puff, didn’t I? I don’t know what your problem is. You should try it. Very relaxing, you know.”

“No thanks,” Ashlee said, crossing her arms over her breasts.

There was a pause and then Cassie narrowed her eyes mischievously. “No really. I want you to try it.”

Aware that she was completely at Cassie’s mercy, Ashlee said, “Please Cass, I don’t know how, but you’ve already made me do some hateful things with you. I’m begging you now not to make me do this.”

“Hateful things, huh?” Cassie took a long drag and held out the cigarette.

*Oh, you bitch! Just wait until I find a way out of this!*

“I didn’t mean it like that. I-It’s not you, really. I’m just not like—”

“Smoke it.”

With a miserable sigh, Ashlee took the foul cigarette, put the butt between her lips, and inhaled. Immediately the burning smoke caught in her throat, and she began to cough.

“Oh, shit! That’s totally gross!”

She went to hand the cigarette back, but Cassie simply said, “Finish it.”

With a little whimper, Ashlee returned the cigarette to her lips and drew another mouthful of smoke.

“Hak! Agh!”

She had never smoked in her life before, but it was every bit as disgusting as she had imagined it would be. However, just as she had been instructed, she persisted now, sucking inexpertly on the butt, spluttering and coughing before taking in another fiery pull. After half the cigarette was gone, Ashlee started coughing so hard she almost made herself sick!

Still wheezing, Ashlee straightened up and saw Pig standing in the doorway wearing just a pair of striped boxers.

“What’s all this noise?”

She still had the half-finished cigarette in her hand but as much as she wanted to hide it from him, she was compelled by Cassie’s words to put it back into her mouth.

“Filthy habit,” Pig said. “But I know a good way to cure you. We’ll get around to that later.”

With that, Ashlee assumed he must have gone because her eyes were watering so much by now that she couldn’t see a thing!

\*\*\*

“Mmm! This is good!” Pig said. “Did you make breakfast, Ashlee?”

The unhappy starlet was staring hungrily at his plate of fried eggs and bacon, and she gulped involuntarily when she nodded. A few weeks ago, out of pure mischief, Pig had inculcated in subconscious a desire for unhealthy food, and he knew how much she must be craving just a small taste of what he had on his plate right now.

As with their first meal, Ashlee was firmly planted on her rubber dildo. Pig had magnanimously agreed to keep it switched off this morning, as long as she behaved herself at the breakfast table.

Even though her outrage at his belittling treatment was displayed clearly in her blue eyes, Ashlee had wisely kept her counsel – she clearly didn't want a repeat performance of the previous night!

After showering together, Cassie had dressed Ashlee in a simple summer dress and nothing else, as per Pig's requirements—her days of wearing underwear were over for the time being—and he gazed at the shadows of her nipples through the thin cotton. From the expression on her face, she clearly hadn't become used to being so scantily dressed, but unbeknown to her, it wouldn't be long before she was spending most of her time on this island wearing absolutely nothing!

It made for a peculiar stand-off, him ogling her bust, her staring at his food, and they could easily have made some kind of a swap deal, he mused—a quick titty-flash for a piece of bacon, perhaps?—but he had no intention of alleviating any of her false hankerings at this stage. Having Cassie show Ashlee how to prepare a hearty cooked breakfast and then only giving her a single carrot to eat, also served the purpose of consolidating her lowly status in the pecking order. But with all of the exertions he had planned for her today, the carrot wasn't going to provide nearly enough sustenance—Pig, however, had just the thing for that.

Already sitting beside Ashlee's plate was a glass of water and a pink tablet containing a compound that would never find its way onto the shelves of any regular pharmacist. This addictive narcotic would quickly provide Ashlee with the strength and stamina to withstand everything coming her way today. No matter how fatigued she became, her body would continue to draw on every ounce of her reserves for hours to come.

Pig finished his coffee and said, "Cassie, make sure Ashlee takes her vitamin tablet, and when she's done the dishes bring her out to the back yard."

Regarding the seductive contours of Ashlee's breasts again, he added, "I don't think she's dressed appropriately for the outdoor work she will be doing this morning. Perhaps you could find her something more suitable."

"Yes, Pig," Cassie said.

"Oh, and Cassie?"

"Yes, Pig?"

"Bring your phone out with you, please. I want you to take some pictures."

He dabbed at his mouth with a napkin and feeling very much like the lord of the manor, left his two girls to tidy up. After retrieving the large bag of play accessories from his room, he went out into a day of brilliant sunshine, the sky unblemished by so much as a single cloud. Inside the woodshed, he hauled the bag up onto the workbench and then removed his camcorder and attached it to a collapsible tripod which he set up near the single window. He calculated that along with the overhead light, there would be sufficient illumination to capture every detail of Ashlee's long hours of training and punishment, which in due course, he planned to release to the entire world!

\*\*\*

*It doesn't matter, Cassie told herself as she unzipped one of Ashlee's Luis Vuitton leather suitcases. He can talk to me however he wants—so long as I have access to Ashlee!*

Pig hadn't explained what kind of work he had in mind for Ashlee in the back yard, but Cassie didn't want to disappoint him, and recalling some of his descriptions in his dirty emails, she figured it would have to be something both titillating and inappropriate.

After flipping through a few items, she pulled out Ashlee's yellow exercise leotard. It was made of very thin Lycra which meant that Ashlee always made sure to wear a sports bra and pants underneath it when she worked out at the gym. Cassie had done all of Ashlee's packing for the trip, and when the actress saw what she was holding up, a look of dismay passed across her pretty features.

"Why did you bring that?" she asked nervously.

"I don't know," Cassie shrugged. "I thought we might be doing some swimming."

“I can’t swim in that! It’s practically transparent as it is!”

“Oh, don’t worry,” Cassie said, feeling a familiar little flutter in her belly as she handed the flimsy garment to her distraught boss. “You’re probably only going to be doing a little gardening or something.”

“Gardening? I don’t garden! Especially not in that! I’m an actress!”

“Not out here, you aren’t,” Cassie said. “Didn’t you listen to Pig? Now put it on before he gets angry.”

Ashlee had already started lifting the hem of her dress when she must have remembered that she wasn’t wearing anything underneath. Turning her back, she pleaded, “Can’t I at least have some underwear?”

Cassie plopped herself onto the bed to watch Ashlee’s coy striptease. “Nope. Pig wouldn’t like it.”

Crossing her arms, Ashlee pulled the dress up and over her head. Cassie had already seen, touched, and licked that beautiful skin but she still ran her tongue over her lips with desire as she followed the curves of Ashlee’s shapely buttocks when she bent forward to step into the leotard.

“Pig! Pig! Pig!” Ashlee muttered. “It’s such a stupid name! And why are you so concerned about him anyway? He’s just my fucking chauffeur, isn’t he?”

“He may be to the outside world,” Cassie said as Ashlee reluctantly turned back around to face her. “But out here he is your master—oh my word, Ashlee! You look delightful!”

Ashlee sulkily turned her reddening face to the side with pursed lips. The Lycra was indeed partially transparent to the extent that Cassie could make out Ashlee’s pink nipples and the faint delta of dark pubic hair that covered her crotch. The leotard was low cut with short sleeves and had a high gusset that pulled up between Ashlee’s ass cheeks.

“I can’t go out there like this!” Ashlee moaned.

“And yet you’re going to,” Cassie said, kicking Ashlee’s running shoes across the wooden floor to her. “Put them on and let’s go find Pig. After you.”

As Cassie followed her distressed boss through the kitchen door, she savored the view of Ashlee’s gently quivering buttocks, the cleft between them visible through the sheer Lycra. Although she had sampled Ashlee’s body on two occasions already, she knew she would never tire of the sight of such sensual beauty. Their lovemaking had thus far been tenuous and clumsy, mostly due to Ashlee’s great reluctance in the matter. But because her body had been programmed to respond, Cassie had still managed to make the young actress climax with her tongue several times. Unfortunately, Ashlee’s cunnilingus technique had been rather disappointing, albeit understandable given that she had never eaten out another woman’s pussy before!

*All in good time!* Cassie thought contentedly. *Practice makes perfect!*

## Chapter Thirteen

Out in the open air, Ashlee wrapped an arm across her chest and placed a hand over her crotch. Even though Cassie was already privy to the sight of her naked body, she had thus far been spared the humiliation of displaying herself full frontal to Pig—even the degrading experience of being speared by the vibrator had taken place under cover of the table. Now however, she knew she was almost as good as naked, and she was terrified at the prospect of her so-called bodyguard seeing her like this!

With a light summer breeze caressing her skin, Ashlee slowed to a dawdle in an attempt to escape the inevitable, but she immediately felt Cassie's nimble fingers tickling the lower portions of her buttocks.

"No need to be shy," Cassie said, peeking into the woodshed. "You must have realized by now that there is nothing you can do to stop this. Pig? Where are you?"

"Back here!" Pig's voice drifted over from behind the woodshed.

Cassie smiled at Ashlee and raised her eyebrows, and with a dreadful sinking feeling in her gut, Ashlee shuffled around the corner. Pig was standing in the middle of a load of junk, with a rusty foot pump in his hands.

"Ah, there you are," he grinned. "That's an interesting looking outfit—put your arms down by your sides so I can have a proper look at you."

Ashlee pulled a face and squinted into the distance as she did as she was told.

"Well, well!" he laughed. "I see that the drapes and the rug don't match!"

*What?* Ashlee saw that he was staring at her crotch, but although she instinctively made to protect herself with her hand, she found that she was unable to do so.

*I'm totally stuck!* she thought with growing trepidation. *He's given the command and I have no option other than to follow it!*

"It matches her eyebrows," Cassie noted. "I was watching her sleeping last night."

"How's that going by the way?" Pig asked. "You girls happy in there?"

"Yes, very much!" Cassie said.

"No!" Ashlee shouted.

"That's not how it sounded to me," Pig said. "The walls are thin, you know!"

*Oh, dear God! He could hear me coming!* Ashlee yet again felt the heat rising in her cheeks.

"Well, better get to it!" said Pig. "I want you to take a few things into the shed first, starting with that bicycle frame. Chop, chop!"

Ashlee gingerly stepped over an old crate and wrapped her fingers around the metal frame. To her surprise, she managed to lift it quite easily, and after she had deposited it inside, she felt—somewhat absurdly—a little pleased with herself.

But Pig was just getting started, and for the next hour he had her lugging all kinds of items back to the woodshed, while he and Cassie stood by and watched. As the sun rose higher in the perfect sky, Ashlee quickly began to work up a sweat, but although her fingers were getting raw and her back and legs ached, she found that she was still able to find the strength to haul these worthless bits of junk.

*I guess all those hours working out paid off,* she thought ironically, as she effortlessly carried three wooden planks under her arm.

Regardless of her unexpected physical resilience, Ashlee had worked up quite a thirst by the time the last piece of trash had been moved, and still not fully adapted to her new subservient role, she automatically said to Cassie, "Get me a glass of water."

Pig, emerging from the woodshed with a wooden paddle in his hand, said, "That's no way to speak to Cassie. I think it's time you learned a little politeness, young lady. Bend over and grab your ankles."

"What? Why?" Ashlee stared in disbelief at the paddle.

"Why do you think? You were rude to Cassie so now you are going to be punished—and naughty girls get spanked, so bend over!"

Up until this point, in spite of everything that had happened, Ashlee had still somehow managed to fool herself into thinking that this was all just some silly game they were playing. After all, she was making good money and already quite famous—there was no way Cassie would allow her to come to any harm, surely. But Pig’s eyes looked deadly serious, and Ashlee’s stomach began to flutter as she reluctantly assumed the embarrassing position.

With her head down by her knees, she said, “Okay! I’m sorry. There’s no need to—ow!”

Ashlee had never been spanked as a child, so she had no way of knowing what to expect, but she definitely felt the stinging blow. The next one came quickly, followed by several more in succession, alternating from one buttock to the other. As the fire in her glutes began to accumulate, Ashlee started to gasp in time with the blows.

“Ah! Ooh! S-Stop, please!”

“Are you sorry for talking badly to Cassie?” Pig said.

“Yes!”

“And you won’t do it again?”

“No, I-I promise! Yah! Ungh!”

The searing whacks finally came to a halt, but as much as she wanted to, Ashlee discovered she was incapable of either straightening up or rubbing her tender cheeks. She was about to ask permission to stand up when the sensation of someone’s fingertips gently caressing her sore skin made her start. Craning her neck, she saw that Cassie was standing to one side filming the belittling punishment on her phone—which of course meant that it was Pig who was touching her!

\*\*\*

*What a sweet ass!*

Pig had spent the past hour admiring those firm cheeks as Ashlee had huffed and puffed back and forth between the woodshed and the junk pile. The starlet’s offhand demand for water had simply been an excuse—he had fully intended to give Ashlee a spanking at some stage, and the skimpy little leotard riding high between her butt cheeks had merely inspired him to hurry things along!

Now he simply couldn’t resist touching them, and with the helpless woman still bent double, he could take as long as he wanted! He gave each cheek a little slap, watching them shiver, and then unable to stop himself, he trailed his fingertips over the Lycra-encased purse of delight that nestled in the cleft between them.

Ashlee emitted a little squeak of protest but said nothing—probably because she was afraid of earning another beating. Relishing the moment, Pig had to remind himself again that this really was the famous Ashlee Meagan Spencer submitting to his will—and there was so much more to come!

“If you promise to mind your manners from now on, I’ll let you up,” Pig said, giving her ass another squeeze. “Are you going to show the proper respect from now on?”

“Yes!” Ashlee muttered.

“Good. From now on, you will address me as *Mister* Pig, and Cassie as *Miss* Cassie. Got it?”

“Y-Yes—Mister Pig!”

“Now stand up and give Miss Cassie a nice French kiss while I fetch you some water.”

Righting herself, the flush-faced celebrity shot Pig the most venomous of looks, but she managed to keep quiet as she hesitantly approached her assistant. In contrast, Cassie had a look of utter adoration on her face as she placed her arms on Ashlee’s shoulders and their lips made contact. Pig curiously studied their tongue-wrestling for a moment before heading back to the kitchen.

*Ashlee wants a drink, does she? Alright then, you spoiled bitch! After this, you’ll think twice about demanding anything again!*

The overhead cabinets contained a selection of glasses and cups which were too small for what he had in mind. Under the sink however, he located an old plastic bucket that held about a gallon.

As he placed it under the faucet, he gazed out of the window and was astonished to see that the two girls were still French kissing! When he had installed the *Playtime* trigger word during Ashlee's drug-induced hypnosis sessions, it had been intended as a mechanism to override her natural volition, and already she had demonstrated on many occasions that it was working exceptionally well. What he hadn't been sure of, was how deeply entrenched the suggestion would become. Now he could see that, just as when Ashlee remained bending over after her spanking, she would now continue to kiss Cassie until she was released her from her latest subconscious instruction!

With increasing excitement, Pig waited until the bucket was almost full and then took it back outside. Seeing him, Cassie finally allowed Ashlee out of her embrace and the red-faced actress wiped the back of her hand across her mouth after drawing a deep breath. When she saw the bucket of water, an indignant expression briefly flashed across her face, but apparently aware of how utterly defenseless she had become, she quickly adopted a more imploring tone as she stammered, "I-I can't drink out of that!"

"You can and you will," Pig said casually. "And you are going to finish it all!"

Ashlee's jaw dropped. "What? All of it? That's impossible!"

"Wrong again. The human stomach can expand enough to take up to a gallon."

"A gallon? But I'll burst!"

"You asked for water, so you're going to drink it. Now on your knees and open your mouth!"

Ashlee let out a desperate little sob as she sank to the grass. Pig stood over her with the bucket poised and looked into her mouth. Her teeth were of course perfect, and her little tongue, moist and pink. He pictured himself sticking his cock in there, and wondered for a second how she would react if he did just that!

But now was not the time. Even though he was finally satisfied that he had enough control over Ashlee to do whatever he wanted with her, he wanted to take her down step by step. Let her become accustomed to a little more humility and misery each day before completely transforming her into the foul-mouthed, substance-dependent, sex-crazed slut that he would eventually reintroduce to the world!

\*\*\*

Cassie set her phone camera to video mode as Pig began to pour the water into Ashlee's mouth. As soon as it hit the back of Ashlee's throat, she started to cough and splutter, but Pig continued to tilt the bucket over, gradually increasing the flow until it splashed all over Ashlee's face, wetting her blonde hair and running down her neck and chest.

After giving Ashlee a quick moment to catch her breath, he poured again and Ashlee dutifully swallowed as much as she could while the residual water quickly soaked into her Lycra leotard, rendering it totally see-through. Now her well-shaped breasts with their pink areolas were plainly visible, and lower down, between her shining thighs, Cassie could see Ashlee's dark bush quite clearly too.

As the forced drinking continued, Ashlee began to pant and gurgle, her breasts rising and falling and her stomach heaving. After the poor girl had consumed half the bucket's contents, Pig upended it, tipping the remainder over her before, as a final indignity, dropping the bucket over her head! Now absolutely drenched, Ashlee launched into a minor coughing fit, punctuated with hiccups echoing from inside the plastic bucket.

All of this, Cassie captured on film, wondering if Pig planned to put it out on the internet. Probably not yet, but one day Ashlee's humbling treatment would be freely available for download all over the globe—of that she was quite sure!

"I'm going into the woodshed," Pig said as he openly appraised Ashlee's effectively nude figure. "You wait here and dry off until I call you."

There was an audible, echoing sob from inside the bucket as the actress struggled to her feet, still hiccuping and sniveling. When Pig was out of sight, Cassie went over, and trying not to laugh, rapped on the bucket. “Are you okay?”

“No, I’m not! My stomach aches and I feel stupid!” Ashlee wailed, her voice echoing inside the bucket.

It was not lost on Cassie how far her formerly pampered employer had fallen in such a short space of time. The strangest part was how natural all of this suddenly felt, as if Ashlee had been her inferior all the time she had known her.

Cassie lifted the bucket off Ashlee’s head and brushed back the hair that was plastered across her face. “You’ve got to try not to make him angry,” she advised.

“I just don’t understand any of this!” Ashlee said miserably. “He’s supposed to be doing what I tell him to, not the other way round! Do you know how he has done this? I’m begging you Miss Cassie— help me to get out of here!”

“Ssh!” Cassie said, still stroking Ashlee’s head. “If he hears you, he might paddle your backside again.”

She fished in her pocket, pulled out a pack of Virginia Slims and lit one. As she exhaled, Ashlee turned her face away in disgust.

*She still can’t let go of the way things used to be—even after letting me lick her pussy!* Cassie thought. *Well, she’ll just have to learn, won’t she?*

“Here. Share it with me.”

“I’d rather not,” Ashlee sniffed.

“Take it, Ashlee—it’s *Playtime*.”

Cassie hadn’t yet figured out how to use the trigger word to full effect, but she had noticed that Pig sometimes used it as a kind of reinforcement. Sure enough, with a repugnant grimace on her face, Ashlee took a drag which sparked another coughing fit.

“What’s going on out here?” Pig said, standing in the doorway of the woodshed. “Smoking, again, Ashlee? I thought I warned you about that filthy habit!”

“I-It’s not me!” Ashlee blurted out. “Miss Cassie made me do it!”

“Telling tales out of school too! My, you really must enjoy getting your ass spanked!”

“No, please! It’s not fair! I hate these things!”

“Is that so? In that case, I’ll let the punishment fit the crime. Cassie, can I have the pack and your lighter, please?”

Cassie handed them over with growing interest as Pig took the cigarette out of Ashlee’s fingers and placed it between the red-eyed girl’s lips—and then proceeded to place four more beside it!

“Keep them in and suck!” Pig commanded as he lit each one in turn. Ashlee miserably did as she was told, and her coughing frenzy resumed anew as she took the cigarette smoke deep into her lungs.

Cassie watched Ashlee’s firm breasts bouncing as she spluttered and wheezed but remained physically incapable of ejecting the four cigarettes from her mouth. Pig then extracted two more cigarettes from the pack and stuck them into each of Ashlee’s ears! After lighting them, he crouched down and wedged two more between her toes. Once they were alight, he straightened up and pushed two more into her nostrils, lit them too, and then said, “Now you can have a pleasant smoke while you dry off. Cassie, when all of the cigarettes are finished, send her into the woodshed. While we are working in there, I’d like you to spend some time online to find out what people are saying about our little superstar.”

## Chapter Fourteen

“Please Mister Pig, I really need to use the bathroom!”

For the past forty minutes, Ashlee had been holding lengths of wood for Pig to hammer into place, and after being forced to drink so much water, her bladder felt as though it was about to burst!

“I told you already, you can go after we’ve finished this job,” Pig said.

He was kneeling below her, hammering a nail into the trestle they were building. Ashlee had no idea what it was for, but judging from what he had done to the bicycle frame, she guessed that it would eventually be used to her detriment. Clamping her thighs together and biting her lip, she looked at the strange-looking contraption which was bolted to the floor a few feet away. Without any wheels or chain, the seat had been replaced by another of Pig’s awful rubber vibrators, with an electrical cord running from its base to a wall socket. Even a girl as naive as Ashlee knew that there could only be one possible purpose for such a vulgar machine—and only one person who would be riding it!

The cramps in her stomach were fast becoming intolerable, so she tried to focus upon Pig’s carpentry. The sick bastard certainly didn’t appear to be in any hurry!

*He’s doing it on purpose! He wants me to disgrace myself in front of him!*

That thought suddenly transported Ashlee back to the catwalk where she had suffered by far the greatest public humiliation of her young life! She could still see the astonished faces of the well-heeled audience—and many of them openly smiling at her misfortune! How would she ever live that moment down?

“Mister Pig, please! I can’t hold it any longer!”

“Good grief, you are such a baby, Ashlee!” Pig said, straightening up. “There you can let go now.”

And let go she did! There was nothing she could do to prevent nature’s call now, and as soon as she felt the warmth in her crotch, she started to make a dash for the door.

“Hold it right there!” Pig said. “Did I give you permission to leave?”

Ashlee spun around in exasperation, bending at the waist and keeping her knees together. She could feel her urine seeping through her leotard and trickling down the inside of her thigh. Pig’s eyes dropped to her groin and the hint of a wicked smile formed on his lips.

“Are you doing it again? You really are a panty-pisser, huh? Well, don’t you dare wet yourself all over my nice floor. Catch it with your fingers!”

“Ooh!” Ashlee closed her eyes in shame as she finally lost all self-control. Just as she cupped her hands between her legs, the dribble quickly turned into a spurt, and the revulsion she felt as her urine pooled in the palms of her hands was only offset by the sensation of utter relief!

“You’re not catching it!” Pig goaded her. “It’s going all over your playroom floor, you messy girl!”

Tears of anguish escaped Ashlee’s bloodshot eyes as her warm emissions splashed over her feet, but still she kept her hands below her vulva in a futile attempt to stem the flow.

*He knows I can’t stop it! He’s just doing this for his own sick enjoyment!*

After what seemed like a lifetime, the flow slowed to a trickle, and in spite of herself, Ashlee opened her eyes to see how much of a mess she had made. A wide dark stain was soaking into the floorboards around her bare feet, and her hands were dripping wet, but the worst part was the patch of wet Lycra around her crotch that clearly showed off her dark pubic hair!

“Oh!” Ashlee sniveled. “I’m so sorry!”

“Not good enough!” Pig said sternly. “You disobeyed a direct order and now you’re going to get punished again!”

“Please, no! I’ll clean it up!” Ashlee cried, fearing the wrath of the paddle again.

“Yes you will,” Pig said. “But first you’re going to test out the trestle I just made!”

Pig was finding it increasingly difficult to keep up with his charade. The sight of Ashlee wetting her leotard had given him a major hard-on and he was on the brink of losing it! Yes, he was definitely going to fuck her and violate her other holes over and over again, but he still wanted to wait, because she was his forever now, so why rush it? There were plenty of other ways to humiliate her that he could enjoy in the meantime!

He instructed the distraught actress to bend over the trestle, which he had designed so that her limbs would be strapped to the outsides of the legs that tapered away from the center beam. He intended to fit leather straps in due course, but for now he used duct tape to secure her by the ankles and wrists. Now she was bent forward, immobile and legs spread.

Completely in his perverted environment now, Pig circled the restrained actress before stopping behind her and relishing the sight of her proffered rear end. Then with his index finger and thumb, he slowly pulled the damp gusset up between her butt cheeks, until he could see the outer edges of her labia.

“Stop, please!” Ashlee whimpered, trying to turn her head.

“I’m getting a little tired of the sound of your voice, young lady!” Pig said, trying to keep his gathering excitement out of his own voice. Grinning to himself, he picked up the roll of duct tape again and came around to Ashlee’s head.

Seeing what he was about to do, Ashlee shook her head, “No! please! I’ll be quiet—mmph!”

“I don’t think you will be quiet when I start punishing you,” Pig said as he began wrapping the tape around the lower part of Ashlee’s head. He circled it four times, keeping the tape nice and tight, but making sure she could still breath through her nostrils.

When she was well and truly gagged, Pig returned to the workbench and scratched his head. In his bag there were any number of sex toys he could use on her, but he was still trying hard to resist completely unveiling her inviting cunt just yet. Then his eyes settled on the foot pump he had salvaged from the dump, and his deviant imagination came to the rescue.

*This should be interesting!* he thought, setting the pump on the floor.

He went across to the camera on the tripod, and pretending to ignore Ashlee’s muffled protests, pointed it at her backside and set it to record mode. Then he reassumed his position behind her exquisite rump, and gently pulled the gusset to one side.

For a moment, he paused in wonderment as he had to remind himself that this cute little butthole belonged to a famous television idol! Now, feeling his cock getting even harder, he sucked on his index finger until it was covered with his saliva and then touched it against Ashlee’s puckered ring piece!

Ashlee’s head immediately shot up and her whole body stiffened as she bawled into her gag. Licking his lips, Pig gradually increased pressure until her sphincter relented, and his finger slipped inside.

*Holy shit! I’ve actually got my finger stuck up Ashlee Spencer’s asshole!*

While Ashlee bucked and fought against her bonds, he wormed his finger inside up to the second knuckle before withdrawing it. A distinct groan of relief could be heard through Ashlee’s gag, only to be followed by a grunt of surprise as Pig promptly plugged her dilated asshole with the plastic nozzle of the foot pump. After working it sufficiently far in to stay in place he stepped back to admire his work—and what a sight it was too! The squeaky-clean darling of prime time television, duct-taped to a wooden trestle, wearing nothing but a skimpy leotard and running shoes, with a black rubber hose hanging out of her butthole!

He placed his foot on the lever and gave it a few tentative pumps, prompting further stifled cries of outrage from Ashlee. When he pressed the pedal all the way down, her oral protestations came out a few pitches higher. He watched her fingers and toes clenching as he pumped more and more air into her rectum. After fifteen pumps, he reached forward and removed the nozzle from Ashlee’s asshole.

For several seconds, Ashlee burred into her gag before the pressure in her bowels overwhelmed her and she emitted a long noisy, and continuous fart. Pig watched spellbound as her puckered butthole flexed around the plastic nozzle, knowing that the whole humiliating spectacle was being recorded for prosperity. Ashlee concluded her enforced anal acoustics with a string of staccato blasts accompanied by a garbled moan of embarrassment.

“That was quite disgusting,” Pig said. “I wonder what your fans would think if that footage ever got out. Would you like to try it again?”

Ashlee shook her head while uttering another unintelligible outburst, but Pig was having so much fun now that he picked up the hose again.

“I can’t understand a word you are saying—so I’ll take that as a yes!”

\*\*\*

Inside the cabin, Cassie sipped a glass of lemon juice as she scrolled through yet another celebrity gossip website. Although the initial furor had died down somewhat, Ashlee’s day out at Ella Rosenstein’s had evidently done her career a considerable amount of damage. Her so-called *catwalk fail* could possibly be pardoned by her public, but Ashlee going braless under her skimpy dress and appearing to be drunk had definitely earned her negative brownie points among her fans. Interestingly, their lesbian kiss had received almost as much media attention as Ashlee’s embarrassing incontinence. More than a few gossip columnists had focused on it, with carefully worded insinuations regarding Ashlee’s true sexual persuasion.

Speculation was also rife as to her present whereabouts, and Cassie was pleased to discover that most of the guesses were way off the mark. Not wishing to lose its valuable cash cow, the television network had done its best to play down the incident, assuring the media that the suspension of filming was only short term. The truth was however, that everybody was in the dark, and Cassie’s inbox had been overflowing with messages.

After diligently taking care of each of them in a professional manner, Cassie turned her attention to Tom Gates. She recalled the moment in the dressing room when Ashlee had been about to kiss him and then unexpectedly recoiled. Even though she had apologized, and her fondness for him had been plain to see, Ashlee had apparently been physically repelled by him at the last moment. On reflection, Cassie was now pretty sure she knew why—just as Ashlee’s bodily reactions to sex with Cassie ran contrary to her true feelings, it seemed that the same was true with Tom.

How wickedly cruel of Pig to have programmed her in this way! Ashlee could only get sexually turned on by Cassie, even though she hated their lesbian trysts, while the opposite was true with Tom! Cassie still wanted Ashlee to break up with Tom, but Pig had been so devious that it wasn’t even necessary. Ashlee may not have realized it yet, but she would never be able to bring herself to get physically intimate with Tom or, Cassie surmised, any other man! What a tormenting mental trap to be ensnared in! Ashlee was now a sexually straight woman trapped in a lesbian’s body!

Cassie tapped out another brief message to Tom, apologizing for Ashlee’s refusal to return his calls and explaining that she was still recovering from her trauma and would be in contact with him in due course. She made sure to keep her wording semi-official and polite, as if Tom Gates was just another lovestruck groupie, and in light of the publicity surrounding her French kiss with Ashlee, Cassie’s patronizing tone would be sure to fuel his suspicions. A man with Tom’s ego wouldn’t tolerate this kind of treatment for long, and when he finally decided to dump Ashlee in order to save face, Cassie would take the greatest pleasure in delivering the news!

Her morning’s work done, Cassie closed her laptop and went out to see what was going on in the woodshed.

## Chapter Fifteen

After Pig had forced her to noisily break wind in front of him for the third time, Ashlee suddenly lost it. He didn't think her reaction was caused by stomach cramps because he had been extra careful not to overdo the air injections. No, this attack of hysteria must have been building steadily since their arrival on the island, and now her pressure valve had apparently blown!

Alarmed, he tried using a strict tone to make her quiet down, but she was making such a row through her gag that she simply couldn't hear him. He went around to her front and saw that her face had turned the color of beetroot as she strained frantically at her bindings. He crouched down in front of her, but she was thrashing her head around so wildly that it was impossible to make contact with her eyes.

Fearing that she might hurt herself, Pig decided it was necessary to alter the rules of play. He had deliberately left her with a degree of self-determination just to see how she would react, but this backlash was definitely not on his agenda!

Grabbing her head in both hands, he yelled, "Ashlee, it's *Naptime!* Do you hear me? It is *Naptime!*"

All at once, the frenzied girl stopped writhing, and rested her chin on the trestle. Pig peered into her eyes and saw the telltale jiggling of her pupils that told him she had now reverted to a completely malleable trancelike state. No drugs were required for this anymore because he had painstakingly implanted the second trigger word *Naptime* for this express purpose.

*Thank God it worked! She was totally freaking out!*

"What's going on?"

He turned to see Cassie standing in the doorway, a look of concern on her face. "Don't worry, it's all under control," he said, cutting the duct tape away from Ashlee's wrists.

"Is she hurt?"

"Fortunately, no," Pig said.

"What's wrong with her?"

"I misjudged just how strong her inner resistance was when I originally programmed her. I need to make some adjustments."

"So it's *Playtime* and *Naptime*, then," Cassie said, peering at Ashlee's now-placid face.

"Yes," Pig said, glancing at Cassie as he peeled the last of the tape from Ashlee's head. "The first one acts as a kind of a kick starter, but the one I just used has put her back into a stupor so that I can patch up any holes I may have left in her psychological conditioning."

"Can I watch, this time?" Cassie asked.

"Okay, but please don't say anything to her. She is in a highly receptive state and every instruction will seep deeply into her unconscious mind."

"I won't. I just want to know what to expect."

"Fair enough." Pig pulled up a wooden stool and sat in front of Ashlee's face. "Ashlee, can you hear me?"

"Yes," Ashlee responded without meeting his eyes.

"And you know who I am?"

"You are Mister Pig."

"Do you know where you are?"

"Yes, I'm in the woodshed."

"That's right, you are. Now I want you to relax right where you are on the trestle. It's very comfortable there, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Now, I'm going to give you some new instructions. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Okay. A moment ago, you were very angry, am I right?"

Ashlee's pushed out her lower lip.

"Yes!"

“Why were you angry?”

“Because—you humiliated me. You put something inside my bottom!”

In his peripheral vision, Pig saw Cassie shifting position.

“And I’m going to keep on humiliating you, Ashlee. Do you know why?”

“No.”

“Because you deserve it. You have been an arrogant, stuck-up bitch for too long. But I don’t want any more scenes like that Ashlee, so from now on, whenever you feel embarrassed or demeaned, your anger is going to be channeled into a deep sense of shame and self-loathing. Do you understand?”

Ashlee’s mouth twisted slightly as she said, “Yes.”

“Good. There will be no more temper tantrums, no more answering back, just obedience. You will continue to feel that you are being unfairly treated, and you may resent everything that Cassie and I do to you, but from here on, you will only be able to express this through shame and a deep sense of unworthiness. You will feel on the deepest level that all of this is actually your own fault. Furthermore, whenever Cassie makes love to you, you will become even more aroused than before, even though you will remain a heterosexual on an emotional level and continue to abhor the lesbian acts she has you perform on her. This will also apply to the degrading punishments that I intend to inflict upon you. The more painful and humiliating the situation, the more sexually aroused you will become. These responses will confuse and shame you, and from now on, this will be your constant frame of mind. No more anger, no more complaining, just shame, guilt, and submission. In your mind, you will continue to object intensely to your treatment, but that is where your resistance will reside—inside your muddled head. Do you understand this, Ashlee?”

“Yes.”

A little tear escaped Ashlee’s eye, and Pig wiped it away with his thumb. “Excellent. Now I suspect it won’t be long before Jordan Louise starts trying to track us down, and should some interfering busybody succeed in making it to this island, I want to prepare you for their arrival.”

\*\*\*

It felt good down between her legs, so warm and fuzzy, and it felt a little naughty to be getting this much pleasure from a simple bicycle ride in the country. Ashlee could smell the grass in the meadow that was dotted with buttercups, and she could feel the warmth of the sun on her neck as she pedaled along the bumpy lane, each little jolt sending another pulse of pleasure through her body.

She realized that she must have forgotten to put any panties on because the saddle was slithering rudely and deliciously between her damp, swollen labia, and she was rather glad that she was alone. As she leaned up to negotiate a slight incline, she tried to pull herself off the saddle, but the insolent thing refused to let her go and instead began to push up inside her! Her pleasure was now tempered by a growing sense of unease because she could feel an orgasm building and she was afraid that when it hit her she might fall off. Again, she tried to pry herself off the offending seat but to no avail, and even worse she could now feel it throbbing inside her!

“Ashlee, open your eyes!”

The road and the fields disappeared at once and she was suddenly back in the woodshed. A camera on a tripod was directly in front of her with Pig and Cassie standing on either side of it. She looked down, and to her horror saw that she was sitting on the old bicycle frame that Pig had earlier bolted to the floor—and now she understood only too well what was pulsing inside her!

She was still wearing her leotard, but the gusset had now been split to allow the disgusting vibrator access to her pussy. She tried to stop pedaling but was unable to remove her bare feet from the pedals. Glancing down, she saw that her toes were secured in place by plastic tie-wraps, and at

the same time she realized that her fingers were similarly bound to the handlebars, making sure she stayed firmly impaled upon the obscene contraption!

With the thrumming dildo bringing her closer and closer to climax, she instinctively back pedaled, somehow making a mental connection between the two mechanisms. Sure enough, with the pedals still, the vibrator instantly ceased its tantalizing motion inside her—but a split-second later, something buzzed inside her rectum followed by a stinging shock!

She yelped and tried to wriggle herself upward, but a few seconds later she received another short but sharp jolt. As the fresh smarting combined with the first shock, Ashlee let out a moan of anguish, and when the third one hit her, she cried out, “Please! Make it stop!”

“Well, that’s up to you, isn’t it?” Pig said. “There’s a small electrode planted up your butt. If the pedals aren’t revolving it will intermittently shock you, but when you pedal, the vibrator will start buzzing again. The shocks aren’t dangerous, but eventually the constant zapping will, I am quite sure, become unbearable. However, the choice is yours—pleasure or pain!”

Ashlee stared at him in disbelief. The thought of her coming in front of them like this was just too much! Even though they both quite clearly had the upper hand now, Ashlee still couldn’t fully accept that she was no longer in charge. Yes, whatever Pig had done to her meant that she was compelled to obey them, but she was still their employer, wasn’t she? If she could only figure out a way to loosen the hold he had on her!

Right now, however she had more pressing matters to attend to as another small electric shock flashed her insides, but she willed herself to keep her legs still. What made her dilemma so much worse was that Pig hadn’t given her a direct order this time—if he had, then at least she could have salvaged a smidgen of pride in that she had had no alternative other than to pedal herself to orgasm. But by giving her a choice, should she submit to the pain and set off the vibrator, the implication would be that she wanted to!

*I won't do it! I won't give them the satisfaction!*

\*\*\*

Cassie was impressed with Ashlee’s spirit as the poor girl sat uncomfortably upon her lewdly improvised exercise machine. Every few seconds, she would flinch as the electrode did its nasty work inside her rectum, but so far she had steadfastly refused to degrade herself in front of them.

After Pig had added a few imaginative complications to Ashlee’s increasingly cluttered psyche, he had asked Cassie to slit the crotch of her leotard before instructing the stupefied girl to mount the dildo-seat. Oblivious to her surroundings, Ashlee had promptly complied with a pleasant smile on her lips. It was only when Pig had taken her out of her *Naptime* that, with the sudden realization of what she was really doing, her lovely features had taken on a most delightful expression of shock and dismay!

As enjoyable a spectacle of her once-proud boss straddling a dildo in a practically see-through leotard was, the most titillating aspect for Cassie was the inner turmoil that Ashlee was undoubtedly going through. For the first time since Pig had started reprogramming Ashlee, Cassie now knew exactly what was going through her pretty head. Internally, she would still be experiencing the outrage and indignation that she had displayed earlier, only this time it would remain bottled up inside her! She was incapable of expressing her true emotions which would from now on be submerged by a confusing mixture of shame, self-disgust, and sexual arousal!

“How long do you think she’ll hold out, Cass?” Pig asked.

“I’m surprised she’s waited this long,” Cassie replied. “I know how much she likes rubbing herself off. Maybe she’s got stage fright!”

Now focusing on the camera, the blushing actress found her voice. “Why are you filming this, Mister Pig?”

“Because when the time is right, the whole world is going to see you as you really are. Not the sugary sweet persona you so pretentiously created, but a sex-crazed, drinking and smoking whore, with no willpower—and absolutely no self-respect!”

Ashlee squeaked as another electrical pulse tormented her bowels, and then she slowly shook her head. “W-Why do you hate me?”

“Oh, Ashlee,” Pig said. “We don’t hate you—we love you. You are our walking, talking, living doll. You are going to provide me and Cassie with years and years of perverted pleasure, and the best part is you are going to make us a whole lot of money in the process!”

## Chapter Sixteen

Through the opaque window of the woodshed, Ashlee could see the lights still glowing in the cabin. They had left her in the dark, her only point of reference being the tiny red light on the camcorder. To her credit, she had withstood the regular stabbing jolts inside her until she was alone, although she knew her efforts were meaningless in the long term because they could view the recording of her ordeal at their leisure.

Even so, it wasn't long before the accumulation of incessant pain became too much, and she had reluctantly begun to pedal again. As soon as the chain had turned, the wicked little shocks had ceased and the revolting vibrator had resumed its steady throbbing inside her. To her chagrin, she was still well lubricated and the only noise inside the woodshed other than the whirring pedals, was the disgusting squelching of her wet labia around the rubber dildo.

When she had felt her first orgasm approaching, she had stopped pedaling in an attempt to sabotage their homemade porn movie, but within seconds the anal electric shocks started again, and she had been forced to suffer as she had waited for her state of arousal to subside. After a few minutes of this torment, she had pushed down on the pedals again, emitting a sob of exasperation as the vibrator had once more buzzed into life.

This had been the cycle for the past few hours, alone in the dark, alternating between sexual pleasure and rectal discomfort while with nothing else to distract her, her mind had run a kind of feverish slideshow featuring the events of the past couple of weeks.

There was so much that didn't make sense anymore. She had believed that the whole idea of this vacation had been for her to regroup and work on salvaging her acting career, but events had spiraled rapidly out of control as soon as they had arrived. She had quickly been transformed into a worthless slave and the way she had capitulated made her ashamed of herself. She knew that she should be fighting them because her whole future depended on it, but whenever she turned to thoughts of escape, it was as if an invisible wall had been erected around her!

As much as she now despised Cassie and—yes, she had to admit it—feared Pig, she still knew deep in her gut that she couldn't possibly survive without them! How could that possibly be? How had she slipped from being such a strong and independent woman, to this insecure wreck in such a short space of time?

She thought of Jordan and Tom and her producer Mike, and she suddenly desperately missed them all. She wanted her life back! She was an upcoming star with a brilliant future! She didn't deserve this, did she? Had she really been a bad, selfish girl, as Pig had suggested?

And so she pedaled on through the night while Pig and Cassie slept in their comfortable beds, and the rest of the world carried on as normal. Her throat was parched, her body covered in sweat, and the muscles in her calves and thighs ached terribly as the vibrator throbbed deeply inside her body.

\*\*\*

Pig left Cassie at the kitchen table going through her e-mails and missed calls. She had been quiet and somewhat sulky over breakfast, probably because Pig had denied her the pleasure of Ashlee's company overnight. He wasn't overly concerned. By now, he figured he had Cassie pretty much under control—and that was without having to resort to the use of psychotropic drugs!

Making a mental note to let her have Ashlee for herself in the evening, he went outside and breathed deeply. His cock was already at half-mast in anticipation of the day ahead and he had never felt so invigorated in his entire life.

*Power truly is an aphrodisiac!* he thought.

As he approached the woodshed, he glanced at the old barrel that he had salvaged from the trash pile. He had made Ashlee drag it around to the front of the building and it now sat on the grass

beside the door. A few feet away was a water faucet with a length of green hosepipe attached to it. He turned on the faucet, and after uncoiling the hose and leaving the nozzle inside the barrel, he entered the woodshed and turned on the light.

He was greeted by a sight that simultaneously amused and aroused him. Ashlee Spencer, the girl of his dreams, was huffing and puffing, her body gleaming, and her leotard soaked through with her perspiration, as she pedaled frantically on a bicycle that was going nowhere. She looked at him with heavy eyes and groaned, “P-Please Mister Pig, let me off it!”

*It's almost seven, so she's been pedaling for over twelve hours, not counting her decidedly stressful rest periods! She must be literally fucked!*

Sadistically biding his time, he went over and trailed his fingers over the firm muscles of her thighs, and then around to her wobbling ass cheeks. His eyes were then inevitably drawn to her crotch, and his cock stirred as he observed her pouting cunt lips poking through the rip in the crotch of her leotard as they gripped the rubber dildo. Unable to resist the temptation any longer, he placed his finger just above the opening in her leotard and applied just enough pressure to make her gasp.

“How many times did you come last night?” he asked.

“Mnf!” Ashlee said, biting her lip as she stopped pedaling.

“Tell me—and keep pedaling.”

“Ooh! I-I don't know!”

Licking his lips in anticipation, Pig moved his finger a little lower to the point where the material parted. He hesitated, knowing that this was a watershed moment, as Ashlee's body trembled from yet another shock. Pig looked up into her eyes and slowly moved his finger downward until he was finally touching her soft, warm flesh. As he increased pressure and his fingertips brushed against her gossamer pubic hair, Ashlee's eyebrows knitted into a questioning frown.

“Pedal.”

He raised his elbow as her thigh came up, but maintained contact with her clit as the vibrator shook and buzzed inside her. Ashlee's eyes grew wider, and her velvety lips parted as her breathing started to come in short, shallow puffs.

“Please!” she panted.

“Please? Haven't you had enough pleasure already?” Pig said as he rotated his fingertip in little circles over her bud.

“N-No! I meant please stop!”

Keeping up his digital stimulation, Pig looked curiously into her moistening, blue eyes. When she looked coyly away, her mouth hanging open, her warm breath fluttering against his cheek, he suddenly realized.

“My Lord! You didn't orgasm at all, did you?”

Ashlee screwed her eyes tight shut and shook her head.

“Ashlee Spencer, what a fighter you are! All these hours and you have deliberately denied yourself! You must be going insane with need! Well, don't worry, Mister Pig is here to help you. We'll do it together. You work your cunt up and down the vibrator and I'll keep flicking your little button. This will be out first intimate moment!”

He didn't really need Ashlee's cooperation because the circulating motion of her thighs was making her wriggle around on the mercilessly throbbing dildo anyway. After a night of countless near-misses, her sexual tension was likely near breaking point, and all Pig had to do was tickle her clitoris for a minute more before her body began to shake violently.

“Ugh! Oh-ooh!”

A spurt of sticky fluid erupted from Ashlee's pussy, soaking Pig's finger and dribbling down the bike frame. Ashlee threw her head back, her ponytail flying and her breasts bouncing as she articulated her ecstasy with a long, deep moan!

Her orgasm seemed to continue forever as her hips bucked and she lurched forward, unable to disengage herself from the contraption. Eventually her spasms subsided, and she became still, her head hanging forward as she gradually caught her breath.

“My sweet girl!” Pig exclaimed. “You really needed that, didn’t you?”

Head down, her fingers tightly gripping the handlebars, Ashlee didn’t reply. Standing so close to her, inhaling her musky, sweaty scent, Pig suddenly knew that the time had come to take their relationship to a new level. He had delayed the moment long enough. Now he wanted to see her, touch her, possess all of her—and today he was going to have her.

“I think you need a shower,” he said as he started to undo the tie wraps. “You’re all sweaty and sticky.”

He poked her on the clit again, and Ashlee’s head snapped up as she let out a hiss of surprise. After freeing her toes, he supported her underneath the arm as she awkwardly extricated herself from the bike machine, a loud sucking sound filling the room as she levered her cunt off the vibrator!

“Come on, out you go,” Pig said, and he watched her numbly walk outside on wobbly legs.

Pig then picked up the cutter he had used to slit her leotard and went out to join her.

\*\*\*

Cassie finished posting onto Ashlee’s public social media accounts—*I’m fine but please give me some time*—and then pushed back her chair. She was still a little put out that Pig hadn’t allowed her to sleep with Ashlee the previous night, but she told herself to focus on the positives. If it wasn’t for him, none of this would be happening after all. The deal was that they both got to share her, and although Cassie couldn’t help but feel a little stab of jealousy every time Pig touched Ashlee, she had to accept the fact that he would in due course have his way with her. A tiny part of her still clung to the hope that he was a sexual voyeur and that he would derive all of his sadistic pleasure from simply punishing and humiliating her. But she had to be realistic—Pig was a man after all, and Ashlee was just too gorgeous to resist.

A long bestial moan emanating from the woodshed caught her attention as she opened the back door. It was a female voice and so it could only be Ashlee’s, but she had never heard her employer sound like that before! What was Pig doing to her? Her latest mental programming meant that her rage and resentment would stay bottled up inside her, but just now she had sounded like a wounded animal!

Cassie hesitated, not wishing to walk in on them in case she didn’t like what she saw. Instead, she lit a cigarette and waited, leaning on the door frame. It was another beautiful summer’s day with a clear blue sky and a fresh breeze shivering the leaves in the trees. Even though they had only just arrived, Cassie was already wishing that they would never have to leave. She had been dreaming of having Ashlee to herself for the past three years, and although that wasn’t entirely the case, this was definitely the next best thing.

She wondered what Pig was planning for them after their vacation was over. Ashlee would have to go back to work again eventually, she supposed, but in what capacity? One thing was for certain—the snow-white star of *Falling In Love With Lisa* was gone forever.

In the next instant, Ashlee came tottering out of the woodshed in her damaged leotard, her crimson face a mask of shame. Even from the other side of the lawn, Cassie could see her swollen pussy lips poking through the opening. Noticing Cassie, Ashlee stopped and placed her hands over her crotch.

*How cute! Even though I’ve already had my tongue inside there, she’s still shy!*

Pig emerged a moment later with a knife in his hand, and Cassie stubbed her cigarette out and went across to see what was going to happen next.

## Chapter Seventeen

“Stand still and put your hands behind your head,” Pig said, his erection now pushing out the front of his pants.

Even though her glistening eyes said no, Ashlee did as she was told. Pig didn't have to guess what was going on in that pretty little head right now, of course—he had inserted the emotions there himself! Ashlee was now well and truly trapped, doomed to obey his every command and hating herself for it, but only able to protest silently within her scrambled mind.

Pig turned his attention once more to Ashlee's inflamed and exposed cunt lips. Returning his finger to the top of the tear, Ashlee jerked slightly in anticipation of another humiliating clitoral stimulation. But Pig had something else in mind, and slipping his finger inside the gusset, he pulled the Lycra away from her crotch and then slipped the blade of the cutter inside. Ashlee let out a gasp as the cold steel touched her flesh.

“Don't worry, I'm not going to cut you,” Pig chuckled. “What a terrible waste that would be!”

Then he proceeded to enlarge the slit, drawing the blade up Ashlee's belly and between her breasts until it reached the neck of the leotard. With a quick upward jerk, the garment fell open and he cut away the arms, reached behind her, and tugged the ruined garment away. He took a step backward to admire the view, and the expression in Ashlee's eyes told him that the significance of the moment was not lost on her—because for the first time she was standing stark naked in front of him! Up until now he had only permitted himself little voyeuristic glimpses of her body but now he was gazing at her in all her radiant glory, and it was a moment he would never forget!

From her lovely face, across her broad shoulders, down to her perfect, pear-shaped breasts punctuated with their delightfully puffy, pink nipples, then her slightly rounded belly, her long, shapely legs, and in the center of all that fleshly beauty, her bulging pubic mound covered with a light layer of dark hair, he drank it all in. The urge to take her to his bed right then and there was almost overpowering, but Pig somehow got himself under a semblance of control.

Pleasingly, Ashlee continued to clasp her hands behind her head, but she couldn't bring herself to look him in the eye, instead fixing her gaze on the trees behind him. He became aware of movement beside him and turned to see Cassie, also staring in wonderment at their newly unwrapped sex toy.

“Step into the barrel,” Pig said, hoping his voice didn't give away his level of excitement. Now Ashlee did glance at him, and it briefly looked as though she was about to protest, but her mental conditioning kicked in, and with a barely audible sigh she placed her hands on the rim of the rain barrel and raised her right leg high enough to give Pig a pleasant eyeful of her round ass and juicy hammock!

*Dear God!* he thought. *She's a fucking angel!*

He gazed at her lovely ass as she maneuvered herself ungracefully into the half-filled barrel. Her eyes flickered unhappily between Cassie and himself, but she remained silent. It seemed that she was finally in the cerebral and emotional place that he wanted her to be—now it was time to really put her through her paces. He went across to the barrel and said, “Arms back behind your head again. That's it. Now, when I rap on the side of the barrel, I want you to squat down and stay there until you hear me tap again. He noticed a slight quickening of her breath, her lovely naked breasts undulating charmingly in the sunlight, and an expression of girlish anxiety in her eyes.

Pig banged the handle of the knife on the side of the barrel and without further prompting, Ashlee dropped down into a crouch. The hose was still dispensing more water into the vessel and the surface only came up to her chin. Curious to see how she would react, Pig decided to wait until her head was completely submerged. Gradually the water level passed her chin and Ashlee instinctively tilted her head backwards.

“You'd better take a breath,” Pig said, peering down at her.

As the water touched her lips, Ashlee did just that, her eyes now widening in alarm in the realization that she was about to go under. It was at that point that Pig suddenly comprehended how

much power he had over her now. She was going to stay down there until he released her—and if he chose not to, then she would drown!

Cassie was beside him now and they both watched in fascination as their employer's head was slowly engulfed by the rising water. Pig continued to wait for the water to reach the top of the barrel, and as it inched slowly upward, Cassie looked at him.

“Pig?”

To underline his increasingly superior position in their relationship, Pig ignored her. As the water began to spill over the edge of the barrel, an air bubble popped up to the surface and he banged the knife against the side.

Ashlee immediately popped up, water cascading everywhere as her shining tits bounced up and down. She coughed and gasped for air with her golden locks plastered to her face. Pig gave her a moment to calm down, and then rapped on the side of the barrel again. This time, Ashlee blinked at him imploringly, so he said, “You’ve just earned yourself another session with the paddle.”

After letting out a wretched whine, Ashlee took a deep lungful of air and dunked herself back under again. Looking at her blonde hair floating beneath the surface, Pig had another delicious idea. He handed the cutting blade to Cassie and explained, “I’ll be back in a moment. You take over.”

Cassie looked at him doubtfully, so he said, “Watch for her bubbles and then let her up.”

He went back around to the junk pile in search of an item he had noticed the previous day. After a brief search he located it—a short length of plastic piping with a ninety-degree elbow attached to one end. It was dirty and full of cobwebs, but it was just what he wanted. Armed with his prize, he returned to the back lawn in time to see Ashlee’s bare back dripping with water, her shoulders heaving.

Cassie immediately handed him back the cutter—which suggested that she wasn’t entirely comfortable being involved with Ashlee’s punishment. Her interest in her employer was primarily sexual, and although Pig sensed that Cassie was getting turned on by watching him torment Ashlee, she would prefer to maintain a voyeuristic role. That was fine with him. Yes, he intended to have a lot of filthy sex with Ashlee, but that was only a part of his mission—he enjoyed hurting the uppity bitch, and derived great pleasure in making her squirm emotionally even more.

Without uttering so much as a word, he held the piping up in front of the quivering girl’s face. Amusingly, Ashlee almost went cross-eyed as she tried to focus on the circular opening, but when Pig tapped her on the lips with it, she parted them and took it into her mouth. At first, she clamped her teeth down on it, evidently not wanting her lips and tongue to make contact with such an old piece of junk.

“I’d make a good seal with your lips if I were you,” Pig said. “Because you’re going back under again!”

“Mmm!” Ashlee’s succulent lips closed around the end of the pipe, and she looked so deliciously naughty with it now sticking up in front of her face that Pig couldn’t help but wonder how good she was at giving head.

*Not to worry. We’ll be finding out soon enough!*

Giving her splendid tits a final inspection, Pig rapped on the side of the barrel, and closing her eyes, Ashlee dutifully dunked herself back into the water. All that was visible above the surface was the top three inches of the pipe, and he immediately heard her coughs echoing out of it. When she had calmed down, he listened carefully for the sound of her breathing, and satisfied that Ashlee was not going to drown, he said to Cassie, “I’m going to get on with some things in the woodshed. Would you like to help?”

“How long are you going to leave her in there?” Cassie asked.

“Oh, about an hour. It will give her time to think about her situation as far as she is able—I don’t expect she strung together two coherent thoughts last night with that vibrator stuck up her cunt!”

\*\*\*

Still unable to fully process how she had managed to get herself into this hateful situation, Ashlee took a deep breath and immediately began to choke on a wispy tangle of spider webs. Panic and revulsion swept over her as she hawked them back up, simultaneously sucking water into her nostrils.

For a terrible moment she thought she was going to die! Any normal person would have automatically jumped up, but she now knew how very abnormal she had become. It didn't matter what she wanted—her body was the sole property of Pig, and there was absolutely nothing she could do about it!

It seemed insane that she should be crouching here in the dark, totally immersed in water and breathing through a filthy old pipe, when there was nothing physically restraining her. But this was the simple truth of her situation—she was no longer the master of her own soul, and slowly but surely everything she had feared would happen was coming to pass. She was already Cassie's lover and she knew that she would soon be Pig's too.

Even though she still clung to a vague hope that she could free herself from this nightmare, Ashlee simply couldn't see how it was possible. Her mind wouldn't slow down enough for logical thought, no matter how hard she tried to still it, and a gray cloud of dread seemed to constantly hover above her.

The worst part was that she no longer had an outlet for her anger. She recalled the moment in the woodshed when she had completely freaked out, and although it had given her a measure of release, the whole episode now seemed so distant that it was as if it had happened to somebody else. All she could feel right now was a deep sense of self-loathing for submissively allowing Pig to do this to her.

Minutes ticked away and she waited anxiously for the sound of Pig tapping on the barrel. It occurred to her that in her current state of distress she might have missed it, but then wouldn't Pig have pulled her out by now? What if he intended to keep her in there for the rest of the day? Or the whole week? Ashlee's heart began to pump harder at the prospect of ending her young life in a water barrel.

*No, he wouldn't do that! He wants to play with me, like his own personal sex doll! I've just got to stay calm!*

So, Ashlee waited, as she knew she would, while Pig dreamed up more humiliating ordeals for her, and Cassie sat with her laptop, communicating with the glamorous crowd of which Ashlee had once been a central part.

Miserably she wondered if she would ever be able to go back to her old life again. She had kind of assumed that at some stage she would, but now it dawned upon her for the first time that Pig and Cassie might never let her go. She let out an involuntary sob which vibrated up the pipe.

*Is this it? Am I to be nothing but a sex slave for the rest of my days?*

Naked and cold, unable to clearly see or hear, and her thighs already starting to cramp up, Ashlee listened to her blood pumping in her ears and resigned herself to the appalling reality that she could do nothing but wait!

## Chapter Eighteen

With poor Ashlee submerged inside the rain barrel and Pig pottering around in his bizarre woodshed, Cassie decided to go into town for some supplies. Pig gave her a list of items to find too—all of which she figured could be readily obtained in a hardware store.

As she rowed the little boat across the lake at a steady pace, enjoying the sunshine and the fresh air, she thought about how Ashlee was missing such a beautiful day. Cassie had somewhat ambivalent feelings toward the cruel way that Pig was treating Ashlee. On the one hand she was a little bothered by it, and yet she couldn't deny the shameful arousal it stirred within her either. These were the same conflicting reactions that Pig's emails had previously invoked in her. Despite her misgivings, Cassie was by now pretty sure that Pig would never seriously harm either of them and she reminded herself that if he hadn't come into her life, Ashlee would still be treating her like a second-class citizen.

She eased Pig's SUV along a winding road through a pine forest and soon entered the nearest town five miles away. There wasn't much to it—a main street with some stores, a church, a post office, the usual small-town amenities, and several side streets populated with picturesque clapboard houses. Quaint would have been the best word to describe it, Cassie thought as she pulled up outside the general store behind a red Chevrolet Malibu which she noticed had California plates.

Half an hour later, she emerged with a trolley full of groceries as well as the items from the hardware section that Pig had requested. It seemed that her new partner-in-crime had developed something of a passion for home improvement—although in his case, the refinements would be made to a confused, frightened, and gorgeous young woman!

As she loaded up the SUV, a middle-aged couple strolled past and wished her a good morning, totally oblivious to the fact that the unremarkable young woman they had just greeted was an accomplice to the kidnapping and sexual torment of a television celebrity held captive only a few miles away!

Being back in small town America again, with its family values and high moral standards, Cassie wondered how long she and Pig were going to be able to get away with this. Pig appeared to be in it for the long run, but Cassie couldn't shake the idea that society would eventually catch up with them—which meant making the most of Ashlee's beautiful body while the opportunity was there.

Back on the forest road, the scent of pine wafting in through the open window, her mind fast-forwarded to the coming evening. She would tell Pig that she wanted Ashlee in her bed tonight—well, okay, she would ask him—and as she visualized their naked bodies entwined together, she felt her nipples hardening. She was so engrossed in her fantasy that it was a couple of minutes before she became aware of the only other vehicle on the road, a hundred yards or so behind her. There was no mistaking the distinctive red color, and coming in this direction it could only be the red Chevy she had seen in town.

*Relax! Nobody knows where we are,* she thought, but she stepped on the gas a little anyway. As she rounded a bend, she checked the rearview mirror, and a moment later the Chevy reappeared, keeping an even distance behind her.

*Oh shit! Are they following me?*

She slowed as she approached the small dirt road, and the Chevy hung back too. She briefly thought about driving past but decided it would be better to tell Pig—he never seemed to panic and would know what to do. She turned off and bumped along the furrowed trail, watching her rearview the whole time. There was no sign of the red Chevy, and she breathed a sigh of relief.

“You're getting paranoid, girl!” she said aloud to herself.

After loading the boat and locking the SUV, Cassie headed back to the island, facing the shore as she rowed. When she was halfway across, she saw a bright flash coming from the tree line. She stopped rowing and watched carefully. There it was again! Either a reflection off a lens or a camera flash! Heart thumping, she moored the boat, and ran into the cabin.

“Pig?” Her voice echoed in the silence. She went out into the yard and walked across to the woodshed.

“Hello? Pig?”

There wasn't a sound except for the birds in the trees. Pig's bedroom door had been shut when she had passed it, and she thought about knocking, but now she wondered if she was overreacting. In her panic, she had briefly forgotten about Ashlee, but now she peered into the barrel and sure enough, the top of the actress's head was visible under the surface, her golden hair floating around her crown. She was totally still, so much so, that Cassie's heart started beating even faster.

*Dear God! Maybe Ashlee has drowned and Pig has fled the scene!*

She reflexively thumped on the side of the barrel, but nothing happened. Cassie plunged her hands into the water and tugged on Ashlee's arms, but the submerged girl was too heavy for her to lift. Terrified, Cassie pressed her back against the barrel and leaned backward with all her might. Gradually, the heavy barrel began to tilt, and with a final monumental effort, Cassie managed to lift it high enough to topple over.

As it came thumping down, a torrent of water surged over the grass and Ashlee's head and shoulders came into view. Fearing the worst, Cassie pulled her boss by the arms, turning her onto her back and was just about to administer mouth-to-mouth when Ashlee spat the pipe out of her mouth, snorted water out of her nostrils, and then coughed.

“Oh, Ashlee, thank heavens!”

Her hair plastered to her face, Ashlee coughed and sniffled and then stared vacantly up at Cassie. After another superhuman effort, Cassie succeeded in dragging her completely out of the barrel, and sitting down beside her, checked Ashlee's pulse. It was strong, and now realizing why the actress hadn't stood up, Cassie began to massage Ashlee's calves. Gradually, as she slowly dried out in the afternoon sun, Ashlee's limbs began to move. She was still shivering, her plump, pink nipples sticking out like bullets and her skin pale and waxen, but she was alive!

*The poor thing was in there for at least three hours! Whatever in hell was Pig thinking about?*

“Come on,” she said, pulling on Ashlee's arms. “Let's go inside and get you warmed up.”

\*\*\*

Inside the bathroom, Ashlee sat in the tub and numbly stared at her wrinkled fingers while Cassie ran a hot shower. It had taken a bit of maneuvering to get her in there because after hours of squatting in the rain barrel, her leg muscles had cramped up and she had twice nearly collapsed as she had leaned on Cassie for support.

After all that time in the cold and dark, with nothing to focus on but her breathing, Ashlee had slipped into a semi-trance, her mind replaying random incidents from over the past few weeks. Without any mental, emotional, or physical distractions, it finally sunk in how drastically her life had been turned upside down, and yet she still couldn't get to grips with how she had slipped so far, and so fast!

She was actually sitting naked in a bathtub while her lesbian personal assistant gently soaped her body, a situation she would have found inconceivable only a few weeks ago! And worse, that treacherous swine Pig now knew exactly what she looked like in the raw! No matter what happened, that fact could never be undone! Through her jumbled thoughts she suddenly had a flashback to the moment when he had brought her to orgasm with his fingertip, a crushingly shameful sensation that she had somehow suppressed when she was in the rain barrel, but now the memory was so vivid that she physically squirmed with embarrassment.

Apparently mistaking her wriggling as an indication of her pleasure, Cassie said, “Does that feel better?”

The problem for Ashlee was that as much as she had come to inwardly despise both of her captors—because that, she now accepted, was what they were—she couldn't help feeling grateful

and even pleasantly coddled by Cassie's tender ministrations. Maybe this was precisely the effect that they were trying to achieve—a kind of good cop, bad cop routine designed to keep her constantly emotionally off balance.

Cassie was now running her hands over Ashlee's breasts, her fingers tickling her nipples and bringing them quickly to attention. This physical response was something else that Pig had instilled into her, and it was sending her into an emotional turmoil. Even though she was disgusted by their sexual liaisons, her body always responded favorably to Cassie's touch. Prior to the mysterious changes that Pig had made to her, Ashlee would never have been remotely interested in another woman in this way. She was sexually straight and always had been, but how could she convince anybody else of that when she automatically became aroused in these situations? Whenever she protested that she was not a lesbian, Cassie would just give her a knowing smile and then proceed to lick her between the legs, sending Ashlee into the throes of ecstasy and making a mockery of her denial. It was so unfair!

She thought back to their public French kiss which had been captured on film and would by now have been transmitted all around the globe. Miserably she concluded that from now on she would always be regarded as a lesbian in the public eye, no matter what she subsequently tried to do to convince them otherwise! And that, she realized with a start, included Tom! Cassie had been doing all the communicating with the outside world, and she had refused to tell Ashlee whether Tom had been attempting to contact her. Surely he must have, and Ashlee so desperately wanted to talk to him again.

She let out a sob of frustration and Cassie whispered, "I know. Me too. Let's go to the bedroom."

\*\*\*

A high-pitched yelp pierced his dreamless sleep and Pig opened his eyes, disoriented at first, then remembering that he had suddenly become overwhelmingly tired while working on a new device for Ashlee, and had needed to lie down for five minutes. It was hardly surprising because he had had little sleep since the long drive up from Los Angeles and it was bound to catch up with him eventually. He rolled over and looked at his watch on the nightstand.

*Holy shit! It's past five! I've been out of it for over two hours!*

As he gathered his wits, he remembered that Ashlee was still inside the rain barrel, and alarmed, he leaped off the bed and sprinted out to the back yard. He came abruptly to a halt, his bare toes squelching in the wet grass, and stared at the upturned water barrel. Picking up the plastic pipe, he looked around the empty yard, and then went into the woodshed. Everything was exactly as he had left it, and after checking the trash pile behind, he headed back to the cabin.

Ashlee's escape was as worrying as it was mysterious, because if she had found some way to win back her self-control, he and Cassie would be in for a lot of trouble. He crossed the living room and peered out of the window. The rowboat was still moored at the dock, so it would seem that she hadn't left the island. That was a good sign, but now he needed to find out where the little bitch had gone off to. He was just about to put some clothes on and search the island when he heard a muffled squeal emanating from the girls' room.

*Of course! Cassie! She must have allowed Ashlee out of the barrel herself and now they're getting it on together in bed!*

His relief was tinged with a little annoyance that Cassie still felt she was able to countermand his instructions, but then again he hadn't intended to leave Ashlee unsupervised in there for such a long time! He was about to return to his room and get dressed when another little squeak of delight issued from behind the door. He was aware that the girls were becoming increasingly sexually compatible—after all, he had been the one to condition Ashlee that way—but he now found himself

quite curious to see just what was going on in there. The earlier sight of Ashlee's naked body flashed into his mind and his cock quickly pushed out the front of his briefs.

He hesitated outside the door, and then came to a decision. Fuck it. It was time to push the boundaries of their three-way relationship a little further. If Cassie didn't like it, then he would remind her that he had the ability to remold Ashlee's mind in any way he wanted—and that included reorienting her sexuality again. How about making Ashlee become obsessed with Pig's cock, unsated unless it was inside one of her orifices? How would Cassie like that?

Inspired by that idea, he slipped into his own room next door and picked up his phone. This was going to have to be recorded because he wanted that asshole Tom Gates to finally see what he must already be suspecting, as well as that other bitch, Jordan Louise. Then another idea struck him, and he went out to the woodshed and pulled his bag from under the woodshed. After a little searching he found what he wanted and returned to the cabin. Then he very quietly turned the handle and opened the door to his ladies' bedroom.

## Chapter Nineteen

“Just relax and let me do the work,” Cassie said.

They were both naked now, Ashlee still wet from her bath, now on her back on the bed with her legs spread wide. She averted her face to avoid looking at Cassie’s bony body as she straddled her and began kneading her breasts.

“No need to be like that,” Cassie crooned. “We both know you like it.”

*No, I don’t!* Ashlee silently protested, even as her treacherous nipples hardened under Cassie’s deft touch.

Wretchedly, she braced herself for the increasingly familiar sequence of events, knowing how Cassie liked to work her way slowly down to Ashlee’s crotch. As she felt Cassie’s lips softly encasing her nipple, Ashlee emitted an involuntary cry of shameful pleasure, and she closed her eyes tight. She was acutely aware that very soon she wouldn’t want Cassie to stop until her growing arousal had been sated, but also that her impending gratification would quickly be engulfed by an all-consuming sense of self-loathing at having derived such enjoyment from this disgusting act.

As Cassie expertly teased her swollen nubs with her tongue, she slipped a finger inside Ashlee’s wet pussy making her yelp loudly again. She was in such a confused place right now—angry and resentful at Cassie for taking advantage of her like this, and yet oddly grateful for being rescued, as well as feeling safe in their shared bed together. As ashamed as she was for feeling this way, it was infinitely preferable to being tormented by that sadist, Pig!

Cassie was poking her tongue into Ashlee’s navel now, triggering a quiver of excitement in her belly in anticipation of the exquisite rapture to come. She stretched out her arms, scrunching up the sheets as Cassie maneuvered her head between Ashlee’s thighs. Another uncontrolled moan escaped her lips when she felt the first sweet contact of Cassie’s tongue against her labia. She still felt violated and betrayed, but it just felt so good! She turned her head to the side, opened her eyes—and gasped in shock as she found herself looking straight into the lens of a camcorder!

Ashlee jerked her hips, banging her pubic bone against Cassie’s nose which made her gasp and raise her head. Pig lowered the camera with a wicked grin on his face and said, “Well, carry on ladies. Don’t take any notice of me.”

For a moment, both of them froze right where they were on the bed. Pig was only wearing a pair of briefs and his erection was stretching them out so far, Ashlee could see the nest of dark pubic hair behind.

Cassie reacted first, crossing her arms over her small breasts and clamping her thighs together. “Pig! What the hell are you doing?”

“I thought it was time we got to know each other a bit better, don’t you?”

Her eyes still glued to Pig’s jutting underwear, Ashlee also covered herself with her hands and slid over to the far edge of the bed. Even though he had already seen her naked, catching them in this compromising situation added a new dimension to her embarrassment—and he was filming them, too!

“Y-You can’t just barge in here, like this!” Cassie stammered.

“Why not?” Pig said. “I was looking for Ashlee. Somebody must have let her out of the barrel.”

“I did!” Cassie said, clearly at a disadvantage during this verbal exchange because of her state of undress. “You left her to drown in there!”

“Don’t be so melodramatic. She had her breathing pipe,” Pig said. “Anyway, I’m willing to forgive you—if you put on a little show for me.”

“No!” Cassie said. “That wasn’t part of the deal!”

“Come on, Cassie. We agreed we were going to share her, remember?” Pig said, reaching behind his back.

Cassie glanced guiltily at Ashlee and then said, “Yes—but not together!”

“Why not?” Pig smirked. “It could be a lot of fun. After all, we are going to be spending many years together.”

As she grappled to understand the significance of their conversation, Ashlee's eyes were drawn to his hand. He had something stuffed down the back of his briefs and she just knew that whatever it was would be for her.

"Anyway," Pig went on. "I was the one who made this possible, and you know I can change her in any way I see fit."

"What do you mean?" Cassie said.

"Well, let me see. I could have her addicted to this!"

Still holding the camcorder, he hooked his thumb into the waistband of his briefs, and suddenly Ashlee was staring at his thick, hard cock! She instinctively slid off the side of the bed and closed her eyes but the rude image of his swollen cockhead was already burned into her brain!

"And I could turn her off you as easily as I turned her on," she heard Pig continue.

*I knew it!* Ashlee thought. *He has deliberately and systematically altered me!*

"Y-You wouldn't do that!" Cassie mumbled. "We had an arrangement—"

"And we still do," Pig said. "All you have to do is let me play too. Let's not fight about this, huh?"

Still reeling from their tacit confession, Ashlee waited to hear Cassie's response. Surely she wouldn't be willing to let him join in, would she? But after a momentary pause, she felt Cassie's hand searching out hers, pulling her up from the floor.

"Cassie, please don't!" Ashlee said.

"I have no choice," Cassie said. "I don't want to lose you—and he can make that happen."

With a sick feeling in her stomach, Ashlee allowed Cassie to guide her back up onto the bed. She watched, mesmerized, as Pig pulled his briefs all the way down, fully exposing his wiry body and rude erection to them. It was the first time since this nightmare had started that they were all naked together, and Ashlee knew it was another turning point that could never be reversed.

"That's more like it," Pig said. "I knew you'd see reason. And now, to spice things up a bit, I want you to put these on Ashlee."

\*\*\*

When he threw the handcuffs onto the bed, Ashlee let out a terrified shriek. Cassie had almost forgotten about Ashlee's phantom stalker and how she had been programmed to be overcome with dread whenever his specter arose.

"Remember these?" Pig said.

Incredibly, Ashlee started shaking as she stared in horror at the offending cuffs. Cassie guessed that in Ashlee's altered state of mind, they represented the moment when everything began to spiral out of control in her life. It was almost touching to see her once super-confident boss reduced to a trembling wreck by such a simple reminder.

"Cuff her hands behind her back, Cassie," Pig commanded.

Cassie cautiously picked up the handcuffs and Ashlee shrank away from her, clasping her fists together in front of her face.

"P-Please! I can't wear them!"

"You'll do as you are told," Pig said, casually stroking his dick in front of them. "Now get on with it."

Cassie nodded at Ashlee and gently pried her hands apart, pulling them one after the other behind her bare back. As she snapped the cuffs around her wrists, Ashlee let out an anguished sob.

Pig raised his camcorder again and said, "What are you so frightened of, young lady? Do you think *he's* coming to get you?"

"Mmph!" Ashlee's shoulders shook as she stifled another sob.

"You dumb bimbo," Pig said. "Haven't you figured it out yet? How do you think the cuffs got into your room so easily?"

Cassie watched Ashlee's lovely breasts bouncing as she drew in a deep breath.

"I-I don't know. You said you would help me."

"Cassie put them there. We've been working together all the time. The emails she showed you? I sent them."

With his cock pointing the way, Pig approached the bed, and even Cassie recoiled as he loomed menacingly above them. "*I am your stalker, Ashlee,*" he said. "And now I have got you—I am going to do all of the things to you that I promised!"

\*\*\*

The power rush was all-consuming. As the two women cowered naked on the bed, Pig could feel his dick throbbing with desire. It was now time to cement their three-way relationship in the most intensely carnal way. He already had them under his psychological control—now it was time to taste their flesh, drink their fluids, and have them worship at his bodily temple. All of the lingering doubt and hesitation that he had earlier felt regarding Cassie evaporated as he understood now that she would go along with anything he wanted.

He panned the camera back and forth between them, relishing their contrasting figures, Ashlee's so voluptuous and curved, Cassie's, skinny and angular. He zoomed in on Ashlee's tantalizing breasts, open for his leisurely viewing now that her arms were disabled.

"Cassie, I want you to lick Ashlee's cunt," he said, placing his camcorder on the nightstand and kneeling on the edge of the bed.

He watched, entranced, as they resumed their earlier position, Ashlee now with her cuffed arms beneath her. Then, hesitatingly at first, Cassie poked out her tongue and began lapping at Ashlee's pussy lips. As the actress began to squirm, Pig reached over and took hold of one of her nipples, pinching and pulling, then flicking them and making her gasp.

He placed the flat of his hand on Ashlee's undulating belly and then lowered his face to hers. "Look at me."

Ashlee turned her head and met his eyes. She was quickly losing control as Cassie worked her lingual magic down below, and when Pig put his lips against Ashlee's, she didn't pull away. He pushed his tongue between her lips and then felt around, followed the line of her even teeth and tasting her sweet saliva. Ashlee let out a little moan, her hot breath filling his mouth.

There was a time, not too long ago when this would have been the pinnacle of his dreams—a threesome involving the inaccessible Ashlee Spencer! But right now he felt like a god, and this was just the tip of the iceberg. He owned her now, body and soul, and he would never let her go.

A tear trickled out of the corner of Ashlee's eye, and he caught it with his tongue, relishing its saltiness. She continued to gaze at him, her eyes filled with shame but fueled by lust as Cassie's attentions finally triggered her orgasm. Ashlee's body twitched, her eyes rolled up in their sockets, and she arched her back as she let out a long, guttural groan.

Pig held his cock in front of her face and said, "Kiss it."

Still in the grip of her climax, Ashlee promptly did as she was told, touching her lips against his swollen glans. He pushed a little harder, and now that she was starting to come down, Ashlee suddenly realized what was happening and turned her head away.

"Suck it!" Pig hissed. "Suck your master's cock!"

With a whimper, the red-faced celebrity opened her mouth, and he nudged his hips forward, inching his dick inside. When he reached the back of her throat, she gagged and tried to pull back, but Pig just shifted his position so that his stiff prick was now pushing out the inside of her cheek. It was such a delightfully crude spectacle, that he had the sudden inspiration to reach back for his camcorder.

Seeing him pointing the camera, Ashlee's eyes widened, and she mumbled plaintively around his engorged rod, but he pinched her ear and tugged, making it clear that she was to continue with the pornographic act.

"This would make an interesting addition to your fan collection, wouldn't it?" he breathed, relishing the heavenly sensation of her tongue underneath his cock.

Ashlee whined again and tried to shake her head, her cheeks glowing ever redder. After making her squirm for the camera a little longer, Pig withdrew and looked over his shoulder at Cassie who was watching the proceedings intently. The slender little dyke still had Ashlee's cum juice all over her chops, and she had an odd, bestial look in her eyes as she ran her tongue over her lower lip.

*Yeah, for all your pious objections, you are getting off on Ashlee's humiliation as much as I am, aren't you? That's why you let me into your lives in the first place.*

"Get up here!" he commanded, his own libido also on the brink of running riot.

Cassie didn't need any further hints as she crawled up Ashlee's body and then swiveled around so that her protuberant cunt was positioned just above Ashlee's face. Pig swapped positions so that he was now kneeling between Ashlee's parted thighs. He lifted both of her legs, resting her calves on his shoulders as his cockhead jabbed against her mound. He reached underneath and ran the tip of his glans up and down Ashlee's labia, and as Cassie simultaneously lowered herself onto her employer's face, a muffled squeak emerged from between her thighs.

With Ashlee locked beneath them, Pig slowly inserted his dick inside her, feeling her tight, wet, gripping warmth, while Cassie began to grind her crotch over Ashlee's mouth and nose. They locked eyes, inches apart, their captive slave now nothing more than a vessel for their mutual pleasure. It was a moment to savor, their great triumph, and when they leaned even closer and kissed, open-mouthed, it felt like the most natural thing in the world!

## Chapter Twenty

They had been on the island for a week now, their blissful routine uninterrupted by the outside world. Each day, Ashlee would wake early and bring their freshly brewed coffee to their room—Pig had moved into the big bedroom with Cassie, while Ashlee had been relegated to the single bedroom. After that first heady threesome, there had been a shift in the dynamics of their triangular relationship.

This was in keeping with the new social strata within the household, Pig had informed them, with he and Cassie being Mister and mistress, while Ashlee's role was now that of bonded servant. After having allowed Pig to fuck her that afternoon, Cassie had surprised herself by agreeing to this new sleeping arrangement without question. Interestingly, Pig hadn't attempted to have sex with her when they were alone, but when they summoned Ashlee to their bed, after using her luscious body, he invariably ended up sticking his prick inside Cassie's pussy as well. Again, even though she was not sexually interested in men, Cassie found that she didn't mind this, as if it was an unspoken recognition of her wifely status in the household.

Ashlee too, seemed to have taken on her servile position with a kind of dull acceptance. Gone were the objections and complaints—although the shame and resentment were still noticeable in her pretty blue eyes! The first part of her day was spent preparing breakfast, followed by cleaning the cabin and washing clothes. Cassie was left to choose Ashlee's attire each day, and she made sure to keep her faux-husband happy by always selecting skimpy, unsuitable items for their hapless servant.

There had been one or two moments when Ashlee had shown signs of resistance, but Pig had simply spoken the *Naptime* trigger word and made a few tweaks to her mindset, and upon awakening, she had become even more docile and compliant. Interestingly, Pig had always gone to great lengths to ensure that Ashlee remained the same person as she was before on the inside. It was very important to him that, although powerless to fight back, she would continue to feel the same outrage and indignation as she would have before her reconditioning. In Cassie's view, this would have to be the ultimate torture for her employer—to outwardly appear as though she was a weak-willed, feeble-minded submissive, when her mind was actually a constant whirlwind of outrage and despair!

Household chores complete—usually conducted in difficult and unreasonable conditions, depending upon Pig's frame of mind—Ashlee would then spend the rest of the day at his mercy in the woodshed or the back yard, often attached to one of his homemade machines, or being put through her paces through a regimen of humiliating and exhausting exercise. He had enhanced her craving for unhealthy food but she was kept on a strict vegetarian diet, and while Ashlee still abhorred smoking, Cassie took a guilty pleasure in forcing her to smoke four or five cigarettes a day—payback was so sweet!

After Ashlee had served dinner, the evenings would be spent in the double bed where Pig and Cassie would use Ashlee's body repeatedly until they all collapsed into an exhausted sleep—but not before banishing Ashlee to her servant quarters next door.

This then had been their daily pattern—paradise for Cassie and Pig but hell on earth for Ashlee, and all away from the prying eyes of the outside world. Such had been her state of bliss that Cassie had even written off the incident with the red Chevy as a figment of her imagination. Surely nobody was going to disturb their way of life after all this time—and that was just the way Cassie wanted it to stay.

\*\*\*

“Vanity, Ashlee,” Pig said, holding up the leather mask. “Not only a woman's vice, I must admit, but in your case, it is a particularly nefarious sin that I intend to expunge completely.”

*He's mad!* Ashlee thought. *I have absolutely no idea what he is talking about!*

Over the past couple of days, Ashlee had become aware that the mental fog that had enveloped her for so long had lifted, and her thoughts had become much more lucid. She remained trapped in Pig's vise-like grip, too overwhelmed by him to even consider disobeying, no matter how much he tormented and humiliated her. She still thought about escape, but again, she had evidently been programmed against taking any action there as well—indeed the sheer thought of being away from Pig and Cassie now filled her with an intangible dread. This was the paradox of Ashlee's current existence—ensnared in a living hell that she was too mentally and emotionally weak to leave!

She was naked again, the flimsy summer dress that Cassie had selected for her now discarded on the floor of the woodshed. As commonplace as her nudity had become over the past week, it never got any easier for her to display herself to Pig like this. Even though they had copulated on a number of occasions since that awful first time with Cassie, she still couldn't stop thinking of him as her chauffeur, which made her state of undress that much more embarrassing!

She stood awkwardly before him as he showed her the grotesque mask. It consisted of a brown leather hood with a lockable collar, two round eye holes, and an ugly pointed nose above a completely circular mouth. Pig took great pleasure in turning the hideous thing inside out to reveal that the mouth was in fact a ring-gag! And to complete the mask's repulsive appearance, two flat, leather ears stuck out on either side! Ashlee could only imagine what a laughable idiot she would look like wearing it!

But Pig had apparently given some thought to preparing this particular humiliation because he had installed a five-foot high mirror on the opposite wall which would ensure that Ashlee would be able to see herself at all times.

Temporarily putting the mask to one side, Pig picked up the ghastly handcuffs and said, "Arms behind your back, wrists crossed, and elbows bent."

No matter how hard she tried to repress it, a wave of fear swept through Ashlee every time she was forced to wear these awful handcuffs. She didn't want to give Pig the satisfaction, but a whimper escaped her lips as she contorted her arms up behind her back while he cuffed them in place. Then he guided her into position under the center beam of the shed where a steel chain hung from a hook. With a wicked grin, he picked up the vile mask again and, placing it onto Ashlee's crown, started working the tight-fitting leather down over her head. As he worked it snugly over her face, Ashlee shut her eyes, feeling the metal ring gag clinking against her teeth.

"Open up," Pig said casually.

There was no point in delaying the inevitable, so Ashlee reluctantly obliged, the metal ring now forcing her jaws uncomfortably apart. Finally, she felt the collar being tightened securely around her neck, and then listened to the little snap as it was padlocked into place. Nervously, Ashlee opened her eyes and was greeted by a horribly depressing sight! Her lovely features had been replaced by an open-mouthed monstrosity with mad, staring eyes, a long nose and jug ears!

Positioned directly in front of the mirror, Ashlee would have no option other than to look at herself for as long as Pig demanded it. Clearly this was designed to diminish her already depleted sense of self-worth even further. To add to her growing misery, Pig then positioned the camcorder on its tripod to one side of the mirror and switched it on. He had recorded pretty much everything that had he had done to her so far, and now that her mental faculties had recovered to a degree, she was terrified of what Pig intended to do with the footage. Through all of this insanity, she still clung to the vague notion that she might one day be able to return to her old life and salvage her career—but if these obscene images and movies were ever released into the public domain, there would be no way back for her!

With the little red light confirming that her latest ordeal would be recorded for posterity, Pig came back over to Ashlee and whispered, "Up on your toes."

Although she hadn't had much time to think, it now occurred to Ashlee that the mask must have been ventilated with small holes in the ears as well as beneath the comical nose, because she could hear him quite clearly and had no trouble inhaling through her nostrils. That small comfort did little to alleviate the crushing sense of suffocation the snugly fitting mask gave her, and she could already feel sweat prickling her scalp.

Pig gave her a light slap on her bare ass, and Ashlee jumped smartly up onto her toes.

“A little higher,” he said from behind her, and she stretched her calves to their limits, her toes barely touching the floorboards. She heard the sound of clinking metal and then another snapping sound, and the next moment Pig appeared in front of her.

“There,” he smiled. “That’s you all set. You can stay here and contemplate how ugly you look! Perhaps we’ll see a little more humility when you are eventually allowed to remove your new face!”

He took hold of her nipple and roughly twisted it, causing Ashlee to emit a gargled squeal, and then he left, closing the door behind him. Ashlee immediately lowered her heels but in doing so, the collar pulled on her neck, restricting her air supply. Gasping through her ring gag, she got back up onto her toes. As she gulped in fresh air, she realized that he must have meticulously measured the length of the collar attached to the chain hanging from the beam, and she would be forced to stay up on her toes to avoid being choked!

*The sick bastard!* Ashlee thought as she stared miserably back at her ridiculous reflection. Not only am I being forced to study my naked body and this awful mask, but I am going to have to endure it with aching legs!

\*\*\*

After loading it up with supplies, Willard climbed into the inflatable boat and fired up the small outboard motor. Not too many years ago, his ego would not have allowed him the luxury of such motorized comfort, preferring instead to row himself over to the island from the jetty on the far side of the lake. But he had to admit that although he was still strong for his sixty-six years, his body was starting to feel the effects of a lifetime of manual labor.

The cabin was so infrequently used these days, that he hadn’t even needed to re-stock the freezer on his last few visits, but Mrs. Barnes had informed him that her niece was making use of the property for a while, so he felt it was proper to check up on her and make sure all was okay.

In truth he was quite looking forward to seeing young Cassie again. She had been a teenager the last time they had met, a little wisp of a thing, but with a cheeky, almost boyish face that he had found most alluring. She would be in her mid-twenties now, and he was interested to discover how she had blossomed since.

Not that his interest was anything but platonic, of course. Willard himself had never married—never had a proper girlfriend in fact—his innate shyness and below-average looks making the idea of courtship nothing more than a wistful dream. There had been the occasional date—plain Janes that had been as desperate as he—but he had only used them to satisfy his sexual curiosity and he had fled whenever any of them had displayed feelings of attachment. His young adult life had become a frustrating one, because it was the pretty ones that he lusted after but knew he could never have. As he had grown older, he had resigned himself to a life of bachelorhood, taking his comforts instead from hunting, fishing, and trekking alone in the mountains.

But his life of solitude didn’t mean that he had lost his interest in the fairer sex. Far from it in fact, as Willard nowadays spent most of his evenings surfing the internet, looking for pictures of pretty young maidens. He wasn’t into porn particularly, his particular needs being much more refined, and the images that he collected depicted comely young women in difficulty, their faces wet with tears or contorted with wretchedness. Many of them involved nudity of course, but it was their moist, sad eyes and anguished faces that stirred his libido most.

Willard had no idea at what stage in his life he had found this particular scenario to be so arousing, but armed with the picture in his mind, he would settle back and masturbate as he fantasized about the poor young woman’s plight. Interestingly, he derived no pleasure in the idea of rescue, and by the time he finished pleasuring himself, his imaginary victim would remain in a perpetual state of captivity and bondage, although considerably less clothed than when he had found her!

Shaking himself from his reverie, he pulled up at the jetty alongside the old clinker-built rowboat, and strode up to the front porch. After rapping on the front door without a reply, he went around to the back yard.

“Hello? Miss Riddle? Anyone here?”

He looked around the poorly tended garden and scratched his balding pate, looking for signs of activity. He noticed that the old water barrel had been brought around from the trash pile, and a few tools and hardware items were scattered on the wrought iron patio table. Perplexed, he was about to try the back door of the cabin when he heard a sound coming from the woodshed. It sounded human, although strangely garbled, and he cautiously opened the door. When his eyes had adjusted to the interior light, his jaw dropped in astonishment.

At first he refused to believe what he was seeing, and wondered if his overactive imagination was finally giving him hallucinations. Quickly taking in the bizarre additions that had been made to the woodshed, his eyes again settled upon the extraordinary figure in the middle of the shed that had just taken his breath away.

The young woman’s nude body was a picture of absolute beauty as it writhed on tippy toes before him. Her perfectly shaped breasts rose and fell as she struggled for breath, while droplets of sweat fell from her distended pink nipples. Willard had no idea what her face looked like because of the ludicrous mask that encased her head, but if it was young Cassie then she had certainly filled out in all the rights places over past few years!

He took a step closer, examining the stifling mask with its comical ears and nose. The poor girl’s mouth was stretched wide open, her glistening pink tongue thrashing around as she made an unintelligible noise. But it was the look in those moist eyes that totally captivated Willard. It was the very look of shame and desolation that he sought during his nocturnal exertions, and quite unexpectedly his ultimate sexual fantasy was standing right here before him in the flesh!

He circled her slowly, so entranced that he momentarily ignored the fact that somebody might be holding this young lady prisoner here on the island. Her arms were cuffed high up her back, and a chain extended from her collar up to the beam running across the ceiling. Now he understood the reason for her garbled ululations. The poor wretch was being forced to get up on her toes in order to release the tension of the collar around her neck! How ingenious! She was having to make the choice between semi-strangulation or the agony of having to stand on tiptoe for God knew how many hours!

He came back around to face her and said, “Miss Riddle? Is that you?”

The helpless creature could only babble back at him, but she managed to shake her head ever so slightly. He looked into those anguished blue eyes as she blinked rapidly and emitted another meaningless noise, and remembering that Cassie’s eyes were brown, realized that it couldn’t be her. Even though he knew he should offer some assistance, Willard decided it would be better to find Cassie first to find out what the hell was going on. Despite her obvious state of distress, this tormented young woman was able to breathe, and not knowing all the facts, Willard decided it would be best not to interfere with the wrong people.

“I’ll be right back, miss,” he said to the naked and masked curiosity, but when he turned around, a young man was watching him from the open doorway.

## Chapter Twenty One

The last thing Pig had expected on entering the woodshed was to find a total stranger in there with Ashlee. At first he froze, wondering if it was a cop or private investigator, but then he noticed that instead of helping her, the old guy was slowly circling Ashlee, studying her in close detail, with a look of total captivation on his wrinkled features. In fact, he was so intent upon devouring every visual detail that he even failed to notice that Pig was standing there at all!

Intrigued, Pig stayed perfectly still and when he spotted the old man's obvious erection pushing out his work pants, his initial caution immediately subsided. This was no potential troublemaker, but a fellow pervert and Pig had a pretty good idea who he was.

After completing his lecherous examination of Ashlee, the old fellow whispered to her and then turned around.

Their eyes locked for a moment and then Pig said, "Hi there."

Shielding his bulging crotch with his hand, the old man said, "I-I'm the caretaker here. My name's Willard."

"Nice to meet you, Willard," Pig said, taking a confident stride into the shed.

The old man stepped backward, bumping into Ashlee, who emitted another choked cry.

"May I ask what you are doing here?" Willard said.

"I was invited here by Cassie Riddle," Pig said.

"Miss Riddle is here?"

"Oh, yeah. She's in the cabin. You want to go say hello?"

Pig's amiable approach had thus far done nothing to assuage Willard's apprehension, which given the circumstances was hardly surprising. He gestured toward Ashlee and accidentally brushed her nipple with his fingertips, making Ashlee squeak.

"W-What is this?"

"What?" Pig smiled. "Don't you mean *who*?"

"I-I mean, what the devil have you done to her?"

"This is Ashlee," Pig said. "Cassie and I work for her."

Willard blinked at him.

"Ashlee?"

"Ashlee Spencer. You may have seen her on the television—*Falling in Love With Lisa*?"

"This is her? That beautiful actress?"

"The very one."

Willard slowly turned around and stared in amazement at the gurgling, struggling apparition that was now frantically shaking its head. All that could be seen of her face were her eyes and gaping mouth, but her utter humiliation was nonetheless quite apparent.

"W-Why?" Willard stammered.

"Well, it's a long story," Pig said. "Let's just say that Miss Spencer is not quite the person she makes herself out to be on the television. Why don't you come in for a coffee and talk to Cassie about it?"

"Gak!" Ashlee uttered, now shaking her head as much as her collar would permit.

Still looking utterly bewildered, Willard said, "I-I think maybe I'd better just go."

"Don't worry," Pig said smoothly, "I'm not going to hurt you. Come on in. Cassie will explain everything."

\*\*\*

Her calves burning from having to repeatedly stretch up onto her toes, Ashlee stared desolately at her absurd reflection as she miserably came to terms with the fact that she was not about to be rescued. For a moment, she really had thought that the old caretaker was going to release her from

this prolonged hell, but after listening to Pig's words, she was now convinced that would not happen. There was something about Pig's presence that made people listen to him, which included not only Cassie, but Ashlee herself—after all, hadn't she been an unwitting accomplice in all this by hiring Pig in the first place?

Now that she recognized that Willard wasn't going to help her, Ashlee desperately hoped that he would just go on his way. Up until now, her humiliations on this island had been witnessed only by Pig and Cassie of course, and as terrible as they continued to make Ashlee feel, she was at least becoming a little bit accustomed to being naked in front of them. But having an unfamiliar old man scrutinizing her naked body had taken her feelings of shame and worthlessness to a whole new depth!

Her legs began to tremble with the strain and as the pain became too much to bear she lowered her ankles. The relief was instantly replaced by the constricting collar tightening around her throat and restricting her airflow, making her gasp through her wide-open mouth as she desperately tried to suck in air. The choking sensation frightened her into lifting onto her toes again, but her calf muscles hadn't had sufficient time to recover, and she couldn't stop herself from dropping her feet back down again—only to feel the strangulation of the leather collar once more!

Panic now descended upon her as she realized that she may have reached her tipping point. If Pig didn't come back soon, she would surely strangle to death! Bizarrely, she caught herself wondering what her fans would think when they discovered that their hero had hung herself in a woodshed. Jordan would probably put a sympathetic spin on it, saying that the shame of wetting herself in public had been too much for her to bear.

*But I don't want to be remembered like that! I've worked too hard! No matter what happens, I must survive so that I can eventually escape and rebuild my life!*

Summoning all her reserves, Ashlee got up on her toes yet again. She focused on the farcical leather face staring back at her and willed herself to hold the position longer this time. Having now fully accepted that she simply couldn't fight Pig, her only salvation for now would come from denying him the satisfaction of seeing her defeated. He had already tried to drown her in the water barrel, and she had survived that—well so too would she overcome this agonizing torture! It was clear to her now that he wanted her to be the agent of her own demise by always giving her a means of survival, and should she fail, she would die in the knowledge that it was her own weakness that caused her to succumb.

*He wants me to give up! That's it! He wants me to lose my will to live!*

This sudden revelation gave her renewed strength, and she pressed down with her toes even harder as a haze of rage descended upon her. Pig may well have rendered her incapable of expressing her true feelings, but they remained as strong as ever deep inside! As she struggled to stay up high enough to breathe properly, she tried to motivate herself by imagining that their roles had been reversed, with Pig helplessly dangling on a choking collar instead of her, but she was unable to manifest the image in her mind. Such was his total psychological domination of her that she couldn't even pretend in her imagination that he was anything other than her master! Frustrated at her inability to oppose him even in her imagination, she let out a mournful, choking sob, and simultaneously felt the warm trickle of urine down the inside of her thigh. Past the point of self-control, her involuntary micturition quickly turned into a torrent as once again, she lost control of her bladder.

This was turning into an all too frequent occurrence and she hated herself for having become such a feeble person. As the tears of shame and self-loathing welled up in her eyes, Pig entered the woodshed, followed by Cassie and Willard.

\*\*\*

It had been a long time since Cassie had last seen old Willard, but she had instantly recognized that lecherous glint in his eyes as Pig had brought him into the cabin. She remembered feeling a little uncomfortable around him as a teenager, but in fairness he had always behaved himself, and even though she had suspected that his thoughts hadn't been entirely honorable, he had treated her kindly and respectfully.

Times though, had changed, and Cassie was no longer the timid little girl that Willard once knew. Thanks to Pig, she was discovering a new, dark and dirty side to her personality and as she listened to his latest proposal, she felt herself getting wet between the legs.

"B-But, what if I get caught?" said Willard.

"You won't," Pig said. "Even if somebody tracks us down, Ashlee has been programmed to respond in exactly the way I want her to. No matter how hard she tries, she will be incapable of asking for help. Externally, it will appear as if she is being treated as a sex slave by her own choice—and it's hard to build a legal case if there is no plaintiff!"

"How did you manage to make her so obedient?"

"That doesn't concern you. All you need to understand is that Ashlee will comply with your every wish because I demand it."

Willard glanced at Cassie, and she could already see, despite his misgivings, that the old caretaker was already hooked on the idea. And why not? A famous and beautiful actress to do with as he pleased! But she also saw in his dewy eyes that he was waiting for the catch.

"And what do you want in return?" he asked.

"Nothing other than your complete discretion," Pig said. "It was already part of my plan to bring her out in the open eventually, but now that you have stumbled upon her, you may as well be the next addition to her audience."

With the look of a man who had just been told he had won the lottery, Willard said, "Is all of this true, Miss Riddle?"

"Absolutely," Cassie said. "For as long as we are staying here, you will have your very own assistant—and she will do whatever you tell her to!"

\*\*\*

"It's *Naptime*, Ashlee."

Willard watched in fascination as the girl in the ugly leather mask slumped forward, her blue eyes suddenly unfocused. Pig quickly unhooked the chain from her collar and said, "Now kneel down in front of Willard."

Astonishingly, the naked, handcuffed young woman immediately dropped to her knees before him. Willard felt his cock stiffening as his gaze lingered over her wonderfully shaped breasts and then dropped down to the dark patch of hair between her slightly parted thighs. Although Pig and Cassie hadn't gone into specifics about exactly what he would be able to do with Ashlee, it was obvious that they were taking advantage of her in a sexual way, and if he was being given a *carte blanche*, then Willard intended to do exactly the same!

Pig then proceeded to unzip the hood and pull it up over Ashlee's face. At first her features were distorted by the snugly fitting leather, but after it had been completely removed, Willard immediately recognized the pretty television actress.

*Ashlee Spencer is actually kneeling, stark naked, at my feet!*

"Can you hear me, Ashlee?" Pig said.

"Yes."

"Good. Now I want you to look up at Willard here. Look at his face. Do you recognize him?"

"Yes."

"Okay. Now Willard will be spending some time with us on the island, and when Cassie or I aren't playing with you, you'll be helping Willard with his caretaking duties. Understood?"

“Yes.”

“I know you aren’t accustomed to manual labor, but it will do you good to get your hands dirty. Now whenever you are in Willard’s company, you will obey him to the letter—no matter what he asks you to do. Again, understood?”

“Yes.”

Willard glanced at Pig who winked at him.

“Even if he tells you to do something disgusting or objectionable, you will have no option other than to comply. That includes allowing him to touch you, or making you touch him. You will still retain your natural feelings of revulsion and self-loathing, but you will be powerless to stop yourself from doing exactly what he says. Do you still understand?”

“Yes.”

Willard noticed a little downturn in the corners of Ashlee’s cute mouth as her bottom lip pushed out.

*This is amazing! She is totally under Pig’s control, but there is still a tiny part of her that understands what is going on!*

“Do you find Willard attractive?” Pig went on.

“No!” Ashlee protested.

“Of course you don’t. He’s old enough to be your grandfather. But after you awaken from your trance, you will notice something different about yourself. Just as your body responds sexually to Cassie even though you are not a lesbian, you will find yourself becoming physically aroused by old Willard. You will still feel disgusted by him, but that emotion will also be directed back at yourself. Whenever you touch Willard, your mind will constantly be returning to the image of his erect penis. The longer and more sexual the contact, the more intense these urges will become. Take a good look at it now, Ashlee.”

At first Willard didn’t process what he meant, but when Pig gestured toward his pants and nodded, he suddenly got it. Flustered, he looked at Cassie, but she merely shrugged. Then he looked down at Ashlee who now had her eyes fixed upon his bulging crotch. He really wasn’t keen on the idea of exposing himself like this but the idea of having this gorgeous young starlet obsessed with his dick was just too enticing to resist!

He unbuckled his belt and let his pants drop to his ankles, and after glancing awkwardly at Cassie, lowered his underpants. Freed from its constraints, his cock sprang out before him. Willard had always been proud of the size of his manhood, but that still didn’t stop his cheeks from burning as below him, Ashlee studied him impassively.

“Wow, that’s a big one, isn’t it?” Pig asked her.

“Yes.”

“I want you to kiss it now,” Pig said.

A little frown appeared on Ashlee’s brow, but to Willard’s delight, she leaned forward and placed her velvety lips against his glans.

“Put out your tongue and lick the head. Cover it with your saliva.”

Now Willard shivered with delight as he felt Ashlee’s little tongue flicker around his glans.

“Now open your mouth and suck it,” Pig said.

Willard closed his eyes in abandonment as Ashlee Meagan Spencer, Emmy Award nominee, and the dream girl of millions of men across the globe, took him into her mouth. As she began to work her head back and forth, he could feel her wet tongue under his pulsating staff, and he let out a soft groan of delight.

“I want you to remember the taste and texture of Willard’s penis,” Pig said to Ashlee. “After this session is over, you won’t have any recollection of sucking him off, but there will be a residual memory which will come flooding to the fore of your mind whenever you make contact with Willard’s body, and as much as you will hate yourself, you will become increasingly aroused the longer you stay physically connected with him.”

Ashlee’s head started moving more quickly as she sucked with increasing enthusiasm, and Willard felt himself reaching the point of no return.

“That’s it, Ashlee,” Pig coaxed. “You can’t stop yourself. You need to swallow Willard’s sperm, to have it deep inside your body. It makes you feel so deliciously naughty, even though it fills you with guilt!”

As Ashlee slurped and licked with increasing enthusiasm, Willard could take it no longer, and with a grunt, he shot his seed into Ashlee’s mouth. She immediately pulled off him and opened her mouth, showing its contents to him.

“That is quite disgusting, Ashlee,” Pig said in a mocking tone. “You should be ashamed of yourself, getting so turned on by a man of Willard’s age.”

Willard opened his eyes and watched in fascination as his sticky issue trickled over the tip of Ashlee’s tongue, while at the same time, a tear of shame trickled down her cheek.

“Now, the choice is yours Ashlee,” Pig said. “Do you want to swallow it or spit it out?”

Despite still being in a state of shock at the developments of the day, Willard was catching on fast enough to comprehend the implications of Pig’s question. Instead of ordering her to swallow Willard’s cum, he was giving her a choice—even though he had just programmed her to act like a filthy slut! Ashlee hesitated just long enough to indicate the turmoil that was going on in her subconscious mind before she lowered her moist eyes and closed her mouth, gulping Willard’s sperm down her throat.

## Chapter Twenty Two

*Oh, my! This is interesting!* Cassie thought as she scrolled through an article from a celebrity gossip website.

**TOM AND ISABELLE OFFICIALLY DATING!**

*Sources close to actors Tom Gates and Isabelle Greer have confirmed that they are officially a couple! The pair have been spotted together on numerous occasions recently and they all but came out in the open when they arrived holding hands together for the recent A-List Foundation Charity Auction at the Beverly Hills Hotel.*

*Gates was previously involved with Ashlee Spencer, his co-star in the hugely popular romantic comedy Falling In Love With Lisa. Since her now-infamous catwalk fail at Ella Rosenstein's charity fashion gala however, Ashlee has been in hiding at a still undisclosed location. Meanwhile, it seems that her ratings rival had also been her love rival, and Isabelle wasted no time in filling Ashlee's shoes.*

*As a confidante of Isabelle's put it, "Who wouldn't have? Tom is a gorgeous hunk and Isabelle a classic beauty. They make a perfect couple. Even though Ashlee was humiliated at Ella's gala, I think she has been foolish to leave Tom to himself for so long. Then again, there was that shocking public kiss with her female assistant, so maybe she was just trying to prepare Tom—and the world—for her own coming out."*

Cassie scanned through the rest of the article before examining the image of the two new lovebirds—Tom looking as handsome as ever with his ego now repaired, and Isabelle with her red-brown hair tied back in a bun, giving the photographer her trademark, tight-lipped smile. They did indeed look a glamorous couple posing together in their expensive clothes, and it occurred to Cassie that if Pig hadn't come along into their lives, the woman in this picture would have been Ashlee, not Isabelle.

*So Tom is officially out of the frame,* she thought, leaning back in her chair.

Pig had most certainly delivered there, and when he eventually started releasing his photos and clips of Ashlee in sexual bondage, no matter how this all turned out, she would never be able to win him back.

Looking at Tom and Isabelle's faces, Cassie figured that Ashlee's name must have come up in their conversations, and she was willing to bet that they hadn't been very complimentary about her. By shunning him, Ashlee had publicly humiliated Tom, and of course, Isabelle didn't need a reason to hate Ashlee—pure jealousy was enough! If they could only see what Ashlee had been turned into now!

Cassie's first instinct was to give Ashlee the bad news, but as she pushed back her chair, she glanced at the photo on the screen again, and a wonderfully wicked idea struck her!

*No. Way too risky! What if Tom still has feelings for her?*

But then again, hadn't Pig repeatedly reassured Cassie that should anyone discover their bizarre little sex triangle, he had programmed Ashlee to tell them that she was a willing participant? She thoughtfully tapped her finger against Tom's white teeth on the screen—and then she picked up her phone.

\*\*\*

Trying to pull the hem of her hopelessly undersized top down to cover her bare crotch, Ashlee watched the old man prop a ladder up against the back of the woodshed. He turned to look at her, his twinkling eyes roaming up and down her body as he licked his purple lips.

*Eew! He's so disgusting! Why did Pig have to make me help this old fossil today?*

As always, it had been Cassie who had dressed Ashlee this morning, and she had chosen one of her own tiny t-shirts, big enough for her own small bust perhaps, but when stretched over Ashlee's much larger breasts, the hem was pulled high up over her pubis. This meant that when Ashlee instinctively tugged the shirt down at the front, it pulled her breasts down emphasizing the shape of her hard nipples, as well as exposing her bare backside.

To make her humiliation even worse, Ashlee had been forced to eat breakfast while impaled on her ever-present dildo, and had suffered two embarrassing orgasms before the meal was over—much to Pig's amusement, of course. After washing the dishes, Ashlee had resigned herself to another morning of cleaning and washing before being subjected to an afternoon of sexual torment in the woodshed—but she had been totally taken by surprise when Pig had summoned her into the yard to meet Willard the old caretaker.

When Willard had reached out his hand, Ashlee had instead kept a firm grip on her insubstantial shirt until Pig had ordered her to accept Willard's handshake. As she had made contact with his calloused palm, a most unwelcome and disturbing sensation had literally pulsed through her. She had felt her nipples immediately hardening, accompanied by a warm throbbing sensation in her still-moist pussy, and for some unearthly reason, Ashlee had been unable to stop herself from staring at the bulge in the disgusting old man's pants!

She had instinctively yanked her hand away and pressed her thighs together, her cheeks flushed with embarrassment at her unwanted reaction. Her mind suddenly a whirl of confusion, she had stammered her responses as Pig had given her instructions to work for Willard, and inevitably, to obey his every command. What was most disconcerting about that was that Pig needn't have bothered to say it because she already instinctively recognized that she would not be able to defy the old caretaker anyway! It felt as if she had been programmed that way, and as she had meekly followed Willard around to the back of the woodshed, it suddenly dawned upon her that she most likely had been!

An unsettling phenomenon had been occurring in recent weeks that Ashlee could only describe as blank spells which lasted perhaps an hour or two at a time. This always seemed to happen in Pig's presence and as muddled as her thoughts had become, she was beginning to piece things together. Whenever she reemerged from one of these fugues, she would soon become aware that something unpleasant had been added to her psyche—a new addiction or reaction that had never been a part of her personality before. It had happened with Cassie of course, and now to her horror, she realized that Pig had probably rewired her to be sexually aroused by this horrible old lecher!

*How can this possibly be? He's absolutely vile—not to mention ancient!* Ashlee thought with mounting panic as Willard delved into his toolkit.

Her ambivalent feelings toward him were as inexplicable as they were disturbing. It made no sense to find somebody physically abhorrent and yet sexually intriguing, and yet that was exactly what she was experiencing right now! Had she been turned into some kind of a freak who derives sexual pleasure from ugly old men? Because there was no denying that her fascination was deeply carnal! Specifically, she simply couldn't shake an image of old Willard's penis from her mind! How could that be when she hadn't even seen it, and had no intention of ever doing so? And worse—and this made her cheeks burn even hotter than ever—she was sure that she could even taste his salty semen in her saliva! This simply wasn't her! Just as she knew in her heart that she wasn't a lesbian either! Once again, this had to be the work of that sick bastard Pig, toying with her as if she were his own personal puppet!

*Well, fuck him! Even though he seems able to make me do anything he wants, I refuse to give him the pleasure of seeing me succumb to this new disgusting craving!*

Willard straightened up and proffered Ashlee a piece of roofing felt, a hammer, and a box of nails. In order to accept them, she would have to let go of the hem of her shirt which would mean exposing her crotch to him.

"It's only a small repair job," Willard said mildly. "I've marked it with chalk."

Ashlee continued to clutch at her skimpy single item of clothing, desperate to protect her modesty.

“Can’t you do it?” she whined.

“I could, but I want you to do it, my dear,” Willard said. “Now hurry up and climb the ladder.”

It was plainly obvious now that he was using her to act out his own sick personal fantasy, because they both knew that with both hands occupied, she would be presenting him with an unhindered view of her bare pussy while she was up on the ladder. Even so, after hearing her instructions, Ashlee was helpless to stop herself from letting go of her shirt and then taking the repair items from Willard’s hands.

Acutely aware of his hungry eyes on her, Ashlee placed her bare foot on the bottom rung of the ladder and then proceeded to climb up it. She could feel the cool breeze on her buttocks as her shirt rose up her back, knowing that Willard would be staring up into her crotch—but to her dismay, this knowledge only heightened her unbidden excitement!

Reaching the top, she located the chalked area delineating the leak which was about two feet in from the edge. This meant that she would have to bend forward to nail the felt into place, and that would mean pushing out her exposed ass.

Her heart pounding both with trepidation and arousal, Ashlee pushed up onto her toes and pressed her belly and breasts flat on the roof. She could see the cabin from up here, and beyond it the silver expanse of the lake, and on the far shore, sunlight glinting off the windscreen of Pig’s SUV. She had a sudden flashback to the day she arrived here, and recalled how she had hoped that she might be able to make a fresh start to her life and rescue her career. How terribly wrong she had been! Now she was a hopeless sex slave to Pig and Cassie—and she would soon likely be servicing the old man who was ogling her naked ass right now!

\*\*\*

*And so it begins!* Pig thought as he watched Cassie upload a collection of images of Ashlee onto a celebrity leaks website.

Each picture had been set up to look as though they had been taken without her knowledge, a little grainy, but leaving no doubt as to the identity of their subject. The first few images showed Ashlee sunbathing in a tiny black bikini with a cigarette in her mouth and a glass of wine in hand. In the next sequence she was topless with Cassie by her side, and it ended with them engaging in another steamy kiss with Cassie’s hand on Ashlee’s bare breast. These *stolen* shots would become the first photographic evidence that Ashlee’s recuperation was really an excuse to enjoy a secret vacation with her lesbian lover. Hardly the kind of behavior one would expect of a humiliated celebrity whose reputation had already been badly compromised!

“That should get everyone’s attention,” Pig said.

“Not least Jordan’s,” Cassie replied.

“Wait until she sees the next installment!”

The plan was to release sets of photos of Ashlee over the next few days with each collection increasingly damning to her career. Tomorrow they would release even more raunchy stills of Ashlee and Cassie cavorting together in the nude. Nothing too lewd in the grand scheme of things, but for somebody with Ashlee’s particular public image, they were going to cause quite a stir. Then, before the gossip pages would have time to settle down, intimate shots of Ashlee with Pig would appear on the internet, by which time the general public would really be scratching their heads! Not only has *Miss Innocent* totally come out of her gay closet—not to mention being revealed as a secret smoker and drinker—but now she would be caught being intimate with her chauffeur as well!

Cassie leaned back in her chair and stretched her arms above her head. Pig’s eyes were immediately drawn to her pert little nubs under her snug shirt, and he felt a little twinge in his cock. With the two of them sharing Ashlee’s body, there was inevitably a lot of fleshly contact between them, but it was obvious from her body language that Cassie was not interested in his dick. He

found this an amusing challenge and he had now made it his personal mission to one day come inside the skinny dyke before they left the island.

Cassie lowered her arms and gave him a sideways glance. "I was chatting with Tom Gates earlier today," she said cautiously.

"Yeah? He's still chasing after Ashlee?"

"Actually, no. He's hooked up with Isabelle Greer, the actress."

"Oh, right. Ashlee's nemesis."

"That's her. Anyway, while I was reading about them, I had a flash of inspiration. I figured he might be harboring a grudge after the way Ashlee has publicly snubbed him. And of course, Isabelle hates her anyway, so I told him about how Ashlee has—changed. I hope you don't mind."

"What exactly did you say?" Pig said.

"Nothing that would incriminate either of us," Cassie said. "I just hinted that they both might be interested to see how different she is now. I had a hunch that there might be a couple of scores they would want to settle, if you follow me."

"I do," Pig said thoughtfully.

He liked the idea of bringing in more people to witness Ashlee's degradations, which is why he had opted to keep old Willard around. But two famous actors? And one of them Ashlee's ex-boyfriend? He could picture Ashlee being put through her paces while Tom and Isabelle watched contently on. What a total humiliation that would be for the once high and mighty Miss Spencer!

But the downside was that they might be disgusted by what had happened to her and rather than joining in, go to the authorities instead. Still, he did have a back-up plan in place should they ever get a visit from the law, and the idea of seeing a red-faced Ashlee on her knees in front of her old rival Isabelle was rather alluring. Perhaps it was time to start taking a few measured risks.

"And what did they say?" he asked.

"Tom was curious, and Isabelle seemed—keen."

*That figures. She's always looked like a sadistic bitch to me!*

Pig considered the situation, his eyes lingering on the outline of Cassie's nipples which appeared to have grown longer during their brief verbal exchange. They couldn't stay on this island forever, as enjoyable as it was, and it had always been Pig's long-term plan to reintroduce the revised version of Ashlee to the general public as soon as he felt that he had her totally under his control. He was also intrigued by Cassie's unexpected move. He had always assumed that she had only been using him as a conduit to get to Ashlee because she was so infatuated with her. Humiliating her in front of her ex-boyfriend and his new woman—who just so happened to be Ashlee's biggest rival—was hardly an act of love!

"Why do you want to hurt Ashlee like this?" he asked. "I thought you loved her."

"I did. In a way I still do. But things have changed. I've changed. It's confusing. I still desire her physically very much, but since I've seen her submitting to you, and then taking old Willard's thing in her mouth, I no longer put her up on a pedestal. Her aura of unavailability has gone. And I resent her for not loving me before. I want her to know how it feels to be unwanted—how I felt before."

Without thinking, Pig reached across and lightly squeezed Cassie's left nipple. Her eyes widened, but she didn't pull away.

"And when Tom sees how far she has fallen, there will be no chance of them ever getting back together," he said.

"That too."

"But it also excites you," he said. "Her shame."

"Yes," Cassie breathed as Pig pinched her nub a little harder. "I never knew I could be like this."

Pig stood up and came around behind Cassie's chair. Her shoulders stiffened when she felt his hands slide under her arms, but again she didn't resist him.

"You just needed me to show you," Pig whispered, slipping his hands up inside her shirt and cupping her small, firm breasts. "And there is so much more for you to learn!"

## Chapter Twenty Three

Willard gazed adoringly at the juicy petals between Ashlee's thighs as the actress cautiously backed down the ladder. With one hand carrying the hammer and nails, and the other on the ladder, she had no other option than to allow her brief shirt to ride up and expose her naked backside.

*And what a peach of an ass it is too!* Willard thought, rubbing at his erection through his pants.

The memory of Ashlee sucking him off in the woodshed still loomed large in his mind, but of course the poor woman would have no recollection of that herself. But as Pig had explained after that weird hypnosis session, she would now have a constant and gnawing obsession with Willard's cock implanted deeply in her mind!

Back safely on the ground, Ashlee put down the hammer and nails, and again worked the shirt back down to protect her modesty. Seeing the pink tinges in her cheeks, Willard said, "You've no need to be shy, my dear. You have a quite beautiful ass. In fact, you have a lovely body, period. Remember how I found you in the woodshed without a stitch on? I've seen it all before."

Ashlee's face turned a deeper shade of red, and averting her eyes from his, she mumbled, "What do you want me to do next?"

"I thought we'd treat the outside of the cabin next. You know, to keep the insects and fungus at bay."

Ashlee looked up at him with an expression of relief. She must have been expecting something far worse after what he had just said.

*Well, I won't disappoint you, then!* he thought.

"But first I want a little kiss."

Ashlee looked at him in dismay. "A kiss?"

"That's right, my little honey. Uncle Willard wants a nice French kiss—and I think you do too."

"No," Ashlee said uncertainly. "Please don't make me."

"Be a good girl now," Willard said, gaining confidence by the second.

Ashlee's increasingly crimson face was now etched with conflict as Pig's programming took effect. Her eyes again dropped to Willard's protuberant crotch, and she looked hurriedly away. All the time, despite her protestations, Ashlee had been edging closer to him and now their faces were just inches apart and he could feel her sweet breath on his face. Then, with a little whimper of distaste, Ashlee pressed her lips against Willard's before hastily pulling back.

"Not like that, sweetheart," Willard said huskily. "Open your mouth and stick out your tongue."

Her eyes glistening, Ashlee complied, and Willard immediately clamped his thin lips around her wet tongue, savoring the sensation of the soft organ in his mouth. He began a gentle rhythm, moving his mouth back and forth over her tongue—an odd little reverse parody of the sex act itself. After a long couple of minutes, he stopped, but as Ashlee gasped for breath, he pushed his tongue deep into her throat, exploring every detail of her mouth.

Willard was suddenly overcome with passion, and pulling out, he ran his tongue hungrily over Ashlee's lips. Then he poked it into each of her nostrils in turn, tasting her saltiness there. He kissed her eyes, her pink cheeks, and then grabbing her chin, he turned her head so that he could orally investigate her ears, extracting a high-pitched mewl from Ashlee as he did so.

When he finally stopped to catch his breath, Ashlee wiped her face with the back of her hand and emitted a choked sob.

"Please! No more!"

He looked at the stunning celebrity before him, her flushed face now shiny with his saliva and her moist eyes filled with confusion. It was only then that they simultaneously realized that Ashlee's hand was between his legs, and she was rubbing his engorged cock through his pants.

\*\*\*

*Dear God! What the hell am I doing?* Ashlee thought in horror as she immediately retracted her hand. She had found the whole experience utterly revolting and yet her body had betrayed her again!

“You see, I knew you’d like it!” Willard grinned.

“I-I didn’t!” Ashlee moaned. “You made me do it!”

“I didn’t make you touch my prick!” he said, his gray eyes sparkling with pleasure.

“That wasn’t—me!” Ashlee protested.

“It certainly wasn’t me. Admit it, you find me sexually arousing, don’t you?”

“No! You’re an old man! I’m a famous actress! I have a boyfriend!”

“I don’t think he’d be very impressed if he saw you canoodling with this old caretaker. You’ll just have to come to terms with the fact that you have certain needs. It’s not unusual for a young woman to need a father figure in her life.”

*More like a grandfather figure!*

Ashlee couldn’t believe she was having this demeaning conversation, half naked, out here in the middle of nowhere with this old man who had just kissed her in the most intimate of ways! Despite everything she had gone through, she still hankered for her pampered life back in Hollywood. Right now, she should be in the studio or attending a public function or giving an interview for her admiring fans. The Ashlee of old wouldn’t have given this leering old bastard the time of day, let alone stand here in a state of squirming embarrassment as she tried to justify why she had just groped his crotch!

“I-I don’t need anything,” she tried again. “You have to understand that this isn’t me. Pig has done something to me that’s making me behave in this way!”

But even as she spoke, Ashlee couldn’t completely stop thinking about the hard sausage that she had just so obscenely fondled. And once again, she could even picture it in her mind! This was exactly what she had experienced when she had shaken hands with the old caretaker earlier, only this time, after such a lewd and prolonged interaction between their tongues, the sensation had been much more intense!

*That’s it, then! I must avoid any physical contact with him! That’s what’s triggering this awful reaction!*

She took a step backward from him, trying to regain a semblance of control.

“Can’t we start the next job now?” she asked hopefully.

“Are you sure?” Willard said, unbuttoning his fly. “I don’t mind if you want to touch it.

“Please don’t!” Ashlee whimpered, looking away.

Quite apart from the fact that she really wasn’t interested in watching a filthy old man expose himself to her, she was now absolutely terrified of how she might react when she saw it! That’s how fucked up she had become!

“Just take a look, Ashlee,” Willard said. “I know you want to.”

With a wave of despair engulfing her, Ashlee suddenly understood what a cruel trap Pig had sprung for her. She already knew that she was going to look, and if Willard ordered her to touch it, then anything was possible! There was absolutely no way she could fight them!

Biting her lip, Ashlee gradually lowered her eyes to Willard’s groin. The filthy old man had indeed released his cock, and with a jolt, she discovered that it was long and thick, with the bulbous head poking out of its foreskin—exactly as she had pictured it in her mind! Even with this frightening revelation, she still had no desire to touch it, although she couldn’t stop herself from studying it in fascination as if it were an old and comforting friend.

*Pull yourself together! Don’t let them win!*

With a monumental effort, Ashlee tore her gaze away from Willard’s jutting prick. Keeping her distance, she found herself uttering desperate and ridiculous words.

“Thank you, it’s very nice. Now can we—?”

“Touch it, Ashlee,” Willard croaked.

*Oh, you bastard!*

Ashlee balled her fists and screwed her eyes tightly shut! Of course, she had known that this had to be coming, but she had been clinging to a modicum of hope that she might just get away with

it. Frantically, she willed herself to resist. This wasn't frightening Pig or caring Cassie, this was an old guy she had never even met!

"Touch my cock, Ashlee," Willard repeated. "You know you want to."

With a mewl of misery, Ashlee opened her eyes again and hesitatingly approached the old flasher. After touching his shaft with trembling fingertips, she felt that now-familiar twist in her gut and she pulled her hand back.

"Put your hand around it," Willard said. "Masturbate me."

Already weakening fast, Ashlee wrapped her fingers around Willard's penis and then began to move her hand up and down his length. Their noses an inch apart, Willard let out a shuddering breath, and despite the fetid odor of his breath, Ashlee leaned in and pushed her tongue between his lips.

*Stop this! Stop it now!*

Ashlee heard a once-familiar voice scream from deep within her, but she knew it was hopeless. As their tongues thrashed around together again, she could feel his hot skin moving beneath her fingers, and the soothing warmth rose within her again, occupying every cell of her body.

Without prompting, she broke away and dropped to her knees. Still gripping him, she studied his engorged glans and then dabbed the tip of her tongue at the small hole in the end, coming away with a line of sticky pre-cum. She was disgusted with herself, but it was too late to stop, and before she knew what she was doing, she had his cockhead in her mouth, and it all tasted and felt so familiar and just good!

As she moved her head back and forth, Ashlee reached down between her legs and inserted a finger. She was already wet, and she began to seek out the places that pleased her, places that she had known little about before coming to this depraved island.

As her climax neared, a tear trickled down Ashlee's cheek as she felt Willard's cock start to jerk inside her throat.

*I've been turned into a slut! I'm sucking off an old man in broad daylight and there's nothing I can do to stop myself!*

\*\*\*

Cassie felt herself being yanked to her feet and then in one swift move, Pig pulled her shorts and panties down to her ankles.

"What are you doing?" she gasped.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to hurt you," Pig said as he turned her around and lifted her onto the table as effortlessly as if she were a rag doll. He pushed her thighs apart and sat down on the chair she had just been occupying. With her shirt bunched up around her neck, Cassie was effectively naked, and although he had seen every inch of her body before, that had always been with Ashlee acting as a kind of a buffer between them.

Now Pig parted Cassie's labia with his thumbs and peeked curiously at her pink insides. Cassie was more confused than afraid. She truly believed that Pig would not harm her in any way, because it made no sense for him to, but this sudden frenzy of passion had taken her totally by surprise. She was sure that she could make him stop if she wanted to, but curiosity was getting the better of her. She had never seen him like this with her, and looking down at him as he studied her most private place gave her an unexpected thrill.

"I'm just going to have a little taste, okay?" he asked, looking up at her between her parted thighs.

Cassie nodded and a shiver of excitement ran up her spine as she felt his tongue probing at her clit. Now she understood why she was allowing him to do this—he truly desired her! All of her life, Cassie had been the wallflower and she had become accustomed to being left on the sidelines as she

had matured into womanhood. She had focused on her career, inwardly resentful of society, but gradually accepting the fact that she would never be a part of the beautiful crowd.

To make up for what she had seen as a personal deficiency, she had gravitated toward the world of the rich and famous, hoping that their glamour might rub off on her. Her position with Ashlee had been her first with a notable actress, and it had been a perfect opportunity for Cassie to bask in her glow, in the mistaken belief that the actress might return some of the feelings that she had developed for her over the years.

Of course, the Tom Gates episode had shattered that illusion, and then Pig had unexpectedly turned up in their lives and everything had changed. And yet, even though she could now have Ashlee whenever she wanted, the fact that she knew that it was Pig's brainwashing that made it possible, left her feeling somewhat unfulfilled.

The deep yearning to be wanted had never gone away, and although she was not sexually straight and never would be, she felt needed right now and—dare she say it?—powerful!

Power was the great aphrodisiac after all. Pig had said as much a few minutes earlier, and he was a man who clearly thrived on it. In a way, she realized that she had substituted her need to be around the glow of the rich and famous with another form of energy—this one darker and fraught with danger, but no less potent. Instead of following Ashlee around like a little puppy, she had replaced her with Pig, the controller of minds, and with that skill came an unlimited potential to do whatever he wanted.

She placed a hand on the top of his head as he worked his tongue inside her cunt. She realized that she had become quite fond of this enigmatic man—of whom she still really didn't know much about. If he wanted to explore her body, then why not? She doubted if she would ever let him penetrate her because she simply wasn't designed that way, but his efforts down there were pleasant enough, although an orgasm seemed unlikely.

As he lapped away, a pleasant warmth glowed in her belly, and she looked out of the window at the lake. Away in the distance, she thought she saw something, a dark shape that she at first took to be a piece of flotsam, maybe a dead tree trunk. But as it came closer, she heard the faint thrumming of its engine, and with a start, she realized that they were about to receive uninvited visitors!

"Pig, stop!" Cassie said, slapping on him the crown of his head.

Evidently mistaking her actions as an indication of her imminent climax, Pig intensified his efforts, and as the small vessel became clearer through the window, Cassie grabbed his ears and twisted.

"Pig, get up! Somebody's coming!"

Pig pulled away, his chin coated with her vaginal juices and his eyes unfocused. Cassie pulled her shirt down, jumped off the table and hurriedly tugged up her panties and shorts. She ran over to the window to get a better look as the boat came closer. Now she could see that it contained three people, their identities as yet unclear.

"Do you think it's the police?" she said breathlessly.

There was no answer and she turned around to see that Pig wasn't there. Fleeting, she thought he had panicked and run, but a moment later he emerged from his room with a pair of field glasses and when he came and stood beside her, she could smell her musky scent on his face.

He raised the glasses and said, "Well, well. Finally!"

Handing them over to Cassie, he said, "I'm going out back to prepare Ashlee one last time. You stay here and welcome our visitors as if everything is fine and normal."

As he hurried out of the cabin, Cassie peered through the field glasses and drew a breath of surprise. The small inflatable boat contained two serious-looking men in suits, one in the bow and one steering the craft—and in the middle of them was the unmistakable figure of Ashlee's agent, Jordan Louise!

## Chapter Twenty Four

“Jordan, what a pleasant surprise!” Cassie said as she opened the door. She had briefly considered changing into something a little more presentable but there had only been time to remove Ashlee’s breakfast seat dildo and throw it into a kitchen drawer before the little boat had glided into the dock.

Jordan’s eyes flickered briefly down to Cassie’s braless chest and with barely concealed distaste, she said, “Surprise, yes. I’ll come straight to the point—I’ve come to see my client. This is Mike Hollis, a licensed private investigator, and this is Les Bower from my legal department. I hired Mr. Hollis to track you down because all this secrecy has made me more than a little suspicious that something is amiss here.”

*Ah, the red Chevy that I thought was following me—it was.*

“My, this is all a bit formal,” Cassie said, trying to sound relaxed as she inspected the investigator’s proffered ID. “Ashlee is out back right now. I saw you coming across the lake, so I sent her bodyguard to fetch her for you. Why don’t you all take a seat while I make some drinks?”

“I think I’ll stand. I just want to get to the bottom of this,” Jordan said stiffly.

“Well, I thought I’d already explained on the phone,” Cassie said. “Ashlee’s not ready for her public yet.”

“Yes, you’ve been telling me this for a long time now, but I’d like to ask her in person.”

“Of course you can,” Cassie said, surprising herself with her outwardly calm demeanor even though her heart was pounding in her chest. Jordan was wearing the expression of an ice queen, and these two men, although appearing totally cool as they took their places on the sofa, looked as though they were very professional about their duties. Cassie desperately hoped Pig knew what he was doing.

“Are you sure I can’t get you something?” Cassie asked, but at that moment Ashlee, now wearing a light summer dress, followed Pig into the room. Seeing Jordan, her jaw dropped and she stopped in her tracks, and for a second Cassie thought she was going to turn tail and run.

“Ashlee, my darling!” Jordan cried, rushing towards her with arms outstretched. “How are you, my sweet? What’s been happening to you?”

Looking a little shell-shocked, Ashlee allowed Jordan to lead her toward the couch which was promptly vacated by the two men. Jordan took Ashlee by the hands and raised her arms before appraising her as if she were a piece of merchandise.

*Which to you, is exactly what she is,* Cassie thought wryly.

Speaking in a confidential tone as if the others in the room couldn’t hear her, Jordan said, “I decided to come here in person because it’s been six weeks now, and people are starting to worry. The television network is losing a lot of money over the show and they need to make some decisions. I understand that you suffered terribly that afternoon at Ella Rosenstein’s, but these things can be fixed, you know. I think it’s high time you got back on the horse and returned to work. What do you say?”

Ashlee said, “I’d like that very much—”

“There!” Jordan said looking around triumphantly at Cassie. “Not ready, huh? My little angel has been ready for weeks! It’s you who’s not ready to let her go. You’re playing on her current vulnerability in order to keep her to yourself. Well, let me assure you that public kiss was an aberration, a one-off mistake caused by the stress Ashlee has been under, and it meant nothing!”

Turning her attention back to Ashlee, Jordan said, “Well, I think that’s settled. Let’s go and pack your things and we can be getting on our way. There’s much to do, my darling!”

She stood up and tugged on Ashlee’s wrists, but as the actress started to rise, a sudden look of alarm spread across her face and she jerked her hands away, shrinking back into the couch.

“What’s wrong, sweetheart?” Jordan frowned.

“I can’t go! Not now!” Ashlee said, suddenly hyperventilating, her unfettered breasts straining at the fabric of her dress.

Jordan flopped back down again and blinked at her. “Why ever not?”

“B-Because—I’m not ready!” Ashlee said, her face visibly paler.

For a moment, Jordan looked for once as if she were at a loss for words. She glanced over at Cassie and then turned back toward Ashlee. “You don’t have to be afraid. I’ll take care of you. I’ve come to take you home, honey.”

Jordan reached her hand out again, but Ashlee pressed back further into the couch.

“Ashlee, dear,” Jordan said, patting her on the knee. “Whatever this is, we can deal with it. You’ve been out of circulation for weeks now. You really need to get moving again. Think of your career.”

“I-I just need more time,” Ashlee said, calming down a little.

Jordan leaned back and studied Ashlee’s face. “What’s wrong Ashlee? Tell me what it is.”

Ashlee opened her mouth to speak and then looked helplessly across at Pig, who was now standing in the kitchen doorway. Jordan followed her gaze and said, “It’s him, isn’t it? I always suspected that. All your problems started when he appeared on the scene.”

This is the moment of truth, Cassie thought nervously. Now, we find out just how much control Pig has over her.

A hush descended on the room as Ashlee looked down at the floor. “He—”

“He what, Ashlee?” Jordan said.

Fearing the worst, Cassie looked over at Pig, but he was watching the proceedings impassively from the doorway.

“H-He—” Ashlee stammered, looking increasingly uncomfortable.

“Yes?”

Ashlee looked up at Jordan and softly said, “He takes care of me.”

Jordan glanced incredulously at Pig.

“Really, Ashlee?”

Ashlee nodded glumly.

Jordan said quietly, “Tell me—why are you so afraid to leave?”

“I-I don’t know—I just am!”

Sensing the increased tension in the room, Cassie went over and sat on the arm of the couch next to Ashlee. “It’s okay, Ashlee, I’m here.”

When she put out her hand, Ashlee immediately took it, much to Jordan’s obvious disappointment. Stroking Ashlee’s hair, Cassie informed Jordan, “What we haven’t told anyone—at Ashlee’s request—is that she has been threatened by a cyber stalker for several weeks now, and he even managed to break into her townhouse.”

“A stalker?” Jordan said, looking ever more bewildered.

“That’s correct,” Cassie said, “That is why Ashlee hired Pig to protect her.”

Jordan blinked. “Pig? What kind of a name is that?”

“It’s his working name,” Cassie said.

Jordan shook her head in disbelief. “Well, why him, Ashlee? Why didn’t you come to me? I could have arranged close protection for you. You know that.”

“She feels safe with Pig, don’t you Ashlee?” Cassie said, putting her arms around Ashlee’s shoulders.

“I’d like Ashlee to tell me herself, if you don’t mind!” Jordan snapped. “Well, Ashlee? Is this true?”

Ashlee glanced over at Pig again before nodding her head. Cassie could sense her turmoil, but so far whatever Pig had programmed into her head seemed to be working.

Jordan sighed and turned to Hollis. “Something’s not right, Mike. This isn’t the same assertive Ashlee I know so well. They’re influencing her in some way, I just know it. Maybe they’ve drugged her!”

\*\*\*

*Why can't I just tell them? Why am I so afraid?*

When she had first spotted Jordan, her initial reaction had been to flee, because she desperately hadn't wanted any of her professional acquaintances to see her in this state, but something had made her stay put, a shadowy presence that she could sense watching over her. When Jordan had suggested leaving with her, she had briefly felt a glimmer of hope that she could finally free herself from this nightmare. But it was a fleeting moment because as soon as she had attempted to get up with Jordan, a sudden wave of terror had swept through her. Her mouth had instantly gone dry, her pulse had started racing, and the very prospect of walking out of that door had filled her with mortal dread! It was only when Cassie had come over to comfort her that she had started to compose herself again.

And just now, when Jordan had asked her if Pig was responsible for her mental disintegration, she had been given another glorious opportunity to expose him for what he really was. But again, as she had been trying to formulate the right words, a hollowness had quickly developed in the pit of her stomach, and the more she had tried to condemn him, the more anxious she had become.

Intuitively, she knew that this paralyzing fear must have been impregnated into her mind by Pig as an insurance policy should anyone come sniffing around—and it had worked perfectly! She was now being held prisoner inside her own body! If she was too crippled with fear to leave or even explain what was being done to her, then how could anybody help her? To Jordan and these two men, it would look as if her fear was triggered by the thought of leaving Pig and Cassie, not the other way around! And the terror was too intense to fight, the only way to placate it seemed to be saying what Pig expected of her. What a perfect and complete trap! Miserably, she now fully recognized the extent of the absolute control that Pig had over her!

Hollis came over and crouched down in front of her and looked directly into her eyes. Once more trying to seize even the slightest opportunity, Ashlee desperately tried to convey her plight through eye contact, but after a moment, the private investigator said, "Well, her pupils aren't dilating, and her eyes are focused. There's no visible indication of drug use."

"What about a blood test?" Jordan said.

"We would need her permission for that," Hollis said. "Would you be prepared to come with us and undergo a medical examination, Miss Spencer?"

*Yes! Anything! Just get me off this crazy island!*

But even as she thought it, the panic began to swell inside her. Desperate to avoid another crippling anxiety attack, she said, "As I said, I'm not ready to face the outside world just yet."

"But if you're not convinced, you're welcome to come back with a doctor, isn't that right, Ashlee?" Cassie put in,

*No! I want to leave, right now!*

"Yes. That would be okay," Ashlee mumbled.

"You see what Cassie's doing?" Jordan protested. "She's just putting words into Ashlee's mouth."

Still squatting in front of her, Hollis said, "Miss Spencer, I am going to ask you directly, and I would like a clear verbal answer please—are you being kept here against your will?"

*Of course I am! Why would I choose to be tormented and sexually abused out here?*

"No."

"Are you in any way under duress?"

*Pig has taken control of my mind, if that's what you mean!*

"No."

Hollis rubbed his chin and straightened up. "Is there anything else you wish to tell me?"

*Everything—but I can't!*

Ashlee shook her head.

Hollis looked at Jordan and shrugged. "If there is no plaintiff, there's no case to answer."

"That can't be it, surely!" Jordan said.

“I don’t see what else we can do,” Hollis said. “Miss Spencer is an adult and free to make her own choices.”

“What if she’s being blackmailed?” Jordan said.

“If you want me to, I’ll continue with my investigation, and I’m sure Miss Riddle will be happy to cooperate if she is as innocent as she claims to be.”

“Whatever you need, Mr. Hollis,” Cassie said, squeezing Ashlee’s hand.

Hollis turned toward Pig. “You’ve been very quiet, sir.”

Pig shrugged. “I’m just the driver.”

“And the bodyguard. But I know you’re not certified, because I checked you out.”

“I learned my defensive skills in the army,” Pig said. “And besides, I never passed myself off as a bodyguard. Officially, I’m Miss Spencer’s chauffeur, so I’m breaking no laws.”

“Yeah, kind of neat that. I checked out your military history too. I was a little bit puzzled, because there are no records available during a four-month period when you were stationed in Afghanistan. Nothing in fact, until your discharge. When I tried to dig deeper, I found that everything about your service during that time was classified.”

“That’s Uncle Sam for you,” Pig said. “If they won’t tell you, I certainly can’t.”

Hollis regarded him thoughtfully and then said to Jordan, “If Miss Spencer isn’t making a complaint, then we can’t force her to leave unless we have evidence that she is in some way being coerced.”

“There must be something we can do,” Jordan said desperately. “Les?”

“Not without reasonable cause,” Bower said. “The next course of action would be to open a police complaint on Miss Spencer’s behalf.”

*Yes!* Ashlee thought. *Call the cops!*

“That’s the last thing that Ashlee needs right now,” Cassie said. “I’ve already explained that she needs more time on her own. A police investigation will just set her back further.”

Jordan glared at Cassie and then said, “Ashlee, for the last time, I’m imploring you, please come home with me.”

Ashlee looked at her agent from within the confines of her mental and emotional jail. Even though she was sitting right next to her, it felt as if she were a thousand miles away. How she wished that she could just walk right out of there and return to her former life. But that world also seemed so distant now because just thinking about agreeing had already started to stir a sense of malaise that she just knew would become so terrible that she would say or do anything to avoid it. With a heavy heart, she finally forced herself to say, “Jordan, I’ll be okay here with Cassie and Pig. Please don’t come back here again, and please don’t tell anyone where I am. Just let me deal with this in my own time.”

And as she uttered these heartbreakingly self-damning words, the gathering dread started to ebb away—only to be replaced by a deep despair at her utter helplessness.

## Chapter Twenty Five

It had been a week since Jordan Louise's unexpected visit, and the threatened return trip had not yet materialized. This may have been partly due to the fact that Jordan had now heard it directly from Ashlee that she was staying on the island by choice, and despite Jordan's suspicions otherwise, it was unlikely that another visit would yield different results. But the main reason had to be due to the series of images of Ashlee that Pig had systematically released into cyberspace over the past few days. Jordan had contacted Cassie only once since then, saying that she was considering her options at this time, as well as asking her to inform Ashlee that her television show's producers have insisted she contact them immediately.

If Jordan had been blunt and to the point, the gutter press reaction had been nothing short of delirious. Article headlines such as *Now Everyone is Falling in Love With Lisa!* and *Ashlee's Bisexual Menage a Trois* were commonplace as the world's gossip pages had lapped up these sensational revelations. Inevitably there had been much public discussion regarding Ashlee's unexpected transformation, and just as with Jordan, many were openly speculating about Pig's role in it now that he had been revealed as Ashlee's other lover.

It seemed that Jordan had at least respected Ashlee's plea that she refrain from exposing her whereabouts, because the anticipated paparazzi invasion hadn't happened either, although Pig knew that the clock was ticking. It no longer mattered. A celebrity with Ashlee's public profile could not be kept hidden forever, and the purpose of releasing those pictures had been to prepare the world for the return of a far different Ashlee Spencer to the one they had known and loved before. Soon she would be ready to embark on a brand new and far sleazier career path!

The young starlet at the center of the storm remained, for the time being, oblivious to the mainstream and social media buzz her pictures had caused. Even though she was now emotionally paralyzed by the irrational phobia that Pig had instilled in her, her mind was no longer fuddled by drugs, which meant that although powerless to resist, she remained fully conscious of what was happening to her. Somewhere deep within her psyche, the old Ashlee would be resisting, willing herself to be strong, so that when the opportunity to break free of Pig's powerful grip came along, she would revert to the proud and confident woman she was before. Unfortunately for Ashlee, even in this highly unlikely event, she would eventually discover that her old life would no longer be waiting for her. Yes, there were always new opportunities, but with her reputation irreversibly tarnished, there could be no turning back the clock now.

Pig closed the laptop and checked his watch. Cassie had sent Willard to rendezvous with Tom Gates and Isabelle Greer on the shore and then bring them back over in his inflatable boat. They could only stay for a couple of nights, because unlike Ashlee, they still had work commitments to honor. They would be arriving within the hour, so Pig decided to see what Cassie and Ashlee were up to.

\*\*\*

"We've got some special guests arriving so we won't be sleeping here for a few nights," Cassie said.

They were in the big bedroom, Ashlee helping Cassie to change the sheets. Hearing this news, Ashlee's pulse began to run a little faster. She wasn't sure if it was fear at having yet more people see her in this submissive state, or hope that they might be the ones who could finally help her.

"Who?" she asked cautiously.

"It's a surprise. But you know them—and they know you."

Cassie's cryptic reply, combined with her knowing smile, filled Ashlee's heart with trepidation. Anybody witnessing her like this was bad enough, but she desperately wanted to avoid as many of her professional colleagues as possible.

“W-Why are they coming here?”

“Because I invited them,” Cassie said, thumping a pillow into shape. “I told them what a sweet girl you’ve turned into, and they couldn’t believe it, so I told them they were welcome to come and see for themselves.”

This was sounding more and more ominous.

“When will they be here, Miss Cassie?”

Ashlee inwardly flinched at hearing herself automatically add the honorific to her personal assistant, but even though only weeks had gone by, it felt as if she had been addressing Cassie in this way forever.

“Today. Very soon.”

Now Ashlee was starting to really worry. For the past couple of weeks her routine had been consistent, and as much as she loathed every second of her time here, at least by now she had an idea of what was coming up. Housework and chores in the morning, afternoons spent helping disgusting old Willard—trying desperately to overcome the shameful desire to put his smelly old cock in her mouth!—or else a dreaded afternoon of sexual torment in the woodshed whenever it took Pig’s fancy. Some days he would even leave her to suffer in there all through the night, but on other occasions, she would be released by Cassie, who would then clean her up in the bathroom, feed her, and then take her to bed for a night of degrading lesbian sex. It was a loathsome, demeaning existence, but through it all, Ashlee dug deep, listening to the inner voice that demanded she hold on to her identity in the hope that she would one day be set free.

But in the meantime, damage limitation had become her main priority—the fewer people involved, the less difficult it would be to one day repair her life and pretend that this horror had never actually happened. That had been why the Jordan Louise visit had been so distressing for her. Jordan was one of the best agents in the business, and it had been in no small part due to her that Ashlee’s career had taken off so quickly. Sitting there pathetically asking Jordan to *go away because she wasn’t ready yet* had been soul-crushing beyond belief!

And now Cassie was informing her that more people that she knew would be coming to see her! Who could it possibly be? There had always been so many sycophants fussing around her, Ashlee had tended to take them all for granted, and if she was honest with herself, had treated them all with disdain. God forbid that someone who she had previously looked down upon should see her in this helpless condition!

Today, Cassie had dressed her in an apron that she had picked up in town—a gaudy affair covered in pink and yellow flowers—and a red satin G-string which definitely hadn’t come from Ashlee’s personal luggage! This left her entire back exposed, with just the little red gusset disappearing between her round buttocks. Finally, Cassie had perched a cute little white lace headband on her head, and announced chirpily that this was to be her new housework uniform!

As stupid as she felt in this revealing get-up, Ashlee could at least console herself in the knowledge that both Pig and Cassie had already seen her naked countless times, so if Cassie found ridiculing her in this way somehow arousing, then after everything else she had been through, Ashlee figured she could take it. Now however, with the specter of visitors coming, the real reason why she had been dressed in this ridiculous outfit was becoming apparent!

\*\*\*

Cassie heard the drone of the engine a few seconds before Pig called out, “They’re here!”

She had been in the kitchen with Ashlee, preparing snacks for their special guests. Ashlee had again nervously inquired about the identities of their visitors, obviously terrified of being seen here by yet more people. As they had gone about their work, Cassie had occasionally paused to admire Ashlee’s plump buns as she chopped, spread, and mixed at the kitchen counter. Cassie was pleased

with the outfit choice, and thought it served perfectly to present Ashlee as the sexy little subservient maid she had become.

While they had been busy, Pig had stopped by, and after giving Ashlee an appraising squeeze on the ass, had given her detailed instructions as to how she was to behave with the new arrivals. This wasn't going to be anything like Jordan's visit, he had explained. These were invited guests, and Ashlee was to treat them both cordially and respectfully, as befitting her new lowly station in life, and above all, obey their commands as if they were coming directly from Pig himself.

Pig had then placed his hands on Ashlee's bare shoulders, looked directly into her eyes and said, "You know what will happen if you disobey, don't you? And I'm not even talking about the punishment that you will earn for your disobedience."

The look of utter dread in Ashlee's wide blue eyes had said it all as the defeated actress had whispered, "Yes, Mister Pig."

In that moment, Cassie had fully processed the depth of control that Pig now wielded over Ashlee. The inexplicable terror that he had implanted inside her whenever she tried to rebel was so powerful, so utterly terrifying, that even contemplating noncompliance was inconceivable to her. This was how he had managed to stop her from asking Jordan for help.

After Pig had gone for a shower, Cassie had kissed Ashlee lightly on the lips and said, "Don't be so sad. All you have to do is behave yourself and you'll be fine."

As Ashlee had carried on miserably with her tasks, she had worn the crestfallen look of a person who had finally accepted her fate—no matter how humiliating and soul-destroying that might be!

## Chapter Twenty Six

“Come on,” Cassie said, patting Ashlee’s behind. “And remember your manners!”

Ashlee hesitated to follow her out of the kitchen, gripped by a sudden attack of stage fright—something she had never experienced on the television set!

Then she heard Cassie say, “Tom! So glad you made it! Sorry about the clandestine travel arrangements but we needed to make sure you weren’t followed.”

*Tom? Oh God, no! What is he doing here?*

Ashlee’s mouth went dry, and she swallowed nervously, her hands automatically going back around to cover her effectively naked ass. There was no way she could allow her beloved Tom to see her like this! She had always retained a small hope that she might be able to rekindle their relationship once she got out of this terrible mess—but what hope of that if he were to witness some of the degradations that Cassie and Pig had been putting her through?

Facing him now seemed unimaginable, and yet, the longer she lingered, the more ill at ease she felt, and she inwardly knew that this terrible affliction that Pig had cursed her with would get steadily worse as she continued to disobey Cassie’s instruction. Knowing that she would have to bow to the inevitable sooner or later, she took a tentative step toward the door, but just then she heard Cassie say, “Isabelle, it’s so good to finally meet you in person!”

Her heart beating even faster, Ashlee withdrew her bare foot.

*Isabelle Greer? She’s here with Tom? How can that be?*

Ever since their arrival on the island, Cassie had kept Ashlee ignorant of what was happening in the outside world, but now Ashlee put two and two together. Her panic was now compounded by a tightness in her chest as she absorbed the heartbreaking realization that Tom had dumped her in her absence—and hooked up with that bitch Isabelle Greer, of all people!

*And of course Cassie knew! That’s why she has brought them here to see what a worthless joke I have become so that Tom will never take me back!*

Her head swimming with the ramifications, she listened to Cassie introducing Pig, and then with trembling knees, Ashlee backed into the kitchen table, sending a plate of sandwiches crashing onto the floor. The noise brought Pig into the kitchen, and he glared at her before saying, “What the hell are you doing? Get out here and take care of our guests!”

There was no point in fighting him, and she was almost sick with fear as she stepped slowly out into the living room. Everybody turned to look, Tom looking even more dashing than she remembered him, and Isabelle dressed in tight jeans and boots with a high-neck blouse, her tight mouth breaking into a delighted smile as she saw how comically Ashlee was dressed.

“Come on over and greet our guests as you have been taught,” Cassie said.

Unable to prevent the impending humiliation, Ashlee shuffled forward, avoiding their eyes before dipping into a trembling little curtsy and bowing her head.

“And what do you say?” Cassie said.

Wishing she ground would swallow her up, Ashlee stammered, “W-Welcome, Mister Tom and Mistress Isabelle.”

There was a stunned silence—and then Isabelle burst out laughing. Ashlee automatically looked up and saw that Tom was just staring at her with his mouth open. It was too much. Her face turning bright crimson, Ashlee turned and bolted for the back door. She heard Cassie say something but the blood rushing in her ears drowned out the actual words. She flung the back door open, and just as she was about to dash across the lawn to safety, she felt the inexplicable terror come swooping down on her like a hellish bird of prey. She stopped in her tracks clutching her stomach, and she began to hyperventilate. She was totally paralyzed! She couldn’t possibly go back inside and face them, but she already knew that she wouldn’t be able to cope with the crippling fear she would experience if she didn’t!

Forced to choose between the lesser of two evils, Ashlee willed herself to turn around and face them. Isabelle was grinning with delight while Tom still looked stunned.

“Get over here right now!” Pig snapped.

Her legs like wooden sticks, Ashlee cautiously approached them with her hands clasped coyly together in front of her.

Tom finally found his voice. “What the heck have you done to her?”

“Meet the real Ashlee,” Cassie said. “And welcome to her secret submissive lifestyle.”

Neither of their guests looked convinced, although Isabelle was clearly far more receptive to the idea. Tom looked at Pig, and said, “You did this, didn’t you?”

Pig said, “Let’s just say I brought out her latent masochistic tendencies. Ashlee has discovered that she needs a dominant male in her life.”

Looking put out, Tom muttered, “I always treated her with the respect I thought she deserved.”

“Perhaps that’s where you got it wrong,” Pig suggested. “Some women just need to be treated mean. In any case, she was just using you for public cover. Her heart has always belonged to Cassie. Now that she has decided to come out, she has no further use for you.”

“Yes,” Tom said bitterly. “I’ve seen the photos—along with the rest of the world—but what about the pictures of her with you?”

“Ah! That’s where Ashlee’s deviant personality gets complicated,” Pig said. “Her attraction toward me is more like devotion. I am now the masculine figure in her life and she respects my authority—as a dog does its master. Sure, we do have a sexual relationship, but that is more for my satisfaction than hers. Ashlee derives her pleasure from knowing she pleases me.”

“My, what a sad little mess she truly is!” Isabelle giggled. “Who would have thought?”

“So you were just using me, were you Ashlee?” Tom said. “I want to hear it from you.”

*No! He’s lying! Ashlee wailed in her head. I’ve never been like that! I’ve always been level-headed and in control of my emotions! It’s all him! He’s done this to me! I still love you! You’ve got to help me!*

“Go ahead, Ashlee,” Pig said. “Tell him the truth.”

Ashlee knew she could not resist her master anymore—his force was just too powerful! Woefully, she heard her own disembodied voice say, “It’s true, Tom. I-I never loved you. It’s always been Cassie.”

“And this other stuff? Groveling to this man? It excites you?”

Aware of the ever-deepening hole she was digging for herself, Ashlee nodded and meekly replied, “I need him—he protects me.”

*God help me! I’ve just lost Tom forever!*

“And in return, you let him fuck you!” Tom sneered.

The unexpected expletive jolted Ashlee and she looked up at her ex-lover, cheeks afire, and now she recognized the pitiful contempt in his eyes—exactly the same kind of loathing that she now held for herself.

If Tom was disgusted and disappointed, evidently Isabelle felt totally different about these amazing revelations.

“Well, I think she looks quite sweet in her little bib and hat,” she said brightly. “And I must say, I never realized quite what a cute ass she has!”

Startled, Ashlee now made contact with Isabelle’s wicked green eyes, and then it dawned upon her that when she had just panicked and fled, she had presented them all with a clear view of her barely covered buttocks!

“So now you know the truth, what do you think? Do you want to stick around?” Pig said.

Continuing to stare at Ashlee’s forlorn face, Tom said, “I’m not sure I want to see this fucked-up little bitch anymore.”

“Oh come on, sweetheart!” Isabelle said, clutching his arm. “It’ll be fun! She always was such a snooty cow, it will be amusing to see her being used like a slave! And you’ll be able to get a bit of revenge over the cruel way she treated you!”

Cassie said, “You must be tired after your complicated trip. Why don’t I show you to your room so you can freshen up and think it over? Then we’ll have some lunch, and you can tell us what you’ve decided to do.”

“Please, honey?” Isabelle simpered, clearly enjoying herself, and to Ashlee’s dismay, she planted a kiss on Tom’s lips.

“Okay. I am tired,” Tom said. “Let me think it over.”

“Yes!” Isabelle squeaked delightedly while shooting Ashlee a wicked look.

“Then that’s settled,” Pig said. “Ashlee, go and help Willard with our guests’ bags.”

This time Ashlee didn’t need asking twice and she dashed head down past her former lover and his new girlfriend, her tortured mind buzzing with shame and anger—as well as great trepidation at what the next couple of days were going to bring her.

\*\*\*

While Cassie showed Tom and Isabelle to their bedroom containing the double bed that had accommodated a number of raunchy threesomes over the past few weeks, Pig watched Ashlee struggling with two heavy suitcases from the boat while old Willard carried a light tote. Even the old caretaker was confident enough by now to make Ashlee do the hard work without feeling guilty, he noted. After all, what possible respect could he have left for a slut that is uncontrollably obsessed with his cock?

It was fascinating to see how quickly people adapted to their new circumstances—Ashlee was a well-known television star, once a proud and dignified young woman, and yet out here on this secluded island, she was naturally accepted as being at the bottom of the food chain. It had taken Willard a few days to get used to this idea, and right now Pig could see that Tom was uncomfortable with it—although Isabelle seemed to have warmed to the situation immediately! There was still always a chance that these two celebrities would balk at joining in with the fun, but Pig was encouraged by what he had seen so far.

After Tom and Isabelle had changed and showered, they settled down at the oak dining table while Ashlee played the reluctant waitress. Her cheeks were perpetually tinged with pink as she shyly brought out the plates of food, and then filled their glasses with wine. It must have been excruciating for her to be acting in such a humble way in front of her former lover as well as her one-time rival. But her current mental conditioning meant that if she rebelled in any way, she would be swamped by a mortal terror that she was simply unequipped to deal with, and so all of her anger and outrage stayed locked inside her while she suffered. Pig was rather proud of himself that he had successfully implanted such an insidious instrument right inside her own personality. Let Jordan Louise come back with a team of doctors if she wanted, because they would find no physical evidence of foul play. The only doctor that Ashlee required right now was a psychiatrist!

“I still can’t get used to this,” Isabelle smiled, raising her wine glass to be refilled by their perpetually blushing waitress. “You’re telling me that Ashlee actually enjoys being humiliated?”

“It’s not an uncommon fetish,” Pig said. “She has obviously been suppressing her deviant urges for years.”

“Then along you come, Mister—” Isabelle said.

“Please call me Pig—it’s an old military nickname.”

“Pig—right. So all of a sudden, an arrogant young starlet with the world at her feet, has apparently deliberately sabotaged her own career in order to live out her fantasy as a bisexual submissive. There’s something more going on here, I can feel it.”

“Let me ask you though, even if you suspect that Ashlee is not an entirely willing participant in all of this, how does that make you feel?” Pig said.

Isabelle speared a piece of chicken on her fork, and said, “I can see in her pretty blue eyes that she’s not at all happy with us being here. After all, I’ve won over her boyfriend, and she’s now attending to us like a humble servant. How much of a comedown can that be for Miss High-and-Mighty? But how do I feel about it? Well, I must be honest—it excites me!”

Pig noticed Ashlee's shoulders stiffen slightly but she kept her position near the table with her head down. Surely now she had to be expecting the worst.

"And what about you, Tom?" Cassie asked. "You've been very quiet."

"I don't know what to think," Tom said.

"You don't have to participate if you don't want to," said Pig.

"Participate?"

"In Ashlee's sex games," Pig said. "Although I'm sure she would enjoy it if you did."

He glanced at their cornered victim, and the look in her downcast eyes confirmed that of course, the absolute opposite was true.

"Come on, Tom," Isabelle beamed. "We've already told our people that we are spending a private weekend away. Nobody is going to know."

Still unable to disguise his newfound contempt for her, Tom looked at the blushing actress and said, "What do you want, Ashlee? Do you want us to stay?"

*No! I can't bear you seeing me like this! And it's breaking my heart to watch you sitting there with Isabelle!*

But with her lips moving as if of their own accord, Ashlee meekly said, "Yes, Mister Tom. I would like you to stay."

## Chapter Twenty Seven

“Willard, why don’t you show Tom and Isabelle what a dirty slut Ashlee has become?” Pig said.

They were all in the back yard seated on garden furniture with glasses of wine in their hands. Ashlee stood before them, wearing a ridiculously tiny black bikini—no more than three small triangles that left nothing to the imagination!

Sexually rejuvenated Willard didn’t hesitate, and within a couple of seconds, his rigid cock was jutting out through his fly. Ashlee looked at it and swallowed before looking away as the blood rushed to her cheeks.

“As you can see from her flustered reaction, Ashlee has a thing for old men’s dicks,” Pig said.

“Ashlee, really!” Isabelle tittered. “Is it a daddy complex?”

Ashlee shifted her bare feet in the grass but said nothing.

“More like a granddaddy complex!” Cassie laughed. “Ashlee, tell Tom and Isabelle how much you enjoy sucking Willard’s old cock!”

Ashlee looked down and mumbled imperceptibly.

“We didn’t hear you,” said Pig. “Stand up straight with your arms behind your back and look at your guests when you talk to them!”

Hearing Pig’s sharp tone, Ashlee immediately did as she was told.

“Now tell your guests what you think of Willard’s impressive manhood,” Pig said.

“I-I like it,” Ashlee said softly.

Cassie could clearly see the emotional pain in Ashlee’s eyes, and she glanced over at Tom and Isabelle. If they had noticed Ashlee’s anguish, they didn’t show it. Isabelle had a sadistic grin on her face and Tom was staring at Ashlee with a look of disdain—although he couldn’t keep his eyes from roaming up and down her shapely body!

To Cassie’s knowledge, Ashlee had never allowed Tom to have sex with her during their brief relationship. The poor guy—who could have the pick of any women—had been forced to survive on the scraps of a kiss on the cheek, a cuddle, or if permitted, an occasional French kiss! The poor sap must have been absolutely bursting!

*Typical Ashlee the prick teaser—or she used to be!*

Cassie wondered if Tom planned to rectify that situation this weekend, and whether Isabelle would mind. It wasn’t as if Ashlee was a threat to her anymore, and Cassie was certain there would be no loving tenderness if Tom decided to take what he felt was his due.

“That didn’t sound nearly convincing enough,” Pig said.

He picked up a long, leather spanker and slapped it lightly in his hand. “Look at Willard’s penis, Ashlee.”

Ashlee reluctantly directed her gaze toward Willard’s quivering shaft, and again she gulped involuntarily. Pig’s mental conditioning was as strong as ever and Cassie could only imagine the conflict going on inside Ashlee’s muddled brain. Right now, she would be frantically resisting an almost overwhelming urge to drop to her knees and give Willard the blow job of his life in front of her ex-boyfriend!

“Oh, my God! She really is turned on by the old man’s cock!” Isabelle snickered. “Look at how her nipples are straining against her bikini top! If they get any longer, she’ll burst out of it!”

Observing Ashlee’s obvious state of physical arousal, Cassie had to suppress a little pang of jealousy, but she comforted herself in the knowledge that Ashlee’s yearning for Willard’s prick had been artificially implanted in her psyche by Pig—but then again, so had her newfound lesbian desires toward Cassie.

“Would you like to suck Willard’s cock, Ashlee?” Pig said.

From the distressed look in Ashlee’s eyes, clearly she did not—unfortunately, her out of control libido had other ideas. To Cassie’s surprise however, Ashlee sniffled and then shook her head.

*Interesting! She knows that Pig can make her perform fellatio on the old man with a simple command, but until he does, she is going to defy him!*

Pig looked a little annoyed. He apparently wanted Ashlee to willingly agree to offer her oral sexual services in front of her small, personal audience. If Ashlee gave in to her intense sexual hunger now, how could she ever comfort herself with the knowledge that she had only acted under Pig's dark spell? It would be her decision alone! This was new and exciting territory indeed!

Cassie was grudgingly impressed. Just when Ashlee seemed to be totally broken, she had somehow managed to dig deep into her emotional reserves in order to preserve a modicum of pride. Of course, there could only be one winner in the end, and Cassie had no doubt that when the new and impure Ashlee was released back into the world, Pig will have programmed her to say exactly what he wanted. But meanwhile, she was spoiling Pig's little demonstration. Tom and Isabelle, regardless of their suspicions, were being sold on the idea that Ashlee was enjoying her humiliation in front of them. Cassie was curious to see how Pig would handle this little act of rebellion!

Pig stood up, the spanker hanging by his side.

"This is a little game we like to play," he explained to their guests. "Ashlee pretends that she doesn't want to perform because she wants to be punished—she gets turned on by both the shame and the pain!"

Ashlee's eyes grew wider as Pig approached her. There were to be no mind control trigger words now. This was going to happen the old-fashioned way—he was going to punish her until she told him what he wanted to hear!

"Take off your top, Ashlee," he said.

A little whinny escaped Ashlee's lips as she automatically untied the inadequate bikini top and held it against her chest.

"Give it to me."

Glancing uncomfortably at Tom, Ashlee handed it over and then crossed her arms over her breasts.

"Now give me the bottoms," Pig said.

There was the slightest hint of hesitation before Ashlee undid the strings and then passed the small piece of fabric to Pig. She moved one knee in front of the other, still hugging herself, her face bright crimson, and her eyes glistening.

"Are you quite sure she is enjoying this?" Tom said.

"Of course she is, darling," Isabelle said. "Can't you see how aroused she is?"

"Hands behind your head," Pig said.

As a direct command from her master, Ashlee had no choice but to do as she was told.

"Oh, just look at her! She's shaved clean!" Isabelle exclaimed.

*Indeed she is!* thought Cassie. *I did it myself—just before licking her juicy pussy out!*

Pig allowed them all to study Ashlee's perfect, naked body for a few moments—and the poor girl didn't know where to look!

"Turn around and bend over," Pig said.

Ashlee shot Pig a reproachful look and then did as she was told, her breasts dangling freely, and her soft, round buttocks pushed out.

*What a humiliating and submissive position for a girl to have to hold!*

"Open your legs wider," Pig said.

Ashlee shuffled her feet apart in the grass—giving her audience a delightful rear view of her damp and swollen cunt lips!

"Now Ashlee," Pig said, moving to one side. "I asked you a question."

Ashlee remained quiet.

"Okay then."

Pig brought the spanker down with venom across Ashlee's proffered buttocks.

"Ah!"

He landed a second strike which even made Cassie wince.

"Eek!"

After the third and fourth blows, Ashlee's perfect buns were already crisscrossed with broad, red stripes. Ashlee's legs trembled and her hanging breasts wobbled as she struggled to maintain her obscene pose.

"I'm going to keep going until I hear you say it," Pig said.

He painted two more scarlet bands across Ashlee's tender flesh and her wailing grew more intense.

*The pain must be intolerable! Just say it, Ashlee!* Cassie thought.

Pig brought the spanker down again and it wrapped itself around Ashlee's upper thighs like a disgustingly long, black tongue.

"Okay! Stop!" Ashlee shrieked.

Pig lowered the spanker.

"What does okay mean?" he asked.

Shoulder's shaking, Ashlee sobbed, "I-I mean—I want to."

"You want to do what?"

"I-I want to suck Willard's cock!"

\*\*\*

Ashlee had tried to resist Pig, she really had, but the pain was too much! Although she was mostly left in the dark when it came to Pig's implanted commands, she was beginning to develop an inner sense of the difference between his artificially embedded thoughts and her own natural ones. She had little doubt that Pig had the ability to program her to say whatever he wanted, but for now he had chosen to leave her with enough free will to make just a few decisions for herself. Pig obviously wanted her to choose sucking off Willard of her own volition—and that was why she had tried so hard not to say the words. Maybe Tom would finally get it that Ashlee was not a willing participant in these sick games, after all!

But the fire in her buttocks had become unbearable—and if she continued to fight him, he would hurt her a lot more and the end result would be the same. She would still end up giving old Willard a blow job because Pig would somehow subtly command her to do it.

She couldn't win.

"Are you sure you want to suck Willard's cock?" Pig said, waving the spanker threateningly through the air.

"Y-Yes!" Ashlee whimpered.

"Then you had better get down on your knees and ask him nicely."

*Oh, you beast! You're going to make me beg in front of everybody?*

Ashlee didn't know if Pig's last statement was a command or a suggestion, but she found herself kneeling on the grass and looking up at old Willard with his engorged cock quivering inches from her face!

Her immediate dilemma was tearing her apart! The old Ashlee, trapped somewhere deep in the back of her mind, was disgusted and ashamed of herself, but the out of control, nymphomaniac Ashlee was frantically urging her to take Willard's cock into her mouth and suck every droplet of semen out of it! The problem was, now she didn't even know if Willard was going to allow her to blow him anyway!

Again unsure of whether she was acting under Pig's orders or driven by her own carnal urges, Ashlee said, "Please may I suck your cock, Mr. Willard?"

"Oh, Ashlee, you really are a dirty slut!" Isabelle giggled, but now Ashlee paid her no heed. Her world had narrowed down to her and Willard—or at least his rock-hard shaft! She had already feasted upon it enough times to become infinitely familiar with its taste and texture—and thanks to Pig's conditioning, she was addicted to it like a drug!

“Well, I’m not sure, Ashlee,” Willard said. “You didn’t seem that keen a couple of minutes ago.”

“I-I’m sorry,” Ashlee sniffled. “I didn’t mean to be rude.”

Without realizing it, Ashlee had inched her face closer to Willard’s glans, and now she hungrily parted her lips in anticipation.

“Do you see now, Tom?” Pig said. “Does that look like a woman under duress? She’s gagging for it!”

How could Ashlee deny it? She was!

“She looks like a whore!” Tom said. “I can’t believe I was actually in love with that trollop!”

*No, Tom! You still don’t understand what he’s done to me! This isn’t me! It’s a puppet that looks like me!*

But of course, Tom would never understand that. Actions speak louder than words, and miserably, Ashlee realized that she would be judged by her disgusting actions more and more as Pig reintroduced her to the world!

“Whore?” Pig said. “I prefer to think of Ashlee as a budding porn star.”

“Porn star?” Isabelle tittered.

“Well, think about it,” said Pig. “Ashlee has built a reputation as the sweet girl next door, but in reality most of her male fans fantasize about fucking her. Now if she was reinvented as a filthy slut, publicly performing the most degrading sex acts for anyone to jerk off to in front of their laptop, I think she would be an instant hit.”

Still with her gaping mouth poised over Willard’s cockhead, Ashlee somehow managed to process Pig’s words.

*A porn star!*

Ashlee had never watched a porn movie before, but she was not as naive as her Lisa persona suggested. Indeed, she had learned an awful lot about perverted sex over the past two weeks. But if her lewd performances were filmed and released for public sale, her old television career would definitely be over!

She was about to protest, when Pig said, “Okay then, Ashlee. Practice makes perfect. Show us how much pleasure you get from sucking old dick!”

Ashlee wasn’t sure if that was a verbal command, or whether she even needed one—the lines were so blurred now! Regardless, she closed her lips around Willard’s glans, savoring his briny taste and then quickly working her way forward until it touched the back of her throat. She gagged but didn’t pull off, sucking in her cheeks as she strived to milk every drop of his semen.

The old man didn’t take long, and after he had spurted into her mouth, she withdrew, shuffled around on her knees, and mouth open, showed her audience the pool of white sticky cum on her tongue.

Her cheeks burning with embarrassment, Ashlee wondered if she had been programmed by Pig to do that? She certainly hoped so because her deep shame was only matched by the throbbing pleasure she felt in her belly!

“Would you like to swallow Willard’s cum, Ashlee?”

Ashlee nodded, and Pig said, “Then drink your fill.”

She knew from past experience that she would hate herself later—but right in this moment, she really needed Willard’s salty issue in her stomach. She had swallowed it many times before, but this was the first time in front of spectators—and with Pig’s recent words ringing in her ears as she gulped down the semen, she knew with a sinking heart that it would not be the last!

## Chapter Twenty Eight

Using her maps app, Cassie was sure they had to be in the right place, but it took a while to locate Ramrod Production Studios as they drove through a maze of identical, red brick buildings.

“There,” Cassie said, pointing to a small sign over a gray metal door.

Pig pulled into one of the parking slots and shut off the engine.

“Maybe we should have gone for one of the better-known blue movie companies,” Pig said. “We need this to be professional if we’re going to make this work financially.”

“You saw the samples,” Cassie said. “And Big Val assured me that there are very few limits to what he will take on.”

“Well, that’s what we need,” Pig said. “When her fans find out that their beloved, sweet Ashlee is really a depraved masochist and exhibitionist, there will be shock waves—if enough of them find out, that is.”

“Leave the publicity side to me,” Cassie said. “By the time I’m done, the whole world will know about it!”

In the back seat behind them, Ashlee let out a little groan and Cassie swiveled around and looked at her.

“Did you think that this was always going to remain our little secret, Ashlee? That maybe one day you could break free of Pig’s spell and get your sugary television career back on track? You may as well accept that will never happen. The changes to your personality are permanent. The old Ashlee Spencer no longer exists.”

*Except on the inside, Cassie added silently to herself. You are still your old self in there, aren’t you Ashlee?*

“Well, time is money,” Pig said, opening the driver’s door. “Come on, Ashlee. Time to earn your keep.”

Ashlee reluctantly followed them to the gray door and Pig pressed the remote locking the car while Cassie rang the bell. Ashlee glanced miserably up and down the deserted road.

“Cheer up,” Cassie said, squeezing her hand. “Look at it this way, once you are through that door, you’ll be back in business. Ashlee Spencer will be a famous movie star again!”

Ashlee glanced venomously at her. They both knew that once these porn movies hit the internet, Ashlee’s public reputation and her television career would be in tatters—but the crestfallen young starlet had no choice but to go through with it!

The door opened, revealing an overweight man with a bald head and a goatee. His small eyes checked out Pig and Cassie before focusing on Ashlee.

“Cassie Riddle, Sherry’s manager,” Cassie said putting out her hand. “You must be Big Val.”

Big Val took her hand, his palm soft and sweaty.

“And this is—” Cassie started,

“Call me Pig,” said Pig. “Driver and bodyguard.”

Big Val nodded curtly to him and then his eyes quickly returned to Ashlee.

“Sherry, you say?” Big Val smiled.

“That’s correct,” Cassie said. “Sherry Amore. The new girl I told you about.”

“She looks familiar—very familiar,” Big Val frowned.

“She does have a striking resemblance to a certain television star, but as I explained in my email, she has never been in a porn movie before. You will have something quite special here.”

Big Val looked Ashlee up and down before stepping aside.

“I’ll think of it, eventually. Meantime, come on in,” he said. “With this little honey, I can most certainly give you special!”

They followed him down a corridor and into a surprisingly large studio. Three cameras were already set up on tripods, and there were several lights and reflectors in place. The set was simple—a metal framed bed with a few props to indicate that the location was a hospital or clinic.

When Ashlee entered the room, all four male members of the film crew stopped what they were doing and stared at her.

“This is the first scenario I outlined to you,” Big Val said, handing Cassie four sheets of script. “There isn’t much dialogue of course, but Sherry should read through the lines a few times to get the gist. We tend to ad lib a lot. Let the actors develop the story as they go along. It looks more authentic that way.”

“That’s just the way Sherry likes it,” Cassie said. “The more realistic it seems, the more excited she gets!”

“Well, that all sounds good,” Big Val said. “But you said this is Sherry’s first attempt at making a bondage movie, right?”

“That’s correct,” Cassie said. “But I assure you she is no stranger to bondage. I think you’ll find she learns quickly.”

Big Val looked like he’d been around, and he was clearly no angel, but there was a kindly twinkle in his eyes as he addressed Ashlee. “Sweetheart, your hands are shaking. Are you sure you can do this?”

Ashlee glanced anxiously at Pig and nodded.

“You know how much our rates are, and we’re not cheap,” Big Val said to Cassie. “If these movies get fucked up by your actress, there will be no refunds.”

“Understood,” Cassie said. “Sherry will be fine once she gets started. You’ll see.”

Big Val rubbed his goatee.

“Well, why don’t you take Sherry to our canteen across the corridor so she can learn the script while my guys finish setting up the lighting?”

Cassie noticed that Ashlee was now staring at Big Val with her lovely, innocent wide eyes.

*Still trying to work your magic, huh, Ashlee?*

Big Val shook his head in puzzlement. “Are you sure Sherry hasn’t acted in a porn movie before?”

Cassie was about to answer when Ashlee blurted out, “It was network television! I was—”

But before she could finish, Pig placed his hand gently on her arm and said, “Ashlee, it’s *Playtime*. Let’s go get a coffee and learn the script just like Big Val said.”

If Big Val noticed the sudden vacant expression in Ashlee’s eyes, he didn’t say. Maybe he didn’t care if Ashlee was acting under duress. He made hardcore movies. He wasn’t going to pass up an opportunity to see this hot blonde naked and bound and subject to all manner of depraved cruelties, was he?

As Pig led Ashlee away, Big Val said to Cassie, “I got it! She looks just like that chick on *Falling in Love With Lisa!*”

Cassie smiled at him. “That’s what everybody says! You think we could capitalize on that resemblance with one of her porn movies?”

“I do believe we could,” said Big Val. “And I think it would make a shitload of money!”

\*\*\*

### SCENE ONE.

*The camera is focused on a hospital bed. The patient is a handsome young Latino man covered in a single sheet which is being pushed up by his very large erection. The African American doctor, dressed in a white coat and holding a clipboard, is also young and good-looking.*

*“Rodrigo, I’m sorry to inform you that Nurse Amore administered the wrong drugs to you yesterday,” the doctor says.*

*“Is that why I’m like this, Doctor Boner?” Rodrigo says, nodding toward his rigid cock.*

*“I’m afraid so,” says Doctor Boner.*

*“Well, how long is it going to last?”*

*“We really don’t know,” says Doctor Boner.*

*“There must be something you can do!” Rodrigo says.*

*“There are some medications we can try,” Doctor Boner says. “But I can’t give you any guarantees.”*

*“You mean, it might be permanent? What will my wife say? Dammit! How I’d like to get my hands on that stupid nurse!” Rodrigo says.*

*“Well, it’s interesting you should say that,” says Doctor Boner. “I have a very basic theory that you might be interested in trying out—where we might cure your unwanted erection and you get to punish Nurse Amore at the same time.”*

*Rodrigo looks at him with interest. “And how would that work?”*

*“How about I show you? Nurse Amore, would you please come in here for a moment?”*

*A door opens and Ashlee enters the fake private room. She is wearing a cosplay nurse uniform comprising a low-cut white tunic with a red trim that pulls in at her waist and stops just below her buttocks. Her shapely legs are clad in black fishnet stockings, and she has four-inch red pumps on her feet. A cute white nurse’s cap sits upon her head, and her blonde tresses have been tied into girly bunches. Ashlee’s cheeks are flushed, and she is wearing glossy scarlet lipstick that accentuates her plump lips.*

*She has been made to look like a slutty parody of a nurse—but there is no mistaking that this is indeed Ashlee Meagan Spencer standing beside the bed with her hands clasped together in front of her. This is perfect, of course—because when these first four movies are released, Cassie will simultaneously be weaving her public relations magic which will leave even the most loyal Ashlee fans in no doubt that their idol has willingly turned into a porn star!*

*“What is it, Doctor Boner?” Ashlee says.*

*“You messed up again!” Doctor Boner says. “Pull back the sheet!”*

*Ashlee does as she is told and gasps when she sees Rodrigo’s massive hard on!*

*“Oh, my! Did I did I do that?”*

*“Yes, you did!” Doctor Boner says. “And now you are going to have to fix it!”*

*“B-But how?” Ashlee says, her blush now spreading down her neck.*

*While Doctor Boner explains the punishment, Cassie watches Ashlee’s eyes carefully. Yes, it’s still there. The slightest hint of disgust at what she is about to do. Pig has conditioned her perfectly—she will perform whatever depravities are asked of her, but inside she will be silently screaming in despair!*

*“By helping Rodrigo to release his seed, Nurse Amore! You got him into this state, and you will get him out of it!”*

*Ashlee gasps again, her eyes fixed upon Rodrigo’s throbbing manhood.*

*“Take of your tunic, Nurse Amore!” Doctor Amore commands.*

*The cameramen and lighting technicians position themselves so that nothing will be missed as Ashlee picks open the buttons and slips out of the tunic. The camera focuses on Ashlee’s shaved cunt, then moves slowly up over her flat stomach and then lingers on her firm breasts before focusing on her blushing face. Cassie looks at the monitor and smiles. Yes, Ashlee is going to be a superstar after all!*

\*\*\*

## SCENE TWO.

*Ashlee is on all fours on the bed. She has been spanked so hard by Rodrigo that her lovely round buttocks are a deep shade of red. Her thighs are parted, giving the camera a perfect view of her damp hammock—which Rodrigo is gently lapping at with his tongue. As they have assumed the sixty-nine position, Ashlee has Rodrigo’s hard cock deep in her mouth. She isn’t moving her head up and down, simply gripping his thick shaft with her lips. Cassie can’t believe that Ashlee hasn’t yet gagged. Is this unexpected talent something that Pig has hardwired into her, or has she simply developed her technique after all the hours of practice with Willard?*

*Meanwhile, Doctor Boner has wheeled a tall, metal frame to the side of the bed. Hanging from the frame is an enema bag containing two quarts of a yellowish fluid. Cassie is no expert, but she is sure that Ashlee will seriously struggle to accommodate that much liquid inside her bowels!*

*“Now I am going to give you a thorough cleansing, Nurse Amore. During your enema, you will keep Rodrigo’s penis in your mouth the entire time. Is that clear?”*

*“Mmph!” Ashlee says, with her nose buried in Rodrigo’s thick pubic hair.*

*Cassie watches transfixed as Doctor Boner coats two of his fingers in petroleum jelly and then slowly works them inside Ashlee’s puckered anus. When his fingers are buried up to the third knuckle, he twists his wrist and Ashlee emits a muffled cry. The camera zooms in as Doctor Boner removes his fingers and quickly inserts the nozzle of a black rubber device into her gaping hole. The nozzle is shaped like a butt plug and once inside, it holds firm as Ashlee’s sphincter closes around the wide end. The plug is attached to a hand-held pump which Doctor Boner now squeezes. Little by little, Ashlee’s anus begins to stretch, and as Doctor Boner continues to squeeze, Cassie watches in amazement as Ashlee’s asshole expands to at least an inch across!*

*Ashlee lets out a garbled moan while Rodrigo looks up at the painful, invading device and continues to lap away at Ashlee’s swollen cunt lips. There is a tube on the other end of the inflatable butt plug, which Doctor Boner now connects to the rubber tube dangling from the enema bag. He opens a valve and, under the force of gravity, the yellow liquid flows down the tube and into Ashlee’s rectum.*

*As Ashlee’s stomach slowly swells, Rodrigo’s expert ministrations finally kick in, and Ashlee’s whole body begins to shake as she groans around his rock hard cock. Cassie can only imagine what must be going through her former boss’s mind as she orgasms in front of the camera while simultaneously receiving a forced enema which is clearly putting her through a great deal of physical discomfort.*

*But the worst part for Ashlee—the real Ashlee locked inside that stunning body—must be the knowledge that all of this depraved bondage porn is being recorded for prosperity—and the whole world is soon going to see every detail of her, up close and personal!*

\*\*\*

“So, Ashlee—what happened?”

*What happened? Do you want the full story? The endless rounds of brainwashing? The physical and emotional torments? The relentless erosion of my personality until every ounce of my will to fight back was gone?*

Ashlee glanced up at the packed audience, every seat taken. Rows of faces, all with the same look of disgust mixed with fascination. She had received a lot of hate mail, even a few death threats—Cassie had taken great pleasure in showing them to her—but the vast majority of her former fans were reveling in her public downfall!

“What do you mean, Michael?” she asked the interviewer.

“Well, the unexpected, and dare I say shocking transition from a wholesome, girl next door television character, to a well—hardcore porn star.”

A low muttering rippled through the crowd, and Ashlee shifted uncomfortably in her seat. She had no idea what Pig had in store for her this evening—her programming had been done while she had been in an induced trance—but as usual, she knew it wasn’t going to be a pleasant experience for her—especially on network television!

Whatever she was going to do during this interview had been preset by Pig into her subconscious mind. Ashlee and her body were nothing more than puppets carrying out a set of deeply embedded instructions. She just had no idea what they were. Even her attire was a mystery because Cassie had dressed her while she had still been in a state of unconsciousness. She was clad in an unsuitably short, blue satin dress, with glossy red fuck-me five-inch sandals. Underneath that,

she had no idea, except that her breasts were hanging free, and her panties felt tight between her buttocks and pulled snugly up into her crotch.

“I-I guess it was just meant to be,” Ashlee said, although she had no idea where these words were coming from. “I couldn’t continue living the lie anymore. I know my fans loved the innocent look, but I just felt like I was cheating them. That wasn’t who I am—this is.”

“So, you’re saying that all through the enormously popular *Falling in Love With Lisa* series, you were actually engaging in a bondage sexual lifestyle in private?”

“Absolutely!”

*No! I loved my Lisa persona!*

Michael leaned forward in his chair. “I have to confess that like millions of your viewers, I had no idea at the time. There is a theory circulating on the internet that your personality changed dramatically with the arrival of your new bodyguard—the man who goes by the nickname of Pig?”

*Pig! Yes! He is responsible for all of this!*

“Oh, no. He had nothing to do with it,” Ashlee said. “He’s actually quite adorable, and I wouldn’t know what to do without him.”

*Yes I would! I would get my life back!*

“What about Cassie, your manager then?” said Michael. “Do you deny that you are in a lesbian relationship with her?”

*That jealous little dyke! I would kill her if I had the chance!*

“Deny it? I love Cassie! She has taught me things about my body that I would never have dreamed of before I met her!” Ashlee said, and she could feel her cheeks burning under the studio lights now as another disapproving murmur traveled through the crowd.

Michael smiled and glanced at the animated audience.

“So it’s quite a tight little threesome you have there,” he said.

“They are my family,” Ashlee said.

*And I hate them!*

“Now, you have been fired by the network since the release of your first four porn films, of course—but tell me about the litigation concerning your upcoming movie.”

Just thinking about the parody of *Falling in Love With Lisa* made Ashlee want to curl up into a ball and hide. Somehow, the network had got wind of it and they were determined to prevent its release—Isabelle was taking Ashlee’s place as the show’s star, and they were doing everything in their power to prevent Ashlee from tarnishing the reputation of the new series.

“That’s not my department, of course,” Ashlee said. “But I have been assured that there is nothing they can do to stop the release of my new movie.”

Ashlee’s mouth was running away with itself. She had no idea that legal action was being taken. This was all scripted by Pig!

“In fact, I wanted to take this opportunity to promote my latest work of art,” Ashlee said, getting out of her seat.

*Do I? How exactly?*

A look of alarm crossed Michael’s face, but he couldn’t have been more anxious than Ashlee at that point—neither of them had a clue as to what she was going to do. It didn’t take long to find out. Unbidden, Ashlee’s hands took hold of her tight dress and swiftly pulled it up over her head—then she twirled it around for a second before tossing it into Michael’s face!

Horror stricken, she glanced down and saw that a pair of golden heart-shaped stickers covered her nipples, and a minuscule matching g-string barely covered her shave crotch.

*I’m practically naked on prime-time family television!*

Then, acting on auto-pilot, she turned around and bent forward, displaying her back and buttocks to the shocked audience!

\*\*\*

Sitting in his new—albeit for the time being, rented—luxury uptown apartment, Pig reached for the remote and pressed mute.

He chuckled as Ashlee strutted her stuff on the live television chat show—wearing nothing but two stickers over her nipples, a teeny weeny G-string, and a bright red pair of high heels!

The look on the face of the interviewer was priceless!

Then she turned around and threw out her arms—just as Pig had programmed her to do! The elaborate tattoo that covered her back was clear to see on the television camera. Pig guessed that Ashlee's unexpected striptease had taken the producers by surprise because their slowness to react provided just enough time for the whole nation to read the flowery black letters permanently inked into Ashlee's skin—*Falling in Lust With Ashlee!*

As the network quickly cut to an unscheduled commercial break, Pig chuckled and went over to the mini bar to pour himself a Scotch. He gazed out of the floor-to-ceiling window at the busy city streets below, and quietly congratulated himself. He was now the major shareholder of his own media company, AMS Productions, and the money was already rolling in.

And the reason for the company's explosive success was simply down to its only asset—Ashlee Meagan Spencer. Sure, the movies were hardcore, but what made them unique of course, was their famous star. Millions of men—and no doubt plenty of women—wanted to see the former little miss goody two shoes naked, whipped, tied up, and fucked. It was the ultimate jerk off fantasy—and it was going to make him rich! And it wasn't just the movies that were raking in the cash. Interviews, public appearances, you name it—the world couldn't get enough of Ashlee right now!

Of course, the novelty would no doubt wane in a year or so, and Pig was already short listing some new potential candidates to join his stable. Just like Ashlee, the new meat would have to be famous, as pure as the driven snow—as well as smoking hot!

And as with Ashlee, his planning would have to be meticulous—even more so now that there were people out there keeping a close eye on him. They had no evidence that he had committed a crime, but they were watching his every move, waiting for him to slip up.

That was why he had made Cassie the chief executive of AMS. She was his lightning rod. In the public eye, she was Ashlee's boss, advisor and of course, her lesbian lover. And that was fine with Pig. The more attention those two got the better. Pig didn't need fame. He had perfected a skill that could reduce the strongest willed woman to a malleable puppet in his hands. There would be more, many more, but for now he would relish his total control over Ashlee. He could use her body for his own amusement any time he chose, but even more excitingly, he could play with her mind too, tweaking both her fears and desires from one week to the next.

And there was nothing she could ever do to stop it. Ashlee Meagan Spencer belonged to Pig, body and soul—now and forever!

THE END